

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

Illustrated News

Vol. X.—No. 2.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1874.

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



"THE KISS."—FROM A PAINTING BY M. SERRURE.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS..... \$4.00 per annum
 THE CANADIAN PATENT OFFICE RECORD 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 addressed to,
 THE MANAGER—DESBARATS COMPANY, Montreal.

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

When an answer is required, stamps for return postage should be inclosed.

Canadian Illustrated News.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1874.

LE CHAMBORD.

The COUNT DE CHAMBORD, usually so discreet, has committed another indiscretion. He has issued a second manifesto, which, according to the almost unanimous opinion of the European press, destroys his last chance for the French crown. The tone of the proclamation is haughty in the repetition of those commonplaces which are so absurd on the lips of Legitimists. France has need of loyalty. His birth made him king. He would be wanting in the most sacred of duties if he neglected to make a supreme effort to overthrow the interposing barriers of prejudice. He is aware of the accusations against him, but silence is no longer permissible. Persons have pretended to understand from previous declarations that he placed royal powers above the laws, and dreamed of unheard of governmental combinations based upon absolutism or arbitrary ideas. The French Christian monarchy is limited monarchy in its essence; it borrows nothing from Governments of fortune, which promise boundless prosperity and lead to ruin; and this limited monarchy admits of the existence of two chambers, one nominated by the king and the other by the nation, according to legally-established suffrage. Union of the people and the king enabled the ancient monarchy to frustrate for centuries the calculations of those seeking to domineer over the people by contending against the king. It is untrue that his policy is at variance with the aspirations of the country; both desire the strong reparative powers which a durable alliance with monarchy alone can give. He wishes the representatives of the nation to be vigilant auxiliaries for examination of questions submitted to them; but will not have barren parliamentary struggles, from which a sovereign often is powerless and weakened in rejecting foreign and imported formula with its king who reigns, but does not govern. He feels himself in harmony with the immense majority. The House of France is sincerely reconciled. Let there be a truce to divisions. It is time to restore prosperity and grandeur to France with the venerable royalty.

This manifesto professes to make a few concessions to parliamentary government, but the old absolutist spirit breathes through it all. As we have said, it will injure the Count much more than it will aid his cause; and, indeed, from the latest despatches we see that his followers at Versailles have given up all hope at present of urging the restoration of the monarchy.

THE ENGLISH OPERA.

An English Opera Company which has performed in this city for the past fortnight and is about closing its engagement deserves this praise—that it has honestly carried out the promises made on its arrival. It promised to give representations of the lighter operas in English, with good choruses and an adequate orchestra. The opera were not to be curtailed, but rendered entire, so far as the limits of the temporary stage which they had to erect at Victoria Rink, would allow. All these pledges have been fulfilled. In succession, we have had the delivery of the "Bohemian Girl," "Mantana," "Il Trovatore," "Fra Diavolo," "Martha," "Faust" and "Lucia," and in each case, the rendition was honest, painstaking, while in more instances than one, it rose to the level of the artistic. With this exhibit we are content, and we can safely recommend the Company to all the cities of the Dominion which they may visit. The public are also of our opinion, for notwithstanding that the population is sensibly thinned by the annual migration to the country and the seaside, the attendance was uniformly large and fashionable. At

the benefit of the accomplished basso, Mr. Peakes, who appeared as Mephistopheles in "Faust," the audience was immense and enthusiastic. In referring to this benefit, we must join the whole press of the city in commendation of the superior musical and dramatic abilities of Mr. Peakes, who is, without question, an ornament and one of the mainstays of any Company with which he may be associated. The Prima-Donna, Dlle. Pauline Canissa, has proved throughout her engagement, that she belongs to the best school of art, and that the training she received at the Conservatorium of Vienna, with the subsequent experiences she acquired at Paris and other European capitals, under the best masters, has stood her in good stead. She is a highly educated and refined lady and sings equally well in German, Italian, French and English. Her command of voice is admirable and her dramatic powers are of a high order. Of the other members of the Company we spoke in detail, last week, and a close following of them in almost every opera in which they appeared, has only confirmed our favourable opinion of each. If the same Company which played here, goes to other Canadian cities, under the same conditions, the public can confidently give them their patronage.

HORRIDA BELLA.

A congress is about to be held in Brussels, composed of representatives of all the European powers, to take into consideration some scheme for the guidance of commanders in the conduct of military operations and to settle the mutual relations of belligerents in the field. The conference will also strive to define the rights of conquerors in an enemy's country, the fit treatment of prisoners and the limit of just reprisals. Furthermore, it will endeavour to define more accurately the obligations and privileges of civilians in time of war. Theoretically, the objects of this conference are worthy of sympathy, but in practice, so little good can and does come of paper resolutions drawn up by well minded individuals in time of peace, that we are not surprised some of the powers should have been slow in acquiescing to the meeting. (Great Britain is in this case. She at first hesitated to join the congress, and when at length, she was prevailed upon to do so, under fear of misapprehensions, it was with curious reserves. We have the authority of Lord Derby for stating, that England, if represented at Brussels, was not to be required to discuss rules of international law governing the relations of belligerents, or undertake any new engagement in regard to general principles. The scope of the congress is not to include matters relating to maritime warfare. England will not send a representative unless distinctly assured on these points, and especially the last. In any case, her representative will not be empowered to consent to the adoption of any new rules. He will simply watch and report the proceedings, the Government reserving full liberty of action. With such reservations as these, especially when France and Austria are also known to be holding back in the premises, there is little hope that the conference will result in anything definite or binding. How far the British Government are justified in acting thus, we cannot say, but it does seem, at the first blush, that it would be better, in the interests of humanity, to test first the temper of the congress, before hampering it by such conditions as those just recited.

HOME RULE

The question of Home Rule has been squarely put to the test of a vote in the British Parliament and the result was sixty-one yeas to four hundred and fifty-eight nays. This is not so bad. Numerically the show is poor enough, but the vote shows that the Irish are united on this point as they have never been for years on any other. The most notable abstention from their ranks is that of O'Donoghue, the member for Tralee who, among many sarcastic hits, said that the Home Rule movement was a miserable compromise concocted by those who did not dare to face the penalties of fenianism. He added that the ultimate object of the leaders of the movement was to incite Irishmen to force the repeal of the Union, and that their success would plunge Ireland in civil war. He said further that if England continued to remove every pretext for the plea of misgovernment in Ireland, the result would be a disgraceful failure of the movement. He firmly believed its success would bring ruin to the interest of every man in Ireland. The whole liberal party turned its face against the motion of Mr. Butt and found an eloquent spokesman in the person of the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Lowe. Thus supported, the Conservative party and the Government had no difficulty in maintaining their adverse views. Mr. Disraeli was unable to agree that Ireland had a right to a greater amount of self-government than Scotland or

England. He insisted on the groundlessness of the complaint that Irishmen were not appointed to the high offices of Government, and denied that Ireland was treated as a conquered country. He held that two separate parliaments would be constantly in collision, the minority in the Irish Parliament would be always appealing to the Imperial Parliament. He opposed the motion because it was injurious to both countries. At the great crisis of the world, which was nearer than some supposed, he wished people to be united. To accept this motion would produce disintegration in England, and might result in the destruction of the Empire.

There appears to be no doubt that the question of amnesty is going to remain in abeyance, and that justice will be allowed its regular course in Manitoba. In delivering the judgment, in which he affirmed the jurisdiction of the Court, Chief Justice Wood pointedly stated that he did not believe an amnesty had been granted and expressed the opinion that all who were implicated in the Scott affair, should answer for their acts before the Courts. The importance of these words cannot be overlooked, both from the fact that they were uttered by the Chief Justice of the Province and because His Honour Mr. Wood is fresh from Canada, where he must be presumed to have ascertained the intentions of the Government. And after all, we see no reason why Riel, Lépine and others, if they are conscious of no wrong, should be afraid to face a jury of their own countrymen.

The comet upon which all eyes are turned these starry nights, goes under the name of Coggia, after the astronomer who discovered it, at Marseilles; on the 17th of last April. On the 8th July, it passed its perihelion, being then at a distance of about 60,000,000 of miles from the sun. On the 16th July it will attain its maximum brilliancy until it wholly disappears from the heavens. It presents the dimensions of a star of the third magnitude, flattened out to that of a star of the fourth magnitude. Of course, there are all sorts of superstitions connected with the advent of comets and many people will feel nervous lest this one in its rapid approach to the earth should give us a whisk of its fiery tail and send us whirling out of our orbit into infinite space.

The news from Manitoba is that the ministry has been defeated by a majority of two to one. Let us hope this will insure the down-fall of Clarke who has too long been imposed upon a patient people. Whatever one may feel for or against Riel, the conduct of Clarke in his case, at Ottawa, last session, was enough to disgust every man of honour.

"TEAR-EM."

Sitting in the corner seat of the front bench below the gangway on the Opposition side of the House of Commons is a man so old and feeble looking that the stranger wonders what he does here. His white hair falls about a beardless face which is comparatively fresh looking, though the eyes lack lustre and the mouth is drawn in. When he rises to speak he bends his short stature over a supporting stick, and as he walks down to the table to hand in a perpetual notice of motion or of question, he drags across the floor his laden feet in a painful way that sometimes suggests to well-meaning members the proffer of an arm, or of service to accomplish the errand, advances which are curtly repelled, for this is Mr. Roebuck, the "Dog Tear-em" of old, toothless now, and dim of sight, but still high in spirit, and ready to fight with snarl and snap the unwary passer-by. It is said in tea-room conversation that Mr. Roebuck has changed his political opinions oftener than any other man in the present House. Perhaps the allegation, whilst made in good faith, is unconsciously exaggerated, because Mr. Roebuck, on whichever side he has ranged himself, has always been in the van of opinion, and has prominently figured as its exponent, and consequently his facings about occupy a larger space in the memory than those of other men. There was a time when he was a thorough-paced Radical, a friend of Mr. Stuart Mill and Sir Wm. Molesworth. He has twice graduated as a Tootle with some bewildering counter marches and strategic movements which have finally landed him in the political position he holds today, and which is best and most safely described as that of Mr. Roebuck, the member for Sheffield. In one of his papers in the *Spectator*, Addison, referring to the contemporary fashion amongst ladies of wearing patches stuck on one side or other of their faces according as they were Whig or Tory, says:—"I must here take notice that Rosalinda, a famous Whig partisan, has, most unfortunately, a very beautiful mole on the Tory part of her forehead, which being very conspicuous has occasioned many mistakes and given a handle to her enemies to misrepresent her face as though it had revolted from the Whig interest." Mr. Roebuck is in the same unfortunate predicament as the lady here referred to. He has a Whig mole on the Tory part of his forehead, and during his political career he has undergone much obloquy as a consequence of the numerous mistakes which have therefrom arisen.

Mr. Roebuck is a good lover and a good hater, chiefly the latter. A Parliamentary Ishmael, his hand has been against every one and every one's hand against him. Lord Palmerston, Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Bright, Mr. Cobden—in brief, every man of any prominence in the House of Commons during the past quarter of a century—but at one time or another felt the fangs of "Tear-em." The poor wit and coarse humour of

Bernal Osborne were no match for the keen and poisoned darts that were shot forth from Mr. Roebuck's tongue. Mr. Bethel, since known as Lord Westbury, was perhaps the only man in the House in the days when there were giants who could beat him at his own weapons. The present Mr. Justice Keogh sometimes threw himself into the breach, and once even silenced the terrible talker for a whole night by a quotation from "Macbeth." The House was in Committee, and Mr. Roebuck had been up three times with objections and aspersions. When Mr. Keogh rose he opened his remarks by observing—

Thrice the brindled cat hath mewed.

Mr. Roebuck's persistent attacks upon the late Emperor of the French will not be forgotten by the present generation, who will also call to mind the sudden change which came over the hon. member's opinion of His Majesty at a later epoch of the Empire. In 1854, Mr. Roebuck, speaking in his place in the House of Commons, protested against the Queen of England advancing to be kissed by "the perjured lips of Louis Napoleon." Seven years later he went over to Paris to entreat the Emperor to interfere in the American Civil War in behalf of the Confederate States, and on his return Napoleon III. had in England no warmer adherent or more respectful friend.

Writing last month about Mr. Ward Hunt, I ventured to describe the right hon. gentleman as "a scold," to refer to his possession of "a tone of voice and manner of speech which are strongly suggestive of the feminine art of 'nagging,'" and to derive from a study of "his cast of mind" small promise of "future manifestations of dignity." The number of the *Gentleman's Magazine* in which these remarks appeared was barely published when the first Lord of the Admiralty made his now famous speech, in which he seems to have astonished everybody by plusteringly falling foul of his predecessors in office, and letting his tongue trip away with the foolish, angry phrases about the "paper fleet" and the "dummy ships." Mr. Ward Hunt is useful in contrast with Mr. Roebuck, as illustrating the difference between an ill-tempered man of suspicious mind and only average intellectual power, and one of the same temperament but gifted with high ability. Mr. Ward Hunt is undignified in his anger, and, what is worse, he is sometimes, as Mr. Goschen was fain to declare before the House of Commons, "not fair in his statements—is scarcely ingenuous." For lack of ability to conceive arguments he indulges in invective, and in order to support a theory he will paraphrase a statement of fact. He is like "the geographers" described by Swift, who

in Afric maps
With savage pictures fill their gaps.
And o'er unhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns.

Mr. Roebuck is able to dispense with such devices; and whilst he is ready enough to imagine evil things of his political adversaries, he is content to take their words as actually uttered and their actions as reputedly reported, and of these make scorpions for their backs. In argument his style is clear and incisive, and he is a master of good, simple English, which he marshals in short, crisp sentences. His voice, now so low that it scarcely reaches the Speaker's chair, was once full and clear. As in his best day she never attempted to rise to anything approaching florid eloquence, so he rarely varied in gesture from a regularly recurring darting of the index finger at the hon. member whom he chanced to be attacking—an angry, dictatorial gesture, which Mr. Disraeli, after smarting under it for an hour, once said reminded him of "the tyrant of a twopenny theatre." Now when Mr. Roebuck speaks his hands are quietly folded before him, and only at rare intervals does the right hand go forth with pointed finger to trace on the memories of the old men of the House recollections of fierce fights in which some partook who now live only as names in history.

"IL TALISMANO."

The *Pall Mall Gazette* contains a notice of Balfe's "Il Talismano," just produced under brilliant auspices in London, the leading artists engaged in the recital having been Mme. Nilsson, Mme. Marie Roze, Signor Campanini, and Signor Rota. After stating that the libretto was prepared some years ago, the *Gazette* goes on to say: "Propositions were made to the composer for bringing out the 'Talisman' on the French stage, for which Mr. Balfe had already written three works—two for the Opera Comique, one for the Grand Opera; and meanwhile it happily occurred to him to substitute for the original spoken dialogue dialogue set to recitative. With the exception of a few bars added, we believe, by Sir Michael Costa, the whole of the recitative as now sung is by Mr. Balfe himself. 'The Talisman' was, in fact, already in the form of a grand opera when, some three years since, Mme. Nilsson heard portions of it played or sung by Mr. Balfe himself. She was delighted with the music, and offered forthwith, if the work were translated into Italian, to undertake the part of Edith. Naturally the translation was made as suggested, and Mme. Nilsson at the earliest opportunity devoted herself to the music of Edith Plantagenet, and, indeed, was said to be already perfect in it at the end of last season; when, however, for various reasons, it was determined to postpone the production of the work until the present summer. So much for the history of the work. Now for the work itself. The novel of the 'Talisman' presents so many different kinds of interest that half a dozen dramatists and composers might treat it in half a dozen different ways. Meyerbeer would have been above all struck by the opportunity it affords for contrasting two different kinds of civilization, each of which he would have found means to depict, or at least suggest, through characteristic music. Verdi would have been attracted by the passionate and melodramatic elements of the story. Gounod would have been moved by its romantic side, and would have given ample development to the religious scenes. Wagner—but who can say what Wagner would have done further than that he would have found in the 'Talisman' a heroic legend and chivalrous personages after his own heart, and which, but for the fact that they are not German, he might have found worthy of being treated after his own system? Without neglecting any one element of dramatic effect, Balfe, in 'Il Talismano,' has remained Balfe, as Verdi would have remained Verdi and Gounod Gounod. The sentimental relations between the various characters of

the story are those which have chiefly impressed him; and after listening to the opera without looking at the libretto, what one would carry away from the performance would be the recollection of a great number of charming airs from melodies which, as sung by Mme. Nilsson, seem as graceful and poetical as Weber ever wrote, to tunes lively and familiar enough to have occurred to Lecoq. That, after all, is the way to test an opera. An operatic drama to be worth anything should speak to the eye; and the drama of 'Il Talismano' is sufficiently well constructed to enable any one already acquainted with Sir Walter's world-famous romance to follow its incidents without once turning to the printed pages of the libretto. We missed Saladin; but had Saladin been made a prominent personage, then, as only a certain number of leading actors—"protagonists," as the Italians call them—can be provided for in one opera, some other important character would have to be omitted or at least thrown into the background. The dramatic poet, besides 'taking his property whenever he finds it,' claims the right of presenting it as he may think fit; and the chief operatic parts detected by the artistic eye of Mr. Matthison in the novel of the 'Talisman' where Sir Kenneth, Richard Cœur de Lion, and Edith Plantagenet in the foreground, with Nectabanus, Sir Thomas de Vaux (transformed into 'Il Barone di Vaux'), and Berengaria in second line. All these personages take part in the action, as do also the Emir Sheerkof, Philip of France, and the Duke of Austria. But, in a musical point of view, Edith, the soprano; Sir Kenneth, the tenor, and Richard, the baritone, stand out before all the others. Speaking of the work as we found it, and having heard it but once, it seems to us that with the exception of a grotesque air for Nectabanus towards the end of the first act, given with much point—too much rather than too little—by Signor Catalani; a very pretty and thoroughly Balfian air, in polacca measure, for Berengaria, sung precisely as it ought to be sung by Mme. Marie Roze; and an admirable concerted piece leading to the finale to Act. II., for Edith, Berengaria, Sir Kenneth, De Vaux, Richard, and Nectabanus, all the music may be dismissed, except that written for the leading soprano, tenor, and baritone. First in the musical race must be placed Edith, after Edith, Sir Kenneth, closely followed by Richard, and then the operatic field, with Berengaria and Nectabanus in advance of all other competitors. The Arab encampment of the opening scene was a great success in a scenic point of view, nor is the chorus sung by the Arab warriors without character. But neither the chorus nor the duet for Sir Kenneth and the Emir by which it is followed did much to arrest public attention which was waiting to concentrate itself upon Edith Plantagenet and her opening scene. This consists of the usual recitative, slow movement and quick movement which the composers of the present day (Gounod, for instance, Ambroise Thomas, and, we believe, Verdi himself in 'Aida') discard as conventional, but which a dozen years ago, when Wagner's denunciations of operatic routine had not yet produced much effect, was looked upon as the indispensable form of the *prima donna's* aria. The first movement, with the recitative which precedes and introduces it, was sung by Mme. Christine Nilsson with the most tender expression. Its poetic subject is the ordinary one of slow movements—and of a good many quick movements, too—sung by operatic sopranos; and the inevitable theme is enlivened by frequent references to the stars of heaven, the flowers of the earth, and the diamonds from under the earth. The soft, flowing melody, delivered as it was with deep feeling and consummate art, produced much effect, but Mme. Nilsson seemed to have determined to listen to no appeals for repetition, and it passed without a formal *encore*. The concluding part of the air is of the tearing tormented kind; and, uninformed by the libretto, we should have taken it to signify restlessness and agitation, though it in fact expresses rapture. As to one point there could be no mistake. As a mere matter of vocalization, Mme. Nilsson sang it superbly, in token of which she was applauded with enthusiasm. Of the air for Nectabanus we have already spoken. Then comes a very effective trio and chorus for Edith, Berengaria, and Sir Kenneth and the Queen's attendants; and, finally, as regards act I., an air for Sir Kenneth, which the hero ought to, and, whether he desires it or not, will remember. 'Candido fiore,' otherwise 'Floweret, I kiss thee,' will be heard again more than once in the opera; and by this very beautiful melody Sir Kenneth, singing it behind the scenes, will be recognized at a critical moment in the last act. The conventional opera which Wagner—greater, perhaps, as a critic and satirist than as a creative musician—proposes to drive out of fashion by force of ridicule, demands that each of the leading personages shall have a scene in set form; and at the beginning of the second act occurs Richard's opportunity. In the old days of the Pyne and Harrison company the second movement of Richard's air—of a highly martial character—would have been *encored* at least twice; and the audience last night would gladly have heard Signor Rota sing it a second time. Berengaria's pretty air in the same act was repeated, and the rule against *encores* having thus been broken through, Mme. Nilsson was called upon to repeat almost everything she sang, especially her portion of a sentimental duet with Sir Kenneth, and a very lively air in galop time, which seemed to express great animal spirits rather than contentment of the soul. But it will be enough for the present to record the fact that the work was in all respects—and most deservedly—successful."

AN EMIGRANT'S GRIEVANCES.

MY LIVERPOOL TOUT.

It was after days of deliberation that, very late on a Saturday night, I determined to leave England and try my luck in America. I disposed of a few trifles that I possessed, and, with my scanty savings, found myself in Lime-street, Liverpool, with twenty-two pounds and a few shillings. "Are you for the American steamer, sir?" asked an amphibious-looking creature, in a nautical cap with a grimy band, a pilot jacket with lustreless buttons, but with pavement-worn boots, and trousers that bore evidence of terra firma for a long, long time—ever since they fluttered in the breeze in Renshaw-street and bore on a knee the seductive ticket emblazoned with the figures "916." I cast my eyes enquiringly towards a massive policeman. "It's all right, governor," exclaimed that officer; "he's a regular hagent."

"This way," said the fellow, who now proceeded to possess himself of my carpet-bag and small box, and darting on we passed the Adelphi Hotel and through various bye-streets, when my guide ultimately halted in front of a dirty-looking

wire blind with the words "Coffee Room" inscribed thereon.

"This is the 'ouse," said he.
"What house, sir?" I thundered. "I am in search of a ship, not a house;" and I made a movement towards my luggage, on which were already displayed flaring red labels with a head-line reading "Emigrant's Luggage," the centres being filled in with the name of the interesting creature before me, and an address which I at once recognized to be "the 'ouse."
"It's all perfectly square," said the runner, with a ghastly smile. "I used to be in Water-street, but for the last six months I've 'ad the station. Walk inside. What will you 'ave? Plain tea, or tea and chop, or 'am and heggs?"

"First of all," I explained, "I am going to book myself for the steamer, and as soon as possible I am going on board."
The runner looked puzzled. "But she don't sail till Saturday," said he.

"What ship does not sail till Saturday?"
"Our boat."
"What the devil do I care about your boat? There is a steamer advertised for to-morrow morning."
"But you 'ave our labels on your luggage, and you must go by our ship."

"Look here, you scoundrel," said I, grasping my walking-stick, "if you don't take those labels —"
"Softly, softly," urged the runner, assuming a manner of the profoundest interest in me. "As you're so very hantious, I don't know but I may book you for the boat to-morrow; but," and here he closed a pair of the shadiest lids of an eye, the evil of which it was a mercy to escape even for the duration of a wink, "they'd feel lovely about it at the orfis."

Now I never felt such a loathing towards a human being as I did towards this touter—this leech, who lives out of the scanty purses of poor emigrants. I felt that I was a commodity in the commission market, and that, on the very shores of the country I loved so well, this grimy object was to be the broker who would profit by my departure, and out of the little money I possessed. I was determined, however, to leave by the next steamer, and not knowing a soul in Liverpool, I thought I would leave my things in "the 'ouse," and stay the one night in it. On arriving at the office the first visage that I noticed was, of course, that of the runner.

"This way," said he, pointing to an inner room that one could not miss. Some glass doors flew open, and I stood before one of about a dozen clerks.

"A ticket for this party, please, Mr. Willers."
"Name, age, and married or single," queried he addressed as Mr. Willers.

I enlightened him.
"Six guineas. All right. Here is your ticket. You must be on board by nine o'clock to-morrow morning."

I turned to leave.
"This will be three, Mr. Willers," lisped the runner.
"Very well, Tadpole. Will you take it now or in the evening?"

"In the hevening, Mr. Willers, in the hevening. I will be round again."

Back through the streets of Liverpool that murky afternoon, the pavement muddy, the theatrical and circus posters hanging dank and miserable—their surfaces more ragged than the paper hoop through which "Madame Ariel" had just burst in one corner, more weird than the grimace of the painted clown in the other, whose underjaw as I glanced at him was whisked off by the wind, and on over the pavement till it hitched against a bulletin board of the *Mercury*, where the rain had soaked away the paper, and blended the steamship disaster of last week with the railway accident of the current one.

I remembered all at once that clothes are dear in America, and that I badly needed an overcoat, both for the voyage and for the country. I enquired the price of a rough, warm-looking blue. Tadpole immediately appeared.

"Gent's going to Noo York," said he. "Nothing like a good hovercoat, and one at 'alf the price you give there, not reckoning the comforts of the voyage."

Again I could have annihilated this pest, but the coat took my fancy.

"You shall have it for forty-seven and six," said the shopman.

"I supposed I could buy such a coat for about two guineas."

"Not in the United Kingdom; but I'll see what I can do."
In a minute he returned. "As you are going abroad"—very kind of him—"we'll say forty-five."

"I cannot afford it," said I, and I turned to leave.
"Well, I'll do as well as I can by you; this coat is cheap at fifty shillings, but we'll knock off another, and forty-four is the lowest farthing you shall have it for."

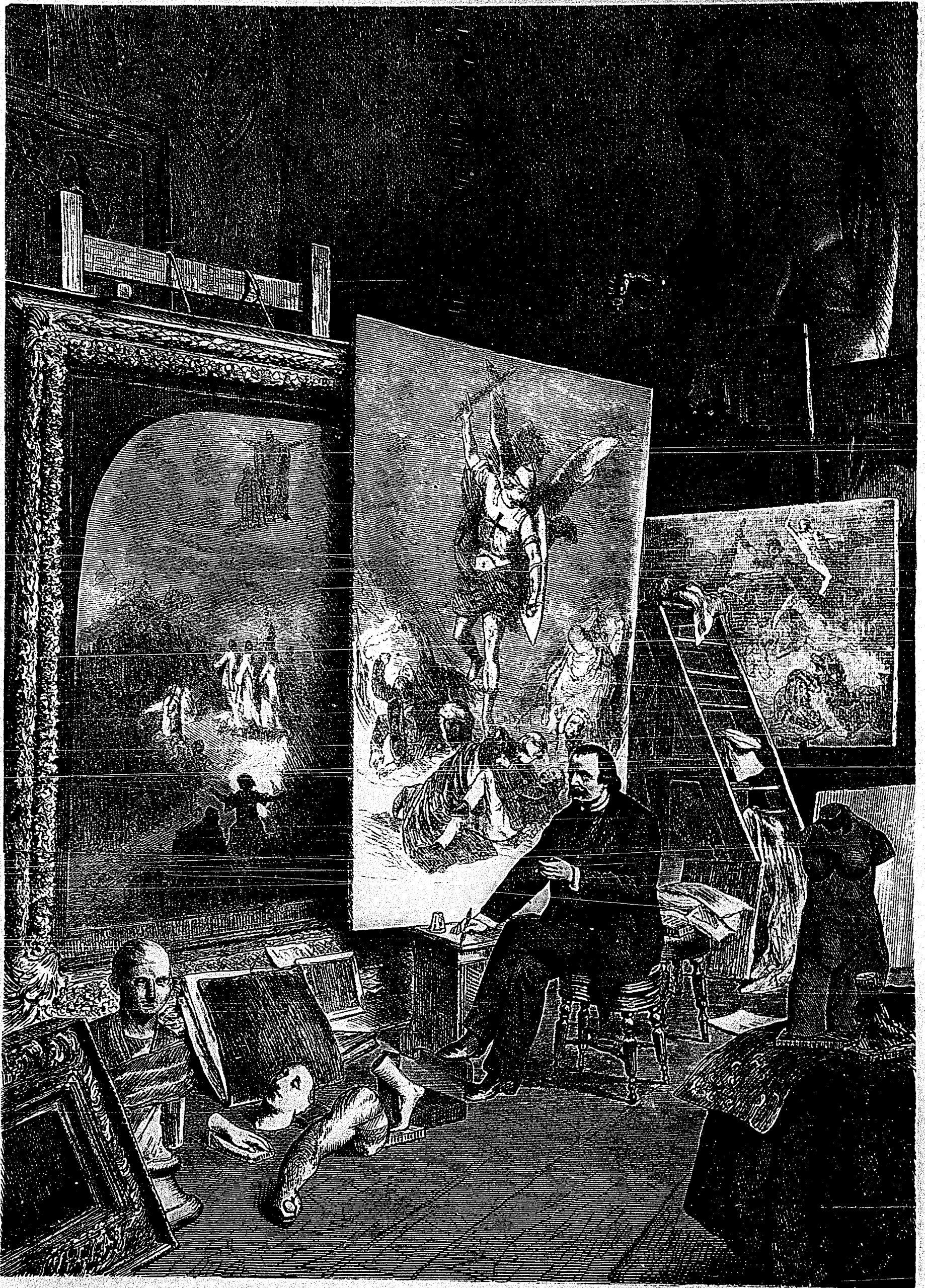
I yielded, the coat was mine, and it answered the purpose; but just after I had paid for it the shopman came to a sudden recollection—

"Oh, Tadpole," he exclaimed, "a gentleman came in this afternoon and left four shillings for you—wasn't it this afternoon, Mr. Smithers? Ah! I thought so." And I saw the four shillings I had just parted company with put into Tadpole's talons, and then into his pocket. Tadpole was in luck, for the cutler who sold me a knife was the trustee of a pint of beer for him, and in the morning the man who supplied me with my little sea-moss pad of a bed, and the one who furnished me with my tin cups, plates, and washbowl, both paid tribute to Tadpole. If I had wanted a tooth drawn the dentist would surely have discovered some obligation to Tadpole.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

THE COMING COMET.

The latest computations prove that Coggias comet is the most extraordinary body of the kind that has ever visited the solar system, and that probably by the 20th of July the earth will be passing through its tail. Already the tail is about three millions of miles long, but, as like Donati's comet the tail of this one is curved (though from the position of the earth we cannot perceive the curvature,) the real is much greater than the apparent length. Mr. Henry M. Parkhurst, who has been making calculations in regard both to the orbit of the comet and the gradual elongation of the tail, estimates that the perihelion distance of the comet from the sun lies just within the orbit of Venus, and that the tail increases one tenth each day. He further makes a number of predictions in regard to this wonderful visitor which are of so interesting a character that we quote them in full:

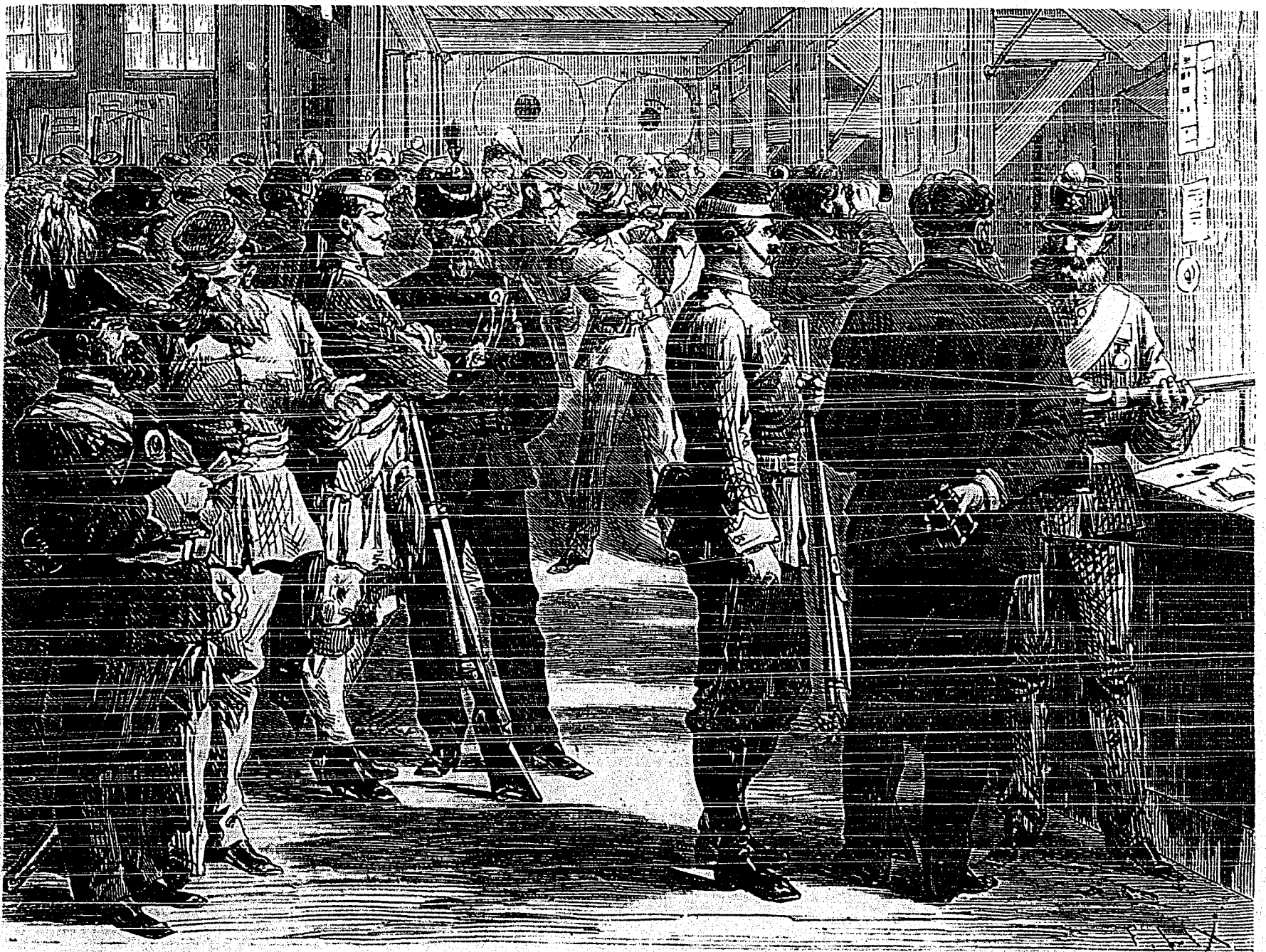
On Tuesday evening, June 30, and on the following evening, the moon will rise before the twilight fairly ends; but on



KAULBACH. IN HIS STUDY.



"DOLCE FAR NIENTE"



THE ENGLISH VOLUNTEERS AT HAVRE.—AT THE SHOOTING RANGE.

Thursday, July 2, at half-past nine o'clock, the comet will be easily seen by the naked eye in the northwestern sky (no other description will be needed) with a tail about five degrees in length. On succeeding evenings the nucleus will move towards the south, while the tail will increase in length, so as to bring its extremity gradually northward. On the 14th of July the head of the comet will have reached the horizon in the northwest at the end of twilight, so that it will not easily be visible after that date: but the tail will extend nearly to the pole-star. Donati's comet had a retrograde motion, and when the earth met it, and the tail was most brilliant, it was placed nearly at right angles with the line of vision. On the other hand this comet, whose perihelion distance is very little greater, coming just within the orbit of Venus, moves in the same direction with the earth, and nearly with the same velocity (reduced to the plane of the equator), in consequence of which the tail, which is now nearly at right angles with the line of vision, will gradually turn towards us, still apparently pointing nearly in the same direction. It will be remembered that Donati's comet was curved like a soldier's plume; but Coggia's is now and will remain nearly straight, because the curvature will be directly from us, and therefore imperceptible. Another striking difference from the tails of comets generally is that it will be so foreshortened as to be remarkably wide at the end. On July 16 the tail will extend far beyond the pole and develop a new characteristic, tapering off rapidly towards the end. Within three or four days after the 16th the tail will have become so expanded in the neighbourhood of the pole as to fill a large part of the northern heavens. Yet it will not be a conspicuous object, because it will be so faint as to look rather like an immense cloud or a new milky way than what it really is. By this time we shall have solved the question whether the tail is hollow or has a radiated structure or what is its constitution.

Of the way in which this will end it is not safe yet to speak with definiteness; for although, if the tail were straight, we should be almost certainly near the middle of it on July 20, yet its curvature will probably delay it two or three days, and even until the earth has passed beyond its path. Taking the best value I can from the records of previous comets, I should expect the earth on July 22 to be wholly within the eastern edge of the comet's tail, and I will assume this to be the case. The comet will then disappear to us; but then the inhabitants of the Southern Hemisphere, who may be ignorant of the cause of luminosity of the evening sky, will see it gradually rise and pass away, and will be amazed by the sudden apparition of a comet of extraordinary size and unusual brilliancy, which will burst upon their vision as unforeseen as the great comet of 1861. The gradual diminution and final disappearance of the comet will be so nearly the converse of what we shall have witnessed here that it needs no description. What will be the effect upon the earth? I dare not predict the effect upon the minds of men, especially of the ignorant; but I do not anticipate any appreciable physical effect further than possible electrical phenomena like the aurora. It will, of course, leave us a portion of its atmosphere when it departs, but, probably, not enough to affect the barometer, or to come within the cognizance even of scientists. But there may be, by possibility, one permanent effect of scientific interest and curiosity. If the earth should not entirely escape, the moon will also probably be involved, and it will also retain a portion of the cometary substance. As the amount of the atmosphere upon the moon's surface is now so small—if, indeed there is any at all—that it is unrecognizable by the nicest astronomical scrutiny, perhaps after the passage of the comet we shall find that henceforth the moon will have an atmosphere, of greater or less density, which will materially modify the phenomena of occultations and solar eclipses. I will add that Venus is safely out of the way, so that the transit expedition will not be interfered with by the great comet of 1874.

Mr. Parkhurst's speculations in regard to the comet's leaving a part of its tail to form an atmosphere for the moon seem to be a little aside from observed facts. All spectroscopic analysis of the matter of comets' tails has hitherto seemed to point to the conclusion that they were some attenuated form of carbon unknown to terrestrial chemistry. It has even been asserted that, if all the matter of a comet's tail were reduced to the same density as the carbon we know, in the form of charcoal or coke, it would not exceed a few ounces, or might be carried in the waistcoat pocket. Whether it would be proper to speak of such a substance as likely to form a possible "atmosphere" for the moon is open to question. However, all Mr. Parkhurst's speculations are matters of extreme interest, and we hope that this whole subject will receive a rigid investigation at the hands of our scientists.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CHARACTER.

A very old and famous spectacle called "Le Pied de Mouton," has been reproduced at Paris with a certain amount of success. It was written by an extraordinary man called Martainville, who got into trouble with his pen at the early age of 15, and was only saved, like Abbé Maury, of lamp-post celebrity, by his wit. Just out of school, he wrote a criticism on the financial measures of the Convention, and was consequently arrested and tried before the odious Fouquier Tinville who seldom spared prisoners on account of either sex or age. When he appeared before the revolutionary tribunal the President called the future author of "Le Pied de Mouton" de Martainville instead of plain Martainville. "Citizen President," said the lad, laughing, "I am not de Martainville, but simple Martainville. Do not forget that you are here to shorten, not to lengthen me." The joke raised a laugh, and saved the boy's life. The de belongs to aristocratic families, and would have been fatal, and in the slang of the day to be "shortened" meant to be guillotined. A little later he nearly got into fresh trouble. Having been suddenly called upon in a tavern to sing a Republican song he was obliged to acknowledge that he knew none. The company demanded that he should improvise, so mounting on a table he bawled out:—

Embrassons-nous, chers Jacobins,
Longtemps je vous crus des mutins,
Et de faux patriotes.
Oubliions tout et désoignons,
Donnons-nous le baiser de paix,
J'ôterai mes culottes.

The sans-culottes were highly indignant, but though the

cried out "throw him into the water," Martainville was allowed to escape. He was an inveterate Royalist all his life, and fought several duels with old officers of the Empire who insulted Louis XVI. When the Bourbons were driven from the throne, to his great grief, Martainville ejaculated "Jesus Christ said the lilies toll not neither do they spin; alas we have caused the scripture to speak falsely—for we have made the lilies spin or run away." Martainville died shortly after this a poor man.

This admirable story about Martainville has a sequel. When his life was saved by his presence of mind in so wittily disclaiming the aristocratic prefix *De*, an unknown jester remarked, "Sa de-capitation a empêché sa décapitation"—a joke which may be thus translated (not translated) into English—"His being de-headed has prevented his being be-headed."

Another story of the same revolutionary epoch may be given in this connection. When the Marquis de St. Janvier appeared before the tribunal, and gave his name in full, he was told, first, that since the Revolution the title of *Marquis* like other titles, had been abolished; second, that, in like manner, the prefix *de* was obsolete; third, that there were no longer any *Saints*; fourth, that *Janvier* (January) had become *Pluviose*. Thus "Le Marquis de St. Janvier" was reduced to "Citoyen Pluviose."

From the French *De* to the Irish *O'* there is a natural transition. When O'Connell, whose name appeared on his college books as Connell, first assumed the *O'*, a wag of Trinity quoted most aptly from the Latin Grammar the well-known (but untranslatable) line:—

"O datur ambiguis: Prisci brivare solebant."

FLUKES.

There are philosophers who decline to believe in such a thing as a "fluke," so far as the ordinary occurrences of our common daily life are concerned. The fact that the apparently stupid man often succeeds in making headway when the seemingly clever man fails to do so they account for by assuming that appearances are deceptive. To assert that the apparently stupid man is greatly favoured by circumstances over which he has not the slightest control, and that the seemingly clever individual receives the scurviest treatment at the hand of that fickle dame Fortune, is about the very last thing they would think of doing. Firmly believing in the axiom that success is the index of merit, they just as resolutely hold the opinion that failure always results from incapacity or something a great deal worse. It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to remark that the people holding these views are, for the most part, those who have been prosperous, and who are prosperous themselves. The man who has made a big pile of money rarely, if ever, fails to consider himself a very smart fellow. As a rule, indeed, he flatters himself that he is very much superior to those who make brilliant reputations for themselves, but fail to secure the possession of a very great deal of cash. The individual, he will tell you, who gets on in life so that he can clothe his wife in silks at a guinea a yard, live in a fine house, drive his carriage, and allow his children money in order that they may show they are able to get through it quite as easily as he is able to get it, must possess solid acquirements very different and very much superior to the meteoric attributes which some falsely called—because unsuccessful—men of genius are in the habit of priding themselves upon having. It is not necessary for a person nowadays to possess a well-cultivated intellect, to be good mannered, or to be ingenious in order to convince himself and others that he is clever, i.e. provided he be rich. Shakespeare has written that there is a tide in the affairs of man which if taken at the flood will lead to fortune—in other words, that every man has opportunities presented to him, and upon his own head is the blame if he fails to avail himself of them and turn them to some good account. This is the doctrine which people of the comfortable sort devoutly hold, and they complacently plume themselves upon the possession by them of that cleverness and worth which are borne evidence to by the position in life which they have made for themselves.

People, however, not of the comfortable sort are addicted to holding very different views from the above in reference to the matter under consideration. The man who is unprosperous will be delighted to point out to you how fortunes have been made by "flukes," and how they have frequently been lost owing to the action of a number of adverse circumstances over which their owners have had no control. There certainly appears some ground for the contention of these latter. It is well known, for instance, that many inventors have almost starved themselves while working out their pet theories, which have proved of infinite advantage to mankind, and yet, these same inventors have been deprived of the fruits of their labour which have been enjoyed by others. Again, Milton got but a few shillings for his masterpiece, "Paradise Lost," which is, without doubt, the grandest poem in the English language, a striking instance that luck was decidedly against him. Chatterton put an end to his own existence because he found it painfully difficult to live, and yet he had done good work, and gave promise that he would attain still better results in the future than he had done in the past. Fortune, however, was evidently against him. Many more cases of a similar character might be cited were it worth while to adduce them, which, however, it is not. Examples of how men may be raised by an unexpected turn of Fortune's wheel are constantly presenting themselves to us. Many owners of property have purchased estates, in the bowels of which valuable minerals have subsequently been found. The finding of these minerals has often been with them a lucky fluke, for which they have to thank no one; perhaps, so little as themselves. Men who have been led to speculate, and have proved successful, will tell you that they had beforehand an intuitive perception that they were bound to do so; but this "intuitive perception," it may be remarked, often proves as delusive as otherwise, and is possessed alike by unfortunate and fortunate men. Therefore, the speculator who is fortunate is, in nine cases out of ten, only prosperous owing to a fluke. People may talk about judgment; but it may be logically maintained that, in matters of speculation; pure and simple, judgment can be exercised little, if at all, seeing that everything turns upon chance. In the most trivial every-day affairs luck seems to be constantly showing itself kindly towards some and unkindly towards others, entirely irrespective of their merits. B, for instance, wants a situation under Government, but is un-

fortunate enough to call upon the man through whose influence it is obtainable when the latter happens to be in an indignant temper, owing to the fact that he is suffering from indigestion. The consequence is, that B does not get the office which he aspires to fill, and the duties of which he is really very well able to perform. C, on the other hand, calls upon the influential party after the latter has dined to his satisfaction and is disposed to be amiable. Hereupon C gets what he wants; at the same time his talents may be nil. The truth appears to be that all but very strong-willed men are drifted about just as circumstance listeth. Nine out of ten human beings find themselves placed in a certain groove not by their own choosing, and it does not always rest with themselves whether they run in it smoothly or otherwise. It is a mistake to suppose that life resembles a blank sheet of paper to those who are beginning it, and that they may write thereon what they please. In the majority of cases they simply do what necessity compels. At the same time it must be stated that very few people in England need be hard pressed if they will only be provident and conduct themselves properly. A terrible number of lives are marred by indifference, insolence, and a general don't-careishness. Absolute laziness, and vice, too, are fruitful sources of what is often erroneously described as misfortune. It should be remembered that it is much easier for a man to be made wealthy by a fluke for which he is not responsible than it is for him to be reduced to abject poverty by the same means.—*Liberal Review.*

BRIC A BRAC.

What Thackeray rather irreverently termed gimcockery fetches the most extraordinary fancy prices at auctions, and the mania for various kinds of old saucers and dishes exceeds even the famous rage for Dutch tulips of a bygone time. Old Sevres, Dresden, Majolica, Wedgwood ware, old Chelsea, old Bristol, have become familiar names even to people who prefer dining off a plate to framing it and hanging it on the wall as a work of art. Not to be learned in Venetian glass is to betray ignorance of a recognized topic of conversation; to be unable to appreciate a choice Japanese jar as it ought to be appreciated is to confess to a want of enlightenment which implies quite a slovenliness in social culture. The curiosity shops must drive a roaring trade. Not only ladies but gentlemen have become admirers and purchasers of porcelain, of pottery in its different varieties, and of ivory carvings from the persevering hands of Oriental craftsmen. It would be a cruel and a sorry proceeding to cast any reflection upon the bowl of unequalled rarity which our collecting friends and acquaintances put before us. It has been obtained, after vigorous competition and brisk bidding, at the distribution of the effects of a nobleman lately deceased. The defunct dilettante enjoyed such a reputation for care and taste in the occupation for which he is chiefly remembered that everything belonging to him attracts an offer far above the intrinsic value of it. A couple of vases are estimated at the price of a small freehold estate; a simple jug goes for more than many a rector pays annually to his working curate; a triplet of "rose du Barri jardinières, with subjects of peasants in borders" (the peasants the happiest of agricultural labourers), fetches several hundreds of pounds. Few of these expensive luxuries are of modern date or composition. They must have the interest of age or of certain artistic associations attached to them to render them completely available for the uses and requirements of fashionable collectors. It is not only the gems of pottery which are highly coveted by the modern virtuosi. We hear every day of the enormous sums paid for pictures. It is impossible at times not to suspect that there is some "ring" managing the market in which there is such a sudden and almost unaccountable fever. At any rate, it is not necessary for us to dwell on the point here. Three small jars were sold at an auction a few days ago for more than ten thousand guineas. The statement almost takes one's breath away. The ware was, indeed, old Sevres, the colour the cherished rose du Barri, the gilding excessively rich, and the flower and subject painting by Morin; but even when all this has been said the announcement is sufficiently startling. The sale was in a crowded room by public auction, and it is not too much to say that agents and brokers from every capital in Europe were present. It was before such an assembly that the coveted jars were put up, and the bidder at £10,650 was then and there declared the buyer. Other pieces of China were sold the same day, and prices obtained for them, not indeed so high, but yet not unworthy of this famous collection. The first thing that strikes one from such quotations is the enormous wealth which must be diffused amongst purchasers to allow of such competition, for we must remember that the taste for old china is almost entirely an acquired one.

FRENCH NEWSPAPERS.

The principles upon which French newspapers are managed are exceedingly curious, and no doubt differ entirely from our system. The journals which have the largest circulation in Paris do not trust to their political, social, financial, and commercial articles to procure them a large sale. The editor of the *Figaro* admitted a short time ago that in order to make a sober leading article go down he was obliged, to suit the taste of his readers, to give them so much chit-chat and scandal. The other day, following close on an article advocating the cause of the Comte de Chambord came a string of fashionable *on dits*, gossip, and such anecdotes as this:—"The other day a little girl, reading the history of England, came to the part where it was said that Henry II. never laughed after the death of his son. The child looked up and said, 'But, mamma, what did he do when they tickled him?'"

In addition to the above attractions, editors offer the most tempting inducements to subscribers. At the present moment the *Figaro* is offering to its subscribers for the small sum of 30 francs a handsome watch, and the *Paris Journal* is giving a watch to every one who will subscribe for a year—the yearly subscription being under £3. A few years ago I remember the *Figaro* offering a box of oranges to its subscribers, and a rival paper instantly tendering baked apples. There is a small satirical paper called *Polichinelle*, which professes its readiness to take all who will subscribe on a trip to Enghien, a few miles from Paris, to row them about on the lake, give them refreshments, and treat them to the theatre in the evening.

After this, how are you to judge of a person's politics by his journal, since a Radical may prefer even the *Figaro* and oranges to a revolutionary paper and apples. These prizes and all these anecdotes and bits of scandal prove how very few serious readers there are in that country. One may certainly say with Prince Bismarck, as far as the French press is concerned, that it has failed in its mission.

HONOUR TO OUR VETERANS

Some months ago, the Imperial Government promised pensions to all poor and infirm veterans. The Government at Ottawa, on learning this, immediately communicated with the Colonial Office to ascertain whether the royal order of the 21st February ult., extended to Canadian militiamen who, in the war of 1812, served conjointly with the regular troops. The Imperial Government replied that claims might be sent on and that the commissioners would decide on each particular case.

The Canadian Veterans of 1812—how few, alas! survive—may enter their claims to a pension by furnishing the following articles of information:

- I. Tell name.
 - II. Name of regiment in which he served, as well as where and when he served.
 - III. The regiment or corps whence he was discharged.
 - IV. At what engagement he was present.
 - V. When and wherefor he was discharged.
 - VI. His medals, if he has any.
 - VII. The amount and date of his pension, if he has any.
 - VIII. If he is not a pensioner, the date of which he left the service.
- If he has a certificate of discharge or pension, it must also be forwarded.

THE LITERARY WORLD.

The subscriptions to the Charles Knight testimonial now amount to £900.

The first volume of Mr. Blanchard Jerrold's "Life of Napoleon the III." has been issued by Messrs. Longman.

The *London Lantern*, a Weekly Exhibition, Social, Political, and Otherwise, is the title of a journal announced in London.

Kabuli Pacha, the Turkish Ambassador at the Austro-Hungarian Court of Vienna, is engaged in writing a Turkish History of Rome.

Mr. Townsend Mayer will commence in one of the English magazines for July a series of articles founded upon unpublished correspondence and MSS. of Leigh Hunt.

The *Academy* states that Lord Acton has in the press a collection of unpublished journals and diaries kept during the Council of Trent by bishops and officers of the Council.

We understand that the essays which the late Mr. J. S. Mill left behind him in manuscript, on "Nature," "Theism," and "The Utility of Religion," will be published this autumn, probably in October.

The *Athenæum* says that Mr. John Forster's next work is likely to be a biography of Swift, for which he has collected a valuable mass of materials, including not a few unpublished letters of the famous dean.

The subject of the French Academy prize for Eloquence will be, for 1876, on the genius and the works of Rabelais. The prize for Poetry, in 1875, will be given to the author of the best composition on Livingstone.

The Earl of Dunraven is about to visit the Rocky Mountains. He is to be accompanied by Mr. Valentine Bromley, who is to illustrate the Earl's book. Some of Mr. Bromley's sketches will appear for the first time in the *Pictorial World*.

A new journal has been published in London treating exclusively of Transatlantic affairs. *The States*, a weekly newspaper, conducted with much ability, is edited and written solely by Americans, and relates exclusively to United States topics, political and social.

The literary world will, according to the *Weimar Gazette*, shortly be in possession of a most valuable addition to its stores, in the shape of a hitherto unpublished correspondence between Schiller and his sister Christophine and her husband Reinwald, which has been left by Schiller's last daughter, Frau von Gleichen-Russwurm, to Herr Wendelin von Maltzahn with a view to its publication by the latter. The correspondence begins in the memorable year 1782—in which Schiller, a homeless wanderer, received shelter and protection at Bauerbach, and through Reinwald's active participation finished "Kabale und Liebe" and "Fiesco," laid the plan of "Don Carlos," and began "Marie Stuart"—and ends in 1805.

DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

"Bean Brummell" is the subject of a drama shortly to be produced in Paris.

"Madame L'Archiduc," by Albert Millaud, is the theme for M. Offenbach's new opera.

The tenor, Signor Bolis, who has been singing in London, is engaged for the next season at La Scala.

A tenor has been discovered in Vienna who can sing two different notes at one and the same time.

In "Ruth and Naomi" we read, "and Orpha kissed his mother-in-law." The only case upon record.

A singing voice is a musical instrument like any other, and needs tuning up just as carefully as if it were a fiddle.

Madame Adelina Patti is engaged at the Italian Opera, Paris, for the ensuing season, at 250,000 francs.

During their tour in Britain the Jubilee Singers have realized £10,000 toward the funds of the Fisk University, Tenn.

A monument is to be erected in Cassel to Spohr, who lived in that town during the last thirty-seven years of his life.

Mr. Henry Russell has written a series of new songs in conjunction with Mr. Farnie, which will shortly be tried in public.

The trustees of Shakespeare's birthplace and museum pro-

perty report that during last year 10,000 persons inspected the relics.

"Madame Angot" has been played at various places in Italy with very great success, particularly at Naples, Milan, and Rome.

Wagner has been invited to conduct some of his own music at the musical festival to be held at Leeds, England, next autumn.

Madame Judic, the eminent French actress, has created a sensation in Paris by a new song by M. Lecocq, entitled "La Langue des Yeux."

Mme. Di Murska has declined a proffered engagement at the Paris Opéra Comique. Her reason for declining is her desire for rest and recuperation.

At the Grand Opera at Paris there have been some experiments lately tried with the electric light which threaten to eclipse all previous experiments.

The *London Musical Standard* says; "The great gaselier of the new opera at Paris is to cost 30,000 francs, and to have 400 jets, reflected by 2,000 'drops.'"

Hartmann, the Danish composer, has just brought out a new opera called "I hryms Koiden." The scene is laid in Iceland. The music is pronounced light and agreeable.

A discovery has been made at Vienna of the original score of the "Zauberharfe" of Franz Schubert, which, after having been brought out at the Vienna Theatre many years ago, was lost.

M. Halansier, the Director of the Grand Opéra in Paris, has been in London to hear the "Talismano," as also to look out for artistes to appear at the new theatre when it is opened in 1875.

The rough stone and brick shell of the Wagner Theatre, Bayreuth, is now complete. The outside decorations and the inside fitting-up are in active progress, and the machinery for the stage is in course of construction.

A society has been established in France for the purpose of producing the works of unknown or little known composers. It has a concert-room and orchestra and singers, and proposes to give concerts of entirely new music.

The health of M. Gounod has not improved during his residence at Blackheath. He proposes living for some months at a chateau near Trouville, where he will be joined by his late hosts at Tavistock House, Mr. and Mrs. Weldon.

The last nights of "Le Sphinx" are announced. It has yielded to M. Octave Feuillet about £2,000, which is more than can be said for his first comedy, "La Bourgeoise de Rome," which was mildly hissed at the Odéon, as long ago as 1846.

Theatrical art is enterprising in Russia, thanks to State and municipal management. The town of Odessa invites all the architects of the world to send plans for a theatre to contain 2,000 spectators, and not to cost more than 800,000 roubles to build.

The project of producing M. Gounod's sacred work, "The Annunciation," with Mrs. Weldon as chief singer, to which Dr. Wesley, the conductor of the Gloucester Musical Festival, had given his consent, has not been approved by the committee of stewards.

M. Victor Masse will probably be the composer chosen to write the inaugural work for the opening of the new Paris Opera in January next. M. Gounod had been proposed, but the idea was rejected on the plea that the author of "Faust" had become too Anglicised.

Some fun was created at an amateur performance at Bayswater, London, lately. The piece was "Plot and Passion," and the audience was kept waiting a full hour for the commencement, which was thus delayed from seven to eight. With cruel irony the piece commences with "It's seven o'clock and Madame not returned." The house roared.

When Madame Rachel first appeared at the Théâtre Français in 1831, the nightly receipts were only 724 francs; in 1845 the same theatre netted 11,000 francs per night. The celebrated tragedienne was very exacting in point of remuneration; but stars are not proverbial for anything generous in this respect. However, art cannot regret her pecuniary exigencies; she rendered to the stage during twenty years all the lustre and prestige that it lost with Talma. Doubtless her terms would be now cordially given to any artiste who could once more restore tragedy in France, which expired with Rachel in 1858.

The "Pied de Mouton" has at last seen the light again in all the glories of modern dress and undress. The costumes of Grévin, especially those in the skating scene and those of the enchanted flowers, are charming, especially the latter. The piece itself is a jumble of the usual *féerie* style, dependent for its attraction on its scenic effects. One of the best scenes in the old piece was the enchanted forest, in which gigantic hands and feet issued from every tree and buffeted travellers; an effect then novel, but since frequently used. In the new version a double row of statues are introduced, and the blows are given by them. The change is scarcely an improvement.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

GIUSEPPE VERDI.—The name of Verdi has again come prominently forward in connection with a new work just issued from his pen. This is a Mass of Requiem in memory of Manzoni, the late Italian poet, and author of "I Promessi Sposi." Verdi's Mass was first performed at Milan, and a few weeks ago it was repeated at Paris. The judgment of the critics is very favourable thereupon. The style, as might have been expected, is a departure from the religious method, but it possesses an elevation which removes it from the opera. The work is pronounced worthy of its author, and even indicative of a positive advance in massed orchestration.

DOLCE FAR NIENTE.—This is a beautiful scene from the shores of Procida, or Portici, with the crater of Vesuvius in the distance, the bright waters of the Bay of Naples in the centre, and a group of as happy mortals as ever breathed in the foreground. People of the North may moralize as they like, but with such a climate, such scenery, such flowers and such vegetation, it is truly delightful to bask in the sunshine and revel in the luxury of doing nothing.

THE REPRIMAND.—Matilda has been indiscreet and disobedient, so her mother is obliged to take her before the old pastor. In her presence she scoldingly tells her story, while Matilda looks demure, and not much afraid of the good priest who bap-

tized her and taught her her catechism. Besides, how could the Padre be severe with that fragrant Mocha in the urn and those two bottles of golden Xeres peeping out of the ice-tub? And his snuff-box, and the Angora tabby snoozing at his side? The scene is Andalusian.

BRUNEAUT.—We call particular attention to this remarkable picture by the eminent French painter, Luminais. In mere technique it is full of power. The drawing of the dying steed is a study in itself.

THE GIRL AND THE LARK.—This is from a painting by Robert Bayschlog. The simplicity of the composition brings out the beauty and intensity of the ideal.

KAULBACH IN HIS STUDIO.—We give this picture not only in memory of the great German painter, lately deceased at Munich, but likewise to impart to the uninitiated a glimpse of the interior of an artist's workshop. Every kind of model in plaster is found in the room, so that the artist can copy form in all varieties without rising from his chair.

ODDITIES.

Sunday School teacher—"Next Sunday we'll have the death of Moses." Overjoyed pupil—"Then he did die at last."

Mr. Wiskey fell into a Wisconsin pond and was drowned. He thought a little water would improve him, but it didn't.

Green Bay has decided that a widower ought to mourn at least three weeks before shying around for a second wife.

Similia similibus curantur. A Western veterinary surgeon claims that brandy is an excellent remedy for the "staggers."

Hashed is the latest and most graphic way of saying that a man has been run over by a locomotive and ten or fifteen cars.

"Excursion tickets to participate in the festivities attending the execution of Jim Davis," are advertised at half-price in Texas.

The Peoria woman who wanted to throw herself into her husband's grave a few months ago has just married a lightning-rod man.

"For a young woman to begin to pick lint off a young man's coat collar" is said to be the first symptom that the young man is in peril.

A Kentucky farmer says that three good bulldogs roaming the yard nights will do more to keep a man honest than all the talking in the world.

A Kansas boy earned a nice Bible by committing three hundred verses to memory, and then he traded his Bible for a shotgun and accidentally shot his aunt in the leg.

When an old citizen of Detroit goes through a runaway unharmed the *Free Press* felicitates him on his escape from "free-rolling the wheels of a passing express wagon with his brains."

The *Courier-Journal* suggests that if the Ohio crusaders would take about three fingers of Bourbon before each meal they would find that they could pray a saloon-keeper into fits in half the time.

A German physicist proposes to make poplar trees do the work of lightning rods. If by this means he can succeed in doing away with lightning rod peddlers, we can't see why this shouldn't be a poplar method.

Naughty young Indianapolis are immersed in water barrels by their fond mammas until they promise not to go fishing with Bill Jones again. This is called moral suasion, and doesn't break a child's spirit like whipping.

Referring to the way the least rumble of Bald Mountain, down in North Carolina, sends people thereabout to their knees, a Chicago paper piously remarks that a Bald Mountain wouldn't be a bad thing to have in Chicago.

"I tell you," said a Wisconsin man to a neighbour next day after burying his wife, "when I came to get into bed, and lay thar, and not hearing Lucinda jawing around for an hour and a half, it just made me feel as if I'd moved into a strange country."

"My dear boy said a fond aunt to a very fast living nephew, "don't you know that in leading this irregular life you are shortening your days?" "It's quite possible that I may be shortening my days, but then look how I lengthen my nights," was the reply.

Len. G. Faxon, of the Paluoch *Kentuckian*, comes out in a card accepting the call from "many voters" to become a candidate for coroner. He says that "an experience of several years within the precincts of Cairo render me an excellent judge of a dead man."

An Augusta stonecutter has finished a headstone, on which is carved:

Stranger, pause and shed a tear,
For I was very beautiful;
But sickness came; I had to die;
And have gone to play with the angels.

The most diabolical pun ever invented was perpetrated by a very harmless sort of person the other evening. When Mr. Soberleigh read that a father in the West has chopped his only son in two, he innocently remarked that he didn't think they ought to arrest a man for simply "parting his hair in the middle."

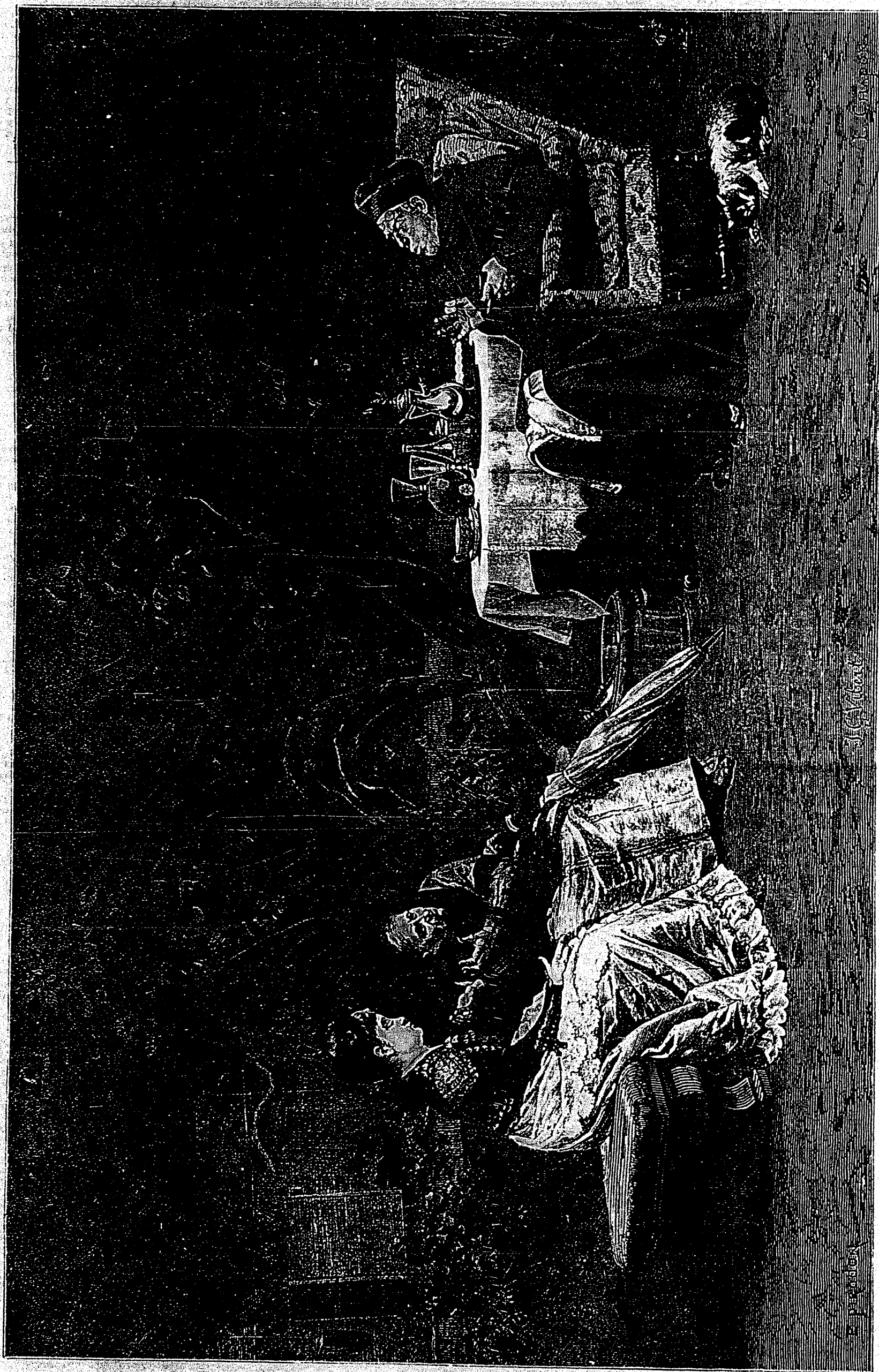
There is nothing like dressing your local items in rhetorical finery, even if you do have to come to plain English at the end. See an example. An Oswego paper describes a fire by saying that "the red flames danced in the heavens and flung their fiery arms about like a black funeral pall, until Sam Jones got upon the roof and dashed them out with a pail of water."

Conversation between an inquiring stranger and a steamboat pilot: "That is Black Mountain?" "Yes, sir: highest mountain above Lake George." "Any story or legend connected with that mountain?" "Lots of 'em. Two lovers went up that mountain once and never came back again." "Indeed! Why, what became of them?" "Went down on the other side."

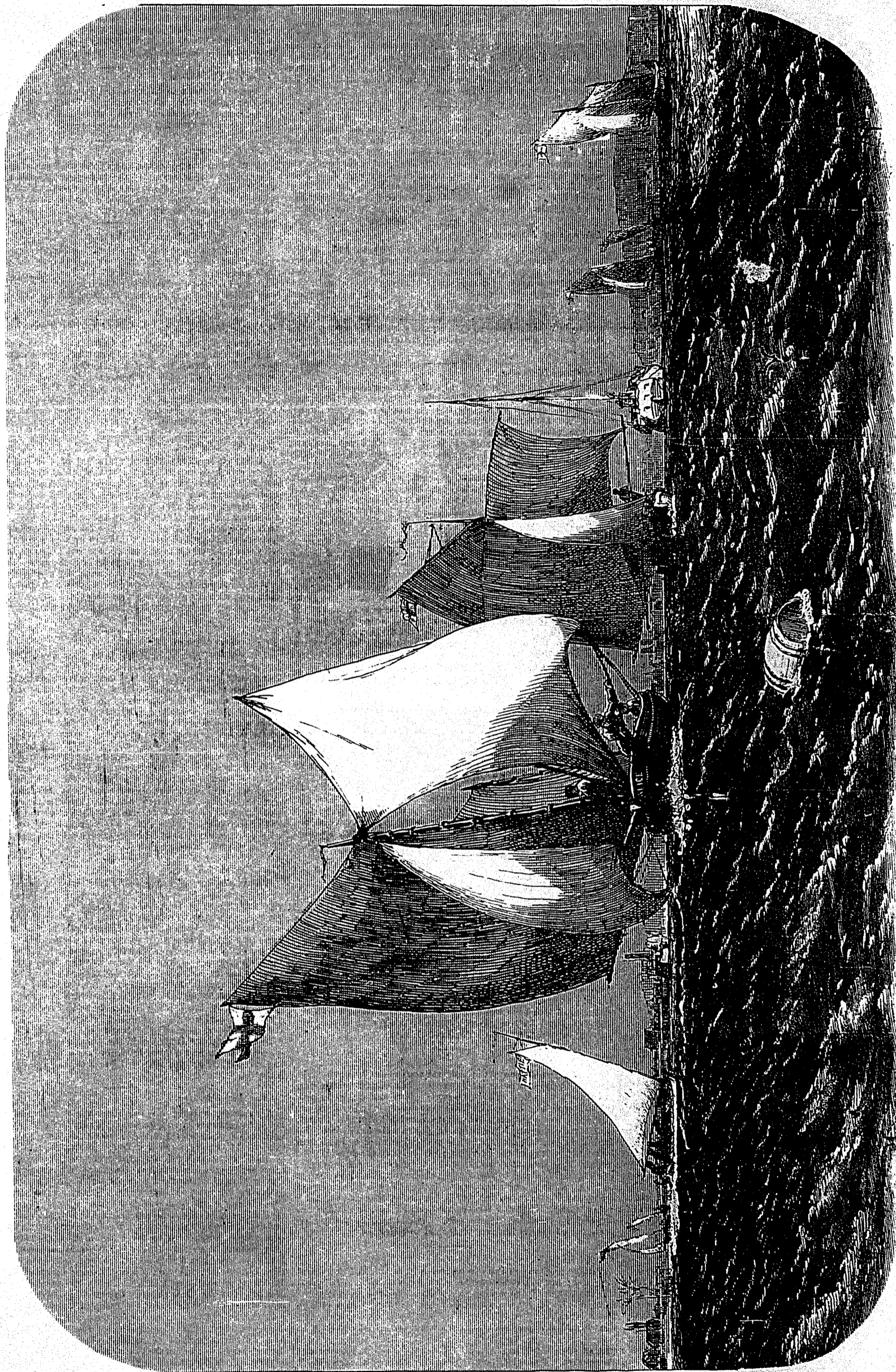
It is announced that a man who last season had \$200 worth of trunks destroyed by the "baggage smashers" has had five new ones made to order and supplied with compartments containing five pounds each of nitro-glycerine. He proposes to travel from Maine to Texas, covering all the watering places, and will have a coroner along to hold inquests of the victims.

On the walk a hat did lie,
And a gallus chap sailed by,
And he cut a lively swell—
He was a clerk to a hotel;
And he gave that hat a kick,
And he came across a brick—
Now upon a crutch he goes
Minus half a pound of toes.

A firm dealing largely in coal in one of our Western cities had in their service an Irishman named Barney. One day the head of the firm, irritated beyond endurance at one of Barney's blunders, told him to go to the office and get his pay, and added: "You are so thick-headed I can't teach you anything." "Begorra," says Barney, "I larn wan thing since I've been wid ye!" "What's that?" asked his employer. "That siventeen hundred make a ton."



"THE REPRIMAND."—By VERET. FROM THE PARIS SALON.



THE LONGUEUIL REGATTA.—THE RACE FOR THE NOTMAN CUP.

THOUGHTS.

"The sun set in a sea of brilliant hues,
Crimson, and gold, and azure; one by one
I saw the colours blend and interfuse,
And follow down the pathway of the sun.
I almost wished with them to fade away
Over the distant edge, and die as they."

Thus spake my friend half lightly; but my heart
Shrank, trembling at the words with sudden dread.
"And when the time shall come for us to part,
Must each go on his way alone?" I said;
"And in that unknown country shall we meet,
Or seek each other with unrestful feet?"

Shall we love there, as here—what thinkest thou?"
He answered slowly with a thoughtful face;
"If from my nature could be taken now
All memories, passions, hopes, the love and grace
Which is of thee, and maketh up the whole,
'Twould leave the merest shadow of a soul."

But if our lives begin anew, 'twill be
As if we ne'er had lived." With blanched cheek
I answered, "Say not that, it frighteth me."
"Why," said he, smiling, "how art thou so weak?
Why fear or wonder? Let us live our best,
And to our Father's goodness leave the rest."

FOR EVERYBODY.

So Early In The Morning.

Baron Rothschild has inaugurated a new and agreeable fashion—in which his neighbours share—for being awakened; every morning at five o'clock a chorus of delightful French horns play in a part of his park in the Bois de Boulogne.

Floating Theatre.

A charming idea comes from Paris, that of a floating theatre, which is to roam from pier to pier along the River Seine, and must be delightfully cool in hot weather, besides affording great scope for water scenes. A real sensation header into real water would be something like an effect.

Royal Summering.

The German Crown Prince and Crown Princess will be accompanied during their stay in the Isle of Wight by their younger children only. The eldest two Princes will remain at Potsdam to continue their studies. The Imperial couple propose to spend six weeks at the Isle of Wight.

French "Whelps."

The Paris *Figaro* advocates the introduction of "whips" into the French Assembly. "These gentlemen," it explains, "are young members of Parliament, who pass their lives in tilburres, thrashing their horses, and driving about clubs, restaurants, drawing-rooms, and other places in search of the lazy and undutiful members of their party."

Prussian Steamship.

The great Prussian ship of war "Kaiser Wilhelm," which ran ashore at Wilhelmshafen, has become so hopelessly imbedded in the sand that it will cost more to get her out than she is worth, costly though this ironclad was. The Prussian Government is so disgusted that there is some talk of giving up Wilhelmshafen as a naval port, though a very large sum has been spent upon it.

Greenery.

The actress Mme. Brohan gave a dinner to several friends at her country residence near Versailles to fête her recent triumphs at Brussels. She suddenly fainted, and lay for a long time inanimate, when it was found that her green dress was the cause of her illness. On being supplied with a white robe she at once revived. In the country the trees alone have the privilege to remain in green.

The Universal Remedy.

Medical science in Holland claims to have discovered yet another remedial power of that beneficial substance, quinine. German physicians, who have used it for several years in their practice, say that quinine is a sovereign cure of small-pox, if administered in a pure state and at an early stage of the disease. It acts as a prompt antidote to the poison of the dread malady, but must be given in large doses.

A Chess Maxim.

A chess-player, in his enthusiasm for the game, in a recent work gives this pleasing anecdote of Louis the Sixth's appreciation of the game: "In an engagement in which Louis VI., King of France, was, a soldier of the enemy took hold of the bridle of his horse, crying out, 'The King is taken.' 'No, sir,' replied Louis, lifting up his battle-axe, with which he clove his head in two; 'no, sir, a king is never taken, not even at chess.'"

Paris In Athens.

Who would have supposed twenty-two centuries back that cultured Greece would ever be indebted to barbaric Gaul for the promotion of learning? Nevertheless, in Athens they have just named a street Ambroise-Firmin Didot, after the celebrated Paris publisher, who has recently presented a printing press to the town of Nauplia. Thus do the countrymen of Voltaire and Renan repay the debt which they owe to the countrymen of Socrates and Plato.

A Farmer's Care For The "Wide, Wide, World."

A worthy farmer, not a hundred miles from Lochgoilhead, was greatly exercised last year regarding the safety of his hay crop. The weather, though often threatening, favoured his efforts till he succeeded in getting it safely gathered in, being in this respect more fortunate than several of his neighbours. After seeing the last wisp of straw round his stacks, he exclaimed, with a self-satisfied air—"Noo, sin' I ha'e gotten my hay a' safe in, I think the warld would be greatly the better o' a guid shower."

A Studious Prince.

The French Prince Imperial is quietly and steadily pursuing his studies at the Royal Military Academy, applying himself diligently to his duties, apparently indifferent to the strife now prevailing at Versailles. He has recently been visiting the Royal Arsenal for purposes of study, and is always accompanied when walking abroad by Count Clary and other attendants. The Prince will probably finish his studies at the Academy at the close of the year.

Lacteal Deodorization.

An American inventor has produced a pail to destroy the peculiar odour of fresh-drawn milk. It is a tin pail, the bottom of which is perforated with one or two rows of holes three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter. This pail is hung over the empty milk cans, and the milk poured in through a strainer. The fluid starts through the holes in streams, but before it falls a foot it is separated into drops, and is thoroughly purified of all offensive odours by the air, which is a good deodorizer.

Intervals Of Inspiration.

Writing about the late Professor Agassiz, several popular essayists have spoken in a semi-apologetic way of his unmethodical manner of working. The truth is that the great naturalist was a man of genius, and had alternately productive and non-productive moods, like all possessors of that great gift. In his hours of inspiration he did immortal work; but in the hours coming between his abilities were at their ebb, and to have tasked them for an equality with his best production would have been to produce what lesser men might have done better.

Permanent Lighting.

A chemical experimenter in St. Petersburg has discovered a new and beautiful means of popular illumination. Placing a pencil of charcoal in a glass tube not more than six inches long, exhausting the air from the tube, and hermetically sealing the latter, and then passing a current of electricity through the charcoal, he produces a light at once brilliant and soft, which will last for an indefinite period. As the charcoal is not perceptibly consumed in the process, and two hundred tubes, at considerable distances apart, can be kept splendidly luminous by a single electrical machine, the discoverer thinks that he can light a whole city at fabulously small cost.

A Royal Daughter's Memorial.

The Duke of Beaufort's tomb, which adjoined the tomb of the King of the Belgians in the south aisle of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, has been removed to the family estate in Gloucestershire. It was removed in twenty-one packages. Her Majesty has determined to erect in the vacuum a magnificent chapel and a monument in honour of her father, the Duke of Kent. This will necessitate the removal of the tomb of the King of the Belgians, which will be placed near the organ loft in the north aisle, beside the monument of Sir John Elley. The windows of the new chapel will be in stained glass to correspond with those in the immediate vicinity. The works are entrusted to the firm of Messrs. Poole & Co., of London.

Beautiful Venus.

The Venus of Milo controversy still continues in Paris as to whether that famous statue was originally an isolated figure, or formed part of a group. Endless documents have been brought forward, and the first letter sent by the Smyrna Consul respecting the statue has at length been discovered. It mentions that the remains of the left arm and hand holding an apple were found at the same time as the torso. In its next sitting the Académie des Beaux-Arts is to decide this important question from the fragments. It is thought that the form of the arm and hands points to the Venus being in a leaning position on the shoulder of some other figure at her left, probably Mars. The fragments of the arm, &c., are now placed in the same room as the Venus at the Louvre.

A Pestilential Girl.

A young woman, carrying a large bundle, lately missed the last ferry boat, and determined, nothing daunted, to take a long walk round by Portland Bridge. Of course, she met the inevitable young man, and of course he saluted her, and asked permission to escort her home. Her reply may be commended to all young women in similar circumstances. "Sir," said she, "I would not advise you to come near me unless you have had the small-pox. I am allowed out only in the evening, and am carrying a bundle of soiled linen from a patient." The young man had not time to be polite. He merely ejaculated, "Oh, Lord!" and, according to the local newspaper, nothing more was seen of him save and except his coat tails rapidly vanishing from sight in the gloom of the evening, and apparently moving in the direction of Portland Bridge.

Watering Places.

Dr. Trousseau observed of thermal stations, "As a principle, all watering places are good for persons in sound health provided they do not drink the water." It is not amiss to bear this in mind at a moment when so many sturdy invalids are preparing to set out on their usual annual pilgrimage. Perlet, the comedian, is an illustration in point. He found his solid flesh to be melting away, and his medical adviser ordered him to try the waters of the Pyrenees; on arriving the local doctor assured him the baths would make him stout in a few weeks. Perlet continued the course for some time, but found no change in his condition, when one morning in his bath he overheard a lady say to the same doctor, "I am not getting lean at all." "Be assured, madam, patience and confidence, the baths are renowned for making figures slim." Perlet at once quitted his bath, called for his bill, and returned to Paris.

Village Parties.

Village parties continue to be much in favour in France and England; nor can it be wondered at, for nothing can be prettier than the sight of a company of fascinating women dressed each in the national costume of her country. In a village dress, arms, feet, neck, body, hair, and eyes are all free, and thus it is that, being natural and untrammelled, ladies gain in ease of speech and manners. No wonder, then, that "village garden fêtes" are so popular. No other garden parties are given now. There is a positive rage for these "village fêtes."

Add to that, that "village games," "village dances," with "maypoles," "wheels of fortune," are all introduced into these novel entertainments, and with a romp in the hay it is delightful nonsensical, especially when the young men are set, while the ladies romp, to dig potatoes, pick strawberries, or to try and milk the cows for the necessary cream.

Hard On The Militia.

Some one was remarking to Lord Palmerston that England needed no standing army, because, if she were invaded, the people would rise as one man. He made answer, "Yes, and they would be knocked down as one man."

Love Of Country.

A Western stump orator, in the course of one of his speeches, remarked, "Gentlemen, if the Par-ty-fix Ocean wor an ink-stand, and the hull clouded canopy of heaven and the level ground of our yearth wor a sheet of paper, I couldn't begin to write my love of country onto it."

The Apparel Not Bespeaking The Man.

Every Frenchman has at present to graduate as a soldier; a young and well-known French marquis is now doing his duty as a private soldier. He arrived in Paris on furlough, and called on some lady relatives; the house porter informed him the ladies were out driving, but that the maid-servants were upstairs.

"Letting Him Down."

A witty popular auctioneer was selling some valuable pictures, amongst which was a painting representing an old baronial residence, when a rather forward well-known buyer, worth plenty of cash, pooh-poohed the picture, adding, "I assure you it is not a bit like the place." The auctioneer with great presence of mind replied, "Ah, sir, your opinion is of very little consequence. I don't think you can have seen this view of it, as you entered by the back door very likely."

Hard On The Piper.

A bagpiper of a regiment stationed at the Cape of Good Hope drank so much one night that he could not stand up, and in this situation his companions carried him out into the open air and laid him down to get cool and sober. He soon fell asleep, and a wild beast happening to come along, and thinking him dead, lifted him up and carried him off, expecting to have a good meal of him. The fellow on awakening was horror-struck to find himself in the power of a ferocious beast, who was making off to the mountains with him as fast as possible. But his fears brought him to his senses, and seizing his bagpipes, which hung about his neck, he sounded a terrible screech, at which the beast became as much frightened as the man was with his situation. The prey was dropped, and captor and captive, bowing politely, marched off in different directions.

An Ingenious Captain.

The "Belle," (Captain Hill), from New York to Port Chalmers, New Zealand, encountered terrific weather off Kerguelen Land, and shortly after the last tank of fresh water in the hold was opened and discovered to be as salt as the water alongside, one cause being attributed to the leakage in the decks during the heavy weather encountered; twenty gallons of good fresh water was all that was left. The vessel was then south of Tasmania, and the wind at north (a dead beat); her course was continued, and in this emergency the captain contrived and constructed a simple condenser from the galley fire, the steam of which led into a kerosene tin by means of a small pipe and part of the barrel of a Snider rifle. This means, however, not being sufficient, another pipe was attached to the tin, and led outside the galley into a small cask, whereby, with the assistance of spare spars for fuel, eight gallons of good water were made per day. By this simple method, well known, but which some forget to practise in the moment of need, Captain Hill saved his crew from want.

How To Get A Living.

There was once a rather needy laird who had a kirk preferment to fill up, while one of his nearest neighbours had a son ripe for church preferment, but whose ripeness was in some danger of turning to rottenness. Of the father it may be truly said, as Sir W. Scott said of Jupiter Carlyle, "a shrewd auld carle was he." The high contracting parties knew perfectly well what was to be done; how to put the articles of the treaty into binding and diplomatic form was the difficulty. "Coom ower to the hoose an' tak your kail after the kirk scalls," was the laird's hospitable invitation to his neighbour, and the invitation was accepted. "Ye'll hae heard that oor kirk's vacant," said the laird, when the toddy had fairly done its work. "Oo aye," said his guest, "and I'll wager you £400, laird, our Geordie disna get it." "Mack the wager £500, mon." "Done, laird." "Done," said the entertainer. The parish in question never had a more laborious respected gentleman filling its pulpit, or one who did more to raise it socially and morally.

Syntax And Marriage.

A spinster, writing on the marriage service, says: "Bad taste, bad grammar, and perjury may have their places, but a marriage service would not seem to be the place for them. 'I take thee to be my wedded wife (or husband)... to have and to hold' is an awkwardness for which only long inculcated reverence could feel so much theoretical respect as not to mar a matrimonial ecstasy. 'Till death us do part' is a dislocation in which the most devout church woman must feel a pang. The inquiry, 'who giveth this woman unto this man?' is, to say the least of it, an anachronism. 'I pronounce you man and wife' flavours somewhat of the tenement house pathos, as of a couple henceforth to say, 'My man is abroad to-day,' or 'My woman is getting dinner.' 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow' is a fiction so stupendous as to be more amusing than impressive. 'Do you promise to obey him and serve him? The woman shall say I will.' Herein we have the spectacle of a priest at the altar offering the most solemn vow to a woman who had not the least intention of keeping it; who will not keep it, if she has; and who ought not to keep it, whether she has or not. The church service was written in a bygone age, for a bygone type of society. Its real beauties cannot save it intact to the future. The marriage to be will demand a pledge for which this is neither speech nor language."

THE SILENT WITNESS.

Did you ever hear of Pawpaw village?
Probably not.
It was certainly too inconsiderable when the events here narrated took place, to be worthy of the notice of any compiler of geographies.
The belle of Pawpaw was Rose Unwin.
She was the daughter of the richest man in the place, and the prettiest girl by far for miles around.
She counted her beaux by twenties, and could have married any one of them if she would, but girlhood was too attractive to her.
She said "No" to everyone who proposed to her, but she said it in such a way that she angered none of them.
Some of these lovers had given up the chase in despair and had fallen in love with other girls and married them.
Some still bided their time; among them Warren Lawrence the miller's son.
The miller was an old man, who had made money—a friend of Rose Unwin's father.
Warren was his only son.
He was handsome and graceful, and, what was more highly valued in that part of the world, he was very strong and very large—six feet two in his stockings, and a cloth-yard broad from shoulder to shoulder.
It was said that Warren had sworn that no one save himself should marry Rose Unwin, that the life of any man who should "cut him out" would not be safe for an hour, and many believed it.
Rose only laughed at the tale.
Even if it were true, she scarcely liked Warren less for being so much in earnest.
"None of them," she had said to herself so often that she believed it, "none of them will ever call me wife. I will be my own mistress, my father's pet, my happy self for ever. Love is something a woman does not experience. I, at least, shall never feel it for anyone."
But one day the clergyman's nephew came to visit her, and she said this no more.
Charles Dorset was not handsomer than many of the men who wooed her; he was by no means so large.
He was a scholarly man, prematurely bald, and with a mild, quiet, gentlemanly face.
But she had never seen anyone like him before, and he fascinated her.
His admiration pleased her.
She respected him, and her coquetry deserted her in his presence.
No woman ever flirts with a man whom she either respects or loves.
She ceased to think solely of herself and her power over hearts.
She thought a great deal of him.
At last she knew the truth—she loved him.
Long before this he had known that he loved her.
No one else suspected the truth.
The men saw nothing dangerous in Charles Dorset; the women were not penetrating enough to discern, in the absence of all those high arts of flirtation in which Rose was such an adept, the fact that she felt, for once in her life, a veritable passion.
As for the old father, it never entered his mind that a girl, who could stand out against Warren Lawrence's six odd feet of burly, florid, young manhood, would succumb to a plain, almost middle-aged man, not much taller than she was herself. But it was so.
Rose no longer said that no man could win her heart.
She knew that one had won it.
Still she flirted, rode, boated, danced with all save that one; still she had glances that set men's hearts beating, and smiles that thrilled them through, for all save him.
But when he sat beside her, her eyes sought the ground, her cheek flushed, her tongue was silent.
One evening, when the moon was high, the old farmer took his evening nap on the lounge, and Rose and Charles Dorset were alone upon the broad veranda.
Neither had spoken for a long while.
What had been said by Charles before this silence had fallen upon them had set Rose's heart beating wildly.
He had spoken of leaving the place, of going away,
Now he leaned towards her and looked intently into her face.
She knew that his eyes were upon her, but she did not lift hers.
As they sat thus, some one came unheard along the path that led from the other side of the house, and stood motionless in the shadow of the trees, watching them.
It was Warren Lawrence.
"The outrageous flirt!" he said to himself; "how she leads that parson fellow on. It would be fun to hear him get his dismissal, and see how he'd take it. Does he think he has a chance with her?"
Just then the "parson fellow" put his hand on the girl's arm.
"Rose," he said softly.
Warren chuckled softly to himself.
"Rose, when I go hence, will you go with me? I love you very dearly. I will do all I can to make you happy. Do you love me enough to let me, Rose?"
Warren Lawrence heard no answer, but in a moment more, he saw Rose's head lying on Charles Dorset's shoulder.
He could not believe his senses.
He stared in silence.
He saw the man shower kisses on the fair young face.
He heard words of endearment pass between them, and still fancied himself in a dream.
At last he stole away, his rage overpowering his surprise as time passed on, and he felt that the girl he had sworn to win had given herself to another.
He sat down on a fallen tree not far from the farm-house, and tried to think
He had been out shooting that day, and his errand at the Unwins' had been to offer them the contents of his game bag.
It lay at his feet, his rifle leant against the great oak behind him.
He held his head between his hands, pressing the temples tight between his palms, and tried to think, but thought deserted him,
Reason fled.

Blind jealousy, led by blind passion, took possession of his soul; for the time being he was a maniac.
For a long while he sat thus, grinding his teeth, and muttering threats between them.
He had no definite purpose in remaining; he only felt that he could not meet anyone, kinsman, friend, or stranger, until he felt calmer.
The moon still rode through the sky, but now she scudded through black clouds which were gathering rapidly.
Now her bright rim peeped from behind the dark masses; now she lay in a little sea of clear dark blue; now she was gone again, and anon he saw her burst brighter than ever from her imprisonment.
Low mutterings arose.
The wind began to play pranks with the scattered leaves, and to toss the branches about overhead.
A sudden thunder-shower was about to break over Pawpaw.
Warren Lawrence understood the signs of the weather as well as any man living, but he did not stir.
What was the tempest to him, in whose heart a wilder tempest was raging?
Soon the thunder rattled overhead.
The moon was blotted out, and only the bright lightning flashes lit the scene.
Prudent people had made the best of their way home, and some belated pedestrian was hurrying along past the place where the young man sat.
He came with a quick, light step, and whistled as he ran.
Instinct told Warren Lawrence who it was.
It was Charles Dorset going home to the parsonage.
He saw the slender form, a mere black shadow in the greyer darkness; and remembering how he had seen Rose's head upon its shoulder, he grew mad with fury.
He seized his rifle and stood up.
The broad tree boughs stretched over him, and the dark trunk stood behind him like a wall.
Not even his outline could have been seen by anyone who looked that way, as it might upon the road.
He lifted the rifle to his shoulder, took aim and fired.
At that moment a flash of lightning such as he had never seen before, illuminated the sky.
The road, the wood beyond, the distant church and parsonage, were all distinctly visible.
The light was more intense than that of broad day.
It was as though all the objects within sight had been plunged into a great fiery furnace.
The figure on the road had turned, clasped its hand to its heart, and fallen on its face, and Warren Lawrence had been flung forward upon the ground insensible.
Horrible peals of thunder rattled through the sky.
A sound as though great balls of incalculable weight had been rolled over the earth, was prolonged for several minutes.
Then the rain poured down with a fury impossible to describe.
It brought Warren Lawrence to his senses, and enabled him, after awhile, to stagger home.
But, at dawn, some farmer, early on the road, found Charles lying dead, shot through the back of the head in a most horrible manner.
He had not an enemy upon earth, as far as was known.
No one guessed that he had been a suitor of Rose Unwin, or that she had favoured him.
Suspicion could not rest upon Warren Lawrence—upon anyone.
It was decided that someone bent on plunder had attacked the young man on his way home.
There had been tramps in the woods that day, unknown fellows of unpleasant looks.
The crime was laid to their charge, and search was made for any trace of them in vain.
Those to whom Charles Dorset was dear bore their grief as best they could.
His betrothed suffered in silence.
Only one man knew her grief—the man who caused it.
Weeks passed—months glided by him.
The sod grew green above the murdered man's grave, and his murderer was wooing the woman who had loved him with all the power that in him lay.
She was changed and saddened, but she was a woman still and young.
By degrees she yielded to his entreaties, and at last promised to be his wife.
Before Charles came she had liked him better than anyone else.
She liked him still.
She could love no one, she said.
Her one love was past; but she could be a good wife and true, and be proud of this great, blooming, beautiful animal who was so fond of her.
But, when she had pledged herself, she was more sorrowful than before.
A love like this was but a mockery of that sweet feeling she had once experienced, and she sobbed herself asleep that night thinking of Charles Dorset.
It was but natural that she should dream of him.
She thought he came to her bedside and knelt down there; that he took her hand and held it in his own, and, though she knew he was no living man, but a spirit, that she had no fear of him.
"I have come to warn you," he said. "Do you remember the storm that night—the night I died? Do you remember the last flash of lightning?"
Then every particular of the storm seemed to return to her memory.
"Go, look at the oak," he said, "the old oak at the head of the long road. Look at that before you marry Warren Lawrence."
Then he was gone.
She started, wide awake, cold, trembling, horror-stricken.
But all was calm.
The stars shone in through the small window panes.
There was not a sound to be heard.
"Only a dream," she said; "and a troubled mind gives birth to dreams."
And she prayed, and strove to sleep again.
With sleep the dream returned, and thrice before the day-dawn the self-same words were whispered in her ear—
"Before you marry Warren Lawrence, look at the oak tree at the head of the long road."
Look at the oak tree.
Within sight of it her lover had been shot dead.
The oak tree itself had been smitten.

Was there some proof by which the murderer could be traced lingering about that tree?
Was the dream merely the folly of disturbed slumber, or was it a warning not to be slighted?
In any case, she would have been more than woman could she have refrained from obeying the mandate which had been uttered; for, though natural good sense taught her that only in dreamland had she met her lost lover, still the impression that his lips had uttered the words which she had heard was too strong to be cast aside.
In the bright dawn of the early June day which followed this dream-filled night, Rose Unwin took her way to the spot indicated by the vision.
Ever since that fatal night, ten months before, she had avoided this road.
Now, for the first time, she trod it.
Slowly, and with an aching heart, she passed the pretty, scattered cottages, and came to the head of the long road.
On one side arose a green hill, on the other a bit of beautiful woodland; at its head like a gigantic sentinel, towered the mighty oak tree under which Warren Lawrence had cast himself down after seeing Rose in the arms of Charles Dorset, in the shelter of which he had taken aim at the unhappy man.
Green and fresh as ever stood this oak on one side.
The other was dead, seared.
That horrible flash of lightning had splintered it and cut away a long, smooth slab on one side of the trunk.
The night that had left its mark on her heart had also left its mark on this great tree.
It stood a monument of that awful hour, when with his love-kiss fresh upon her lips, Charles Dorset breathed his last, the victim of mad jealousy.
"But why am I sent here?" asked Rose of herself. "What can I gain by this sight—I, who have never forgotten—who will never forget?"
As she spoke she approached the tree and placed her hands upon it.
Her eyes rested on the side of the tree over which the lightning had passed.
It was bereft of bark, and comparatively flat and smooth.
Had someone been drawing upon it?
What was this?
Her heart gave one wild bound, and then she stood still; a cold moisture bedewed her forehead, and for a moment she was dumb and motionless.
For this is what she saw upon the tree.
A photograph of Warren Lawrence, with his rifle lifted to his shoulder.
His profile delicately defined, as though drawn by the most careful artist, expressed, in his bent brows and set teeth, the passions of hate and revenge.
Gazing upon it, any ordinarily intelligent observer would have said—
"The man is about to commit a murder."
As her eyes told her this, Rose knew, as well as though she had been a witness of the awful deed, that Warren Lawrence had killed Charles Dorset.
An hour after she stood ghost-like and pallid beside him, and bade him follow her.
She led him wondering to the great oak, and pointed, with her trembling finger, to that which she had seen upon it—
The Silent Witness
"You knew of our love. You laid in wait for him. You slew him," she said. "I am a woman, and I do not thirst for your blood, but we cannot breathe the same air. I give you twenty-four hours before I make your crime known. After that I arouse the place. Ah, I have too much mercy on the man who murdered him, against whom Heaven's hand has written an accusation."
And the man who listened only looked wildly at the strange memorial of his awful deed, and with a horror of he knew not what upon him, fled from the fearful sight, and left the place for ever.
The flash of lightning which had illuminated his deed had turned witness against the murderer by photographing him upon the tree; so said one of the two scientific men in Pawpaw.
The other shrugged his shoulders.
It was night; there was no sun; but there was the figure—so good a likeness, too, that no one could fail to perceive it now that it had been discovered.
The majority of the villagers viewed the thing in a supernatural light, and the head of the long road rejoiced in a ghostly reputation for many months.
At last, however, the photograph faded.
By close observation, one could make out marks that might be resolved into the figure of a sportsman taking aim at something, just as cracks in old whitewash or the embers of a fire may be by any imaginative person.
And the wise men of Pawpaw are inclined to think that Rose saw no more, but that the intuition common to women led her by degrees to the truth and to her denunciation of young Lawrence.
As for the women, they have taken the artistic ghost to their heart, and refuse to part from The Silent Witness.

NEW FASHION IN FURNISHING.

Drawing room suites of furniture, writes a Paris correspondent, are quite out of date; no one with any pretension to taste admit them within a house. A fashionable drawing-room now is furnished with cushions, nick-nacks, and tapestries—nothing else. Enter the drawing-room of a lady of fashion, you will not see two chairs alike; you will, indeed, scarcely see a chair at all. What you will see, however, are immense Japanese vases forming flower boxes, and from which emerge large palm trees. Here and there, between these trees in Japanese vases, are placed marble statues and busts. In one corner of the room—and partly surrounded by trees and flowers—is a piano in ebony or palisander case. The chairs, or rather their substitutes, are made so far as to form two cushions, one for the seat and one for the back. Each chair is different. Each is soft and comfortable, like an ottoman. On such a chair every one feels at ease, everyone looks well; and being at ease and looking well, everyone becomes amiable and witty. An ebony Louis XV. table, *à la* led at the corners, may be said to be the only "piece" of furniture in the room. "Whatnots" are of course scattered about, though not in profusion, and nick-nacks of every description fill the corners of the room and the tables. An enamel of the lady of the house is the only picture that is allowed to grace the walls of a drawing-room.



GIRL AND LARK.—FROM A PAINTING BY BEYSCHLAG.



GIUSEPPE VERDI.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

Her pale white bells in beauty show,
Chaste, pure, and sweet as ununsung snow,
And tender leaves of purest green
Enshroud the modest valley-queen.

O lily fair, O lily sweet,
The flower the Saviour deemed it meet
To single out for praise Divine,
Thou dost not—as do others—shine

In regal courts, in fashion's maze,
But shrinkest from all worldly gaze,
And art content obscure to dwell,
To bloom and fade in humble dell.

Thus doth a spirit lowly, meek,
No idle praise of men e'er seek,
But lives all-pure from earthly leaven,
Content to please the eye of Heaven.

NINETY-THREE.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

BOOK THE FOURTH

TELLEMAROH.

VII.—"NO MERCY!" (WATCHWORD OF THE COMMUNE).—
"NO QUARTER!" (WATCHWORD OF THE ROYAL PARTY.)

While all this was passing near Tanis, the mendicant had gone toward Crollon. He plunged into the ravines, among the vast silent bowers of shade, inattentive to everything, and attentive to nothing, as he had himself said; dreamer rather than thinker, for the thoughtful man has an aim, and the dreamer has none; wandering, rambling, pausing, munching here and there a bunch of wild sorrel; drinking at the springs, occasionally raising his head to listen to the distant tumult, again falling back into the bewildering fascination of nature, warming his rags in the sun, hearing sometimes the noise of men, but listening to the song of the birds.

He was old, and moved slowly; he could not walk far; as he had said to the Marquis de Lantencac, a quarter of a league fatigued him; he made a short circuit to the Croix-Avranchin, and evening had come before he returned.

A little beyond Macée, the path he was following led to a sort of culminating point, bare of trees, from whence one could see very far, taking in the whole stretch of the western horizon to the sea.

A column of smoke attracted his attention.

Nothing calmer than smoke, but nothing more startling. There are peaceful smokes, and there are evil ones. The thickness and colour of a line of smoke marks the whole difference between war and peace, between fraternity and hatred, between hospitality and the tomb, between life and death. A smoke mounting among the trees may be a symbol of all that is most charming in the world—a hearth at home; or a sign of that which is most awful—a conflagration. The whole happiness of man, or his most complete misery, is sometimes expressed in this thin vapour, which the wind scatters at will.

The smoke which Tellemarch saw was disquieting.

It was black, dashed now and then with sudden gleams of red, as if the brasier from which it flowed burned irregularly, and had begun to die out; and it rose above Herbe-en-Pail.

Tellemarch quickened his steps, and walked toward this smoke.

He was very tired, but he must know what this signified.

He reached the summit of a hill, against whose side the hamlet and the farm were nestled.

There was no longer either farm or hamlet.

A heap of ruins was burning still—it was Herbe-en-Pail.

There is something which it is more painful to see burn than a palace—it is a cottage. A cottage on fire is a lamentable sight. It is a devastation swooping down on poverty, the vulture pouncing upon the worms of the ground; there is in it a contradiction which chills the heart.

If we believe the Biblical legend, the sight of a conflagration changed a human being into a statue: for a moment Tellemarch seemed thus transformed. The spectacle before his eyes held him motionless. Destruction was completing its work amid unbroken silence. Not a cry rose; not a human sigh mingled with this smoke; this furnace laboured, and finished devouring the village, without any noise being heard save the creaking of the timbers and the crackling of the thatch. At moments the smoke parted, the fallen roofs revealed the gaping chambers, the brasier showed all its rubies; rags turned to scarlet, and miserable bits of furniture, tinted with purple, gleamed amid these vermilion interiors, and Tellemarch was dazzled by the sinister bedazzlement of disaster.

Some trees of a chestnut grove near the houses had taken fire, and were blazing.

He listened, trying to catch the sound of a voice, an appeal, a cry; nothing stirred except the flames; everything was silent, save the conflagration. Was it that all had fled?

Where was the knot of people who lived and toiled at Herbe-en-Pail? What had become of this little band? Tellemarch descended the hill.

A funeral enigma rose before him. He approached with-out haste, with fixed eyes. He advanced towards this ruin with the slowness of a shadow; he felt like a ghost in this tomb.

He reached what had been the door of the farm-house, and looked into the court, which had no longer any walls, and was confounded with the hamlet grouped about it.

What he had before seen was nothing. He had hitherto only caught sight of the terrible; the horrible appeared to him now.

In the middle of the court was a black heap, vaguely outlined on one side by the flames, on the other by the moonlight. This heap was a mass of men; these men were dead.

All about this human mound spread a great pool, which smoked a little; the flames were reflected in this pool, but it had no need of fire to redden it—it was blood.

Tellemarch went closer. He began to examine these prostrate bodies one after another; they were all dead men.

The moon shone; the conflagration also.

These corpses were the bodies of soldiers. All had their feet bare; their shoes had been taken; their weapons were gone also; they still wore their uniforms, which were blue; here and there he could distinguish among these heaped-up limbs and heads shot-riddled hats with tricoloured cockades. They were republicans. They were those Parisians who on the previous evening had been there, all living, keeping garrison at the farm of Herbe-en-Pail. These men had been executed; this was shown by the symmetrical position of the bodies; they had been struck down in order, and with care. They were all quite dead. Not a single death-gasp sounded from the mass.

Tellemarch passed the corpses in review without omitting one; they were all riddled with balls.

Those who had shot them, in haste probably to get elsewhere, had not taken the time to bury them.

As he was preparing to move away, his eyes fell on a low wall in the court, and he saw four feet protruding from one of its angles.

They had shoes on them; they were smaller than the others. Tellemarch went up to this spot. They were women's feet. Two women were lying side by side behind the wall; they also had been shot.

Tellemarch stooped over them. One of the women wore a sort of uniform; by her side was a canteen, bruised and empty; she had been vivandière. She had four balls in her head. She was dead.

Tellemarch examined the other. This was a peasant. She was livid; her mouth open. Her eyes were closed. There was no wound in her head. Her garments, which long marches, no doubt, had worn to rags, were disarranged by her fall, leaving her bosom half naked. Tellemarch pushed her dress aside, and saw on one shoulder the round wound which a ball makes; the shoulder-blade was broken. He looked at her livid breast.

"Nursing mother," he murmured.

He touched her. She was not cold. She had no hurts beside the broken shoulder-blade and the wound in the shoulder.

He put his hand on her heart, and felt a faint throb. She was not dead. Tellemarch raised himself, and cried out in a terrible voice: "Is there no one here?"

"Is it you, Caimand?" a voice replied, so low that it could scarcely be heard. At the same time a head was thrust out of a hole in the ruin. Then another face appeared at another aperture. They were two peasants, who had hidden themselves; the only ones that survived.

The well-known voice of the Caimand had reassured them, and brought them out of the holes in which they had taken refuge.

They advanced towards the old man, both still trembling violently.

Tellemarch had been able to cry out, but he could not talk; strong emotions produce such effects. He pointed out to them with his finger the woman stretched at his feet.

"Is there still life in her?" asked one of the peasants.

Tellemarch gave an affirmative nod of the head.

"Is the other woman living?" demanded the second man.

Tellemarch shook his head.

The peasant who had first shown himself continued, "All the others are dead, are they not? I saw the whole. I was in my cellar. How one thanks God at such a moment for not having a family! My house burned. Blessed Saviour! They killed everybody. This woman here had three children—all little. The children cried—'Mother!' The mother cried—'My children!' Those who massacred everybody are gone. They were satisfied. They carried off the little ones, and shot the mother. I saw it all. But she is not dead, didn't you say so? She is not dead? Tell us, Caimand, do you think you could save her? Do you want us to help carry her to your carnichot?"

Tellemarch made a sign, which signified "Yes."

The wood was close to the farm. They quickly made a litter with branches and ferns. They laid the woman, still motionless, upon it, and set out towards the copse, the two peasants carrying the litter, one at the head, the other at the feet, Tellemarch holding the woman's arm, and feeling her pulse.

As they walked, the two peasants talked; and over the body of the bleeding woman, whose white face was lighted up by the moon, they exchanged frightened ejaculations.

"To kill all!"

"To burn everything!"

"Ah, my God! Is that the way things will go now?"

"It was that tall old man who ordered it to be done."

"Yes; it was he who commanded."

"I did not see while the shooting went on. Was he there?"

"No. He had gone. But no matter; it was all done by his orders."

"Then it was he who did the whole."

"He had said, 'Kill! burn! no quarter!'"

"He is a marquis."

"Of course, since he is our marquis."

"How is it they call him now?"

"He is the lord of Lantencac."

Tellemarch raised his eyes to heaven and murmured:

"If I had known!"

PART THE SECOND.

IN PARIS.

BOOK THE FIRST.

CIMOUDAIN.

I.—THE STREETS OF PARIS AT THAT TIME.

People lived in public: they ate at tables spread outside the door; women seated on the steps of the churches made lint as they sang the Marseillaise. Park Monceaux and the Luxembourg Gardens were parade-grounds. There were gunsmiths' shops in full work; they manufactured muskets before the eyes of the passers-by, who clapped their hands in applause. The watchword on every lip was, "Patience; we are in Revolution." The people smiled heroically. They went to the theatre as they did at Athens during the Peloponnesian war. One saw play-bills such as these pasted at the street corners: "The Siege of Thionville;" "A mother Saved from the Flames;" "The Club of the Careless;" "The Eldest Daughter of Pope Joan;" "The Philosopher Soldiers;" "The Art of Village Love-making."

The Germans were at the gates; a report was current that the King of Prussia had secured boxes at the opera. Everything was terrible, and no one was frightened. The mysterious law against the suspected, which was the crime of Merlin, of Douai, held a vision of the guillotine above every head. A solicitor named Lérans, who had been denounced, awaited his arrest in dressing-gown and slippers, playing his flute at his window. Nobody seemed to have leisure; all the world was in a hurry. Every hat bore a cockade. The women said, "We are pretty in red caps." All Paris seemed to be removing. The curiosity shops were crowded with crowns, mitres, sceptres of gilded wood, and fleurs-de-lys, torn down from the dwellings; it was the demolition of monarchy that went on. Copses were to be seen for sale at the old clothesmen's, and rockets hung on hooks at their doors. At Ramponneau's and the Poncherons, men dressed out in surplices and stoles, and mounted on donkeys caparisoned with chasubles, drank wine at the doors from cathedral ciboriums. In the Rue St. Jacques bare-footed street-pavers stopped the wheelbarrow of a pedlar who had boots for sale, and clubbed together to buy fifteen pairs of shoes, which they sent to the Convention "for our soldiers."

Busts of Franklin, Rousseau, Brutus, and, we must add, of Marat, abounded. Under a bust of Marat in the Rue Cloche-Perce was hung in a black wooden frame, and under glass, an address against Malouet, with testimony in support of the charges, and these marginal lines:

"These details were furnished me by the mistress of Silvain Bailly, a good patriotess, who had a liking for me.

(Signed) MARAT."

The inscription on the Palais Royal fountain—"Quantos effudit in usus!"—was hidden under two great canvases painted in distemper, the one representing Cahier de Gerville denouncing to the National Assembly the rallying cry of the "Chiffonistes" of Arles; the other Louis XVI. brought back from Varennes in his Royal carriage, and under the carriage a plank fastened by cords, on each end of which was seated a grenadier with fixed bayonet.

Very few of the larger shops were open; peripatetic haberdashery and toy-shops were dragged about by women, lighted by candles which dropped their tallow on the merchandise. Open-air shops were kept by ex-nuns, in blonde wigs. This mender, darning stockings in a stall, was a countess; that dressmaker a marchioness. Madame de Boufflers inhabited a garret, from whence she could look out at her own hotel. Hawkers ran about offering the "papers of news." Persons who wore cravats that hid their chins were called "the scrofulous." Street singers swarmed. The crowd hooted Pitou, the royalist song-writer, and a valiant man into the bargain; he was twenty-two times imprisoned and taken before the revolutionary tribunal for slapping his coat-tails as he pronounced the word *civism*. Seeing that his head was in danger, he exclaimed, "But it is just the opposite of my head that is in fault!"—a witticism that made the judges laugh, and saved his life. This Pitou ridiculed the rage for Greek and Latin names; his favourite song was about a cobbler, whom he called *Cujus*, and to whom he gave a wife named *Cujusdam*. They danced the Carmagnole in great circles. They no longer said gentleman and lady, but citizen and citizeness. They danced in the ruined cloisters with the church lamps lighted on the altars, with cross-shaped chandeliers hanging from the vaulted roofs, and tombs beneath their feet. Blue "tyrants' waistcoats" were worn. There were liberty-cap shirt-pins made of white, blue, and red stones. The Rue de Richelieu was called the Street of Law; the Faubourg St. Antoine was named the Faubourg of Glory; a statue of Nature stood in the Place de la Bastille. People pointed out to one another certain well-known personages—Chatelet, Didier, Nicholas and Garnier Delaunay, who stood guard at the door of Duplay the joiner; Voulland, who never missed a guillotine-day, and followed the carts of the condemned—he called it going to "the red mass;" Montflabert, revolutionary jurymen; and a marquis, who took the name of *Dix Août* (Tenth of August).

People watched the pupils of the École Militaire file past, qualified by the decrees of the Convention as "aspirants in the school of Mars," and by the crowd as "the pages of Robespierre." They read the proclamations of Fréron denouncing those suspected of the crime of "negotianism." Young scamps collected at the doors of the mayoralities to mock at the civil marriages, thronging about the brides and grooms as they passed, and shouting "Municipal marriages." At the Invalides, the statues of the saints and kings were crowned with Phrygian caps. They played cards on the kerbstones at the crossings. The packs of cards were also in the full tide of revolution—the kings were replaced by genii; the queens by the Goddess of Liberty; the knaves by figures representing Equality, and the aces by impersonations of Law. They tilled the public gardens; the plough worked at the Tuileries. With all these excesses was mingled, especially among the conquered parties, an indescribable haughty weariness of life. A man wrote to Fouquier-Tinville, "Have the goodness to free me from existence. This is my address." Champanetz was arrested for having cried in the midst of the Palais Royal garden, "When are we to have the revolution of Turkey? I want to see the republic à la Porte."

Newspapers appeared in legions. The hairdressers' men curled the wigs of women in public, while the master read the *Moniteur* aloud. Others, surrounded by eager groups, commented with violent gestures upon the journal *Listen to Us* of Dubois Crancé, or the *Trumpet* of Father Bellerose. Sometimes the barbers were pork-sellers as well, and hams and chitterlings might be seen hanging side by side with a golden-haired doll. Dealers sold in the open street the wines of the refugees; one merchant advertised wines of fifty-two sorts. Others displayed harp-shaped clocks and sofas à la Duchesse. One hairdresser had for sign, "I Shave the Clergy; I Comb the Nobility; I Arrange the Third Estate."

People went to have their fortunes told by Martin at No. 173 in the Rue d'Anjou, formerly Rue Dauphine. There was a lack of bread, of coals, of soap. Flocks of milch cows might be seen coming in from the country. At the Vallée lamb sold for fifteen francs the pound. An order of the Commune assigned a pound of meat per head every ten days.

People stood in rank at the doors of the butchers' shops. One of these files had remained famous; it reached from a grocer's shop in the Rue du Petit Caneau to the middle of the Rue Montorgueil. To form a line was called "holding the cord," from a long rope which was held in the hands of those standing in the row. Amid this wretchedness the women were brave and mild. They passed entire nights awaiting their turn to get into the bakers' shops.

The Revolution resorted to expedients which were successful; she alleviated this widespread distress by two perilous means—the assignat and the maximum. The assignat was the lever, the maximum was the fulcrum. This empiricism saved France.

The enemy, whether of Coblenz or London, gambled in assignats. Girls came and went, offering lavender water, garters, false hair, and selling stocks. There were jobbers on the steps of the Rue Vivienne, with muddy shoes, greasy hair, and fur caps decorated with fox-tails; and there were waifs from the "cesspool of Agio in the Rue Valois," with varnished boots, toothpicks in their mouths, and smooth hats on their heads, to whom the girls said, "Thee and Thou." Later the people gave chase to them as they did to the thieves whom the Royalists styled "active citizens." For the time theft was rare. There reigned a terrible destitution and a stoical probity. The barefooted and the starving passed with lowered eyelids before the jewellers' shops of Palais Egalité. During a domiciliary visit that the Section Antoine made to the house of Beaumarchais, a woman picked a flower in the garden; the crowd boxed her ears. Wood cost four hundred francs in coin per cord; people could be seen in the streets sawing up their bedsteads. In the winter the fountains were frozen; two pails of water cost twenty sous; every man made himself a water-carrier. A gold louis was worth three thousand nine hundred and fifty francs. A course in a hackney coach cost six hundred francs. After a day's use of a carriage this sort of dialogue might be heard: "Coachman, how much do I owe you?" "Six thousand francs."

A greengrocer woman sold twenty thousand francs' worth of vegetables a day. A beggar said, "Help me in the name of charity! I lack two hundred and thirty francs to finish paying for my shoes."

At the end of the bridges might be seen colossal figures sculptured and painted by David, which Mercier insulted. "Enormous wooden Punches!" said he. The gigantic shapes symbolized Federalism and Coalition overturned.

There was no faltering among this people. There was the sombre joy of having made an end of thrones. Volunteers abounded; each street furnished a battalion. The flags of the districts came and went, every one with its device. On the banner of the Capuchin district could be read, "Nobody can cut our beards." On another, "No other nobility than that of the heart." On all the walls were placards, large and small, white, yellow, green, red, printed and written, on which might be read this motto, "Long live the Republic!" The little children lisped "Ça ira."

These children were in themselves the great future. Later, to the tragical city succeeded the cynical city. The streets of Paris have offered two revolutionary aspects entirely distinct—that before and that after the 9th Thermidor. The Paris of Saint Just gave place to the Paris of Tallien. Such antitheses are perpetual; after Sinai, the Courtille appeared.

A season of public madness made its appearance. It had already been seen eighty years before. The people came out from under Louis XIV. as they did from under Robespierre, with a great need to breathe; hence the regency which opened that century and the directory which closed it. Two saturnalia after two terrorisms. France snatched the wicket-key and got beyond the Puritan cloister just as it did beyond that of monarchy, with the joy of a nation that escapes.

After the 9th Thermidor Paris was gay; but with an insane gaiety. An unhealthy joy overflowed all bounds. To the frenzy for dying succeeded the frenzy for living, and grandeur eclipsed itself. They had a Trimalcion, calling himself Grimod de la Rogniere; there was the "Almanac of the Gourmands." People dined in the entresols of the Palais Royal to the din of orchestras of women beating drums and blowing trumpets; the "rigadooner" reigned, bow in hand. People supped Oriental fashion at Mèot's surrounded by perfumes. The artist Boze painted his daughters, innocent and charming heads of sixteen, *en guillotines*; that is to say, with bare necks and red shifts. To the wild dances in the ruined churches succeeded the balls of Ruggieri, of Luquet, Wenzel, Mauduit, and the Montansier; to grave citizenesses making lint succeeded sultanas, savages, nymphs; to the naked feet of the soldiers covered with blood, dust and mud succeeded barefooted women decorated with diamonds; at the same time, with shamelessness, improbity reappeared; and it had its purveyors in high ranks, and their imitators among the class below. A swarm of sharpers filled Paris, and every man was forced to guard well his "luc," that is, his pocket-book. One of the amusements of the day was to go to the Palace of Justice to see the female thieves; it was necessary to tie fast their petticoats. At the doors of the theatres the street boys opened cab doors, saying, "Citizen and citizeness, there is room for two." *The Old Cordelier* and *The Friend of the People* were no longer published. In their place were cried *Punch's Letter* and the *Rogues' Petition*. The Marquis de Sade presided at the section of the Pike, Place Vendôme. The reaction was jovial and ferocious. The Dragons of Liberty of '92 were reborn under the name of the Chevaliers of the Dagger. At the same time there appeared in the booths that type, Jocrisse. There were "the Wonders," and in advance of these feminine marvels came "the Inconceivables." People swore by strange and outlandish oaths; they jumped back from Mirabeau to Bobèche. Thus it is that Paris sways back and forth; it is the enormous pendulum of civilization; it touches either pole in turn, Thermopylæ and Gomorrah.

After '93 the Revolution traversed a singular occultation; the century seemed to forget to finish that which it had commenced; a strange orgie interposed itself, took the foreground, swept backward to the second awful Apocalypse; veiled the immeasurable vision and laughed aloud after its fright. Tragedy disappeared in parody, and rising darkly from the bottom of the horizon a smoke of carnival effaced Medusa.

But in '93, where we are, the streets of Paris still wore the grandiose and savage aspect of the beginning. They had their orators, such as Varlet, who promenaded in a booth on wheels, from the top of which he harangued the passers-by; they had their heroes, of whom one was called the "Captain of the iron-pointed sticks;" their favourites, among whom ranked Gouffroy, the author of the pamphlet *Rougiff*. Certain of these popularities were mischievous, others had a healthy tone; one amongst them all, honest and fatal—it was that of Cimourdain.

which is a grave matter. A man may, like the sky, possess a serenity which is dark and unfathomable; it only needs that something should have made night within his soul. The priesthood had made night in that of Cimourdain. He who had been a priest remains one. What makes night within a man may leave stars. Cimourdain was full of virtues and verities, but they shone among shadows.

His history is easily written. He had been a village curate and tutor in a great family; then he inherited a small legacy and gained his freedom.

He was above all an obstinate man. He made use of meditation as one does of pincers; he did not think it right to quit an idea until he had followed it to the end; he thought stubbornly. He understood all the European languages, and something of others besides; this man studied incessantly, which aided him to bear the burden of celibacy; but nothing can be more dangerous than such a life of repression.

He had from pride, chance, or loftiness of soul, been true to his vows, but he had not been able to guard his belief. Science had demolished faith; dogma had faded within him.

Then, as he examined himself, he felt that his soul was mutilated; he could not nullify his priestly oath, but tried to remake himself man, though in an austere fashion. His family had been taken from him; he adopted his country. A wife had been refused him; he espoused humanity. Such vast plenitude has a void at bottom.

His peasant parents, in devoting him to the priesthood, had desired to elevate him above the common people; he voluntarily returned among them.

He went back with a passionate energy. He regarded the suffering with a terrible tenderness. From priest he had become philosopher, and from philosopher, athlete. While Louis XV. still lived, Cimourdain felt himself vaguely Republican. But belonging to what Republic? To that of Plato perhaps, and perhaps also to the Republic of Draco.

Forbidden to love, he set himself to hate. He hated lies, monarchy, theocracy, his garb of priest; he hated the present, and he called aloud to the future; he had a presentment of it, he caught glimpses of it in advance; he pictured it awful and magnificent. In his view, to end the lamentable wretchedness of humanity required at once an avenger and a liberator. He worshipped the catastrophe afar off.

In 1789 this catastrophe arrived and found him ready. Cimourdain flung himself into this vast plan of human regeneration on logical grounds—that is to say, for a mind of his mould, inexorably; logic knows no softening. He lived among the great revolutionary years and felt the shock of their mighty breaths; '89, the fall of the Bastille, the end of the torture of the people; on the 4th of August, '90, the end of feudalism; '91, Varennes, the end of royalty; '92, the birth of the Republic. He saw the revolution loom into life; he was not a man to be afraid of that giant; far from it. This sudden growth in everything had revived him, and though already nearly old—he was fifty, and a priest ages faster than another man—he began himself to grow also. From year to year he saw events gain in grandeur, and he increased with them. He had at first feared that the revolution would prove abortive; he watched it; it had reason and right on its side, he demanded success for it likewise; in proportion to the fear it caused the timid, his confidence grew strong. He desired that this Minerva, crowned with the stars of the future, should be Pallas also, with the Gorgon's head for buckler. He demanded that her divine glance should be able at need to fling back to the demons their infernal glare and give them terror for terror.

Thus he reached '93. '93 was the war of Europe against France, and of France against Paris. And what was the revolution? It was the victory of France over Europe, and of Paris over France. Hence the immensity of that terrible moment, '93, grander than all the rest of the century. Nothing could be more tragic: Europe attacking France and France attacking Paris! A drama which reaches the stature of an epic. '93 is a year of intensity. The tempest is there in all its wrath and all its grandeur. Cimourdain felt himself at home. This distracted centre, terrible and splendid, suited the span of his wings. Like the sea-eagle amid the tempest, this man preserved his internal composure and enjoyed the danger. Certain winged natures, savage yet calm, are made to battle the winds—souls of the tempest; such exist.

He had put pity aside, reserving it only for the wretched. He devoted himself to those sorts of suffering which cause horror. Nothing was repugnant to him. That was his kind of goodness. He was divine in his readiness to succour what was loathsome. He searched for ulcers in order that he might kiss them. Noble actions with a revolting exterior are the most difficult to undertake; he preferred such. One day at the Hôtel Dieu a man was dying, suffocated by a tumour in the throat—a fœtid, frightful abscess—contagious perhaps, which must be at once opened. Cimourdain was there; he put his lips to the tumour, sucked it, spitting it out as his mouth filled, and so emptied the abscess and saved the man. As he still wore his priest's dress at the time, some one said to him, "If you were to do that for the king, you would be made a bishop." "I would not do it for the king," Cimourdain replied. The act and the response rendered him popular in the sombre quarters of Paris.

They gave him so great a popularity that he could do what he liked with those who suffered, wept, and threatened. At the period of the public wrath against monopolists, a wrath which was prolific in mistakes, Cimourdain by a word prevented the pillage of a boat loaded with soap at the quay Saint Nicholas, and dispersed the furious bands who were stopping the carriages at the barrier of Saint Lazare.

It was he who, two days after the 10th of August, headed the people to overthrow the statues of the kings. They slaughtered as they fell; in the Place Vendôme, a woman called Reine Violet was crushed by the statue of Louis XIV., about whose neck she had put a cord, which she was pulling. This statue of Louis XIV. had been standing a hundred years; it was erected the 12th of August, 1692, it was overthrown the 12th of August, 1792. In the Place de la Concorde, a certain Guinguetrot was butchered on the pedestal of Louis XV.'s statue for having called the demolishers scoundrels. The statue was broken in pieces. Later, it was melted to coin, into sous. The arm alone escaped; it was the right arm, which was extended with the gesture of a Roman emperor. At Cimourdain's request the people sent a deputation with this arm to Latude, the man who had been thirty-seven years buried in the Bastille. When Latude was rotting alive, the collar on his neck, the chain about his loins, in the bottom of that prison where he had been cast by the order of that king

whose statue overlooked Paris, who could have prophesied to him that this prison would fall, this statue would be destroyed? that he would emerge from the sepulchre and monarchy enter it? that he, the prisoner, would be the master of this hand of bronze which had signed his warrant; and that of this king of Mud there would remain only his brazen arm?

Cimourdain was one of those men who have an interior voice to which they listen. Such men seem absent-minded; no, they are attentive.

Cimourdain was at once learned and ignorant. He understood all science and was ignorant of everything in regard to life. Hence his severity. He had his eyes bandaged, like the Themis of Homer. He had the blind certainty of the arrow, which, seeing not the goal, yet goes straight to it. In a revolution there is nothing so formidable as a straight line. Cimourdain went straight before him, fatal, unwavering.

He believed that in a social Genesis the farthest point is the solid ground, an error peculiar to minds which replace reason by logic. He went beyond the Convention; he went beyond the Commune; he belonged to the *Évêché*.

The Society called the *Évêché*, because its meetings were held in a hall of the former episcopal palace, was rather a complication of men than a union. There assisted, as at the Commune, those silent but significant spectators who, as Garat said, "had as many pistols as pockets."

The *Évêché* was a strange mixture; a crowd at once cosmopolitan and Parisian. This is no contradiction, for Paris is the spot where beats the heart of the peoples. The great plebeian incandescence was at the *Évêché*. In comparison to it, the Convention was cold and the Commune lukewarm. The *Évêché* was one of those revolutionary formations similar to volcanic ones; it contained everything, ignorance, stupidity, probity, heroism, cholera, the police. Brunswick had agents there. It numbered men worthy of Sparta, and men who deserved the galleys. The greater part were mad and honest. The Gironde had pronounced by the mouth of Isnard, temporary president of the Convention, this monstrous warning: "Take care, Parisians! There will not remain one stone upon another of your city, and the day will come when the place where Paris stood shall be searched for."

(To be continued.)

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

JULY 3.—A German squadron is to be immediately despatched to Spanish ports.

General Zaballa has 108 cannons, and hopes soon to finish off the Carlists.

The American pilgrims have been disbanded, and many of them are en route for home.

A New York policeman is under arrest for robbing a man on his beat of a large sum of money.

Gill, who murdered Sullivan last week in New York, has been sentenced to the State prison for life.

M. de Cassagnac, of *Le Pays*, and co-editors have been acquitted of inciting the citizens to mutual hatred.

The plans of the late General Concha are being carried out by the Republicans. The General was buried yesterday with imposing ceremonies.

A despatch from Pictou to the New York Merchants' Exchange says there is no foundation whatever for the report of the loss of the steamer *Faraday*.

Dr. Hammond, of New York, having examined the brain of the printer reported to have died from hydrophobia, inclines to the belief that deceased came to his death by hard drinking—a not uncommon species of hydrophobia.

All rail-lines from New York to the Pacific coast have declared war against the Pacific Mail Steamship Co., and reduced their through freight rates to San Francisco. The Steamship Co. are about to build three new vessels, to surpass all the others at present in their service.

JULY 4.—There were three thousand arrivals at Long Branch yesterday.

The number of mad dogs and their victims increases in the cities of New York and Brooklyn.

The Postmaster-Generalship was yesterday offered, by cable, to Mr. Jewell, United States Minister at St. Petersburg, and he accepted it by cable.

The Count de Chambord has published a manifesto to the French people, in which, *inter alia*, he says his birth made him King of France.

Dr. Butt's Home Rule motion was discussed in the Imperial House of Commons on Thursday night, and after a lengthy debate was rejected by 458 nays to 61 yeas.

Despatches from Calcutta give very favourable accounts regarding the famine district. The crops are in excellent condition, and only 400,000 persons are now being fed by Government.

The customs authorities at Cadiz are exacting tonnage dues of two plasters per ton on vessels clearing for America, and one plaster per ton on vessels clearing for European ports.

A statement has been published of the information supplied by the Department of Public Works to contractors tendering for the Pacific Railway Telegraph line.

Lord Derby, Foreign Secretary of State, during a debate in the House of Lords last night, stated that England had decided to send a representative to the International Congress at Brussels, as a refusal to do so might render her action liable to misconstruction.

Mayor Havemeyer, after consulting eminent legal authority as to their eligibility, has reapportioned the condemned Police Commissioners Charlick and Gardner. The New York press condemns the step in very strong language, and calls upon Governor Dix to remove the mayor.

JULY 6.—The Carlists have reinvaded Bilbao.

A Paris despatch says M. de Coulard died yesterday. Passports are no longer required of American travellers in France.

The Crown Prince of Germany and his wife are staying at Ryde, Isle of Wight.

Active operations are to be resumed by the Republicans in Navarre in a fortnight's time.

A revolution has broken out in Tangiers, and the rebels are said to be in possession of the official buildings.

The Roman Catholic Bishop Gowan died suddenly of cholera morbus in Cincinnati on Saturday.

A fire in Alleghany City, supposed to have originated from fire crackers, swept away over a hundred houses. The loss is estimated at some \$300,000.

The report of Bishop Smith is officially published, deposing Rev. Dr. Cummins from his office of Bishop and minister of the Church.

A negro at Enterprise, Missouri, was taken from jail and promptly lynched yesterday by the citizens, for an outrage on a little girl of five years of age.

L'Union has been suspended for a fortnight by the French Government, partly because of its attack on the Septennate, and also because it published the manifesto of Count Chambord.

II.—CIMOURDAIN.

Cimourdain had a conscience pure, but sombre. There was something of the absolute within him. He had been a priest,

TRAVELLERS' DIRECTORY.

We can confidently recommend all the Houses mentioned in the following List:

OTTAWA.
THE RUSSELL HOUSE..... JAMES GOULD.

QUEBEC.
ALBION HOTEL, Palace Street..... W. KIRWIN, Proprietor.

STRATFORD, ONT.
ALBION HOTEL..... D. L. CAYEN, Proprietor.
WAVERLEY HOUSE..... E. S. REYNOLDS, Proprietor.

TORONTO.
THE QUEEN'S HOTEL..... CAPT. THOS. DICK

THE FOLLOWING

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER

dated 15th May, 1872, from an old inhabitant of Horningsham, near Warminster, Wilts:—

"I must also beg to say that your Pills are an excellent medicine for me, and I certainly do enjoy good health, sound sleep, and a good appetite: this is owing to taking your Pills. I am 78 years old.
Remaining, Gentlemen, yours very respectfully,
L. S."

To the Proprietors of

NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS. London.
10-1-26f-e2w-62s

THE COOK'S FRIEND

BAKING POWDER

Has become a Household Word in the land, and is a HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY

in every family where Economy and Health are studied.

It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Pancakes, Girdle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity used in Pie Crust, Puddings, &c., will save half the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible.

THE COOK'S FRIEND

SAVES TIME. IT SAVES TEMPER. IT SAVES MONEY.

For sale by storekeepers throughout the Dominion and wholesale by the manufacturer,

W. D. McLAREN, Union Mills,
9-18-122-613 55 College Street.

KAMOURASKA WEST.

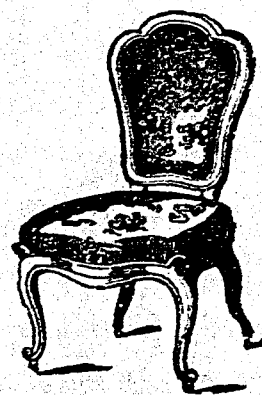
Albion House,

Is now open for reception of visitors.

MRS. HARRIET SMITH,

9-25-5f-624 Proprietress.

A. BELANGER, Furniture Dealer,



Begs to inform the public that he has just completed vast improvements to his establishment, and takes this occasion to invite his customers and the public to visit (even though they do not intend to buy,) his assortment of Furniture of the best finish and latest styles, also his fine collection of small fancy goods too numerous to mention. The whole at prices to defy competition.

276 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

9-18-12f-676

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 5.15 P.M. arriving at Richmond at 9 P.M.

C. J. Brydges,
MANAGING DIRECTOR.

7-21 f

BOOK AGENTS Wanted for "Eloquent Sermons," by Punshon, Beecher, and Spurgeon, "The Canadian Farmer," "Life in Utah," "Manitoba Troubles," Family Bibles, &c. Pay \$50 to \$200 per month.
A. H. HOVEY & CO.,
34 King Street, West, Toronto, Ont.

9-16-52f-610



1s. per Box: By p st. 1s. 1d.

"WAVERLEY," "OWL," "PICKWICK," and "PHLETON" PENS.
Just out, the "HINDOO PENS," Nos. 2, 2, and 3.
1,000 NEWSPAPERS RECOMMEND THEM. For their names see GRAPHIC, 17th Aug., 1872.
STANDARD says—"The 'WAVERLEY' will prove a treasure."
EXAMINER says—"The 'OWL'—We can vouch personally for the excellence of this invention."
FISHER says—"The 'PICKWICK' embodies an improvement of great value."
SUN says—"The 'PHLETON' PEN' must be termed a marvel."
STATIONER says—"The 'HINDOO PEN' is quite a novelty, the point being out at a direct angle."
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Patentees—MACNIVEN and CAMERON, 23 to 33 Blair Street, Edinburgh. 9-245f622

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.

THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE.

CHLORODYNE is admitted by the Profession to be the most wonderful and valuable remedy ever discovered.
CHLORODYNE is the best remedy known for Coughs, Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma.
CHLORODYNE effectually checks and arrests those too often fatal diseases—Diphtheria, Fever, Cramp, Ague.
CHLORODYNE acts like a charm in Diarrhoea, and is the only specific in Cholera and Dysentery.
CHLORODYNE effectually cuts short all attacks of Epilepsy, Hysteria, Palpitation, and Spasms.
CHLORODYNE is the only palliative in Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Cancer, Toothache, Meningitis, &c.

From LORD FRANCIS CONYNGHAM, Mount Charles, Donegal: 17th December, 1868.
"Lord Francis Conyngham, who this time last year bought some of Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne from Mr. Davenport, and has found it a most wonderful medicine, will be glad to have half-a-dozen bottles sent at once to the above address."

'Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians that he received a dispatch from Her Majesty's Consul at Manilla, to the effect that Cholera has been raging fearfully, and that the ONLY remedy of any service was CHLORODYNE.'—See *Lancet*, 1st December 1864.

CAUTION.—BEWARE OF PIRACY AND IMITATIONS.
CAUTION.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. PAGE WOOD stated that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE was, undoubtedly, the INVENTOR OF CHLORODYNE; that the story of the Defendant, FREEMAN, was deliberately untrue, which, he regretted to say, had been sworn to.—See *Times*, 13th July, 1864.
Sold in Bottles at 1s. 1ld., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. each. None is genuine without the words 'DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE' on the Government Stamp. Overwhelming Medical Testimony accompanies each bottle.
SOLE MANUFACTURER:—J. T. DAVENPORT, 33 GREAT RUSSELL STREET, BLOOMSBURY, LONDON.
8-23 of e2w-26f-562

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.

MARAVILLA COCOA.

The *Globe* says:—"TAYLOR BROTHERS' MARAVILLA COCOA has achieved a thorough success, and supersedes 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 reliable opinions vide *Standard*, *Morning Post*, *British Medical Journal*, &c., &c.

HOMEOPATHIC COCOA.

is original preparation has attained a world-wide reputation, and is manufactured by TAYLOR BROTHERS under the ablest HOMEOPATHIC 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.

SOLUBLE CHOCOLATE.

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 Chocolate Mills, Bruges, Belgium. 8-14 17

A Gem worth Reading!—A Diamond worth Seeing!

SAVE YOUR EYES!
Restore your Sight!
THROW AWAY your SPECTACLES.
By reading our Illustrated PHYSIOLOGY AND ANATOMY of the EYESIGHT. Tells how to Restore Impaired Vision and Overworked Eyes; how to cure Weak, Watery, Inflamed, and Near-Sighted Eyes, and all other Diseases of the Eyes.
WASTE NO MORE MONEY BY ADJUSTING HUGE GLASSES ON YOUR NOSE AND DISFIGURING YOUR FACE. Pamphlet of 100 pages Mailed Free. Send your address to us also.

Agents Wanted,

Gents or Ladies. \$5 to \$10 a day guaranteed. Full particulars sent free. Write immediately, to DR. J. BALL & CO., (P. O. Box 957.) No. 91 Liberty St., New York City, N. Y.

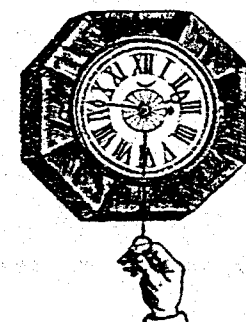
Reduction in Freight Rates.

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. B. STEVENSON, General Freight Agent. 7-21 f

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.



REFERENCES: A. G. NISH, Harbour Engineer. C. T. IRISH, Manager Express Office. THOMAS MURPHY, Merchant. Messrs. SCHWAB BROS., do. For further particulars apply to NELSON & LEFORT, Importers of Watches and Jewellery, 66 St. James Street, Montreal. August 5. 8-9 Jan

LEA & PERRINS' WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE. DECLARED BY CONNOISSEURS TO BE THE ONLY GOOD SAUCE.



CAUTION AGAINST FRAUD.

The success of this most delicious and unrivalled Condiment having caused certain dealers to apply the name of "Worcestershire Sauce" to their own inferior compounds, the public is hereby informed that the only way to secure the genuine is to ASK FOR LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE, and to see that their names are upon the wrapper, label, stopper, and bottle.
Some of the foreign markets having been supplied with a spurious Worcestershire Sauce, upon the wrapper and labels of which the name of Lea & Perrins have been forged, L. & P. give notice that they have furnished their correspondents with power of attorney to take instant proceedings against Manufacturers and Vendors of such, or any other imitations by which their right may be infringed.

Ask for LEA & PERRINS' Sauce, and see Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle, and Stopper.

Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester; Cross and Blackwell, London, &c., &c.; and by Grocers and Oilmen universally.
To be obtained of J. M. DOUGLAS & CO., and URQUHART & CO., Montreal. 9-19-17-618

AVOID QUACKS.

A victim of early indiscretion, causing nervous debility, premature decay, &c., having tried in vain every advertised remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which he will send free to his fellow-sufferers. Address, J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassau St., New York. 9-14 17

AMERICAN WATCHES

Illustrated catalogues containing price list, giving full information
How to Choose a Good Watch
Price 10 cents. Address, S. P. KLEISER, P. O. Box 1022, Toronto. No. 34 Union Block, Toronto Street, Toronto. 9-21-Jan-620

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 fibres 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 I 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, sir, 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, The Douleur, nervousness, flying pains, twisted joints, swollen joints, pain in the back and joints, 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
NORTHROP & LYMAN,
SCOTT STREET, TORONTO,
General Agents for Ontario. 9-25-47f-625

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.
Sold by all Dealers throughout the World.

THE Red River Country, Hudson's Bay & North West Territories,
Considered in relation to Canada, with the last two reports of S. J. DAWSON, Esq., C.E., on the line of route between Lake Superior and the
RED RIVER SETTLEMENT. ACCOMPANIED BY A MAP.
Third edition. Illustrated by ALEXANDER J. RUSSELL, C.E.
Sent by mail to any address in Canada, 75 cents. Address,
G. E. DESBARATS, Montreal. -25-1f-588
Printed and published by the DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, 1, Place d'Armes Hill, and 319, St. Antoine street, Montreal.