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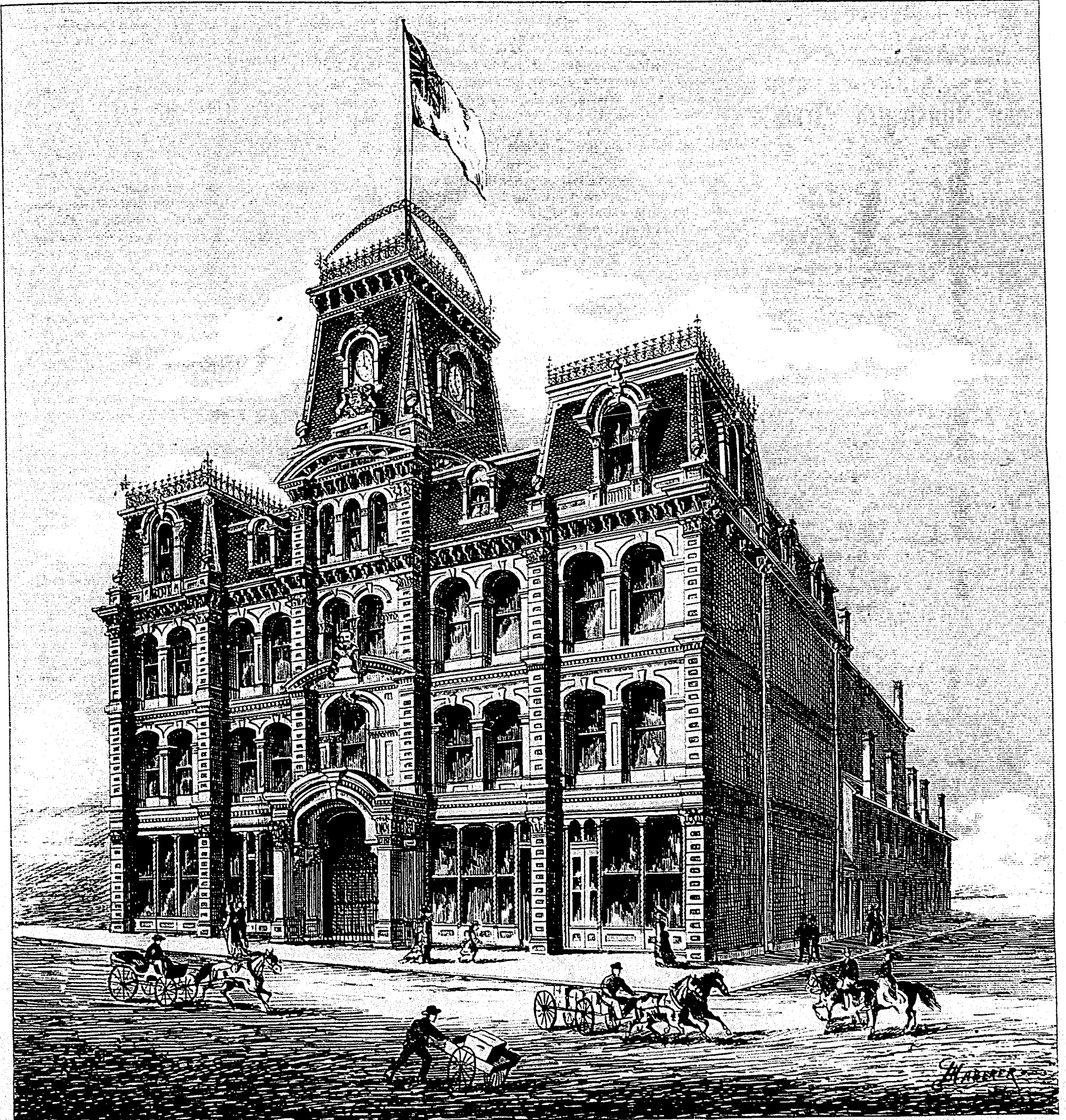
Montreal Free Press

Wholesale News

Vol. X.—No. 9.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1874.

SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.
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THE NEW GRAND OPERA HOUSE, TORONTO.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS..... \$4.00 per annum
 THE CANADIAN PATENT OFFICE RE-
 CORD AND MECHANICS' MAGAZINE 1.50 "
 L'OPINION PUBLIQUE..... 3.00 "

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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NOTICE.

The next issue of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS will
 contain the

PORTRAITS OF THE OFFICERS

OF THE

Grand Orange Lodge of B. N. A.,

together with biographical notices of the same. We hope also
 to be able to lay before our readers a historical sketch of the
 progress of Orangeism in British North America.

Canadian Illustrated News.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1874.

THE MINISTERIAL CRISIS IN
 QUEBEC.

After several weeks of hesitation, there seems now no
 doubt that the Ouimet Ministry will be disrupted. It is no
 longer one or the other Minister who has resigned,
 but the Premier himself will probably succumb, and
 when the head goes, the body ceases to exist. These
 being the facts, the question arises: what shall be done?
 Two courses naturally suggest themselves. The Conser-
 vatives hold that another Ministry can be reconstructed
 out of their own party. The Liberals urge that the care
 of forming a new Government must be entrusted to their
 leaders. In support of their view, the former refer to the
 precedent of the late Chauveau Administration, which
 was remodelled by the retirement of several members and
 the accession of several others in their stead. In behalf
 of their claim, the latter urge the invariable British con-
 stitutional practice. The question is an interesting one,
 and deserves a few lines of consideration.

It may fairly be assumed that there are two points on
 which a Government can suffer shipwreck—one of admin-
 istration, the other of public policy. In the first instance
 the party which the Government represents may or may
 not be responsible, according as it approves or otherwise
 of the maladministration. A case in point is the "Pacific
 Scandal," where the Government drew the party with it,
 because the party sustained Sir John. In the second in-
 stance, the party is always and very naturally responsible.
 Now, the case of the Ouimet Ministry is clearly one of
 maladministration. The Conservative party, it is only
 fairness to say, has condemned it almost unanimously,
 the only recalcitrants being a timid French journal in Quebec
 and a prominent French organ in Montreal, whose editor-
 in-chief was deeply involved in the transaction. But
 from the honourable fact of their non complicity does it
 follow that the Conservatives should remain in power,
 under another administration?

British Parliamentary and Constitutional practice is
 fortunately so abundant and precise that an answer to this
 question is comparatively easy. Whenever governments
 in England have resigned, thus confessing their inability
 to carry on the affairs of the country, whether this was
 through maladministration—of which there are several
 examples, though never of the character represented by
 the "Pacific and Tanneries Scandals"—or on questions of
 public policy, which is most frequently the case, it has
 been "customary for the Sovereign to send for the recog-
 nized leader of the Opposition, or for some other person
 of known weight and influence in either House of Parlia-
 ment, who is capable of leading successfully the political
 party to which he belongs (i. e. the Opposition), and to
 authorize him to undertake the formation of a new admin-
 istration." (Todd, vol. I. p. 224). In the long list of
 administrations given by Todd, from 1782 to 1866, there
 is only one instance which may appear to deviate from
 the rule and apply to the Ouimet Ministry, that is the
 resignation of the Addington Tory Cabinet in 1804 and its
 replacement by the Pitt Tory Cabinet. But the reason of
 the change was neither maladministration nor any ques-

tion of public policy. It was merely the personal weak-
 ness of the Ministry in the House of Commons, a majority
 of which was Tory and preferred to be led by the great
 Pitt rather than by the mediocre Addington. There are
 several instances also, in the same list, of remodelling of
 Cabinets by the death, illness, or resignation of the
 Premier, just as was the case with the late Chauveau Ad-
 ministration, but in neither of them was there a general
 resignation, much less an absolute disruption under the
 blighting verdict of public opinion. From these authori-
 ties it is difficult to escape the conclusion that the duty
 of the Lieut. Governor of this Province lies in calling
 upon Mr. Joly to form a Government.

Under the circumstances, there are difficulties in Mr.
 Joly's way. At the last session the Conservative majority
 was considerable, and there is no positive ground for pre-
 suming that that majority has been materially diminished
 by the Land Exchange. Would Mr. Joly care to face this
 majority? If he did, he would have plenty of examples
 in late British history. In 1834, Sir Robert Peel carried
 on a minority government for six months. Earl Derby,
 in 1852, in 1858, and in 1866, assumed the reins of govern-
 ment with an adverse majority in the House of Commons.
 Upon each occasion, as we are informed by Todd, the new
 Ministry was treated with the greatest forbearance by the
 House and permitted to remain in office without molesta-
 tion until they had developed their policy and had shown
 themselves to be decidedly at issue with Parliament upon
 some great public opinion. If Mr. Joly was assured of
 such honourable and patriotic treatment from his adver-
 saries, he might consent to try the experiment; but, of
 course, to expect such in Canada would be a huge joke.
 He may, therefore, take another course. He may ask for
 a dissolution, a course the less objectionable that general
 elections are to be held next year, any how. Among the
 occasions on which a Minister is justified in advising a dis-
 solution, Todd (vol. II. p. 405) gives the following: "for
 the purpose of ascertaining the sentiments of the con-
 stituent body in relation to some important act of the
 Executive Government." The only caution he is sub-
 jected to is that "no Minister of the Crown should advise
 a dissolution of Parliament unless he has a reasonable
 prospect of securing thereby a majority of members in
 the new House who will honestly and cordially concur with
 him in great political principles; in other words, unless
 he entertains a moral conviction that a dissolution will
 procure him a Parliament with a decided working majority
 of supporters" (id. ibid. p. 407). If Mr. Joly has not this
 assurance, there is a third course open to him. He may
 refuse absolutely to accept office, as Mr. Disraeli did when
 the Gladstone Government attempted to resign in the
 spring of 1873. What would happen on that contingency
 it is needless to discuss further, as from the tone of the
 Rouge papers there is no chance of such a contingency
 occurring. If they are offered office, they will seize upon
 it.

QUÆSTIO VEXATA.

It is truth to say that there is no question before the
 present Government so trying, because so bristling with
 sectional complications of race and creed, as that of am-
 nesty for offences in the late Red River insurrection. At
 the last session a committee was appointed with the spe-
 cial duty of enquiring whether or not this amnesty had
 been promised. If it was not promised the Govern-
 ment remained free to pursue its own course, subject to
 the exigencies of party. But if it was promised, as Mr.
 Dorion declared to Archbishop Taché, that he believed it
 was, then the Government was relieved of a quandary by
 proclaiming its obligation to fulfil the plighted faith of
 the country, spite of its own feelings of opposition, and
 the burden of blame fell on the bowed and bruised
 shoulders of Sir John A. Macdonald and colleagues. In
 view of this dilemma the report of the Committee became
 a document of exceptional importance, and we have made
 it our duty to read it carefully from cover to cover. The
 principal deponents—those who had official cognizance of
 the question of amnesty, from its mooted throughout all
 its ramifications—are Sir John A. Macdonald, Sir George
 Cartier, Mr. Langevin, Archbishop Taché, Abbé Ritchot,
 Lord Lisgar, Sir Clinton Murdoch, Governor Archibald,
 and Mr. Donald A. Smith. The testimony of these gen-
 tlemen is given in full in the volume before us. Arch-
 bishop Taché states that, on his return from Rome at the
 request of the Canadian Government, in the spring of
 1870, he was asked to proceed immediately to Fort Garry
 to bring about a pacification of the people, and for that
 purpose was furnished by Hon Mr. Howe with a letter of
 credentials, to which was attached the proclamation of
 Sir John Young (Lord Lisgar), of the 6th of December.
 This proclamation, as is well known, promised pardon to
 the insurgents for offences up to that date, on condition

that they would lay down their arms and disband. The
 Archbishop was likewise verbally assured by Sir John and
 Sir George that the people of Red River would be well
 treated by Canada. On reaching Fort Garry the prelate
 delivered his instructions literally, and was at first pro-
 perly received. But before his arrival the insurrection
 had made considerable headway; deeds of violence had
 been perpetrated and Scott had been put to death. These
 events altered the situation materially, and the Metis felt
 it. They replied to the Archbishop that the proclamation
 which he brought was dated 6th December, while it was
 then the 11th of March. His Lordship said that, ac-
 cording to his belief, the proclamation which had been
 given him on the 16th February not only covered all of-
 fences up to that date, but until such time as he was in a
 position to hand it to the interested parties. He made
 the same statement again early in the month of June,
 and apprized the Canadian Government thereof in a letter
 dated the 9th of that month. Mr. Howe, in reply on the
 4th July, respectfully disavowed the act, and declared
 that the responsibility of the assurance given by his Lord-
 ship of a complete amnesty could not in any way attach
 itself to the Canadian Government. Later, in the same
 year, and on subsequent occasions, the Archbishop was in
 Ottawa, and affirms that both Sir John and Sir George
 gave him verbal promises of amnesty. On his complaint
 that he had been deceived, the latter stated that the am-
 nesty would surely come with time, while the former
 averred that on going to England, a voyage he then con-
 templated, he would make the case his own, and press it
 on the Imperial Authorities. Abbé Ritchot paid several
 visits to Ottawa, and was very persistent in urging the
 promise of amnesty on the Governor-General and on the
 Ministers severally. He would not be put off by verbal
 pledges. He must have written testimony of the same.
 This he acknowledges he never succeeded in getting,
 and, furthermore, he states repeatedly that the Govern-
 or-General, Sir John, and Sir George invariably told him that
 the matter was one for Imperial, not Canadian, action. He
 returned to Manitoba with several guarantees, but none
 with which he was thoroughly satisfied. Governor Archi-
 bald testifies that when he arrived at Fort Garry there is
 no question but that, whether rightly or wrongfully, the
 people believed that there was to be an amnesty. He
 understood that the people had got this idea either
 through Archbishop Taché or Abbé Ritchot. As to him-
 self, he could not say that he had received any instruc-
 tions about amnesty. This concludes one side of the
 case.

On the other hand, Lord Lisgar declares that neither in
 his interviews with Abbé Ritchot, nor on any other occa-
 sion, did he give an assurance or promise of an amnesty
 to cover all offences committed during the insurrection.
 Sir Clinton Murdoch, who had been sent to Canada by the
 Imperial Government to arrange the terms of a joint expedi-
 tion of Canadian Volunteers and regulars, if an expedi-
 tion should become necessary, says that an amnesty to Riel
 was one of the conditions proposed by the delegates from
 Red River, Ritchot, Black, and Alfred Scott, and rejected
 by the Government. He was present at two interviews
 with Ritchot, but at neither of them was there any refer-
 ence to Riel. Sir George Cartier declares that the position
 he held throughout was, that the question of amnesty did
 not come under the attributions of the Canadian Govern-
 ment, but was reserved for the Queen and the Imperial
 authorities. This is borne out by a long memorandum
 from Sir George to Lord Lisgar dated 8th of June, 1870,
 and by the testimony of Abbé Ritchot himself. Sir John
 A. Macdonald states that he made no promise to Arch-
 bishop Taché of an amnesty going beyond events referred
 to in the proclamation of Sir John Young of 6th of De-
 cember, 1869; that he made no promise to Abbé Ritchot
 covering the case of Scott, and furthermore, that neither
 he nor the Canadian Government held out to the dele-
 gates that the Government would use its good offices in
 endeavouring to secure an amnesty. As to the expression
 that he would make Riel's case "his own," Sir John de-
 clares that he said nothing to that effect, but may have
 said that on going to England he would exert his personal
 influence to procure action in the matter by the Imperial
 Government. Mr. Donald A. Smith knows of no actual
 promise of an amnesty having been made, but he under-
 stood from different members of the Government, in his
 frequent interviews with them, that the amnesty was de-
 layed in consequence of the continuance of the insurrec-
 tion, that is, the amnesty mentioned in the proclamation
 of the 6th of December, 1869.

To the careful and unbiassed reader of the whole report
 it will appear that the Government, being hard pressed
 on every side, kept making verbal promises that the am-
 nesty would be forthcoming from England, while the
 Archbishop and the Abbé Ritchot, being equally hard
 pressed and zealous for their people, seized upon these
 promises and interpreted them as final and binding. It

will equally appear that the Archbishop mistook the bearing of the Governor-General's proclamation of the 6th of December, 1869, and applied it to the case of Scott, without distinct consultation with the Government. That he had some misgiving about the correctness of his own interpretation is evinced from a passage in his letter of June 9, 1870, in which he says: "Should my views, unfortunately, have deviated from the real tendency of the Government, I humbly beg that my promise will be considered as sacred." We notice that already partisan papers are torturing the evidence to suit their own purposes; but we believe that if the present Government has no better ground for the amnesty than that furnished by this report, it will only make a laughing-stock of itself by moving in that direction.

THE ONTARIO SCHOOL ELECTION.

The return of the scrutineers appointed to examine the votes in the election of the representatives in the Ontario Council of Public Instruction has finally been published. The result of the election cannot fail to meet the approval of every right-thinking man. For some time past the Province has been in a state of ferment over a scandal attaching to one of the candidates, whose fair fame and reputation have thereby been grievously affected; and the whole country has been looking forward with the greatest eagerness to the verdict of the teachers of Ontario in this matter. We sincerely congratulate the Province on the result. Three men of blameless morals, lofty integrity, wide experience, and large capacities, have been returned to represent the educational profession in the council. Of the two first it is hardly necessary to speak. Mr. Wood, the representative of the Inspectors, is well known as an authority and an earnest labourer in the field of education, in which he has a large and well utilized experience. He is thoroughly acquainted with the practical working of the educational institutions, and has himself had no small share in the framing of the laws bearing on education in Ontario. A better man than Prof. Wilson, who represents the High School Teachers, could hardly have been found for the position. As a scholar of high attainments, a profound thinker, and an honest Christian, he has long enjoyed the esteem of those who are acquainted with him. Both his character and his acquirements point him out as the right man in the right place.

The candidature of Prof. Goldwin Smith in opposition to Dr. Sangster has been the cause of one of the liveliest, but by no means most pleasing sensations that have occurred for some years past in the Province. It would be needless to recount the history of what is known as the "Sangster Scandal." It is not a subject that one cares to handle; and moreover, as the *Globe*, with a touch of grim humour, puts it, "our readers are familiar with the details." Under the circumstances the return of Dr. Sangster was impossible. It would have been little better than an insult to the common sense and moral feeling of the teachers of Ontario to suppose otherwise. Dr. Sangster may not be as black as he has been painted. But enough has been shown to be true, enough of the charge against him has been left absolutely uncontradicted, to demonstrate exclusively that he was not the man for the place he sought. The occupants of a position of such responsibility as clothes the members of the provincial Council of Public Instruction should be absolutely beyond suspicion. Again, if the charges against Dr. Sangster were untrue, why did he not use the privilege enjoyed by the poorest as well as the richest man in the country, of submitting them to a crucial test in the law courts? Instead of this he contented himself with a mere denial, the result being, as he surely might have foreseen, that the controversy waxed hotter and hotter. His name appeared, in no favourable connection, in almost every journal in the Province, and his case became the universal subject of village gossip. The very children, for whose educational welfare he proposed to provide, became familiar with the accusation brought against him, and doubtless wondered to themselves what the world was coming to if a man lying under such grave charges could be placed in high places to superintend their instruction. Under such circumstances the vote of the Public School Teachers will give the utmost satisfaction, and, it is only matter of regret that so large a number of votes remained unpolled. Out of 5000 only 2,947 were recorded, Prof. Goldwin Smith being elected by a majority of 277.

Although the election was professedly conducted on a non-political basis, it seems to have been accompanied by an amount of "engineering" of the finest quality, that would not have disgraced the hardest-fought party contest. As usual, complaints are made on both sides, and the journals indulge in the customary flow of recrimination which seems to be inseparable from newspaper

discussion in this country. It is very evident, from the large number of votes unpolled, that improper pressure has been brought to bear from some quarter. Several Conservative organs insist that the unwillingness of a number of teachers to record their votes in favour of Dr. Sangster was due to the threats that a list of those voting for this candidate would be made public. This strikes one as a poor argument. A teacher who honestly believed that Dr. Sangster was the best man for the place, would hardly be ashamed or afraid to let it be known that such was his opinion. It seems far more likely that the influence of the Educational Department was brought to work, and that "patronage" was the powerful gag employed to stop the mouths of the three thousand and odd teachers who were voiceless in the election. It certainly would appear that during his canvass Dr. Sangster did not disdain to employ this useful instrument. Fortunately he is not in a position to carry out his promises.

THE CAUSES OF THE N. W. REBELLION.

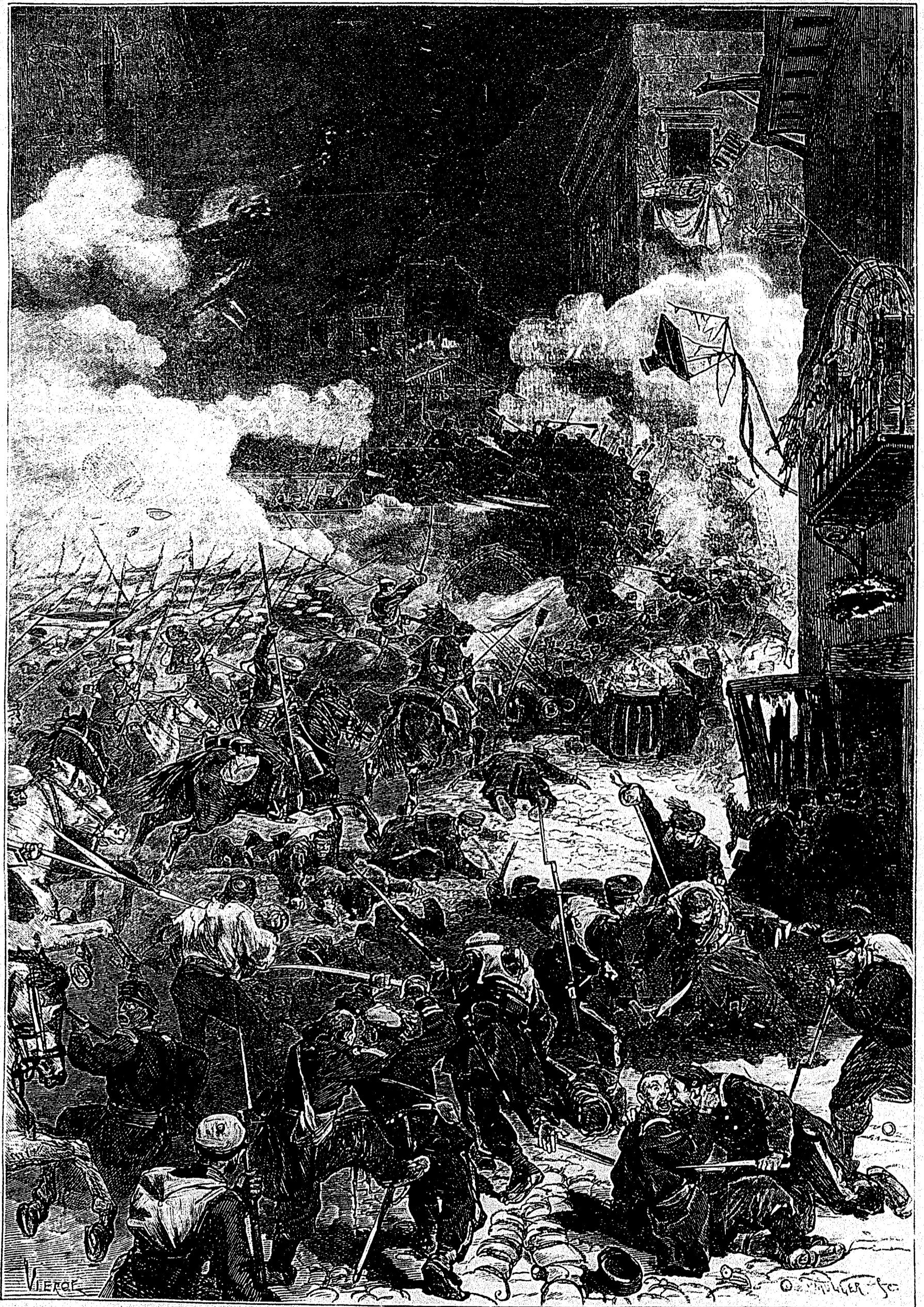
Perhaps it is not too much to say that only one person in a thousand understands the true nature of the circumstances which led to the uprising of the Metis in 1869-70. This general ignorance is owing partially to indifference to the fate of the distant Province of Manitoba and partially to the highly-coloured and contradictory accounts which were given in the name of interested parties when the passions excited by the revolt were at their height. Now, however, that time and altered circumstances have restored a comparative calm, we are enabled to reach the causes of that unfortunate insurrection which has been fruitful in baneful results, far out of proportion to its magnitude or to the character of the persons who figured in it. In the report of the North West Parliamentary Committee, just published, we find the evidence of such men as Archbishop Taché, Abbé Ritchot, Messrs. Bannatyne, Bown, Bunn, Hargrave, Spence, Sutherland, Drs. Lynch and Cowan, all of whom are well acquainted with the Red River Country and were eye-witnesses of the principal facts connected with the rise and progress of the insurrection. Their testimony, from its singular concurrence, is invested with a certain historical importance and, on that account, deserves to be transplanted from the recesses of the Blue Book, into the popular sphere of current literature. The causes of the revolt of the Metis, as set down by these gentlemen, were threefold. The first was the discontent of the people that no notice whatever was given them of the transactions carried on between the Imperial Government, the Hudson's Bay Company and the Government of Canada, with reference to the transfer of the North West territory to the Dominion. Their feeling was that they were being sold by the Hudson's Bay Company and bought by the Government of Canada, without being in the least consulted. The grievance was chiefly apparent among the French Half Breeds, but it was shared, though in a less degree, by the English and Scotch Half-Breeds. The second cause of discontent was the arrival of surveying parties in 1868-69. The intention of the Canadian Government prior to taking possession was to survey all the lands occupied and to give the parties in possession of lands Crown Deeds free, and steps were also to be taken almost immediately to extinguish the Indian title to the lands upon equitable terms. The French half-breeds were dissatisfied at this step, under the foolish idea that the Canadian Government intended to deprive them of their lands. Notwithstanding that influential persons endeavoured to disabuse them and prove that the surveys were really in their favour, they forcibly prevented first Mr. Snow and afterwards, Col. Dennis, from continuing the work. The third cause of trouble, extending over some years previous to the outbreak, was the existence of a party in the Province of Assiniboia, which took the name of the "Canadian party." When it is stated that a leading member of this party was Dr. Schultz, and that its organ was the "Nor' Wester" newspaper, it will be understood that, whoever was primarily to blame, it fostered a bad feeling, one antagonistic to Canada and to union therewith, among the French Half Breeds. All these sources of discontent, however, singly or combined led to no concerted action and to no organized hostility, until the appearance of Lieut. Governor McDougall at Pembina, in the winter of 1869-70. Then, suddenly, armed men went forth to warn him off the territory, and Fort Garry was seized upon by a detachment under Riel. It seems clear from the evidence that the Canadian Government blundered in sending Mr. McDougall, as Provisional Governor, before the transfer of the Red River Territory was formally made by the Crown to the Dominion, before the Manitoba Act was passed and before the Province was regularly incorporated into the Confederation. Archbishop Taché, who was thoroughly aware of the state

of excited feeling in the Territory, had on his way to Rome, stopped at Ottawa purposely to warn the Government and among the recommendations he made was one to the effect that, pending the transfer, the provisional administration should be entrusted to the experienced hands of Governor MacTavish, who would have quietly prepared everything for the peaceable incoming of the new regime. In the light of subsequent events, it looks as if this was statesmanly advice. Had it been followed, the costly expedition of Col. Wolsley might have proved unnecessary and Governor Archibald might have begun his administration under other than military auspices, the consequences of which are felt in Manitoba to the present day.

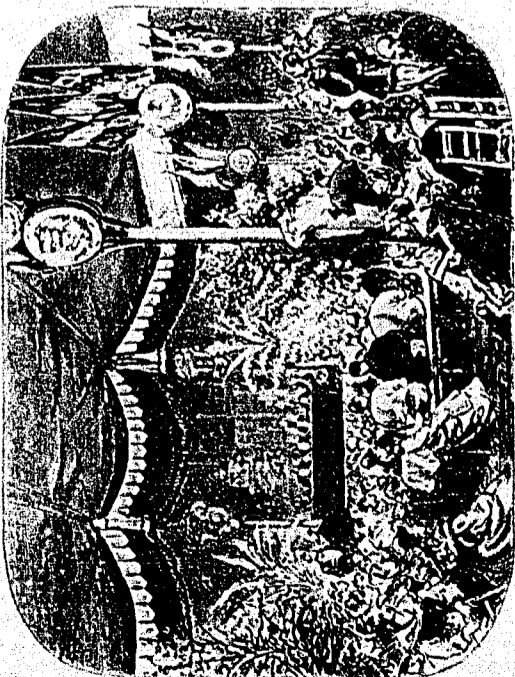
THE MILLENIUM IN ICELAND.

Up in Polar Iceland a national celebration has just taken place, which cannot but prove interesting to all those who have read the adventures of the Sea Kings, the travels and discoveries of the Norsemen, and the weird romantic literature of the Scandinavians. On the first of this month was inaugurated a series of festivals commemorative of the millennial anniversary of the entrance of Iceland among the nations of the earth. Towards the end of the ninth century the Carolingian dynasty fell to pieces, the Roman forms maintained by Clovis and the sons of Pepin melted away before the barbaric invasions of the North, and the Normans, best representatives of the new ideas of rude civilization, spread far and wide, to England, Italy, Sicily, and Scandinavia, in search of conquests. In 872, Harold, the Fair haired, after ten years of warfare against the petty princes and suzerains, founded, by a naval victory, the kingdom of Norway. In 874 the Normans penetrated as far north as Iceland, took possession of it, and planted therein the germs of empire. The island remained pagan till the year 1,000, when it exchanged the primitive Gothic rites inculcated by its Sagas for the higher forms taught by the eloquence and example of Saint Olaf. For centuries, its history was linked with that of Sweden and Norway, and its children shared the fortunes of the bold marauders who preyed upon the coasts of Germany, England, and France, or hunted sea-lions along the bleak shores of Greenland and Labrador. In the fourteenth century the island was annexed to Denmark, with which it remains to the present day. The Danish king has gone to Reikiavik for the first time in history, to preside in person over the millennial celebration, and inaugurate the important constitutional changes which he has accorded to the inhabitants of that distant colony. It appears that henceforth Iceland is to have a special constitution and a separate ministry, quite distinct from that of Copenhagen. She will regulate her own local affairs almost exclusively, take no part in the general administration of Denmark, and pay no taxes arising out of the necessities of the kingdom at large. The Iceland Ministry will reside at Copenhagen, but will be represented at Reikiavik by a Governor charged with the administration of the island. The Legislature meets every two years, on the 1st of July, and is composed of thirty-six members, six of whom are appointed by the king. The main clauses of the new constitution relate to the right of assembling, the prerogative of co-operative unions, the liberty of the press, the abolition of privileges, the regulation of public instruction, and the obligation of military service. We shall soon have full particulars of all these things, along with detailed accounts of the festivities, from the pens of several American correspondents, such as Bayard Taylor, Murat Halstead, and Dr. Hayes, who, along with Cyrus Field, have gone to Iceland expressly for the purpose of assisting at the millennial celebration. Whatever pictorial illustrations of the same event may reach us we shall take pleasure in placing before our readers.

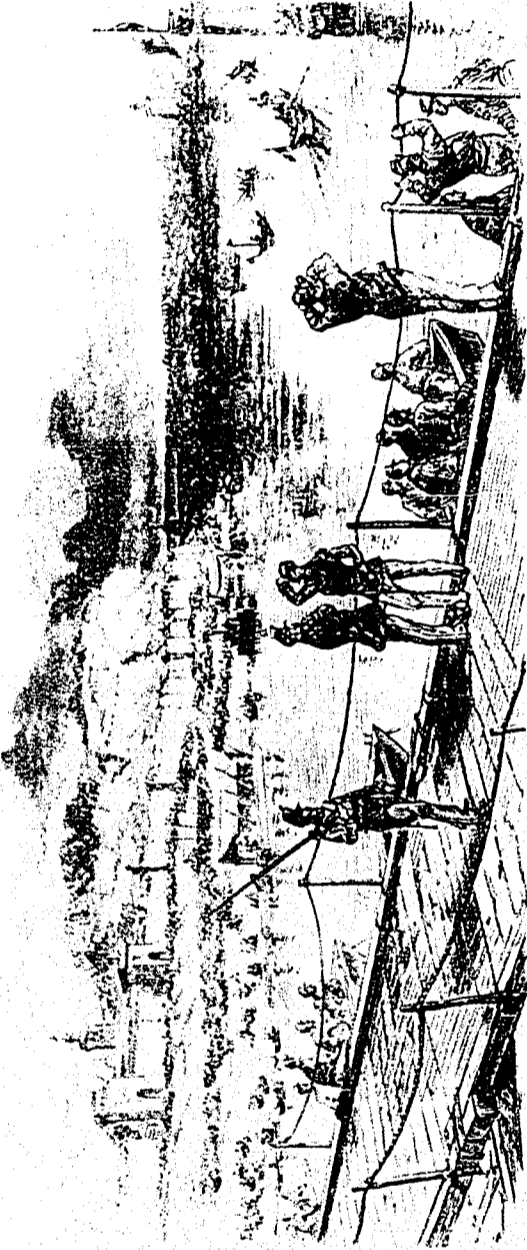
The large number of libel suits against newspaper proprietors which are now awaiting the decision of the courts would seem to indicate either a growing license in the tone of the press in this country, or a proportionate increase of tender feeling among our public men. Just now such suits appear to be all the rage, and, stranger still, even members of the press are not free from the prevailing mania. Of course, if a man's most sacred relations have been dragged out before the public in a distorted form, he is only justified in demanding an enquiry, and, where occasion requires, the summary punishment of the offender. But, *il y a fagots et fagots*: A criminal suit is one thing, a civil suit another. When a man has been injured in his character and his sensibilities by the false statements of an ill-wisher, no one can blame him for demanding the punishment of his traducer. But when such a man, neglecting the criminal procedure which should bring about the conviction of his traducers, delib-



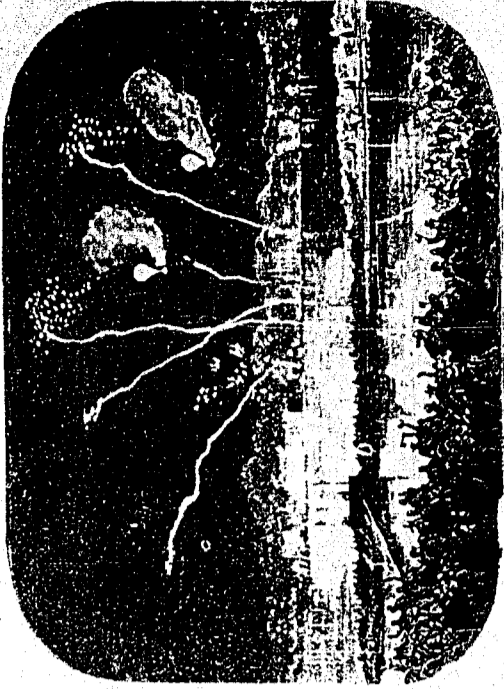
SPAIN.—TAKING OF CUENCA BY THE CARLISTS.



DISTRIBUTING THE PRIZES TO THE LAUREATES.



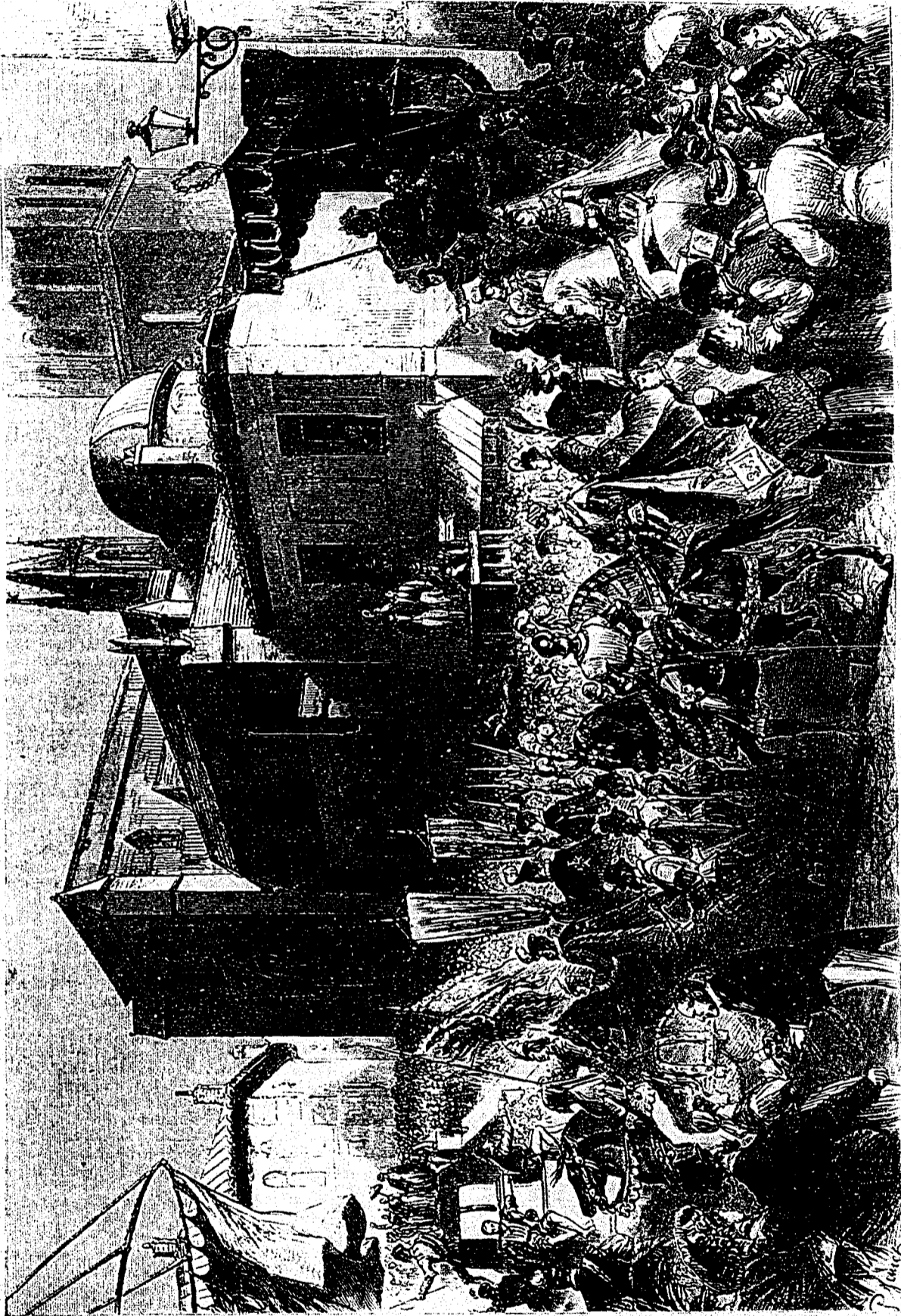
AQUATIC FÊTE ON THE RHONE.



DISPLAY OF FIREWORKS.



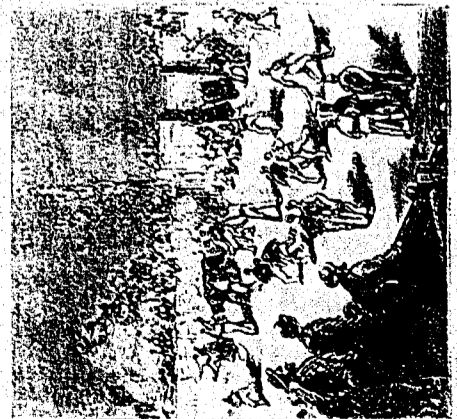
DRUMMERS.



HISTORICAL CAVALCADE, THE TRIUMPH OF PETRARCH.
FRANCE.—THE PETRARCH CELEBRATION AT AVIGNON.



PROVENÇAL DANCERS.



BULL FIGHT.



A PROVENÇAL FARANDOLE.

erately sets to work to screw out dollars as salve for his wounded sensibilities, he at once forfeits the respect of his neighbours. The world may laugh, shrug its shoulders, and call him a long-headed man, but, notwithstanding, the world has but a mean opinion of him at bottom. We strongly doubt if the sympathy of the country will go with the Hon. George Brown in the suits he has instituted against certain Ontario papers. Three of these journals have reflected on Mr. Brown's character to the tune of \$10,000 apiece, and a fourth to the extent of \$5,000, and this by copying the well-known statements of the *National*, which paper, however, has, for some inexplicable reason, been, until a day or two ago, passed over. As the *National* is irrepressible, and confidently repeats the statements week after week, we presume that Mr. Brown has been waiting until the measure of its guilt is full; that he has been nursing his injured feelings in pleasant expectancy of the tremendous damages he will then be able to claim. Seriously, Mr. Brown has made a fatal step. If he had entered criminal proceedings against the offending journals, the feeling of the country would have been with him. As it is he has forfeited its sympathy.

The escape of Bazaine from his island prison at Sainte Marguerite, is another instance of female ingenuity and conjugal devotion such as the history of the world has frequently afforded. We have the authority of Madame Bazaine herself for saying that she only is responsible for the escape of her husband and that she only planned the means of effecting it. We shall anxiously await full particulars of the event which we believe will be found invested with the romance of tenderness and heroism. But while unqualified praise is to be meted out to the faithful wife, it is not sure that the ex-marshal himself deserves equal commendation. Our impression is that Bazaine was allowed considerable liberty of movement and a relaxation of other prison rules, on his word of honour that he would not attempt to escape from the island. Some of the Paris papers allege the same thing. If such is the fact, he has put the seal to his disgrace by his flight and France need not trouble herself to demand his extradition. It is presumable that he will yield no influence with the Bonapartist faction, even though he should attempt to head a political movement.

EXPERIENCES OF A COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

BY "ONE OF THEM."

Toronto, August 11th, 1874.—I left my readers last week at Penetanguishene, a name as mongrel as the population, which comprises Frenchmen, half-breeds, full-blooded Indians, Canadians, and a fair sprinkling of the three nationalities supposed to constitute old-country folk. Strange, that although the French element and its half-breed variety so strongly predominate, none of them participate in the mercantile transactions of the place, though the hotels, without an exception, are kept by French Canadians, and queer places they are. One of them, the "Globe," rejoices in the possession of a ragged old billiard-table, an attraction considered sufficient to make it rank as the first-class house, and also supposed to make it particularly attractive to commercial travellers. Still, I would have dispensed with it, and not grieved much, especially as it was made to apologize for the absence of a great many real comforts; fish and fowl seemed to me to be tabooed at the table, but fish abounded—fish fried for breakfast, fish boiled for dinner, and cold fish for tea. Perhaps I happened then on a fast-day, or perhaps they are believers in Liebig's theory as to fish being brain-food, and being a little deficient in brains they want to replenish. I never asked them their reasons for having such a fishy diet, but I certainly got very tired of it before I left; then I was in a continual state of dread at every meal lest I should choke with fish-bones, and have to be patted on the back to bring me to, like a gluttonous baby. And it's wonderful the implicit faith that the residents of a place have in the quality of their hotels, especially if the hotel-keeper happens to trade with them. In that case you will mortally offend them if you suggest that the house is not just what it might be. Not long ago I was unfortunate to get stuck one Saturday at a village south of Brantford which shall be nameless. Being late when I got in, and a Saturday, I soon discovered that I must make the best of my quarters, and put up there for Sunday, and as I had never tested the quality of its accommodations before, I asked a customer in a quiet way how he thought I would fare. A smile of pity at my ignorance overspread his face. "How will you fare? Why, my dear fellow, it's the best little house west of Toronto—nothing in Brantford can touch it," &c., &c., until I really began to congratulate myself on having been so lucky as to fall into such a "land flowing with milk and honey." But Sunday's experiences sadly disenchanted me. Cold rooms, poor food badly cooked, no milk, bad liquors and worse cigars—such was the dismal record. After that experience put not your trust in customers was my motto, at least not when asked to express an opinion concerning their pet and, perhaps, only hotel.

But to return to Penetanguishene, or rather Barrie, for I did return there the day after going out to the place with a long name. And glad enough to get back I was. Ten p. m. was the somewhat late hour at which we reached Barrie, and after having had a couple of refreshers in the shape of "hot Scotch," I went to bed, to dream of being scalped by Indians, and of other unpleasant operations being performed on me, doubtless the result of my Penetanguishene experiences superinduced by an overdose of hot Scotch. However, I woke up in the

morning, and found that "my har" hadn't been "lifted," a discovery that gave me great joy, as it never was over-abundant, and is already showing a tendency to premature baldness. From Barrie to Angus, Angus to Stayner, Stayner to Collingwood, the scenery is illustrative of the "pancake" character of the country, and the ride deeply impresses you with the strange and wonderful way in which the Northern Railway is built, as the line indulges in a vast number of eccentric curves. The train stops at one station called Utopia, and it might well be asked in reference to the place, "What's in a name?" Whether the man who is responsible for the grim pleasantry intended it as a satire, or whether he was one of the three residents, and really believed the place was destined to be the Utopia, I cannot say. But if the latter is the case his Utopia will assuredly be a lunatic asylum, if he isn't here already. If there were a place to describe, I would attempt a description of it, but as I couldn't see the place myself I will save my readers the infliction.

Collingwood reached, I found the same eagerness for custom displayed at the station as I had been subjected to at Orillia. Here, again, indecision is ruin. No matter what the hotel may be you have decided to patronize, go there in spite of all the allurements of rival touters. Name your house, give your checks to its porter, and take its 'buss. Then you can stroll up and down the platform till your Jehu tells you he is ready to start, smoke your cigar, and gaze with a lofty pity on those poor misguided men who are listening to the disinterested importunities of half-a-score of eager hotel drummers.

Collingwood in winter is a bleak, uninviting place to live in. On a January night, with the thermometer away down below zero, it is a place calculated to make you keenly appreciate the generous warmth of a big log-fire on the hearth—a place that seems specially created to test the inviolateness of the pledge of a member of the Prohibition League. For let any one of that august body drive from Meaford to Collingwood on such a night, when the bitter north wind howls over the Georgian Bay and nips his ears, and seems to try to find crevices in his body—let him reach Collingwood (if he can), chilled to the marrow, and with the long icicles hanging from his beard, giving him a resemblance to a dismal Santa Claus, and when he does get there, and walks through the hall past the half-closed door of the bar, past that door just opened wide enough to let him sniff the grateful odour of a hot whiskey punch—I say let this happen, and if he doesn't swallow his scruples and a glass of whiskey punch at the same time, why, he deserves to be canonized for his martyrdom. With the majority of us travellers we make it a rule to swallow the latter but have none of the former to swallow, for commercial travellers are neither cynics, misanthropes, nor anchorites.

But Collingwood—I'm forgetting the place entirely—well, whatever disadvantages it may have in inclemency of weather during the winter are fully compensated by its delightful climate in the summer months, for the north wind that in the winter months froze your very marrow then lends a delightful coolness to the air. Then that frightful drive in the freezing months between Collingwood and Meaford is now dispensed with, for at the latter place commerce has told its old story, and compelled the advent of the iron horse. On this occasion the metallic steed had all his gear prepared and his road ready for him, so I took passage behind him for Meaford. Rushing through the country with the snow-spray beating against the windows of the car, I could not help contrasting the cosy comfort of the well-warmed and well-ventilated travelling coach with the desolate equipment of the lumbering stage in which, on my previous trip, I was so unfortunate as to be a passenger, and making the comparison I came to the conclusion that all such comparisons are odious.

The time passed quickly in these reflections, and I soon found myself at Meaford, and inside Mrs. Paull's 'buss; for no "Commercial" ever dreams of going elsewhere than to Mrs. Paull's. I don't want the worthy editor of the *Canadian* nor its host of readers to imagine that I am a hotel-advertising agent, but really I must give a good word to the amiable proprietress of the "Meaford Hotel." I know there won't be one dissentient voice among my fellow-travellers, when I say that, like Dexter's trotting-time, "it can't be beat." Such warmth, such comfort, such rooms, such home-made bread, such ham, such pickled fish, such coffee!—the climax is reached in the coffee. No weary, foot-sore Mecca pilgrim could wish for a better decoction of his favourite berry than Mrs. Paull prepares. Well, I got there, and revelled in all these things, and now that I am at Meaford there can be no better opportunity for relating a most ludicrous adventure which befel me on a previous visit. As usual I was there over Sunday, and Sunday not being a very fatiguing day I did not feel particularly tired nor sleepy; so taking a book I sat at my window and read until nearly midnight. Tired at last of reading I sat and listened to the monotonous drip, drip of the rain that had been falling all the afternoon. Listlessly listening, with my thoughts far away, I gradually became conscious of another and unfamiliar sound mingling with the pattering of the rain-drops. Risp, rasp, saw, saw, now near now far, now so low as scarcely to be heard, now so unpleasantly loud and harsh as to jar on the ear, the mysterious sound gradually intruded itself into my consciousness, till thoroughly aroused I listened intently. To make what follows plain, I must tell my readers that directly opposite my room in the hotel was situated the store of Mr. S., and as the strange sound continued I became satisfied that it was caused by the grating of a saw or file against some hard substance. Cautiously turning down the lamp I put my head out of the window, but the night was pitch dark, and I could make out nothing with my eyes, although the sound was far more distinct, and more pronounced in its character, and I now became satisfied that burglars were trying to effect an entrance into the store. Drawing on my slippers I crept cautiously down stairs, and rousing the hostler I informed him of the terrible fact. My courage was rapidly oozing out at my finger ends, but as for him—after I had taken him to the door and letting him hear the sounds, he positively declined stepping outside. However, I found an immense iron boot-jack and armed myself with that, and, attired in a very incomplete costume, I crept outside. When half-way across the road I could, or fancied I could, discern figures moving about outside the building. And now—must I confess it?—my courage failed me utterly, and I beat a hasty retreat into the house. I at length screwed my courage to the sticking point again, and venturing out I stole down the street, keeping close against the side of the building till I had reached a point directly opposite the private dwelling of Mr. S., for, thinking discretion the better part of valour, I had wisely determined that he should run a portion of the risk while sharing in the glory of

the capture of the midnight marauders. Rapping softly at the door produced no response, so I assailed it vigorously with the boot-jack, an assault that brought a night-capped head out of the window above me. The first intimation I had of the proximity of the head was a voice sleepily enquiring "What I wanted?" I had hardly begun my hurried explanation ere the head was hastily withdrawn, and its owner made his appearance in a costume almost as scanty as mine. He had armed himself with—let me see, was it an axe-handle or a gun—really I forget, but I know he had some murderous weapon. Reinforced by Mr. S., but with a beating heart, I crept down the walk and out into the street. We listened, still the sound continued, and we felt that the tug of war was at hand. And now my excited imagination enabled me plainly to see figures moving with stealthy footfalls through the gloom. Visions of a deadly combat fitted through my brain; already in fancy I could hear the rapid pistol-shots, and see the cold gleam of the assassin's knife, and feel its keen edge entering my vitals. Clutching the boot-jack with a nervous, tightening grip, while Mr. S. poised his axe-handle in the most approved shillelah fashion, we advance upon them—we are upon them, to find—two peaceful cows engaged in industriously licking Mr. S.'s pile of salt-barrels! These were the midnight burglars, and their rough tongues scraping on the barrel staves are the files and saws that were endeavouring to effect a breach in the iron window-bars. Mr. S. laughs in his sleeve, and I retire to bed a sadder and a wiser man. Such was the ignoble end of my first and only "adventure with burglars."

Next morning my customers regard me with a quizzical leer, and seem to have taken a new interest in dairy matters, for they are continually making references to cows and their known fondness for salt; and I really felt relieved when I had got out of the town and was well on the road to Owen Sound. Since that occasion I always anticipate their anxious enquiries by asking them if the village has since been disturbed by burglars. Leaving my readers to reflect on the liability of all men to be sold, I must bid them good-bye for a time.

WAYFARER.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE NEW GRAND OPERA HOUSE. TORONTO.

The new and elegant Opera House now being erected by the Toronto Opera House Company for Mrs. Charlotte Morrison, under the direction of the celebrated Architect of the New York Academy of Music, Thomas R. Jackson, Esq., is situated on Adelaide Street, West of Yonge Street, the most central and desirable location in the city. It has a front on Adelaide Street of ninety-one feet, and a depth of two hundred and eight feet, and is perfectly isolated from surrounding buildings by a street on the west and a lane on the east side. The principal entrance to the Opera House is on a level with the street, through a spacious corridor fifteen feet wide, fifty feet long, and fourteen feet high, to the main vestibule, twenty-four feet by sixty-five feet, and eighteen feet high, in which are the Box and Ticket Offices, stairs to Family Circle, etc. Beyond the vestibule is the inner lobby, from which access is had either to the Parquet or Balcony or by wide and easy stairs to the Dress Circle. The Auditorium is arranged with Parquet, containing 324 Orchestra stall chairs; Parquet Balcony, containing 275 chairs; Dress Circle, containing 324 seats; Family Circle 270, and eight Private Boxes, with four chairs in each, making a seating capacity of 1,323 and camp-stool and standing room for 500 more, every one having a perfect view of the stage. The chairs in the Parquet and Balcony will be the latest improved folding-seat Opera chairs, upholstered with leather. The sofa seats in the Dress Circle will be upholstered with reps. There are also ladies' and gentlemen's cloak and hat rooms, crush-room, dressing rooms, etc. The Proscenium and Arch, of chaste and ornate design, will contain eight private boxes. The orchestra will be depressed below the floor, so as not to obstruct the view. The Stage, 53 by 65 feet, will be fitted up with all the latest improvements and equipped with a full stock of Scenery, Curtains, Properties and Appointments. For the necessary accommodations of the Opera House and the accommodation of its attachés, there is a two-story building adjoining, in which are a spacious scene-room, property-room, green-room, dressing-rooms, Manager's and Treasurer's offices, etc., all above ground, with windows and entrances opening on a street, and fitted up in the most comfortable manner. The facilities for egress in case of fire have been fully provided by a fire escape, and four wide doorways opening out of the side street and lane, and of such capacity that a full house with all its attendants can be emptied in two minutes. The entire building will be heated by steam at a low pressure from a safety boiler in a fire-proof cellar, outside of the main building; and ample provision will be made to guard against fire by placing on the stage two fire-plugs with hose ready for instant use, and fire extinguishers distributed through the building. The Auditorium will be brilliantly illuminated by a centre sun-light in the dome, chandeliers under galleries, and brackets on the walls, and lighted by electricity. The construction of the building is of the most substantial character, and the decorations and furnishing will be in the most artistic taste and style; and, taken as a whole it will be one of the finest Opera Houses on this continent. The building will be opened for the season of 1874-5 about the middle of next month. A first-class dramatic troupe, including Mrs. Morrison and Mr. Couldred, has been engaged, and arrangements have been made with a number of first-class stars, such as Fechter, Ristori, Carlotta Leclercq, J. L. Toole, the great English comedian, etc. The Kellogg, Aimée, and Soldene opera troupes will also make their appearance on these boards during the season.

We trust that Mrs. Morrison's commendable energy in catering for the Toronto public will meet with the full measure of success it deserves. Montreal theatre-goers will have reason to be envious of the good-fortune that has fallen on their Toronto brethren; but we hope that the cause for envy will speedily be removed by the erection of a suitable Opera House in Montreal, and that the commercial metropolis will be relieved of a reproach that has too long rested upon its citizens.

THE CARLISTS AT CUENCA.

The taking of Cuenca by the Carlists on the 15th ult., has been a very serious affair. The accounts given of the scenes enacted in the devoted little town make one's blood run cold. The Carlists, enraged by the persistent defence of the besieged who, with vastly inferior forces, held out for fifty-six hours, murdered on the spot all who were taken with arms, as well as the occupants of all houses where arms were found. Those

who were found hidden in the houses were killed and thrown over the balconies into the streets. The Governor of the town, after hiding in and escaping from four different houses, finally found safety in a vacant niche in the cemetery. The invaders seized all the Government funds, besides those of the Corporations and private associations, exacting of the inhabitants a two years' contribution. They took all the arms of the garrison, consisting of three thousand muskets, six cannon, a considerable quantity of ammunition, and all the horses of the Carabineers, besides the other private property which had been hastily taken into Cuenca for refuge at the approach of the enemy. The shops and houses have been completely stripped of every kind of provisions, as well as blankets, clothing, and all else that could be of any use to the marauders. Each and all of the pillagers took and appropriated whatever money, jewellery, and plate they could find in the houses. Numbers of edifices were set on fire, and the building containing the archives of the Government and public deeds was burnt to the ground. Cuenca is not on any railroad, although a branch to it was in construction, and as the Carlists had first of all cut the telegraph wires, the news brought to Madrid, by one who escaped during the first moments of the attack to the nearest telegraph station, was so long coming that the troops sent did not arrive until after the Vandals had finished their work of devastation and fled with their booty. They lost some three hundred in the assault. The partisans of cremation will be glad to learn that the Carlists have introduced into Spain this mode of rapid combustion. After an engagement they collect their dead, place them in piles, and drenching them with petroleum, burn them to ashes. They were plainly seen during the disgusting operation, from the Castle of Cuenca. A letter in the *Temps* says:—"What the fugitives from Cuenca relate is hardly credible. In all the streets the drums sounded '*Deguello y saqueo*,' literally throat-cutting and sack. When a detachment was about to invade a house they drew lots as to who should enter first, and they went in four by four, seizing the furniture, burning, stealing women's dresses, insulting and maltreating the inmates, assassinating whoever was found hidden or gave signs of resistance. At the moment when one of the witnesses I have fallen in with, a Frenchman, quitted the ravaged town to come here, three or four days after the catastrophe, about 60 dead bodies had been found not dressed in uniform, and some of which were so mutilated that their own relations did not recognize them. It was expected that others would be found under the ruins of the fallen houses, and it was known that a certain number of employes had been killed in the Government House and in the *Hôtel de Ville* previously to the fire which destroyed the whole interior of those buildings and all the archives. When the perpetrators of all these horrors left Cuenca they were followed by a long line of carts full of booty."

THE PETRARCH CELEBRATION.

On page 133 are given several illustrations of scenes during the great centenary celebration held at Avignon, in honour of Petrarch. The fête commenced on the 18th ult., and consisted of a competition of poets, followed by the ceremony of crowning the laureates; a grand reception by the civic authorities of Avignon, a procession and illumination; the celebration, with much pomp, of a solemn high mass; a second procession in costumes of the time of Petrarch; a theatrical representation; illumination of the old palace of the Popes; a musical competition, floral games; numerous speeches, and, finally, a Venetian fête on the Rhone. Several of the most striking points of the celebration are illustrated in the series of pictures given on the page above mentioned. It is calculated that fully 30,000 people were present at Avignon on this occasion.

HALF-BREED AND OX-CART.

This is another of the series of sketches sent us from the North West by our special correspondent with the Mounted Police.

THE QUEBEC PROVINCIAL RIFLE-MATCH

opened at the Point St. Charles Range on the 12th inst., and lasted four days. The space at our command does not allow of a list of the winners, but this has already appeared in most of the Provincial papers. Apropos of this match, at which several American marksmen were present, the *New York Herald* says the result of the contest, in the opinion of the Americans attending it, may be summed up as follows:

First—That the Canadians are the most hospitable people in the world.

Second—That Canada has a far greater number of experienced first-class shots than we have.

Third—That our best shots are as good as theirs, although fewer in number.

Fourth—That the Snider is a good military rifle, and although it is surpassed by ours, yet that we have got to practice constantly at Creedmoor, particularly at 600 yards, to beat the men who shoot.

Fifth—That our long range Remington and Sharpe breech-loaders are in no way inferior to the muzzle-loading Metford; and

Sixth—That although it is not wise to bet upon defeating the Irish team (a point which the enthusiastic should bear in mind), yet the prospect of doing so is not such up-hill work as it seemed some time ago.

THE CATHEDRAL OF TOLEDO

is the metropolitan church of Spain, and was founded in the year 587. One of its principal features is the chapel of Santiago (shown in our illustration) in which lie the remains of Alvaro de Luna and his wife.

"CROSSING THE BROOK."

This is a pretty little spring-tide scene painted by the well-known French artist Mr. Bouguereau. The subject is one of respectable antiquity but nevertheless the painter has succeeded in investing it with a charm of its own.

OUTSIDE THE ASSEMBLEE NATIONALE.

This illustration shows the outside of the French Assembly on the evening of the celebrated 23rd July, when M. Casimir Perier's Bill for the proclamation of the Republic was taken up and finally disposed of by a majority of forty-one declared for its rejection. The excitement at the time was immense, both in Paris and at Versailles, and at the latter place a large posse of police had to be posted around the Assembly to preserve order among the crowd that thronged around the building.

DICKENS DESCRIBED.

In a volume of reminiscences of Dickens and Thackeray by R. H. Stoddard is the following interesting description of

"Boz," when yet a young man, written by a young girl who met him at a dinner-party: "I was introduced to his wife in the sanctuary of the bed-room, where I was arranging my hair before the glass. I thought her a pretty little woman, with the heavy-lidded large blue eyes so much admired by men. The nose was a little *retroussé*, the forehead good, the mouth small, round and red-lipped, with a pleasant, smiling expression, notwithstanding the sleepy look of the slow-moving eyes. The weakest part of the face was the chin, which melted too suddenly into the throat. She took kindly notice of me, and I went down with a fluttering heart to be introduced to 'Boz.' The first ideas that flashed through me were: 'What a fine characteristic face! What marvellous eyes! And what horrid taste in dress!' He wore his hair long, in 'admired disorder,' and it suited the picturesque style of his head; but he had on a surtout with a wide collar, very much thrown back, showing vast expanse of waistcoat, drab trousers, and drab boots with patent-leather toes, and the whole effect (apart from his fine head) gave evidence of a loud taste in costume, and was not proper for evening dress. Of course I listened eagerly during dinner to catch the pearls and other precious things that fell from his lips, and watched, in reverent admiration, every flash of his clear grey eyes—for I was enthusiastic, and in my teens. He did not speak much, and his utterance was low-toned and rapid, with a certain thickness as if the tongue were too large for the mouth. I found afterwards that this was a family characteristic, and he had a habit of sucking his tongue when thinking, and at the same time running his fingers through his hair till it stood out in most leonine fashion. When writing, if his ideas got entangled, he would work away with his left hand, dragging viciously at certain locks until the subject became satisfactorily 'evolved out of his inner consciousness.' Before uttering an amusing speech I noticed a most humorous scintillation gleaming in his eyes, accompanied by a comic elevation of one eyebrow, but he did not strike me as possessing the sarcastic, searching expression that I expected."

AN INN WITH A HISTORY.

A writer on the recent Luther Festival, held at Sonneberg in Thuringia on the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd inst., describes a quaint old inn—wooden, dilapidated, one-storied, and top-heavy—which has had the honour, more than once, of sheltering the great Reformer. The inn stood in the mountainous village of Judenbach, near Sonneberg, two thousand feet above the level of the sea. It has, however, been transferred in its old shape to new ground, and was by no means one of the least attractive features of the celebration. The committee of arrangements have very naturally collected all the information they could about the history of this little inn. The record embraces a period extending from the year 1457 to the year 1870, including four visits of Dr. Martin Luther. In 1457 we are told that "Duke Wilhelm the Brave passed Judenbach with his train, and spent eight groschen" (about eightpence!) On "Tuesday, the 17th of October, Duke John of Saxony and the Bishop of Wurzburg passed Judenbach, on their way to visit the Elector of Saxony." Then we come to an entry of greater interest to us. On the 14th of April, 1518, Dr. Martin Luther passed Judenbach on his way to the Augustine Convent at Heidelberg. He met here the Electoral Councillor Peflinger of Saxony, who paid for him and his companion (Urban). Luther arrived at Coburg very weary, having found no opportunity of riding." He had already nailed his ninety-five theses to the church door at Wittenberg, and had then accepted the invitation to attend a general convention of the Augustines at Heidelberg. In the same year we are told in the "Cronica" that the "infamous seller of indulgences, Tetzl, passed Judenbach on his way to Rome." On the 26th of October of the same year, Luther again sought the hospitality of the host at Judenbach. He arrived weary from the flight from Augsburg, where, as he tells us himself, he had—"by night, without hose, boots, spurs, or sword"—mounted the horse furnished him by Dr. Staupitz, on which he rode to Wittenberg. Twelve years later, on the 14th April, 1530, is an important entry in the "Cronica." Luther's doctrines had now gained friends and supporters among the people and the princes, and the time had come for demanding of the Emperor and Diet, then assembled at Augsburg, the recognition of Protestants and Protestantism. The record reads: "Elector John the Steadfast came here with Dr. Martin Luther, on his way to the Diet at Augsburg. In his train were the Electoral Prince Johann Friedrich, Prince Wolfgang of Anhalt, Duke Franz of Luneberg, Counts Albrecht and Jobst, of Mansfeld; Count Ernst, of Gleichen; five electoral councillors; Chancellors Brueck and Baier; besides Dr. Luther, Melancthon, Justus Jonas, and Spalatin, and seventy nobles, with one hundred and sixty mounted body-men (all furnished with firearms, and clad in dress of leather). The party reached Coburg on the 15th of April, where Dr. Luther remained in the fortress. On the 5th of October of the same year the Elector and his train returned, bringing with them Luther from Coburg," all of them convinced that they had nothing to expect from Carl V., and determined to stake their cause in the issue of war. Then follow some entries of less importance to us, but still interesting. On the 28th of June, Elector Johann Friedrich the Magnanimous passed Judenbach, guarded by twenty-four Spaniards, he being a prisoner of the Emperor Carl V. In 1584 the lightning struck the building and killed seven persons. "From 1598 to 1698 953 children were born in the village." "1705—The present church was built from money presented by merchants of Nuremberg and Augsburg, for which reason, whenever the Nuremberg caravan passed the village at New Year, the school children met them and welcomed them with songs of thanks." "Oct. 6 and 7, 1805, the two French army corps of Lannes and Augereau passed through the village; a fire broke out while they were bivouacking here, and nine houses and four barns were destroyed." The last entry in the "Cronica" tells us that, in the year 1870, fifteen young men of Judenbach took part in the Franco-German War; that one is still missing, two were wounded, and the remainder returned home safe and sound. So end the "Cronica of Judenbach."

THACKERAY AND DICKENS.

From the recollections of Mr. Hodder, at one time Thackeray's private secretary, contained in the reminiscences in the work of R. H. Stoddard, the following is extracted: "At the time of the publication of 'Vanity Fair' Thackeray's great contemporary, Charles Dickens (for in spite

of all remonstrance it has always been the fashion to place the two writers in the same category, and often to sacrifice one at the shrine of the other according to the particular taste of the person addressing himself to the subject), was producing, in the accustomed monthly form—the green cover in the one instance, against the yellow cover in the other—his story of 'Dombey and Son,' and it was Thackeray's delight to read each number with eagerness as it issued from the press. When it had reached its fifth number, wherein Mr. Charles Dickens described the end of little Paul with a depth of pathos which produced a vibratory emotion in the hearts of all those who read it, Mr. Thackeray seemed electrified at the thought that there was one man living who could exercise so complete a control over him. Putting No. 5 of 'Dombey and Son' in his pocket, he hastened down to Mr. Punch's printing office, and entering the editor's room, where I chanced to be the only person present except Mr. Mark Lemon himself, he dashed it on the table with startling vehemence, and exclaimed: 'There's no writing against such power as this—one has no chance! Read that chapter describing young Paul's death; it is unsurpassed—it is stupendous!' Long after this, and during the period that I acted as his amanuensis, I went into his chamber one morning, as usual, and found him in bed (for, lest it should be supposed that Mr. Thackeray was what is commonly called a late riser, I should state at once that my visits to him were somewhat early, that is to say, before nine o'clock), a little pot of tea and some dry toast on a table by his side. I therefore remained at a distance from him, but Mr. Thackeray called me forward, and I discovered that he had passed a very restless night. 'I am sorry,' said I, 'that you do not seem very well this morning.' 'Well,' he murmured—'no, I am not well. I have got to make that confounded speech to-night.' I immediately recollected that he was to preside at the annual dinner of the general theatrical fund—an undertaking which I well knew was entirely repugnant to his taste and wishes. 'Don't let that trouble you, Mr. Thackeray,' said I; 'you will be sure to be all right when the time comes.' 'Nonsense!' he replied, 'it won't come all right—I can't make a speech. Confound it! That fellow Jackson let me in for this! Why don't they get Dickens to take the chair? He can make a speech, and a good one. I'm of no use.' I told him that I thoroughly appreciated his remark in regard to Mr. Dickens, but at the same time he was giving little credit to those whose discernment had selected him as the chairman of the evening; and they could not very well ask Mr. Dickens, as he had only a year or two since occupied that position at an anniversary dinner of the same institution. 'They little think how nervous I am,' said Thackeray, 'and Dickens does not know the meaning of the word.'

"In confirmation of this remark I observed that I once asked Mr. Dickens if he ever felt nervous on public occasions when called upon to speak, and his instant reply was: 'Not in the least. The first time I took the chair at a public dinner I felt just as much confidence as if I had done the same thing a hundred times before.'

"The result of Mr. Thackeray's chairmanship on the evening in question may here be recorded, with all respect to his memory, and with that desire to be strictly correct which he himself would have been the first to encourage. True to his engagement he took the post assigned to him, and commenced his duties as if he had resolved to set difficulties at defiance, and to show that the task was not quite impossible with him, but, unhappily for his nervous and sensitive temperament, Mr. Charles Dickens, as the president of the institution, sat at his right hand, and when he came to the all-absorbing toast of the evening, the terrifying fact rushed across his mind that his great contemporary would witness all his shortcomings and his sad inferiority. He had prepared his speech, and he commenced with some learned allusions to the car of Thespis, and the early history of the drama, when he suddenly collapsed, and brought his address to a close in a few commonplace observations which could scarcely be called coherent. He too painfully felt the weakness of his position, and, notwithstanding a particularly kind and complimentary speech, in which Mr. Dickens proposed his health as chairman, he could not recover the prestige he believed he had lost, and he left the room in company with an old friend at as early a moment as he could consistently with the respect he owed the company."

DISRAELI AND GLADSTONE.

It is a study, says a writer in the *Court Journal*, to watch the cut and thrust of the two Parliamentary gladiators. Personally they are most courteous to each other; Disraeli deferential, saluting his rival as "the most eminent of Englishmen," and always showing him little attentions across the table as if he were still, as Mr. Disraeli called him the other day by mistake, Prime Minister; but the whole game of English politics is now a game of chess between those two men and their retainers, with Power for their prize. And how that game is played! A Session is like a campaign. But Disraeli has one great advantage over Gladstone. He is a man of society—a man of wit—a man of letters. Gladstone is nothing but a statesman. With Gladstone distance lends enchantment to the view. But the more you know of Disraeli the more you like, admire, and love the man. The Lord Mayor expressed this feeling very well in his speech at the Mansion House; but it is a common experience. But Disraeli's forte, like Lord Palmerston's, is Parliamentary finesse. Gladstone's is eloquence. Disraeli is at home everywhere—in the house of Commons—in the Club-room—at a fancy dress ball—at the Mansion House—at a quiet dinner. Gladstone is at home nowhere but in the House of Commons; and yet, if the business of the House is not in his hands, he must be thinking of Homer or Strauss, or pottery—of anything and everything except the House of Commons. This trait is peculiar to Gladstone. You never see it in Disraeli, Lowe, or Bright. But Gladstone brings books down to the House, or a packet of letter paper, and reads, with a pencil in his hand, to annotate the pages, or writes for hours together, pulling himself together for his speech about ten minutes before he rises. You never see a book or a pen in the hands of Disraeli or Lowe, although, like Gladstone, they are both literary men. Disraeli makes up for this in other ways—spending six or seven hours in the House of Commons—for instance, on Wednesday disappearing from there at six o'clock to go home and dress, sitting down to dinner with the Lord Mayor in less than a couple of hours afterwards, and at ten, after a couple of speeches, asking permission to withdraw in order to go the ball at Marlborough House. Yet with all this the man is always fresh, always genial, always piquant.

THE LATE HON. CHAS. J. LABERGE.

By the death of the late Editor of *Le National* Lower Canada has lost one of her brightest stars. One by one the phalax of French liberals of 1848 has dwindled away, Papin, Daoust, Lenoir, Eric Dorion, Papineau, and Cassidy have one after another passed from the scene of their struggles and their triumphs, and have now been rejoined by their younger, though equally brilliant colleague.

Mr. Laberge was born in Montreal on the 20th October, 1827. His father was a merchant, but without fortune; and his mother was a sister of Gabriel Franchère, the author of an attractive volume of travels in the North West. Young Laberge entered upon his collegiate course in 1838 at St. Hyacinthe, where he distinguished himself by his intelligence and assiduity, and gave no empty promise of future success in life. On one occasion he received a most flattering, but well deserved compliment from the late Louis Joseph Papineau, who had been requested to present the prizes to the pupils. Laberge was to be "crowned" for a speech he had delivered, and on advancing to receive the honour, he was addressed as follows by Papineau:—"Frankly, sir, I must say that I have never made so good a speech as that you have just delivered: if I have the title of Speaker, you have the talent." While still at St. Hyacinthe young Laberge began to develop his taste for journalism. At the college he founded a journal which he called the *Liberal*, and which he devoted to attacking those of the professors who were unfortunate enough to incur the dislike of the pupils.

On leaving college Mr. Laberge devoted himself to the study of the law, and was admitted to practice in the year 1848. But, like a great many young French Canadians, he was strongly imbued with a taste for political discussion, and he became one of the contributors to *L'Avenir*, the Liberal journal of that day, then under the management of Mr. J. B. E. Dorion, commonly known as *L'Enfant Terrible*. In 1854 Mr. Laberge was elected for Iberville, making one of the nineteen young Rouges who found seats in Parliament. He was the colleague of the Dorions, of Papin, of Daoust, and of others, who during that Parliament represented the party for whom the Liberalism of Lafontaine and Morin was as rank Toryism. Among them all, and they were nearly all men of ability, none stood higher as a Parliamentary speaker than Mr. Laberge. Excepting a slight check in his utterance, the result of some affection of the throat, he was by all odds the most correct and



THE LATE HON. CHARLES JOSEPH LABERGE.

polished speaker in that Parliament. He spoke but seldom, but when he did he always commanded the attention and delighted the ear of the house. In power of satire he was especially forcible, all the more forcible as his keen sense of what was due to the courtesies of a body of gentlemen, always prevented him from being gross or vulgar in the use of this too often dangerous gift. Among friends and opponents alike he was emphatically the favourite of the House.

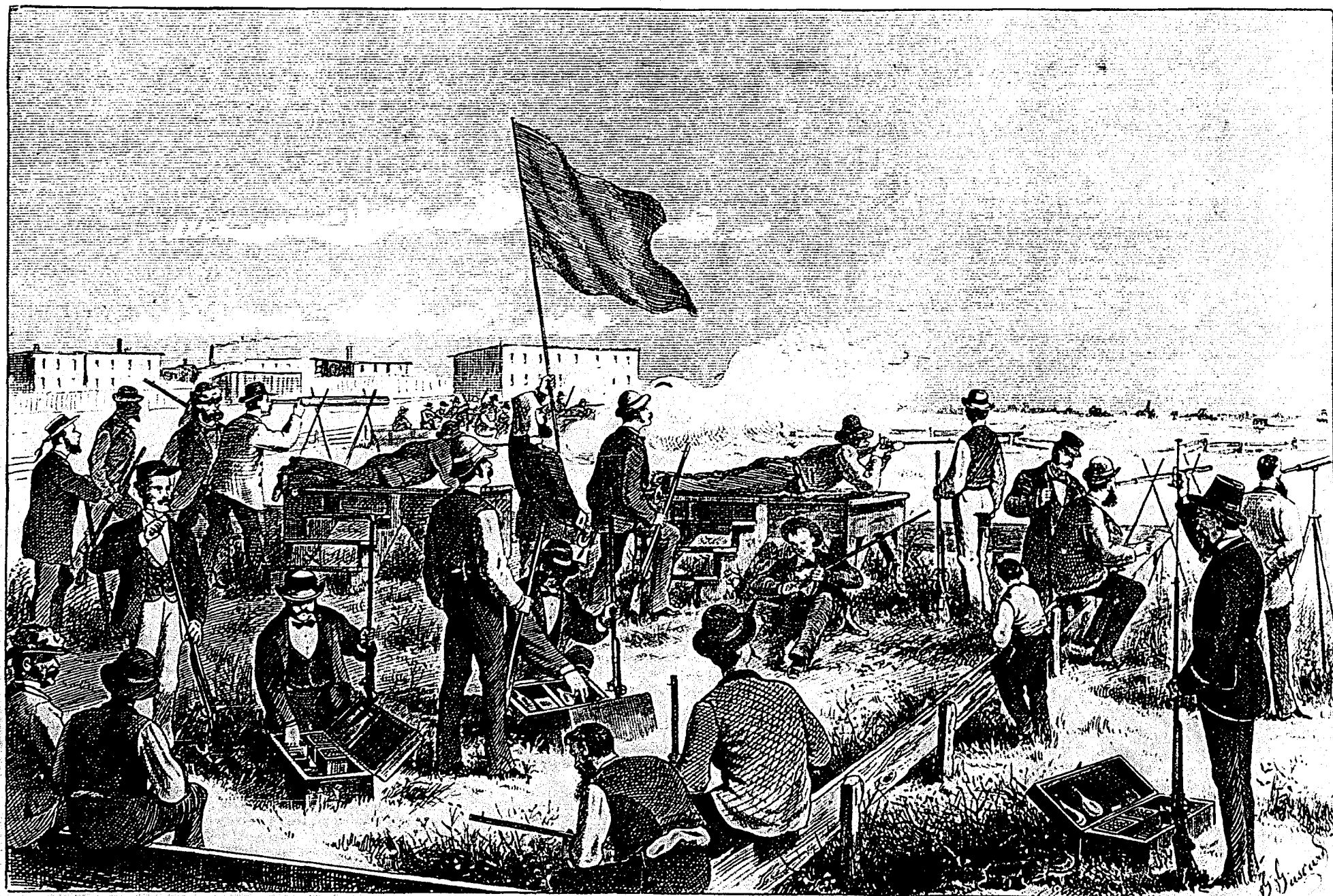
In 1858, on the formation of the short-lived Brown-Dorion administration, he was offered and accepted, the office of Solicitor General for Lower Canada. He continued in Parliament, as member for Iberville, until 1862, and during the later years of his Parliamentary career took a more prominent part in the

discussions of the House, although he never became a frequent speaker. He was appointed Assistant Judge for the district of Sorel in 1863, but his position was not confirmed by the new administration. He founded the *Franco Canadien*, published at St. John, and which is now conducted by Mr. Marchand. He also raised a volunteer corps, of which he became Lieut.-Colonel, and in which position he was also succeeded by Mr. Marchand. On the establishment of *Le National* in this city, he was selected as its chief editor and has since occupied that position. Few men had more friends or fewer enemies than Mr. Laberge. Few men have better succeeded in preserving the amenities and courtesies of social life amid all the asperities of political controversy. The press loses in his death one of its most accomplished and scholarly contributors, and hosts of friends mourn the sad event which we are called upon to chronicle, as depriving them of a dear and valued friend.

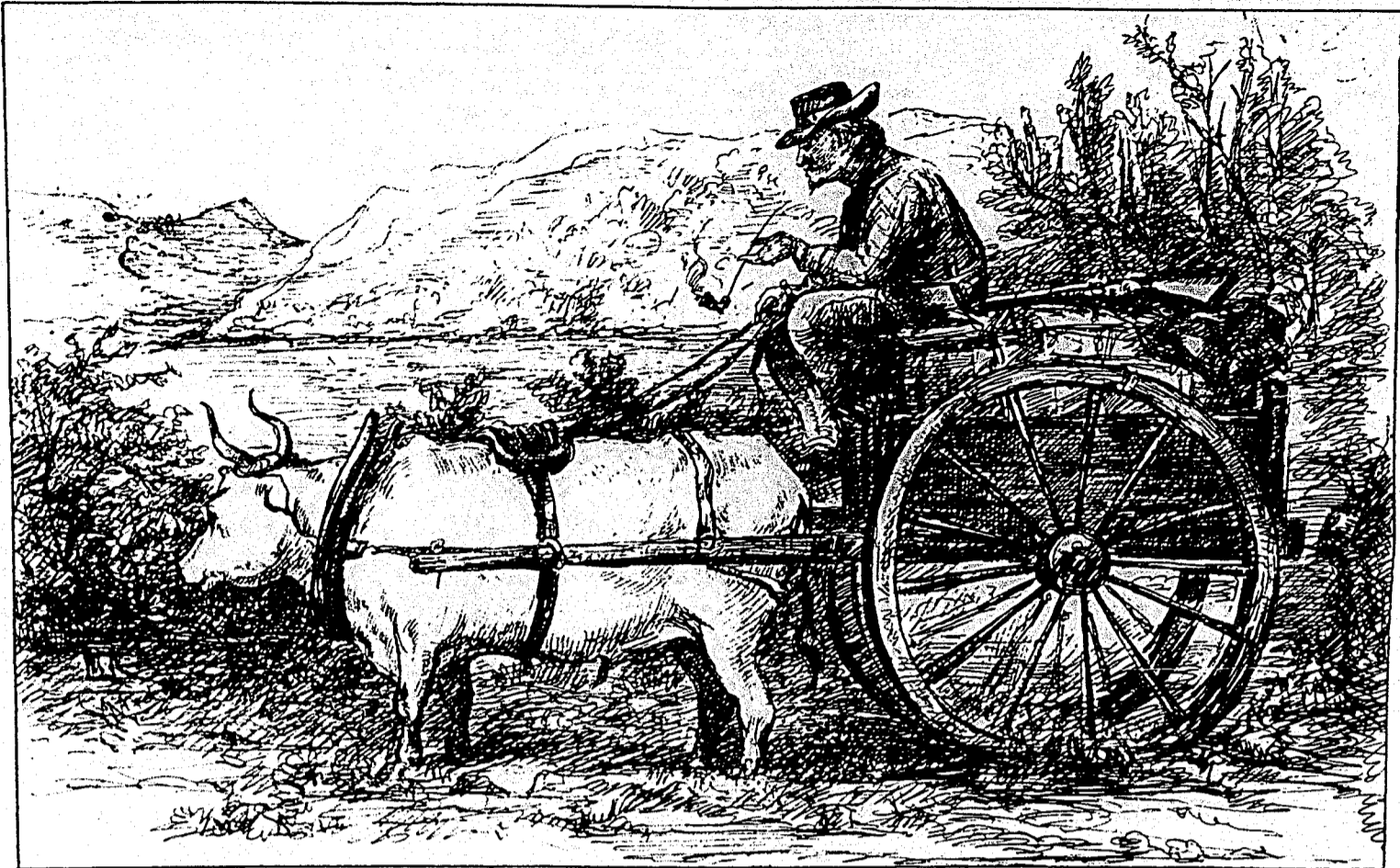
Mr. Laberge married in 1859 a daughter of the Hon. J. O. Turgeon, member of the Legislative Council, by whom he had five children.

THE POPULATION OF THE WORLD.

A report from the Bureau of Statistics, at Washington, just issued, contains an interesting table of the population of the earth. The aggregate population of the earth is given at 1,391,032,000. Asia being the most populous section and containing 798 millions, while Europe has 300½ millions, Africa 203 millions, America 84½, and Australia and Polynesia 4½ millions. In Europe the leading nations are credited with the following numbers: Russia, 71 millions; the German Empire, 41 millions; France, 36 millions; Austro-Hungary, 36 millions; Great Britain and Ireland, 32 millions; Italy, nearly 27 millions; Spain, 16½ millions; and Turkey nearly 16 millions. The other countries do not exceed five millions each. In Asia, China, which is by far the most populous nation of the earth, is credited with 425 millions; Hindoostan, with 240 millions; Japan, 33 millions; the East India Islands, 30½ millions; Bornah, Siam, and farther India, nearly 26 millions; Turkey, 13½ millions; and Russia, nearly 11 millions. The Australian population is given at 1,674,500, and the Polynesian Islands at 2,763,500, New Guinea and New Zealand being included in the latter. In Africa the chief divisions are West Soudan and the Central African region, with 89 millions; the Central Soudan region,



MONTREAL.—THE PROVINCIAL RIFLE MATCH AT POINT ST. CHARLES: SHOOTING OFF TIES.—DRAWN BY W. GASCARD.



THE N. W. MOUNTED POLICE EXPEDITION: HALF-BREED AND OX-CART CARRYING STORES.—AFTER A SKETCH BY H. JULIEN.

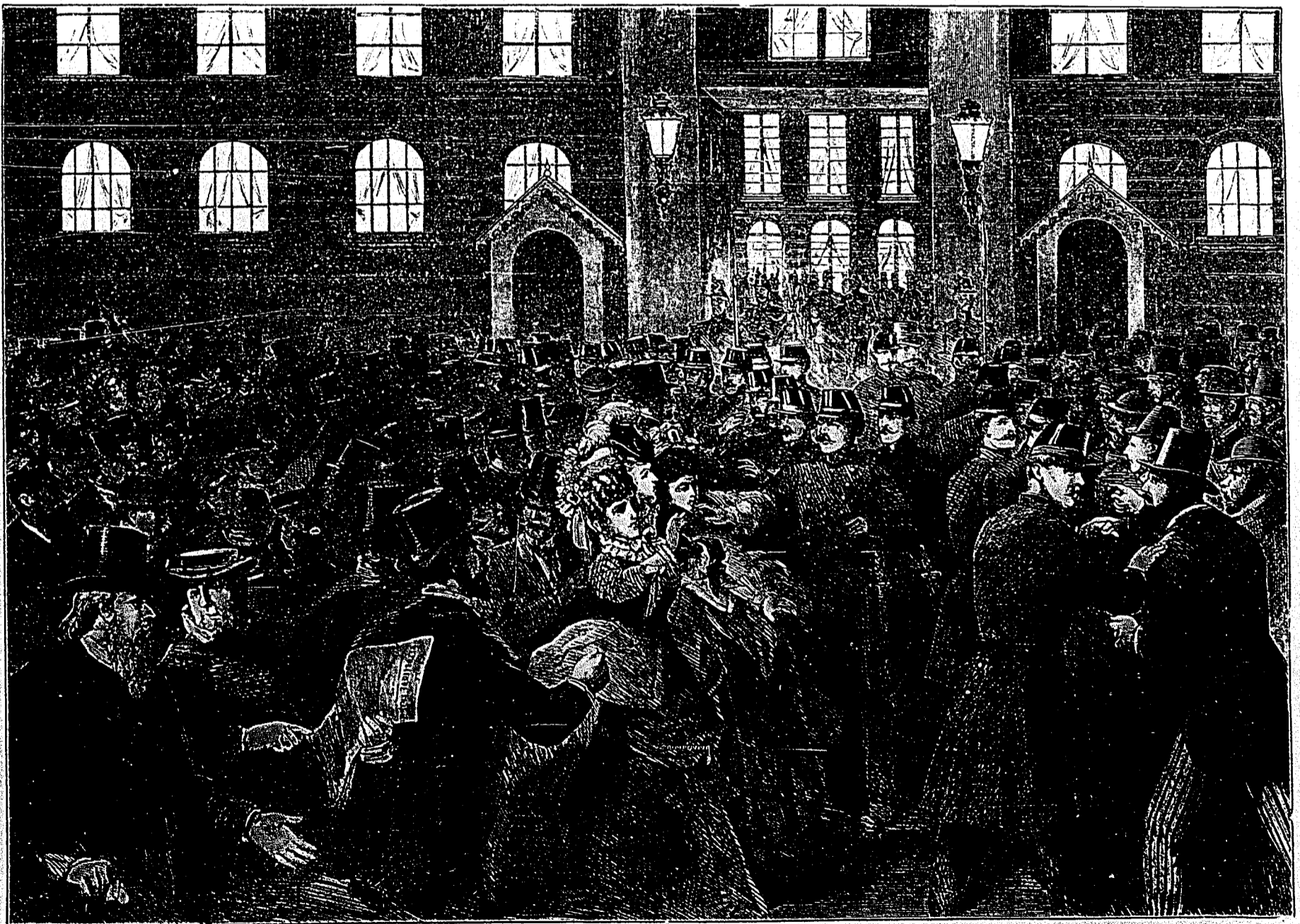
39 millions; South Africa, 20½ millions; the Galla country and the region east of the White Nile, 15 millions; Samauli, 8 millions; Egypt, 8½ millions; and Morocco, 6 millions. In America two-thirds of the population are north of the Isthmus, where the United States has nearly 39 millions, Mexico over 9 millions, and the British Provinces 4 millions. The total population of North America is given at nearly 52 millions, and of South America 25½ millions, of which Brazil contains 10 millions. The West India Islands have over 4 millions, and the Central American States not quite 3 millions. According to these tables London, with 3,254,260 inhabitants, is the most populous city in the world, while Philadelphia, with 674,022 inhabitants (in 1870), is the eighteenth city in point of population. These eighteen cities, in their order, are

the following: London, 3,254,260; Sutchan (China), 2,000,000; Paris, 1,851,792; Pekin, 1,300,000; Tchantschau-fu, 1,000,000; Hangtschau-fu, 1,000,000; Siangtan, 1,000,000; Singnan-fu, 1,000,000; Canton, 1,000,000; New York, 942,292; Tientsin, 900,000; Vienna, 834,284; Berlin, 826,341; Hangkau, 600,000; Tchingu-fu, 800,000; Calcutta, 794,645; Tokio (Yeddo), 674,447; and Philadelphia, 674,022. Of cities smaller than Philadelphia, the leading ones are—St. Petersburg, 667,963; Bombay, 644,405; Muscov, 611,970; Constantinople, 600,000; Glasgow, 547,538; Liverpool, 493,405; and Rio de Janeiro, 420,000.

It was at Paris that Verdi first sketched his requiem mass. He had a collection of the most celebrated masses of Pale-

trina, Mozart, Cherubini, and others brought to him. Projecting an entirely original work, he wished to make sure of not treading on old ground. He terminated the work at Buseto, his Italian domain, having worked at it a whole year. Verdi is proprietor of nearly the whole of his native commune of Buseto. His numerous farms bear the names of his most famous operas, such as "Traviata," "Rigoletto," "Ernani," &c. He is a modest, almost a timid man, and in conducting his mass, at the Opéra Comique, displayed none of that nervous temperament which characterises his compositions. He used the baton sparingly.

M. Jules Verne is preparing his "Round the World in Eighty Days" for the Paris stage.



FRANCE.—OUTSIDE OF THE ASSEMBLÉE NATIONALE ON THE EVENING OF THE 23RD JULY.

"REJECTED ADDRESSES."

AN IDYLL LOUIS-QUINZE.

"Réveillez-vous, belle endormie."—DUFRESNY.

SCENE.—A Corridor in a Château.

THE MARQUIS

(on tip-toe, and carrying a rose).

This is the place, Lisette said here,
Through the Diana room, and near
The fifth Venetian chandelier—
The jule! There are but four.

(Humming.)

Tra-la, tra-la. If Bijou wake,
So much the worse—she'll spoil my shake.
I'll tap, I think. One can't mistake,
This surely is the door.

(Sings softly.)

"From the dark reign of Sleep and Night
Return, Marquise, to bless our sight—
Return—redawn, Aurore!"

"Like Cytherea from the sea,
From your white couch arise and be
Our Queen of hearts, Aurore!"

(Aside.)

No sound? I'll tap once more.

(Sings again.)

"Love brings you here a gift—a Rose,
Dewed as your eyes that now uncloze—
Pink as your lips, Aurore!"

(A rustling within.)

Coquette! she heard before.

(Sings.)

"Like you, more sweet from sleep reborn,
Its breathing beauty flits the morn—
So fill our hearts, Aurore!"

(Aside.)

That merits an Encore.

AN ENERGETIC VOICE.

"Tis thou, Antoine? Ah Thief—ah Bête—
Ah Scoundrel valet, always late—
Have I not told thee half-past eight,
A thousand times! But wait—but wait—
Rogue—Pig—

THE MARQUIS (recolling stupefied.)

What hideous roar,
Just skies! The infamous moubrette!
Here is a turn I shan't forget—
To make me sing my chansonnette
Before old Jourdain's door!

FOR EVERYBODY.

A New Mitrailleuse.

A new mitrailleuse has just been tried at Coire, in the Grisons. The barrels instead of clustering around a centre are placed horizontally, thus delivering the balls like a platoon of infantry instead of in a cluster. Twenty rounds were fired in a minute, but the inventor, Colonel Albertini, of the Austrian army, maintains that forty-five rounds can be fired each minute and that his mitrailleuse will cost one-sixth less than the one actually in use.

Caution To Critics.

Recently in the river Clyde was found the body of a young man who is supposed to have committed suicide in consequence of having seen in the "Answers to Correspondents" the following cruel notice of a poetic effusion which he had sent to a local journal:—"We are afraid, or rather we have no hesitation in saying, that the gods have not made you poetical. But what of that? You say you 'seldom go out at night.' Therein you make a mistake; you ought to go out regularly—to an evening school."

"Prison Editor" Wanted.

The post of editor in Switzerland is by no means an enviable one if we are to judge by the following advertisement quoted by the *Continental Herald* from the *Confédéré de Fribourg*, which is annoyed by the new Press laws:—"In the critical situation in which we are placed, that of being condemned to imprisonment at any moment, we find ourselves under the necessity of opening to competition the post of responsible editor of the journal.—Occupation: to pass a part of the year in prison, and the remainder in doing nothing."

Points Of Cats.

A few words in regard to the points of a cat, for this animal has points as well as a horse or a dog. Of all colours, says an English writer, we infinitely prefer the tortoiseshell, with white feet and breast. Cats of this colour are always docile, affectionate, tidy, and good mousers. They are always long-lived. Grey cats are quickest tempered. Black cats are slowest. Maltese cats are not so cleanly in their habits as those of other species. Large ears denote sagacity. A long tail is a sign of a hunter. Yellow eyes with very small sights are not so desirable as greyish eyes, half covered by the black pupils.

The Rival Managers.

A Rowland-and-Oliver conflict took place between two Scotch managers, whose establishments were both in the same building—one having a theatre on the basement. The basement manager got up the "Battle of Waterloo" as a spectacle, with plenty of gunpowder, and very nearly blew up, whilst he all but suffocated the audience overhead. Nothing daunted, the manager on the first floor produced the grand historico-aquatic drama of the "Battle of Trafalgar," with real water, with a view, as he candidly confessed, of "drowning the auld deevil underneath."

Duelling Authorized In High Places.

The German Emperor has issued a strange edict to his officers, enjoining their implicit obedience to a code of honour which he has drawn up for the regulation of duelling. He draws a line between duels in which German officers are to be compelled or permitted to fight *à outrance* and others in which they are to be drawn off after their honour (!) has been avenged by flesh wounds. And yet the Sovereign who draws up this code of military honour does so in open defiance of the civil law, which prohibits duelling. The Emperor authorizes—nay, insists that his officers shall fight duels, which the law strictly prohibits.

A Vindictive Queen.

Henry Carey, cousin of Queen Elizabeth, after having enjoyed her Majesty's favour for several years, lost it in the following manner: As he was walking one day, full of thought, in the garden of the palace, under the Queen's window, she perceived him, and said to him in a jocular manner, "What does a man think of when he is thinking of nothing?" "Upon a woman's promise," replied Carey. "Well done, cousin," answered Elizabeth. She retired, but did not forget the answer. Some time after he solicited a peerage, and reminded the Queen that she had promised it to him. "True," she said, "but that was a woman's promise."

Outwitting An Audience.

A conjuror at Novara having announced his intention of eating a living being during his performance, a tremendous audience assembled to witness the act. As soon as he appeared and asked if any one was ready to be eaten, three young men jumped on to the stage. Thereupon he said although he had promised to eat a living person he had not promised to eat him with his clothes on. Two of the volunteers disappeared forthwith, but the third remained and proceeded to undress himself. When this operation was completed the conjuror remarked that it would be remembered if he promised to eat a man alive he had not undertaken to eat him raw. The third volunteer now made off, but the house was indignant, and the unlucky trickster had to escape by a side door with the assistance of the police.

A Novel Plaster.

In the Paris flower markets may now be seen country-women offering bunches of white lily flowers for sale. A great number of these are purchased—the reader may think as political emblems—not so, they are to preserve in brandy. The petals are pulled off one by one and put into wide-mouthed pickle bottles containing ordinary *eau-de-vie*. They are kept in this way from year to year. When any one receives a cut or wound a branched lily-petal is produced, applied to the place, and fastened there with a bandage. Very powerful healing virtue is attributed to this floral plaster; and so general is the belief, that many grocers' shops keep in stock a glass jar of lily petals, which they retail at a sou a piece. But it is more probable the benefit proceeds rather from the stimulating action of the brandy than from any virtue extracted from the flower.

Practising What He Preached.

This story is told of Rev. Mr. Herrick, once settled at Worthington, Mass.: He collected his own salary, for which every voter in the town was assessed, and calling on Mr. D., the blacksmith, one day, he said: "I have a small bill against you." "And for what?" "For preaching." "For preaching?" said Mr. D. "I have heard none of your preaching." "The fault is your own," said Mr. H. "The doors have been open, and you might have come in." Not long after, as Mr. H. was one day passing the blacksmith shop, Mr. D., hailing him, said, "I have a small bill against you." "And for what?" said Mr. H. "For shoeing your horse," replied Mr. D. "For shoeing my horse? I have had no horse shod here," said Mr. H. "The fault is your own," replied Mr. D. "The doors have been open, and you might have come in." Mr. H. paid the bill and passed on.

Photographing Sea-Depths.

Dr. Newmayer recently exhibited before the Berlin Geographical Society an apparatus designed by the aid of photography to determine the temperature and set of the currents at the bottom of the sea. The apparatus consists of a copper box, containing a rudder to be acted on by the current, a compass, and a thermometer. Sensitized paper is put in the box, in such a position that when light is introduced into the box shadows of the rudder, compass, needle, and mercury column will be thrown on the paper. When the box reaches the bottom of the sea an electric current is sent down to the box to produce sufficient light to act upon the sensitized paper and fix the shadows of the indicators. The shadows of the compass, needle, and rudder, when compared, will show the set of the current, and the shadow of the mercury column its position at the time light was introduced.

An Ornithological Babbage.

The *Baltimore American* says: "A wonderful performance is done by a parrot in a street exhibition of trained birds now being given here. This bird walks to the centre of the table, and after bowing to the crowd, seats himself in a small chair near a bell. To the clapper of the bell there is attached a small cord, and anyone in the crowd is allowed to ask the bird to strike any number of times upon the bell. If asked to strike ten times, he leaves the chair, seizes the bell rope, and pulls it ten times, after which he bows and returns to his seat. This was repeated a great many times, and with one exception the bird made no mistake. The bird will strike twenty-seven times, but after that he refuses, and his owner states that he has worked nearly a year to get this bird to strike up to thirty but it appears that his memory gives out at that point, and he is unable to count further."

An Erring Pastor.

It is a common practice among the people in the country parts of Scotland to have something special to set before the minister when they know he is to come visiting. Mrs. O'Connell was therefore not a little put about when his reverence made an unprepared-for visit. "Well, Mrs. O'Connell, how

do matters stand with you to-day?" said the minister. "Well, sir," she replied, "I have just red herring." "Oh! you have read 'Erring'; I am so delighted at that!" exclaimed the minister, a newly published religious book of his bearing the title *Erring: Its Cause and Cure*. Seeing the minister delighted at what she had said, she forthwith proceeded to put a couple of the herrings upon the fire. The sight, the sound, the smell, soon made his reverence take to his heels; while the astonished housewife ran after him, exclaiming, "Parson! parson! parson! Hypocrite! hypocrite! Say one way, act another!"

The Locomotive Music Of The Future.

The performances of the locomotive whistle, we are told, have been systematized on a Western railway. Seven whistles are to indicate "down breaks," 32 whistles, "up breaks," 40 whistles and two snorts, a "back up." The instructions add: "In case of doubt, whistle like the d—l;" at street crossings whistle "considerably." Again: "Always whistle before dinner. Require the fireman to keep the whistle valve open during dinner. After dinner, whistle and squirt water; then back up. Then go ahead with a whistle, a squirt, and a ring." "This sibilant method being achieved, may we not hope," says a writer in the *New York Tribune*, "that the scream of the engine may in time be modified into something melodious? Then, indeed, we might have such instructions to the driver as these: For 'down breaks,' play the chromatic scale; for 'up breaks,' the scale in C; for a 'back up,' the first six bars of the Overture to Zampa; in case of doubt, a double trill; and at street crossings, a series of significant runs. This, with some wild adagio to be performed after accidents, should the locomotive be well enough to appear, would render the signal system very complete."

The Income Of The Royal Family.

The Prince of Wales has £40,000 a year, plus the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall, which now amount to over £100,000 per annum. The Duke of Edinburgh had £15,000 yearly granted him on reaching his majority, which was made up last year to £25,000 on his marriage with the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia. Prince Arthur, now Duke of Connaught, has £15,000 a year, Prince Leopold now has the same allowance. The Princess Victoria was granted an annuity of £8,000 a year on her marriage with the Crown Prince of Prussia, plus a dower of £40,000 cash down. The Princess Alice, the Princess Helena, and the Princess Louise, had each a grant of £6,000 a year and dowers of £30,000 on their marriages. There remains the Princess Beatrice, now 17 and unmarried, the expense of whose support is borne by her mother. Taking no account of the Cornwall revenues, but including only the sums actually disbursed yearly to the Queen's children out of the public Treasury, the total is £121,000, which is the interest on £3,630,000. The dowries the girls have had amount in all to £130,000, which is a mere trifle to add to such a total. The Queen has £360,000—or it may be only £340,000—a year, or the interest on over £10,000,000.

The Quaker And The Hackmen.

The *Boston Bulletin* gives the following ludicrous account of the experience of a Quaker with New York hackmen: "A tall, portly, dignified citizen of the Quaker persuasion, well known in Philadelphia, arrived in New York the other day, and, having no baggage but a light travelling satchel, was utterly oblivious to the appeals of the hackmen as he emerged from the railway station.

"Fee—thavannoo Hotel! Fifth Avenue—goin' ritup! Fifth Avnoo!"

"Broadbrim stalked right on without a word. Another knight of the whip charged down upon him.

"Say Nicholas Hotel! Say Nicholas Hotel coach? This way for the S' Nicholas!"

"No response from the passenger, and not a muscle moved at his appeal. Then there was a rush of half a dozen.

"Kerridge, sir, kerridge? Wanter ride up?"

"Winsur House! Whose going up to the Winsur?"

"Astor House, sir?"

"Brevoort House? Brevoort? 'Metropolitan Hotel?' 'Right down Broadway!' 'Ere you are; kerridge, sir?'"

"The traveller loomed up like a ten pin among vinegar cruets and, with face as placid as a pan of milk, was calmly and silently moving away from the crowd of jarries, who looked after him with something like amazement, when a sudden thought seemed to strike one, who running after him, seized hold of one of the handles of his travelling bag—

"Deaf and Dumb Asylum, sir! Going right up!"

"This was too much. Dignity relaxed into a laugh, and the driver got a fare for a downtown hotel."

A Disconsolate Brahmin.

A curious tale of a pious Brahmin is told by the *Sumsher Bahadoor*:—"One day a Brahmin accidentally touched some unclean object with his little finger. The Brahmin thought that now his little finger having become unclean any substance which it would touch would be also rendered unclean, and thus make him an unclean man. Seeing no other way to get out of the scrape he resolved to get the offending member amputated. Forthwith he went to a carpenter's and explained to him that unless the finger was cut off he (the Brahmin) was unable to take food. The carpenter tried to dissuade the devotee, and urged that an application of a little cowdung and some drops of water from the sacred river Gunga would make the finger once more holy, but the Brahmin persisted. He said that the finger was of no use to him any longer, and that he would not rest until it was severed. As a final resource the carpenter resolved to play his awkward customer a trick. He told the Brahmin to put his finger on an anvil and to look to the sky while the wound was inflicted. The Brahmin did so. The carpenter took up a hatchet, and gave the finger a smart blow with the back of it. This elicited a cry of pain from the patient, who at once put the finger into his mouth to allay the agony. The carpenter laughing explained to the Brahmin that the blow had missed and the little finger was still entire; and, worst of all, that the Brahmin had defiled himself by putting the finger into his mouth. The obliging operator, moreover, offered to perform the operation once more but the Brahmin had had enough pain for the nonce, and declined with thanks."

A SUPERSTITIOUS STRUGGLE.

A writer on "Superstitions" in the *Chicago Tribune* says: "If a light goes out unexpectedly or you extinguish it accidentally you must speak no word until you have relighted it. If there are no matches in the house emulate Harpocrates until some are found and utilized, or fire and fearful troubles will follow. An incident of this kind occurred not long ago. A well-known ancient maiden lady, well up in all super-religious commandments and articles of faith, suddenly put out her odorous kerosene-illuminator. Not a match was seen, not a spark of fire, as from parlor to kitchen she wended. What should she do? A mile to the nearest store and a quarter of a mile to her nearest neighbour's. She had just lighted her lamp to see about finding her sun-bonnet, that she might carry the news that she had just learned from a neighbour of a little unpleasantness between two other neighbours, when a gust of wind blew it out. She dared not speak; for who knew what might be the fearful result. Grasping a pencil, she rushed to the neighbour's, and on a huge piece of brown paper wrote in Broddingnagian characters the word 'matches.' Her face worked convulsively: her tongue protruded: she clasped one hand over her mouth. They implored her to speak, and the convulsions of her features were frightful to witness. She waved her hand hysterically. She wrote 'matches' in characters of all sizes; and at last, in letters which, had they been the sounds they represented, would have been stentorian. 'I want matches!' They brought them to her, and she rushed back. The good friends were alarmed. Was she insane? Had she any unformed purpose of cremation? They followed her. The first match was damp and refused to ignite. A groan, a gasp, an invisible convulsion. The second lighted and went out before the wick was reached. The third broke off at the top. The fourth was a fraud and had no igniting principles. But the fifth burned steadily; and the struggle which had evidently been going on in darkness, the fearful spasm which might be hydrophobia, perhaps, passed off as the wick flamed up, and she hoarsely gasped out to her terrified and sympathetic neighbours who had followed her home, 'They say Deacon Jones and Mrs. Jones are goin' to get a divorce.' Could any deity demand greater sacrifice of a devotee than this good lady's offering at the shrine of the occult?"

A MODEL.

Matilda Fletcher thus describes a farmer's wife who is not only beautiful and wise, but possesses several cardinal virtues in addition: "The most beautiful woman I have ever known was a farmer's wife, who attended to the household duties for a family of four, and also assisted in gardening and the light farm work; and yet I never saw her hands rough and red, and never even saw a freckle on her nose. Impossible! you say; how did she manage? I never asked her, but she had some envious neighbours who went slouching around with red, scaly hands, sunburnt faces, and hair matted with dust and oil, who let me into the dreadful secret. They informed me with many an ominous shake of the head that she was just the proudest minx that ever lived; that she actually wore india-rubber gloves when she used the broom and scrubbing-brush and always when she worked out-doors; that she also had a bonnet made of oil-silk, completely covering the head, face and neck, leaving only apertures for seeing and breathing, thus securing perfect freedom from sun, wind, and dust. Did you ever hear of such depravity? She also fastened her dish-cloth to a stick so that she need not put her hands in hot-water. For the same reason she accomplished her laundry work with a machine and wringer. And then to see her in the afternoon tricked out in a fashionable white dress, with a bright-coloured ribbon at her throat, and a rose in her hair, entertaining in the parlor, as though she was the greatest lady in the land, was more than their patience could endure. And her husband! He had such a satisfied expression that it was a perfect aggravation to ordinary people to look at him. He deserved to be happy, because he encouraged and helped her to cultivate beauty in herself, her family, and her home; and I don't know but her success principally belonged to him, because he brought all the new inventions that could lighten her labours and all the delicate and pretty things she needed to adorn her home, and when she was sick he wouldn't let her touch work until she was well and strong. Strange as it may seem, at such times he actually devoted himself to her with as much care and tenderness as he would if she had been the most valuable horse on the farm."

DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

Ristori is at present in Brazil.
Barry Sullivan is about to visit the States.
Lucca returns to this continent in October.
Rubinstein is to produce his oratorio "The Demon," in Paris next winter.
The opening of the new Opera House at Paris is definitely fixed for the 1st January next.
Charlotte Thompson has made here re-appearance at the Union Square Theatre, New York, in "Jane Eyre."
Lotta (Miss Crabtree) has purchased a residence in Oakland, California, and intends settling down there in the intervals of her "career."
Miss Edith Winn, report has it, will soon leave the stage to fulfill an engagement of marriage with an English gentleman, whither she will return with him.
Leon Vasseur's new opera bouffe, "La Timbale d'Argent," has been put on the boards at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, with Marie Aimee in the leading rôle.
Miss Lottie Montal, a prima donna from Australia, has appeared at the Alhambra, London, in the place of Miss Kate Santley in Offenbach's "Jolie Parfumeuse."
Mr. Julius Perkins, the young American basso of Her Majesty's, London, was married to Mile. Pouzin, better known as Mile. Marie Rose, recently. They sing together in London in the fall.
Di Reschi, a Polish singer now appearing at the Drury Lane Italian Opera, is a mere boy, but his "charm of style, lovely voice, and picturesque acting" is expected to bring him fame one of these days.

Mr. J. L. Toole, the well-known English comedian, made his first appearance on the American stage on the 17th inst. at Wallack's Theatre, New York. "Wig and Gown" was the piece of the evening.

The tenor Nicolini has made an engagement for the next carnival at Rome to sing in Verdi's "Aida." He has signed an agreement for three months, from the 20th of December next to the 20th of March, 1875. Madame Stoltz will form part of the same company.

Vieuxtemps, the violinist, who had long been unable to make up his mind to leave Brussels, and whom the Belgian Government, in accord with the director of the Conservatoire, made every effort to retain, seems to have at last decided upon taking up his residence in Paris definitively. His successor will be Henry Wieniawski, the celebrated Polish virtuoso.

The *Popolo Romano* announces that Verdi has been named by Marshal McMahon a Knight of the Legion of Honour, but the eminent composer must be at least a commander of that order, having received the first grade at the time of the performance of the "Vêpres Siciliennes," written for the Paris Opera, and having been promoted to the grade of officer when "Don Carlos" was brought out on the same stage.

The New York opera season opened yesterday, the 28th. Among the pieces that will be mounted are Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," Verdi's "Requiem," Marchetti's "Ruy Blas," and Wagner's "Flying Dutchman;" there are also to be revivals of the "Prophet," the "Star of the North," and "William Tell," and the successes of last season, "Lohengrin," and "Aida," will be again put upon the stage. The company is of great excellence, including Mlle. Albani, Mlle. Heilbron, who has triumphantly passed the ordeal of both London and Paris; Mme. Polentini, a "dramatic" soprano from La Scala; Mlle. Maresi and that prime favourite and advancing artist, Miss Annie Louise Cary, *prima donne*; Carlo Carpi, Debassini, and Devillier, tenors; Tagliapietra and Del Puente, baritones; Florini and Scolara, basses; and Signor Muzio *chef d'orchestre*.

A Paris correspondent of *The Daily Graphic* says that two American girls are studying music in that city, both of whom give great promise for the future. They are Miss Emma Abbott, of New York, and Miss Montague, of Baltimore. Miss Abbott sang a few weeks ago in the American church in Paris, and produced a most remarkable effect. Although a delicate little girl, she has a most powerful voice, and sings with singular power and expression. She has six masters a day, teaching her elocution, vocalization, dramatization, to play the drum, and the innumerable other things an opera singer must know. Her *Maestro* is Wartel, Nilsson's instructor, who teaches the old Italian method of planting one note on another—if anybody knows how that is done. She expects to make her *début* in Paris the coming winter. The Baroness de Rothchild has taken a great fancy to her, given her ten thousand francs, and tells her she may continue her studies as long as she likes, and she will pay her bills. Miss Montague is also a Wartel pupil, or was, until she exchanged him for a real Italian. She is a beautiful girl, fresh and sweet as a rose, a fine form, and possesses the three requisites that Rossini declared to be essential in a great singer—"voice, voice, voice." A critical Frenchman who heard her sing at one of Colonel James Fairman's artistic *soirées*, declared in his enthusiasm that she had a revenue of 500,000 francs a year in her throat.

THE LITERARY WORLD.

Bret Harte's last story was written in a single night, and he got \$500 for it.

Mme. Proudhon has written to the papers asking for the loan of any letters written by her late husband, with the object of making the volume of his correspondence, which is to appear shortly under her editorship, as complete as possible.

Two of the Paris communists will have articles in next month's London magazines. Henri Rochefort will write in the *Fortnightly Review* on "The Revolution of September, 1870," and Camille Barriere in *Macmillan* on "Victor Hugo's Dramas."

M. Ernest Renan has written a new book, "La Mission en Phénicie," an account of the scientific researches in Syria during the sojourn of the French army in 1860-1. The work is an interesting record of the various Phœnician monuments, and contains some excellent illustrations.

Mr. Hepworth Dixon starts this autumn for a business tour in the United States. He is to lecture in the large cities, to revisit Utah, and to push on to California. Another intending visitor to the States, but not until next year, is Mrs. Ross Church, the novelist. She is to give readings, for which she is said to possess great ability.

Yet another Biblical theory has been started by a *littérateur* of Cairo, Henry Brugsch Bey, who declares in a pamphlet, "La Sortie des Hébreux d'Égypte," that the Israelites did not cross the Red Sea at all in their exodus from Egypt, but a portion of the Mediterranean Sea, which during high tides covered an isthmus between the sea and an inland lake, Serbonis.

Among the not too numerous interesting works published lately is S. Campanella's "My Life, and What I Learnt in It." The author was formerly a monk at Rome, and took part in the attempt to liberate Italy twenty-six years ago. He has long since thrown off his cowl, and is now a married man well advanced in years. The book is a very instructive one.

Mr. Wilkie Collins's new story, "The Frozen Deep," which is about to appear simultaneously in an English and an American magazine, will be published in complete book form early in October by Messrs. W. F. Gill & Co., of Boston, and Mr. Collins has communicated to his friends in the United States an account of the history of his novel, which will be embodied in the preface to its complete form. The tale is founded on his play, which will be remembered as having been performed seventeen years ago by a famous company of amateurs, under the management of the late Mr. Charles Dickens, and "in remembrance of the late Mr. Douglas Jerrold." In the cast of the piece, which was described as a romantic drama, and had the same title as the forthcoming story, there appeared the names of Mr. Dickens himself, his brother Alfred, and his eldest son, the present Charles Dickens (described in the play-bills as "Mr. Young Charles"), Mr. Shirley Brooks, Mr. Augustus Egg, Mr. Charles Collins, and others. It was played at the Olympic, under Mr. Horace Wigan's management, and last winter the author tried the experiment of reading a narrative version in Boston. This was a great success, and hence the enlarged story which is now to be given to the public.

ODDITIES.

The fool seeketh to pick a fly from a mule's hind leg. The wise man letteth out the job to the lowest bidder.

An old phrase has been altered to suit the age. An account of Petrarch in a morning journal says "he was born of a rich but honest father."

Rector's daughter to Sunday schoolboy: "Oh, you have an elder brother; well, how old is he?" Schoolboy—"Dunno, miss, but he has just started o'swearin'."

The log cabin which Mr. Lincoln made when sixteen years old, stands in seven different counties in Illinois, and they haven't got through counting yet.

The first mosquito of the season was captured near Newark, N.J., recently, after killing two dogs and biting off nine inches of his captor's ear.—N. Y. *Mail*.

"Sam, why don't you talk to your master and tell him to lay up treasures in Heaven?" "What's de use of him to lay up treasures up dar? He never see um again."

A Milwaukee woman, far gone with consumption, begged the doctor to give her something that would keep her up until the verdict of the Beecher Committee was published.

"My son, now that the boys have won at Saratoga, and thereby shown the mental superiority of the college faculty, I would like to send you to Columbia, but it's too near Brooklyn; too near Brooklyn."

A young woman at Trenton, who was sleeping with her feet hanging out of the chamber window, was struck by lightning and almost torn to pieces. The other Trenton women have taken their feet in.

The Zionsville girls don't spend "all their time trying to climb the holy hill of Zion," for on their way home from pic-nics they attack defenseless young men and kiss them by main force.—*Indianapolis Herald*.

An enterprising reporter in Arkansas, who was lately sentenced to the State prison for horse stealing, applied to his employers "to be continued on the journal as penitentiary correspondent."

At Niblo's, the other evening, when "Catherine Gaunt" presented to "Father Francis" a package of letters with the speech, "These will prove my innocence," a gallery god shouted shrilly, "Give 'em to Moulton!"

The boy who, when asked to what trade he would wish to be brought up, replied, "I will be a trustee, because ever since papa has been a trustee we have had puddings for dinner," was a wise child in his generation.

The Buffalo *Express* cannot understand how so large a paper as the Providence *Press* can be printed in Rhode Island, and asks where the boys stand to fold it. The folding is probably done on the mail trains where there is plenty of room.

An Ottumwa boy charged a stump with blasting powder, attached a fuse to blow it up, and got on the fence to see the fun. He isn't collected enough yet to tell how funny it was, although the citizens are collecting him in different parts of the suburbs.

A Pennsylvania boy got so homesick that he walked seventy-eight miles, without eating, in order to sit down once more at the family hearth-stone. He was received with such warmth by his male parent that he was several days before he could sit down anywhere.

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

The Milwaukee *Sentinel* is authority for the statement that the grasshoppers on their way South stopped a railroad train, and got copies of St. Paul papers. When they read that only a small portion of the crops had been destroyed, they started back to finish up the job.

"Can you tell me where the wicked boys go who fish on Sunday?" asked a sober-looking gentleman of a little chap who had worms and a rod. "Yes; some of 'em goes to the river, and them as is very wicked goes to the lake. I'll show you the best place at the lake."

"It is a beautiful sight to attend an Arizona wedding. The bride in white—the happy groom—the solemn minister—the smiling parents, and from twenty-five to forty shot guns standing against the wall ready for use, make up a panorama not soon forgotten."

A pretty American woman sailing to Liverpool a year or two ago with her baby, fell into a pensive mood one day on ship-deck, and was asked by a friend what she was thinking about. "I was thinking," she replied with frank *naïveté*, "of something mean to say to those English."

A Burlington man and his wife visited a soda fountain. He said he would take "crusade" syrup in his. Much to his horror his wife said that she would also try "crusade." But the druggist knew his business, and the woman winced under the tortures of hot ginger. Her husband was saved.

"Papa, do you think Beech—" "Hush, Johnnie." "But, papa, don't you think Beech—" "Didn't you hear me tell you to stop your noise, sir? I won't have you talking about these things. Go in and get your face washed." And Johnnie, with tears in his eyes, wants to know why papa won't tell him whether beechnuts are ripe.

A pompous village clergyman felt his dignity mightily offended by a chubby-faced lad who was passing him without moving his hat. "Do you know who I am, sir, that you pass me in that unmannerly way? You are better fed than taught, I think, sir." "Whew! may be it is so, for you teaches me, but I feeds myself."

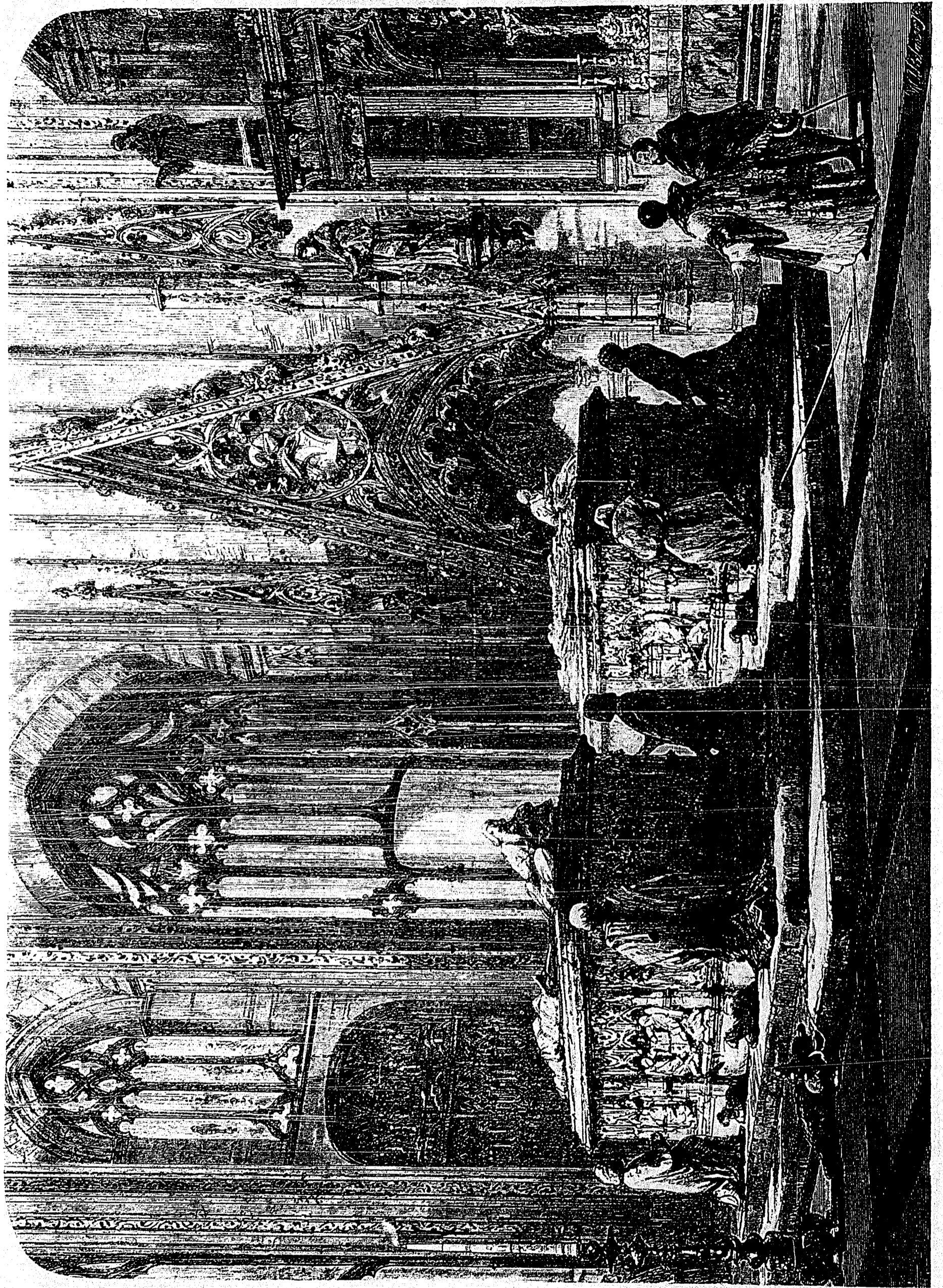
A small boy, telling his "pals" how he came to be detected stealing apples in a grocery store, proceeded thus: "Well, I didn't care so durned much about bein' seen, but the clerk was cross-eyed, an' I thought he was watchin' a dorg fight 'cross the street, but he was lookin' square unto me, an' he helped me clean into the gutter!"

Prof. Braun is a man whose name is frequently mentioned in the Southern newspapers with such personal remarks as the following: "He is an undersized German teacher of languages, distinguished by his unparalleled cheek and his remarkable unfamiliarity with truth as an abstract principle; indeed, it may be said that with him truth is stranger than fiction."

A stump orator out West, wishing to describe his opponent as a soulless man, did it in this wise: "I have heard," said he, "some persons hold to the opinion that just at the precise instant after one human being dies another is born, and that the soul of the deceased enters and animates the new-born babe. Now I have made particular and extensive inquiries concerning my opponent there, and I find that for some hours previous to his nativity nobody died."

This is how it happened down in South-West Missouri:
He found a rope, and picked it up,
And with it walked away.
It happened that to 'other end
A horse was hitched, they say.

They found a tree, and tied the rope
Unto a swinging limb,
It happened that the other end
Was somehow hitched to him.



SPAIN.—TOMBS IN THE CATHEDRAL AT TOLEDO.



CROSSING THE BROOK.—By M. BOUQUEREAU.

GROWING UP.

Oh to keep them still around us, baby darlings, fresh and pure,
 "Mother's" smile their pleasures crowning, "mother's" kiss
 their sorrows' cure;
 Oh to keep the waxen touches, sunny curls, and radiant eyes,
 Pattering feet, and eager prattle—all young life's lost Paradise;

One bright head above the other, tiny hands that clung and
 clasped,
 Little forms, that close enfolding, all of Love's best gifts were
 grasped;
 Sporting in the summer sunshine, glancing round the winter
 hearth,
 Bidding all the bright world echo with their fearless, careless
 mirth.

Oh to keep them; how they gladdened all the path from day to
 day,
 What gay dream we fashioned of them, as in rosy sleep they
 lay;
 How each broken word was welcomed, how each struggling
 thought was hailed,
 As each bark went floating seaward, love-bedecked and fancy-
 sailed!

Gilding from our jealous watching, gliding from our clinging
 hold,
 Lo! the brave leaves bloom and burgeon; lo! the shy sweet
 buds unfold;
 Fast to lip, and cheek, and tresses steals the maiden's bashful
 joy;
 Fast the frank bold man's assertion tones the accents of the
 boy.

Neither love nor longing keeps them; soon in other shape than
 ours
 Those young hands will seize their weapons, build their castles,
 plant their flowers;
 Soon a fresher hope will brighten the dear eyes we trained to
 see;
 Soon a closer love than ours in those wakening hearts will be.

So it is, and well it is so; fast the river nears the main,
 Backward yearnings are but idle; dawning never glows again;
 Slow and sure the distance deepens, slow and sure the links are
 rent;
 Let us pluck our autumn roses, with their sober bloom content.

NINETY-THREE.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

PART THE THIRD.

IN VENDEE.

BOOK THE FIRST.

II.—DOL.

Although very difficult to astonish he was stupefied. He had not been prepared for anything of the sort. Who could it be? Evidently it was not Gauvain. No man would attack a force that numbered four to his one. Was it Lechelle? But could he have made such a forced march? Lechelle was improbable, Gauvain, impossible.

Lantenac urged on his horse; as he rode forward he encountered the flying inhabitants; he questioned them; they were mad with terror; they cried, "The Blues! The Blues!" When he arrived the situation was a bad one.

This is what happened.

III.—SMALL ARMIES AND GREAT BATTLES.

As we have just seen, the peasants, on arriving at Dol, dispersed themselves through the town, each man following his own fancy, as happens when troops "obey from friendship"—a favourite expression with the Vendéans—a species of obedience which makes heroes but not troopers. They thrust the artillery out of the way along with the baggage, under the arches of the old market-hall. They were weary; they ate, drank, counted their rosaries, and lay down pell-mell across the principal street, which was encumbered rather than guarded.

As night came on the greater portion fell asleep, with their heads on their knapsacks, some having their wives beside them, for the peasant women often followed their husbands, and the robust ones acted as spies. It was a mild July evening; the constellations glittered in the deep purple of the sky. The entire bivouac, which resembled rather the halt of a caravan than an army encamped, gave itself up to repose. Suddenly, amid the dull gleams of twilight, such as had not yet closed their eyes saw three pieces of ordnance pointed at the entrance of the street.

It was Gauvain's artillery. He had surprised the main guard. He was in the town, and his column held the top of the street.

A peasant started up, cried, "Who goes there?" and fired his musket; a cannon shot replied. Then a furious discharge of musketry burst forth. The whole drowsy crowd sprang up with a start. A rude shock, to fall asleep under the stars and wake under a volley of grape-shot. The first moments were terrific. There is nothing so tragic as the aimless swearing of a thunder-stricken crowd. They flung themselves on their arms. They yelled, they ran; many fell. The assaulted peasants no longer knew what they were about, and blindly shot each other. The townspeople, stunned with fright, rushed in and out of their houses, and wandered frantically amid the hubbub. Families shrieked to one another. A dismal combat, in which women and children were mingled. The balls, as they whistled overhead, streaked the darkness with rays of light. A fusillade poured from every dark corner. There was nothing but smoke and tumult. The entanglement of the baggage-waggons and the cannon-carriages was added to the confusion. The horses became unmanageable. The wounded were trampled under foot. The groans of the poor wretches, helpless on the ground, filled the air. Horror here—stupefaction there. Soldiers and officers sought for one another. In the midst of all this could be seen creatures made indifferent to the awful scene by personal preoccupations. A woman sat nursing her new-born babe, seated on a bit of wall, against which her husband leaned with his leg broken; and he, while

his blood was flowing, tranquilly loaded his rifle and fired at random, straight before him into the darkness. Men lying flat on the ground fired across the spokes of the waggon-wheels. At moments there rose a hideous din of clamours, then the great voices of the cannon drowned all. It was awful.

It was like a felling of trees; they dropped one upon another. Gauvain poured out a deadly fire from his ambush, and suffered little loss.

Still the peasants, courageous amid their disorder, ended by putting themselves on the defensive; they retreated into the market—a vast obscure redoubt, a forest of stone pillars. There they again made a stand; anything which resembled a wood gave them confidence. Imánus supplied the absence of Lantenac as best he could. They had cannon, but, to the great astonishment of Gauvain, they did not make use of it; that was owing to the fact that the artillery officers had gone with the marquis to reconnoitre Mont Dol, and the peasants did not know how to manage the culverins and demi-culverins; but they riddled with balls the Blues who cannonaded them. They replied to the grapeshot by volleys of musketry. It was now they who were sheltered. They had heaped together the drays, the tumbrils, the casks, all the litter of the old market, and improvised a lofty barricade, with openings through which they could pass their carbines. From these holes their fusillade was murderous. The whole was quickly arranged. In a quarter of an hour the market presented an impregnable front.

This became a serious matter for Gauvain. This market suddenly transformed into a citadel was unexpected. The peasants were inside it, massed and solid. Gauvain's surprise had succeeded, but he ran the risk of defeat. He got down from his saddle. He stood attentively studying the darkness, his arms folded, clutching his sword in one hand, erect, in the glare of a torch which lighted his battery.

The gleam, falling on his tall figure, made him visible to the men behind the barricade. He became an aim for them, but he did not notice it.

The shower of balls sent out from the barricade fell about him as he stood there, lost in thought.

But he could oppose cannon to all these carbines, and cannon always ends by getting the advantage. Victory rests with him who has the artillery. His battery, well manned, insured him the superiority.

Suddenly a lightning-like flash burst from the shadowy market; there was a sound like a peal of thunder, and a ball broke through a house above Gauvain's head. The barricade was replying to the cannon with its own voice. What had happened? Something new had occurred. The artillery was no longer confined to one side.

A second ball followed the first and buried itself in the wall close to Gauvain. A third knocked his hat off on the ground.

These balls were of a heavy calibre. It was a sixteen-pounder that fired.

"They are aiming at you, commandant," cried the artillerymen.

They extinguished the torch. Gauvain, as if in a reverie, picked up his hat.

Some one had in fact aimed at Gauvain—it was Lantenac. The marquis had just arrived within the barricade from the opposite side.

Imánus had hurried to meet him.

"Monsieur, we are surprised."

"By whom?"

"I do not know."

"Is the route to Dinan free?"

"I think so."

"We must begin a retreat."

"It has commenced. A good many have run away."

"We must not run; we must fall back. Why are you not making use of this artillery?"

"The men lost their heads; besides, the officers were not here."

"I am come."

"Monseigneur, I have sent towards Fougères all I could of the baggage, the women, everything useless. What is to be done with the three little prisoners?"

"Ah, those children!"

"Yes."

"They are our hostages. Have them taken to La Tourgue."

This said, the marquis rushed to the barricade. With the arrival of the chief the whole face of affairs changed. The barricade was ill-constructed for artillery; there was only room for two cannon; the marquis put in position a couple of sixteen pounders, for which loopholes were made. As he leaned over one of the guns, watching the enemy's battery through the opening, he perceived Gauvain.

"Is it he!" cried the marquis.

Then he took the swab and rammer himself, loaded the piece, sighted it, and fired.

Thrice he aimed at Gauvain and missed. The third time he only succeeded in knocking his hat off.

"Numskull!" muttered Lantenac; "a little lower, and I should have taken his head."

Suddenly the torch went out and he had only darkness before him.

"So be it," said he.

Then turning toward the peasant gunners, he cried, "Now let them have it."

Gauvain, on his side, was not less in earnest. The seriousness of the situation increased. A new phase of the combat developed itself. The barricade had begun to use cannon. Who could tell if it was not about to pass from the defensive to the offensive? He had before him, after deducting the killed and fugitives, at least five thousand combatants, and he had left only twelve hundred serviceable men. What would happen to the Republicans if the enemy perceived their paucity of numbers? The rôles were reversed. He had been the assailant—he would become the assailed. If the barricade were to make a sortie, everything might be lost.

What was to be done? He could no longer think of attacking the barricade in front; an attempt at main force would be foolhardy; twelve hundred men cannot dislodge five thousand. To rush upon them was impossible; to wait would be fatal. He must make an end. But how?

Gauvain belonged to the neighbourhood; he was acquainted with the town; he knew that the old market-house where the Vendéans were entrenched was backed by a labyrinth of narrow and crooked streets.

He turned toward his lieutenant, who was that valiant Captain Guéchamp, afterwards famous for clearing out the forest of Concise, where Jean Chouan was born, and for preventing

the capture of Bourgneuf by holding the dyke of La Chainé against the rebels.

"Guéchamp," said he, "I leave you in command. Fire as fast as you can. Riddle the barricade with cannon balls. Keep all those fellows over yonder busy."

"I understand," said Guéchamp.

"Mass the whole column with their guns loaded, and hold them ready to make an onslaught."

He added a few words in Guéchamp's ear.

"I hear," said Guéchamp.

Gauvain resumed: "Are all our drummers on foot?"

"Yes."

"We have nine. Keep two and give me seven."

The seven drummers ranged themselves in silence in front of Gauvain.

Then he said: "Battalion of the Bonnet Rouge!"

Twelve men, of whom one was a sergeant, stepped out from the main body of the troop.

"I demand the whole battalion," said Gauvain.

"Here it is," replied the sergeant.

"You are twelve!"

"There are twelve of us left."

"It is well," said Gauvain.

This sergeant was the good, rude trooper Radoub, who had adopted, in the name of the battalion, the three children they had encountered in the wood of La Saudrale.

It will be remembered that only a demi-battalion had been exterminated at Herbe-en-Pail, and Radoub was fortunate enough not to have been among the number.

There was a forage waggon standing near; Gauvain pointed towards it with his finger.

"Sergeant, order your men to make some straw-ropes and twist them about their guns, so that there will be no noise if they knock together."

A minute passed; the order was silently executed in the darkness.

"It is done," said the sergeant.

"Soldiers, take off your shoes," commanded Gauvain.

"We have none," returned the sergeant.

They numbered, counting the drummers, nineteen men; Gauvain made the twentieth.

He cried: "Follow me! Single file! The drummers next to me—the battalion behind them. Sergeant, you will command the battalion."

He put himself at the head of the column, and while the firing on both sides continued these twenty men, gliding along like shadows, plunged into the deserted lanes. The line marched thus for some time, twisting along the fronts of the houses. The whole town seemed dead; the citizens were hidden in their cellars. Every door was barred, every shutter closed. No light to be seen anywhere.

Amid this silence the principal street kept up its din; the cannonading continued; the republican battery and the royalist barricade spit forth their volleys with undiminished fury.

After twenty minutes of this tortuous march Gauvain, who kept his way unerringly through the darkness, reached the end of a lane which led into the broad street, but on the other side of the market-house.

The position was altered. In this direction there was no intrenchment, according to the eternal imprudence of barricade-builders; the market was open and the entrance free, among the pillars where some baggage-waggons stood ready to depart. Gauvain and his nineteen men had the five thousand Vendéans before them, but their backs instead of their faces.

Gauvain spoke in a low voice to the sergeant; the soldiers untwisted the straw from their guns; the twelve grenadiers posted themselves in line behind the drummers, and the seven drummers waited with their drumsticks lifted. The artillery firing was intermittent. Suddenly, in a pause between the discharges, Gauvain waved his sword, and cried, in a voice which rang like a trumpet through the silence: "Two hundred men to the right—two hundred men to the left—all the rest in the centre."

The twelve muskets fired, and the seven drums beat.

Gauvain uttered the formidable battle-cry of the Blues—"To your bayonets! Down upon them!"

The effect was prodigious.

This whole peasant mass felt itself surprised in the rear, and believed that it had a fresh army at its back. At the same instant, on hearing the drums, the column which Guéchamp commanded at the head of the street began to move, sounding the charge in its turn, and flung itself at a run on the barricade. The peasants found themselves between two fires. Panic magnifies; a pistol-shot sounds like the report of a cannon; in moments of terror the imagination heightens every noise; the barking of a dog sounds like the roar of a lion. Add to this the fact that the peasant catches fright as easily as thatch catches fire, and as quickly as a blazing thatch becomes a conflagration a panic among peasants becomes a rout. An indescribably confused flight ensued.

In a few instants the market-hall was empty; the terrified rustics broke away in all directions; the officers were powerless; Imánus uselessly killed two or three fugitives; nothing was to be heard but the cry: "Save ourselves!" The army poured through the streets of the town like water through the holes of a sieve, and dispersed into the open country with the rapidity of a cloud carried along by a whirlwind. Some fled toward Châteauneuf, some towards Plerguer, others toward Autrain.

The Marquis de Lantenac watched this stampede. He spiked the guns with his own hands and then retreated—the last of all, slowly, composedly, saying to himself: "Decidedly the peasants will not stand. We must have the English."

IV.—"IT IS THE SECOND TIME."

The victory was complete.

Gauvain moved toward the men of the Bonnet Rouge battalion; and said, "You are twelve, but you are equal to a thousand."

Praise from a chief was the cross of honour of those times.

Guéchamp, despatched beyond the town of Gauvain, pursued the fugitives and captured a great number.

Torches were lighted and the town was searched. All who could not escape surrendered. They illuminated the principal street with fire-pots. It was strewn with dead and dying. The root of a combat must always be torn out; a few desperate groups here and there still resisted—they were surrounded, and threw down their arms.

Gauvain had remarked, amid the frantic pell-mell of the retreat, an intrepid man, a sort of agile and robust form, who

protected the flight of others, but had not himself fled. This peasant had used his gun so energetically—the barrel for firing, the butt-end for knocking down—that he had broken it; now he grasped a pistol in one hand and a sabre in the other. No one dared approach him. Suddenly Gauvain saw him reel and support himself against a pillar of the broad street. The man had just been wounded. But he still clutched the sabre and pistol in his fists. Gauvain put his sword under his arm and went up to him.

"Surrender," said he. The man looked steadily at him. The blood ran through his clothing from a wound which he had received, and made a pool at his feet.

"You are my prisoner," added Gauvain. The man remained silent. "What is your name?" The man answered, "I am called the Shadow-dancer."

"You are a brave man," said Gauvain. And he held out his hand. The man cried, "Long live the king!"

Gathering up all his remaining strength he raised both arms at once, fired his pistol at Gauvain's heart, and dealt him a blow on the head with his sabre.

He did it with the swiftness of a tiger, but some one else had been still more prompt. This was a man on horseback, who had arrived unobserved a few minutes before. This man, seeing the Vendean raise the sabre and pistol rushed between him and Gauvain. But for this interposition Gauvain would have been killed. The horse received the pistol-shot, the man received the sabre-stroke, and both fell. It all happened in the time it would have needed to utter a cry.

The Vendean on his side sank upon the pavement. The sabre had struck the man full in the face; he lay senseless on the stones. The horse was killed.

Gauvain approached. "Who is this man?" said he. He studied him. The blood from the gash inundated the wounded man, and spread a red mask over his face. It was impossible to distinguish his features, but one could see that his hair was grey.

"This man has saved my life," continued Gauvain. "Does any one here know him?" "Commandant," said a soldier, "he came into the town a few minutes ago. I saw him enter; he came by the road from Pontorson."

The chief surgeon hurried up with his instrument-case. The wounded man was still insensible. The surgeon examined him and said:

"A simple gash. It is nothing. It can be sewed up. In eight days he will be on his feet again. It was a beautiful sabre-stroke."

The sufferer wore a cloak, a tri-coloured sash, pistol, and a sabre. He was laid on a litter. They undressed him. A bucket of fresh water was brought; the surgeon washed the cut; the face began to be visible. Gauvain studied it with profound attention.

"Has he any papers on him?" he asked. The surgeon felt in the stranger's side-pocket and drew out a pocket-book, which he handed to Gauvain.

The wounded man, restored by the cold water, began to come to himself. His eyelids moved lightly. Gauvain examined the pocket-book; he found in it a sheet of paper, folded four times; he opened this and read: "Committee of Public Safety. The Citizen Cimourdain."

He uttered a cry: "Cimourdain!" The wounded man opened his eyes at this exclamation. Gauvain was absolutely frantic.

"Cimourdain! Is it you! This is the second time you have saved my life." Cimourdain looked at him. A gleam of ineffable joy lighted his bleeding face. Gauvain fell on his knees beside him, crying: "My master!" "Thy father," said Cimourdain.

V.—THE DROP OF COLD WATER.

They had not met for many years, but their hearts had never been parted; they recognized each other as if they had separated the evening before.

An ambulance had been improvised in the town-hall of Dol. Cimourdain was placed on a bed in a little room next the great common chamber of the other wounded. The surgeon sewed up the cut and put an end to the demonstrations of affection between the two men, judging that Cimourdain ought to be left to sleep. Besides, Gauvain was claimed by the thousand occupations which are the duties and cares of victory. Cimourdain remained alone; but he did not sleep; he was consumed by two fevers, that of his wound and that of his joy.

He did not sleep, and still it did not seem to himself that he was awake. Could it be possible that his dream was realized? Cimourdain had long ceased to believe that such happiness could come to him, yet here he was. He had refound Gauvain. He had left him a child, he found him a man; he found him great, formidable, intrepid. He found him triumphing for the people. Gauvain was the real support of the revolution in Vendée, and it was he, Cimourdain, who had given this tower of strength to the Republic. This victor was his pupil. The light which he saw illuminating this youthful face—reserved, perhaps, for the Republican Pantheon—was his own thought; his, Cimourdain's. His disciple, the child of his spirit, was from henceforth a hero, and before long would be a glory. It seemed to Cimourdain that he saw the apotheosis of his own soul. He had just seen how Gauvain made war; he was like Chiron, who watched Achilles fight. There was a mysterious analogy between the priest and the centaur, for the priest is only half-man.

All the chances of this adventure, mingled with the sleeplessness caused by his wound, filled Cimourdain with a sort of mysterious intoxication. He saw a glorious youthful destiny rising, and what added to his profound joy was the possession of full power over his destiny; another success like that which he had just witnessed, and Cimourdain only need to speak a single word to induce the Republic to confide an army to Gauvain. Nothing dazzles like the astonishment of complete victory. It was an era when each man had his military dream; each one wanted to make a general; Danton wished to appoint Westermann, Marat wished to appoint Rossignol, Hébert wished to appoint Rousin, Robespierre wished to put all these aside. Why not Gauvain? asked Cimourdain of himself: and he dreamed. All possibilities were before him; he passed from one hypothesis to another; all obstacles vanished; when a man puts his foot on that ladder he does not stop; it is an infinite ascent; one starts from earth and one reaches the stars. A great general is only a leader of armies; a great

captain is at the same time a leader of ideas; Cimourdain dreamed of Gauvain as a great captain. He seemed to see— for reverie travels swiftly—Gauvain on the ocean, chasing the English; on the Rhine, chastising the northern kings; on the Pyrenees, repulsing Spain; on the Alps, making a signal to Rome to rouse itself. There were two men in Cimourdain, one tender, the other stern; both were satisfied, for the inexorable was his ideal, and at the same time that he saw Gauvain noble, he saw him terrible. Cimourdain thought of all that it was necessary to destroy before beginning to build up, and said to himself, "Verily, this is no time for tendernesses. Gauvain will be 'up to the mark'" (an expression of the period).

Cimourdain pictured Gauvain spurning the shadows with his foot, with a breast-plate of light, a meteor-glare on his brow, rising on the grand ideal wings of Justice, Reason, and Progress, but with a sword in his hand; an angel—a destroyer likewise.

In the height of this reverie, which was almost an ecstasy, he heard through the half-open door a conversation in the great hall of the ambulance which was next his chamber. He recognized Gauvain's voice; through all those years of separation that voice had rung ever in his ear, and the voice of the man had still a tone of the childish voice he had loved. He listened. There was a sound of soldier's footsteps; one of the men said:

"Commandant, this is the man that fired at you. While nobody was watching he dragged himself into a cellar. We found him. Here he is."

Then Cimourdain heard this dialogue between Gauvain and the prisoner.

"You are wounded?" "I am well enough to be shot."

"Lay that man on a bed. Dress his wounds; take care of him; cure him."

"I wish to die."

"You must live. You tried to kill me in the king's name; I show you mercy in the name of the Republic."

A shadow passed across Cimourdain's forehead. He was like a man waking up with a start, and he murmured with a sort of sinister dejection—

"In truth, he is one of the merciful."

VI.—A HEALED WOUND; A BLEEDING HEART.

A cut heals quickly; but there was in a certain place a person more seriously wounded than Cimourdain. It was the woman who had been shot, whom the beggar Tellemarch had picked up out of the great lake of blood at the farm of Herben-Pail.

Michelle Flécharde was even in a more critical situation than Tellemarch had believed. There was a wound in the shoulder-blade corresponding to the wound above the breast; at the same time that the ball broke her collar-bone, another ball traversed her shoulder, but, as the lungs were not touched, she might recover. Tellemarch was a "philosopher," a peasant phrase which means a little of a surgeon, and a little of a sorcerer. He carried the wounded woman to his forest lair, laid her upon his seaweed bed, and treated her by the aid of those mysterious things called "simples," and thanks to him she lived.

The collar-bone knitted together, the wounds in the breast and shoulder closed; after a few weeks, she was convalescent. One morning she was able to walk out of the carnichot, leaning on Tellemarch, and seat herself beneath the trees in the sunshine. Tellemarch knew little about her; wounds in the breast demand silence, and during the almost death-like agony which had preceded her recovery she had scarcely spoken a word. When she tried to speak, Tellemarch stopped her, but she kept up an obstinate reverie; he could see in her eyes the sombre going and coming of poignant thoughts. But this morning she was quite strong; she could almost walk alone; a cure in a paternity, and Tellemarch watched her with delight. The good old man began to smile. He said to her:

"We are upon our feet again; we have no more wounds."

"Except in the heart," said she.

She added, presently—"Then you have no idea where they are."

"Who are 'they'?" demanded Tellemarch.

"My children."

This "then" expressed a whole world of thoughts; it signified—"Since you do not talk to me, since you have been so many days beside me without opening your mouth, since you stop me each time I attempt to break the silence, since you seem to fear that I shall speak, it is because you have nothing to tell me."

Often, in her fever, in her wanderings, her delirium, she had called her children, and had seen clearly (for delirium makes its observations) that the old man did not reply to her. The truth was, Tellemarch did not know what to say to her. It is not easy to tell a mother that her children are lost. And then, what did he know? Nothing. He knew that a mother had been shot, that this mother had been found on the ground by himself, that when he had taken her up she was almost a corpse, that this quasi-corpse had three children, and that Lanenac, after having had the mother shot, carried off the little ones. All his information ended there. What had become of the children? Were they even living? He knew, because he had inquired, that there were two boys and a little girl, barely weaned. Nothing more. He asked himself a host of questions concerning this unfortunate group, but could answer none of them. The people of the neighbourhood whom he had interrogated contented themselves with shaking their heads. The Marquis de Lanenac was a man of whom they did not willingly talk.

They did not willingly talk of De Lanenac, and they did not willingly talk to Tellemarch. Peasants have a species of suspicion peculiar to themselves. They did not like Tellemarch. Tellemarch the Commandant was a puzzling man. Why was he always studying the sky? What was he doing, and what was he thinking in his long hours of stillness? Yes, indeed, he was odd! In this district in full warfare, in full conflagration, in high tumult; where all men had only one business—devastation, and one work—carnage; where whosoever could burned a house, cut the throats of a family, massacred an outpost, sacked a village; where nobody thought of anything but laying ambushes for one another, drawing one another into snares, killing one another. This solitary, absorbed in nature, as if submerged in the immense peacefulness of its beauties, gathering herbs and plants, occupied solely with the flowers, the birds, and the stars, was evidently a dangerous man. Plainly he was not in possession of his reason; he did not lie in wait behind thickets; he did not fire a shot at any one. Hence he created a certain dread about him.

"That man is mad," said the passers-by.

Tellemarch was more than an isolated man, he was shunned. People asked him no questions and gave him few answers; so he had not been able to inform himself as he could have wished. The war had drifted elsewhere; the armies had gone to fight farther off; the Marquis de Lanenac had disappeared from the horizon, and in Tellemarch's state of mind for him to be conscious there was a war it was necessary for it to set its foot on him.

(To be continued.)

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

AUG. 18.—It is said Gov. Dix intends to dismiss the charges against Mayor Havemeyer.

Mr. Thomas Bird Harris, Grand Secretary of A. F. & A. M., died in Hamilton on the 18th inst. after a month's illness of typhoid fever.

M. Victor Hugo lately met with an accident which, though serious to a person of his age, it is hoped will not prove dangerous.

The Japanese still occupy a portion of the Island of Formosa, and it is feared that China will take steps to make the Japanese Government evacuate the island.

Gonzalez, who made himself conspicuous in the Magee affair, and his accomplice, have been tried by Court Martial, and sentenced to five and three years' penal servitude respectively.

The Carlist chieftain Tristany has captured General D'Urgel 67 miles north-east of Lerdea. The fighting was desperate, and losses heavy on both sides. An immense quantity of stores fell into the hands of the Carlists.

AUG. 19.—A flood at Austin, Nev., has caused damage to the amount of \$1,000,000.

The American team beat the Canadians at Halifax in one innings and 31 runs.

Tilton's solicitors have notified their client's intention to commence a suit against Beecher.

It is announced semi-officially that Barnard has been awarded the contract for the British Columbia section of the Canadian Pacific Railway Telegraph.

It is officially announced that three assaults of the Carlists on Alicantz have been repulsed, with a loss to the garrison of 60 killed and wounded.

China has given Japan ninety days to withdraw its troops from the Island of Formosa, and is meanwhile making extensive preparations for war.

Acting on instructions received from his Government, the Spanish Consul at New York claims a fee of 40 cents on each package shipped for Spanish ports.

A report is current in New York of Spain being about to cede to Germany the Island of Porto Rico, in the West Indies, in return for the recognition of the Spanish Republic.

It is understood that writs have been issued against the Ottawa Citizen and the Brant Union, claiming \$10,000 damages from each for scandal.

Carlist advices report a second engagement at Oteisa between Morlonos and Dorregaray, in which the former was defeated with heavy loss and driven back to Longreo.

AUG. 20.—Russia has at last consented to recognize the Spanish Republic.

Two German men-of-war, the "Nautilus" and "Albatross," have sailed for Spain from Plymouth.

Professor Goldwin has been elected School Commissioner by a majority of 277 over Dr. Sangster.

The report of the proposed cession of Porto Rico to Germany is contradicted on the authority of Secretary Fish.

The French Government have promised that the judicial proceedings in relation to the escape of Bazaine shall be vigorously prosecuted.

The French Government have officially notified the press that the publication of articles by those deprived of civil and political rights is prohibited.

Information received at the British Foreign Office says that some officers of an English man-of-war, cruising off the North Coast of Spain for the protection of British interests, were fired on by the Republican troops.

Judge Blatchford, of New York, has decided that the United States District Attorney and the Clerk of the United States District Court are respectively entitled to 2 and 1 per cent. on all moneys recovered in Custom House seizure suits.

The condition of certain portions of the Southern States excites such grave apprehension as to lead to the belief that the issues at the next election will turn upon the question of race. Both sides appeal to the Government for protection.

Official information has been received from the International Boundary Survey. Mr. Cameron and his party have reached the Rocky Mountains in safety, without meeting with any difficulties with the Indians, who were friendly throughout. The party will leave on their return trip early in September.

The German Minister to the United States says the report of the cession of Porto Rico is a monstrous absurdity; that Germany's sole ambition is to establish itself on a foundation of lasting peace; and that his Government had no wish to increase their domain, and were specially opposed to the acquisition of an island so remote from Europe.

AUG. 23.—Tilton is preparing complaints for libel against the New York Tribune and World and the Brooklyn Eagle.

The papers in the Beecher-Tilton suit were served on Beecher's lawyer on Friday. The damages are laid at \$100,000.

Legal proceedings have been instituted by the French Government against Le Temps, National, and Bien Public for the publication of a letter from Bazaine.

Russia has refused to recognize the Spanish Republic, which has caused other powers to hold back. Germany and Austria, however, are said to have forwarded credentials to their representatives at Madrid.

At Lancaster, in Kentucky, fighting has been going on for several days between the whites and blacks, and both parties fired on the United States troops who attempted to quell the riot.

Despatches from Custer's expedition say the exploration of the Black Hills has been completed, and gold and silver are found in such great quantities that with a pick and pan a single miner can take out one hundred dollars within a day.

AUG. 24.—The people of Madrid refuse to submit to a fresh conscription.

The War Department of Spain has signed a contract for 130,000 American breech-loading rifles.

Austrian and German charges d'affaires at Madrid have been notified of the recognition of the Spanish Republic by their respective Governments.

The King of Denmark, accompanied from England by his daughter, the Princess of Wales, has returned home from his journey to Iceland.

Five hundred people have been thrown out of employment by the burning of a stocking factory at Nottingham, England, the monetary loss on which is half a million dollars.

The Spanish Government has made a claim on the United States for indemnity in the affair of the "Virginius," and for other alleged wrongs. The American Government declares Spain's position in the matter to be untenable, and replies by counter-claims.

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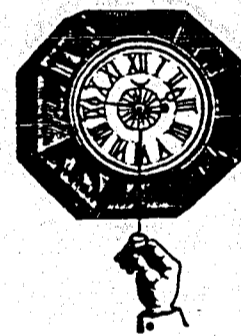
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Night Watchman's Detector.

Patented 1870.



The above is a simple but useful invention. It is highly recommended to Banks, Warehouses Manufacturers, Ship-owners, and every institution where the faithfulness of the "Watchman" is to be depended upon.

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For further particulars apply to

NELSON & LEFORT,

Importers of Watches and Jewellery,

66 St. James Street.

August 5.

8-9 Jan

Montreal.

Grand Trunk Railway

ON AND AFTER MONDAY NEXT, 19th

instant, an Accommodation Train for MONTREAL and Intermediate Stations will leave RICHMOND at 5.30 A.M., arriving at MONTREAL at 9.10 A.M.

Returning, will leave MONTREAL at 6.15 P.M. arriving at Richmond at 9 P.M.

7-21 tf

C. J. Brydges,

MANAGING DIRECTOR.

Reduction in Freight Rates.

THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY WILL continue to send out, daily, THROUGH CARS for CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE, ST. PAUL, and other Western points, at reduced rates from the winter tariff.

Shippers can get full information by applying to Mr. Burns, Agent G. T. R., Chaboullier Square, or at the Office of the General Freight Agent.

C. J. BRYDGES,

MANAGING DIRECTOR.

P. S. STEVENSON,

General Freight Agent.

7-21 tf

MARAVILLA COCOA.

TAYLOR BROTHERS (the largest Manufacturers of Cocoa in Europe), having the EXCLUSIVE Supply of this UNRIVALLED COCOA, invite Comparison with any other Cocoa for Purity—Fine Aroma—Sanative, Nutritive and Sustaining Power—Easiness of Digestion—and especially, HIGH DELICIOUS FLAVOUR. One trial will establish it as a favourite Beverage for breakfast, luncheon, and a soothing Refreshment after a late evening. N.B. Caution.—"MARAVILLA" is a registered Trade Mark.

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The Globe says: "TAYLOR BROTHERS' MARAVILLA COCOA has achieved a thorough success, and supercedes every other Cocoa in the market. Entire solubility, a delicate aroma, and a rare concentration of the purest elements of nutrition, distinguish the Maravilla Cocoa above all others. For Invalids and Dyspeptics we could not recommend a more agreeable or valuable beverage." For further favourable opinions vide Standard, Morning Post, British Medical Journal, &c., &c.

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This original preparation has attained a world-wide reputation, and is manufactured by TAYLOR BROTHERS, under the ablest HOMOEOPATHIC advice, aided by the skill and experience of the inventors, and will be found to combine in an eminent degree the purity, fine aroma, and nutritious property of the FRESH NUT.

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Made in One Minute Without Boiling.

THE ABOVE ARTICLES are prepared exclusively by TAYLOR BROTHERS, the largest manufacturers in Europe, and sold in tin-lined packets only, by Storekeepers and others all over the world. Steam Mills, Brick Lane, London. Export Chocery Mills, Bruges, Belgium. 8-14 1y

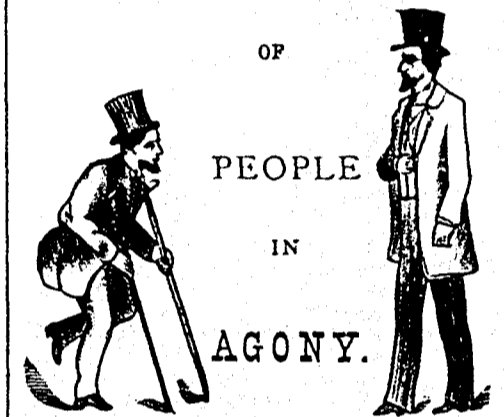
MILLIONS

OF

PEOPLE

IN

AGONY.



Physicians Cornered!

I suppose there is not in the whole of a Physician's experience, anything in human suffering which calls forth his sympathy, and pity, to such an extent, as to witness the excruciating pains of a poor mortal suffering from that fearful disease, Rheumatism. Heretofore there has been a considerable diversity of opinion among medical men as to the true character of this disease. Some locating it in the fibrous or muscular tissues of the system, and others viewing it as an acute nervous disease; but it is now generally admitted to be a disease arising from a poison circulating in the blood, and further it is admitted that rheumatism can never be thoroughly cured without exterminating such poisonous matters from the blood by a constitutional internal remedy. We feel confident that none will feel better satisfied, and rejoice more, than the conscientious physician, who has found out that a true cure for this stubborn disease has been discovered. The following testimony from a gentleman of standing, and high respectability, and well-known to the Canadian public, cannot fail to satisfy all that the DIAMOND RHEUMATIC CURE is a wonderful Medical Discovery.

MR. ISAACSON'S ENDORSATION.

MONTREAL, 21st March, 1874.

Messrs. DEVINS & BOLTON.

Dear Sirs,—I with pleasure concede to the agent's wish that I give my endorsement to the immediate relief experienced from a few doses of the 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, sirs, yours respectfully,

JOHN HELDER ISAACSON, N.P.

This medicine is an infallible Specific, for removing the cause, chronic, acute, or muscular Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia of the head, heart, stomach and kidneys, Tic Douloureux, nervousness, flying pains, twisted joints, swollen joints, pain in the back and loins, weakness of the kidneys, tired feeling, languid, weary prostration, and all nervous and chronic diseases.

In simple cases sometimes one or two doses suffice. In the most chronic case it is sure to give way by the use of two or three bottles. By this efficient and simple remedy hundreds of dollars are saved to those who can least afford to throw it away as surely it is by the purchase of useless prescriptions.

This medicine is for sale at all Druggists throughout the Province. If it happens that your Druggist has not got it in stock, ask him to send for it to

DEVINS & BOLTON,

NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

General Agents for Province of Quebec.

Or, to

NORTHUP & LYMAN,

SCOTT STREET, TORONTO,

General Agents for Ontario.

9-25-47f-625

Printed and published by the DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, 1, Place d'Armes Hill, and 319, St. Antoine street, Montreal.