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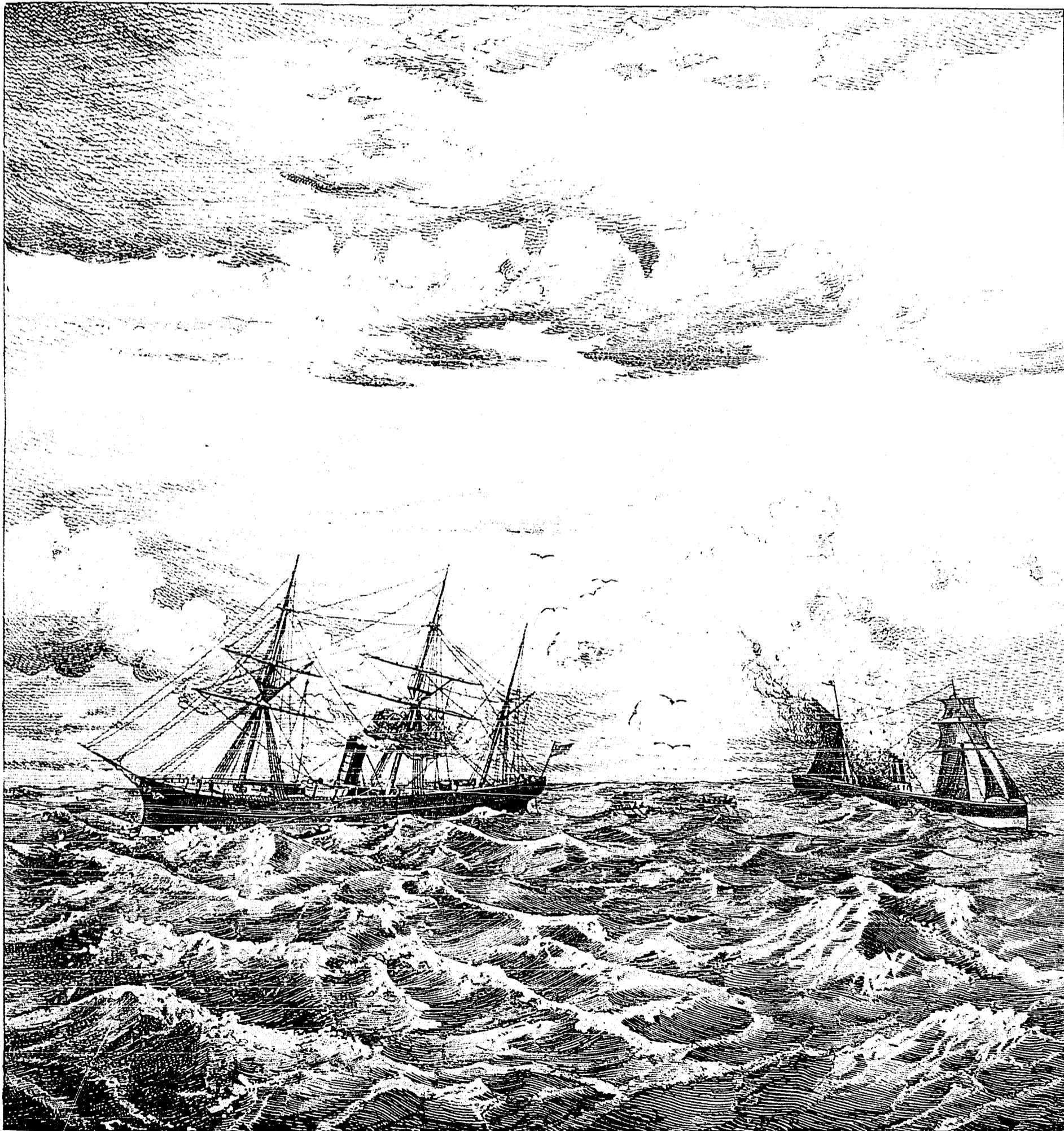
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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1874.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1874.

RECIPROCITY AND ANNEXATION.

After months of silence and mystery shrouding the conferences now going on at Washington for a renewal of the Treaty of Reciprocity, the organs of public opinion in the United States are beginning to discuss the question in its broadest phases and with an emphasis of expression which is so remarkable that we cannot allow them to be passed over in silence.

The leading free trade journal of New York, *The Evening Post*, declares itself almost enthusiastically in favour of reciprocity. It holds that whatever advantages may accrue to Canada from the treaty, those which the United States will reap are certain to be still more considerable. The treaty will cement that good will which ought to exist among neighbours, and Canada will thereby be annexed to the United States in that worthy manner in which all nations should be annexed—by mutual interests and common prosperity—and this will be a conquest richer than all the territorial gains of Russia and Germany.

The *New York World* is hardly less outspoken. It regards the Dominion trade as the geographical inheritance of the United States and avers that reciprocity with Canada means cheaper coal, cheaper vegetables and other necessities of life to operatives in the Eastern States. The *World* states that the Chinese wall set up in 1866, by the abrogation of the treaty, was an evil. The total foreign trade of Canada exceeds \$240,000,000 in gold annually, being a per capita trade of \$60. The American foreign trade in 1873 was 1,300 million dollars, which being divided by 40 millions of people is only \$32.50 per head. Thus Canadians whom it was contemptuously intended to treat as if they were a mere rag-end of creation, beat Americans by nearly 100 per cent per capita in foreign trade. From these remarkable figures, the inference in favour of a renewal of reciprocity is, of course, easily drawn.

The *Springfield Republican* informs us that Mr. Brown finds the chief Senators and prominent men at Washington friendly to his mission. Even Senator Morrill, of Vermont, who had the chief hand in the overthrow of the old reciprocity treaty, is said to be favourable to a new one. It is understood that preliminary drafts have already passed between the two governments. The *Republican* holds that this is the time to close upon a policy of reciprocity with the Dominion. Canada is now practically an independent nation, and if left to herself, is perfectly certain to adopt a protective policy, as against the United States and the rest of the world. If she once adopts protection and her manufacturers get a sufficient plant to make themselves a power in her politics, reciprocity will for a long time be an impossibility. The protected interests like the Pennsylvania iron-makers, will acquire a vested right in high tariffs, and generations must ensue before free trade between the two countries will be possible.

The *Chicago Tribune* which is confessedly one of the best informed, as it is one of the most influential papers in the United States, furnishes us with an outline of the principal clauses of the proposed treaty. They are:

I. The waiver of the money compensation by the United States for the fisheries under the Washington Treaty.

II. That the Canadian canals, from Lake Erie to Montreal, shall be enlarged within three years, at the cost of Canada, so as to admit the passage of vessels 260 feet in length and 45 in breadth, and with a depth equal to the capacity of the lake harbours.

III. That during the continuance of the treaty, all the Canadian canals, and the Erie, Whitehall, Saul Ste. Marie, and Lake St. Clair Canals shall be open to the vessels and boats of both countries on the same conditions and terms.

IV. That the free navigation of Lake Michigan be put on the same terms as the free navigation of the St. Lawrence River.

V. That the navigation of the St. Clair flats shall be maintained at the expense of both countries in proportion to their commerce thereon.

VI. That the products of the farm, forest, mines, and water, and also animals, meats and products of the dairy, be admitted into both countries duty free, as was provided in the treaty of 1854. This list may possibly be extended so as to include agricultural implements, manufactures of iron and steel, and of wool, mineral oils, salt, and a few other articles.

Our Western contemporary is of opinion that the treaty will ultimately lead to annexation. The Canadians—it is good enough to say—are presumed to be like other people and if they are ever to be warmed into a desire for annexation to the United States, it will be done not by treating them as enemies, but as friends and admitting them to the closest commercial amity.

The authorities we have cited are, as will be seen, all in favour of a renewal of the treaty. But they do not represent the universal sentiment of the American press. Among its opponents, we may single out *The Republic*, a monthly political magazine of some standing, published at Washington. That periodical has just printed an elaborate paper on the United States and Canada, in which it takes singular ground against the renewal of reciprocal trade relations between the two countries. From a strict protectionist point of view, it urges three objections to the proposed treaty. The first is that when the former treaty was negotiated, the American Government was comparatively clear of debt. Owing to the cost of a protracted war, the prominent obligations of that Government have been materially increased. These obligations must be met promptly. The revenues for this purpose are derived mainly from the tariff on foreign goods. The importations from the Provinces pay into the United States Treasury about \$9,000,000 annually. A free trade treaty would cut off these receipts, would reduce the annual revenue to that extent, or nearly so, and importations from other countries or the product of the American people themselves would of necessity be required to pay an additional tax to that amount to meet the deficiency.

Another objection which the writer deems insurmountable, comes from the demands of international equity. If free trade or a reduced tariff should be conceded to the Dominion of Canada, similar favour would be demanded, and justly too, by the Southern neighbours of the United States, Cuba, Mexico, the South American Republics and the West India Islands.

The claim of either of these is now as strong as that of Canada and the Maritime Provinces. To refuse, would cause jealousy, while concession would destroy revenue and involve the Government in a system of special free-trade treaties and "entangling alliances," which it has ever been the policy of successive American administrations to avoid. But the greatest barrier which the writer imagines against the treaty, is the injustice it would offer to American products. Under a free-trade reciprocity, the products of the Dominion would have access to American markets without revenue tax, while native farmers, wool-growers, lumberers, and manufacturers would be compelled to meet not only their own share of the Government expenses, but also that portion which is now borne by Canadians. It is predicted that no such injustice will ever be countenanced by the Administration or Congress.

The Washington periodical having stated the negative aspect of the case as strong as it knew how, shifts its ground suddenly and comes out in a bold, exhaustive argument for annexation. The reasoning on this thesis is carefully tabulated and altogether tersely put. Thus: Reciprocity is subject to a termination, a union would be perpetual;—Reciprocity is partial, union would be complete; Reciprocity is clogged by enormous expenses, which would be wholly removed by consolidation; under Reciprocity there would be two general governments to sustain, under the union only one.

The writer boldly declares that a majority and, in some Provinces, nine-tenths of the people are in favour of a peaceable union with the States. If a different sentiment exists at all, it will be found merely among officials. The speeches on the Murray resolutions in Nova Scotia, and the Cudlip resolutions in the New Brunswick Legislature, and the debates in the legislatures of all the Provinces, outside of the Canadas proper, clearly indicate the public desire for closer relations with the United States. At Ottawa, when the Parliament was convened on the 13th August last, the writer, in conversation with a large number of members, found a great unanimity of sentiment and even enthusiasm in favour of a union; but the wish was frequently accompanied with an expression of grave doubts as to its probability, on the ground of their present relations with England.

We have left ourselves no space to discuss the views here adduced; we leave them as they stand for the consideration of the reader.

A decision was given last week by our Police Magistrate which has occasioned much angry comment, not only among the immediate friends of the sufferers, but also among the public at large. It appears that two young ladies of known respectability, while pursuing their way homewards, were followed and insulted by some of the many *chevaliers du pavé* with whom Montreal abounds, who ventured to make improper proposals to their unfortunate victims. On reaching home the latter immediately informed their brother of the indignities to which they had been exposed, and the gentleman, naturally irate, sallied forth and administered a sound thrashing to the intruders. The next day he was arrested and fined twelve dollars for assault. A counter complaint was lodged, but the officious gentry who had so grossly insulted the unprotected females got off with a fine of six dollars a piece. In the present state of the law it is difficult to find fault with the magistrate, but it certainly is time that some steps were taken to relieve the metropolis of the Dominion from the reproach under which it lies owing to the notorious inefficiency, in point of numbers, of its police force. It is only the other day that a ruffian entered a private house in this city in broad daylight and grossly assaulted the servant girl. A gentleman who happened to be passing followed the assailant half through the city without meeting a single policeman, and finally the scoundrel made good his escape. With such little attractions as the above to offer to tourists and intending settlers, it is extremely doubtful if Montreal will long continue to be sought after. As it is, it certainly is not as safe as could be wished, while for tax-payers it is the most ungrateful city to live in, perhaps without exception, on the face of the continent. However, things have gone on so long without amelioration that it is useless to expect better things until a few of the members of the Police Committee—and a few other committees we could name—have suffered from the ills from which they are either powerless or too careless to protect the citizens.

At last the bolt has fallen. Parliament has decided in solemn conclave that the reports of its proceedings as they appear in the columns of the daily press are not sufficiently correct to supply material for the reference of future historians. Each journal, it is claimed, colours its reports to suit its own and its subscribers' favourite shade of politics; and the result to a reader accustomed to peruse several journals of various party stripes resembles the variegated hues of the figure of a kaleidoscope, without its accuracy or regularity of outline. The Ministerial organ gives great prominence to the speeches of the honourable gentlemen on the Treasury benches, and a few of their most prominent backers; while it unmercifully cuts down the utterances of the leading honourable gentlemen opposite, and utterly ignores, or at best ungraciously acknowledges, the existence of the lesser lights who do not belong to the "Polloi" of the Opposition. Nor are the opposition papers one whit the better. Reversing the operation, the same story may be told of them. Again, journals of all shades unite in suppressing the speeches of the little men, much to the disappointment of the speakers, but greatly to the contentment and advantage of the reader. Thus dissatisfaction with the present manner of reporting reigns in all quarters of the House, and the result is an all but unanimous feeling in favour of a special system based in some respects on that which obtains in England. On Monday last the House adopted the report of the select committee appointed to consider the "Hansard" question—a summary of which appeared in our Ottawa correspondence last week. We have already expressed our opinions on the advisability of the publication of an official report, and we congratulate the House on the prompt and speedy manner in which it has carried through this important measure.

Major Walker's motion for a return of all the employees of the Civil Service, with their ages, birth-places, previous occupation and date of appointment, has been withdrawn in concurrence with the desire and advice of members on both sides of the House. The object of this motion, at first sight somewhat incomprehensible, was to call the attention of the Government to the desirability of adopting the system of competitive examinations for appointments in the Civil Service. This system has worked so well elsewhere that it is greatly to be regretted that the effort to introduce it in this country was frowned down at the outset. Its adoption would do away with an immense amount of political patronage, and would thus greatly lessen the number of cases of corruption in high quarters. It would also secure the appointment of able and hard-working men, and would establish a fair system of promotion in the service. Further, it would have the inestimable benefit of doing away with the hungry crowd of persistent, and too often incapable, office-seekers who under the present system are continually besieging the holders of patronage, and of compelling them to seek other means

of earning their bread. For these and many other reasons we hope yet to see the competitive system established in Canada, and we trust that next session the member for London may again be heard from, and this time with sufficient support from his fellow members to make his influence more widely felt.

A case of interest alike to newspaper publishers and subscribers has recently come before the courts in Missouri, the question at issue being the extent to which a publisher is liable to his subscribers for a non-fulfilment of contract caused by the suspension or irregular issue of a newspaper which by agreement, expressed or implied, was to be furnished regularly for a specified length of time. The case in point was raised as follows: The publishers of a Houston paper having been compelled, owing to a non-receipt of paper, to omit several of its regular issues, have been sued by a subscriber, who alleges in his complaint, first, an agreement on the part of the defendants to print and furnish him a copy of their newspaper on Wednesday of each week for one year, for which he paid them in advance a certain sum of money; and, second, that they had on several occasions neglected to issue the said paper at all, so that "plaintiff was deprived of all benefits and advantages which he might and would have derived from the printing, publishing, and mailing of said newspaper," whereupon he claims damages to the amount of fifty-five dollars, and prays for judgment for that amount and costs. The case is a nice one, and one which may possibly give rise to much discussion respecting the liability of carrying companies. The verdict, it is hardly necessary to say, is looked forward to with much interest, as it will greatly affect the future relations between publisher and subscriber.

When the enquiry into the Mercantile Agency system was going on at Ottawa, loud complaints were made in certain quarters against the attempts made to bring the business into disrepute. It was especially objected that the charge of levying black-mail and making false representations in reference to the standing of individuals had never been proven. Within the last few days it has been conclusively shown that the existence of establishments where such practices are in use is something more than a mere chimera. The collapse of the Retail Traders' Protective Association, and the subsequent revelations as to the manner in which business was transacted at that institution, have demonstrated the necessity of the most stringent legislation in reference to these agencies. We are far from regarding mercantile agencies, when properly conducted, as useless and unnecessary. There can be no doubt that they have been of much service in protecting business men from reckless and dishonest customers. But on the other hand, the powers possessed by the proprietors of such agencies are so great, and so easily abused, that they should only be allowed to be exercised under constant supervision and under a heavy guarantee that they will not be turned to improper purposes. The public will have reason to be grateful to those who exposed the nefarious practices of Messrs. Bell & Co. for showing the extent to which the agency business may be abused by unprincipled men.

"*Nec semper tendit arcum Apollo.*" is an apophthegm that is all very well in its way when properly applied. But when Apollo unbends his bow to indulge in low buffoonery and horseplay, he is apt to lose much of the dignity which should surround him. An incident which occurred a few nights ago has certainly served to show that even members of "the assembled wisdom of the country" cannot unbend from their labours without descending to unworthy and undignified relaxation in the way of practical jokes. As Mr. Tupper was leaving the House he was struck on the back of the head by a blue-book hurled by some unknown joker, who doubtless was immensely satisfied with the keenness of his wit. Other and less gifted individuals will probably fail to see the appropriateness of the pleasantry, unless, perhaps, the blue book is to be taken as typical of the heavy and dull character of the contents of the joker's cranium. This, however, would open a world of surmise as to the contents of the blue-book. Was it the Trade and Navigation Returns, or the Report of the Postmaster-General?

Anything that concerns the welfare of Newfoundland is matter of interest to Canadian readers, inasmuch as everything points to an early absorption of the island in the Dominion. It is with great pleasure, therefore, that we learn that there seems to be a prospect of a speedy settlement of the West Coast Fishery difficulty, which has so long retarded the progress of that portion of the island. It appears that the French Government has expressed its willingness to come to a final arrangement, and the Colonial Secretary has accordingly notified the Newfoundland Government, with the view of eliciting its views on

the subject. It is a matter of great congratulation that a difficulty which at one time threatened serious complications should thus happily come to an amicable solution.

After much delay and a manifest hesitation to interfere in matters of purely State interest, the Federal Government at Washington have decided to recognize the claims of Brooks to the Governorship of Arkansas. There appears to be no doubt that the Attorney-General followed his lights in inducing the President to take this step, but in view of the basis of popular suffrage and Democratic institutions, there remains this very significant fact, recognized by the press generally, that Brooks was regularly elected by a majority of the votes of the people.

The fall of the De Broglie administration is so far significant that it will probably entail the dissolution of the National Assembly. There appears no manner of doubt, judging from the elections which have taken place during the past year, that the Assembly does not represent the vote of the French people. This being the fact, that body has no right to assume or exercise constituent powers. New general elections are therefore necessary, and, if they take place, it is to be hoped they will result in securing a stable government for France.

At the late annual meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, considerable feeling was manifested at the last letters written by Dr. Livingstone, in which he spoke rather disparagingly of the practical good effected by the Society, as compared with Roman Catholic Missionary work. Some of the speakers excused Livingstone on the score of feeble mindedness, while others went the length of hinting at something which sounded very much like apostasy.

The premature closing of navigation last autumn produced much distress among the inhabitants of the Gaspé coast, and this misery has just been considerably aggravated by the recent destruction of a schooner laden with provisions destined for that coast. The Quebec Government is about to send grain to be distributed among the poor settlers of that region.

It would certainly be the crowning of the American centennial if the United States could annex the Dominion of Canada by the 4th of July, 1876. A Washington magazine writer throws out the brilliant suggestion, and our people are considerably given two full years to digest the idea and get used to it.

The French Canadians of this Province are making preparations to organize a monster celebration of their national festival, on the 24th June next. A large number of their compatriots in the United States are expected to join them.

FROM THE CAPITAL.

OTTAWA, May 21, 1874.

THE MANUFACTURING COMMITTEE—MILITARY COLLEGE.

The Manufacturing Committee has submitted its report to the House. It was recommended that such steps should be taken by the Legislature as should prevent in future the Americans making a slaughter market of this country for their manufactured goods. They were the more in favour of protection, as they considered it conclusively established by the evidence before them that the price of goods would not be raised thereby. The Committee also recommended a drawback on all material used in the manufacture of imported goods, and a further adjustment of the tariff to meet such industries as are only protected by a duty on the material used. In conclusion, they suggested that steps should be taken to further develop the iron mines.

The proposed Military College provoked an interesting discussion. Mr. KIRKPATRICK suggested a competitive examination for admission.

Hon. Dr. TUPPER supported this proposition. Hon. Mr. MACKENZIE said all the qualification that was necessary for a candidate was a knowledge of the three R's, and to admit all who would then be eligible was impossible. From his experience of the United States, he thought there would be no great pressure of candidates, owing to the rigor of the discipline.

Mr. PLUMB said that in the United States there was a standard of qualification for cadets, to prepare for which candidates had to study pretty hard.

Mr. WALKER said, no doubt there were numbers of candidates who would be equal in merit; and while the selection lay with the Governor in Council in this case, it could not but be that politics would influence the selections. He would suggest that cadets should be selected by ballot, all other things being equal. He approved of the bill in the highest degree, as in it lay the whole nucleus of our future militia force.

Hon. Mr. MITCHELL opposed the proposition, the system

appearing to him to have for its sole object the training of our young men in habits of idleness. He objected to our playing at soldiers in this way, as, judging from appearances, we were going to have a Reciprocity Treaty which would place us at peace with those with whom only was there the remotest chance of having hostilities. The expenditure for this school would be only so much money thrown away.

Hon. Mr. HOLTON said were he sitting on the other side, he should have urged the Government to indicate the site where this school should be placed. Parliament ought to be informed of this, and he trusted that the matter of selection would be brought before the House. There was only one rule on such a point, and that was to insist upon the carrying out of the cardinal points of Parliamentary rule.

Hon. Mr. MACKENZIE admitted the validity of the objection of the member for Chateaugay, regretting that Government could not be more definite. Until the different towns which had been garrisoned had been examined it was impossible to say which was the most eligible. He was quite prepared, however, to put in a rider to the bill, making the selection of a place subject to the approval of Parliament. As to the remarks of the member for South Leeds, he would also make an amendment to his bill, making the choice subject to the selection of the Governor in Council, having reference to their order of merits and examinations.

Mr. BROUSE not only approved of the bill, but he would go farther—he thought they should see if some military training could not be given at the public schools, and this matter, he was of opinion, was worthy of the attention of the Minister of War. He did not believe the country would regret the outlay that would be occasioned by the passage of the bill, as the training that would be given to the young men would be of the greatest service to them and the country.

Hon. Mr. MACKENZIE said, in answer to Mr. Flesher, that they might give to all the cadets of this school employment, and it would be in the interest of the Government to so employ the cadets as to have them in the country when required for actual service. They could not give any security that the cadets would be in the country when required. It was quite impossible to lay down a rule to keep graduates of such a college in the country. They would not supplant the existing officers by students at this school; they could not do it if they desired. He pointed out that it would be four years before any of the graduates would be able to take commissions in the militia. There were already many efficient men in the force and many inefficient men, and it would be most desirable that their positions should be taken by properly trained men.

Some discussion took place as to the ages at which students should be admitted to the school, and ultimately Hon. Mr. Mackenzie consented to change the age from 15 to 20 years. The remaining clauses of the bill were passed.

CHAUDRON.

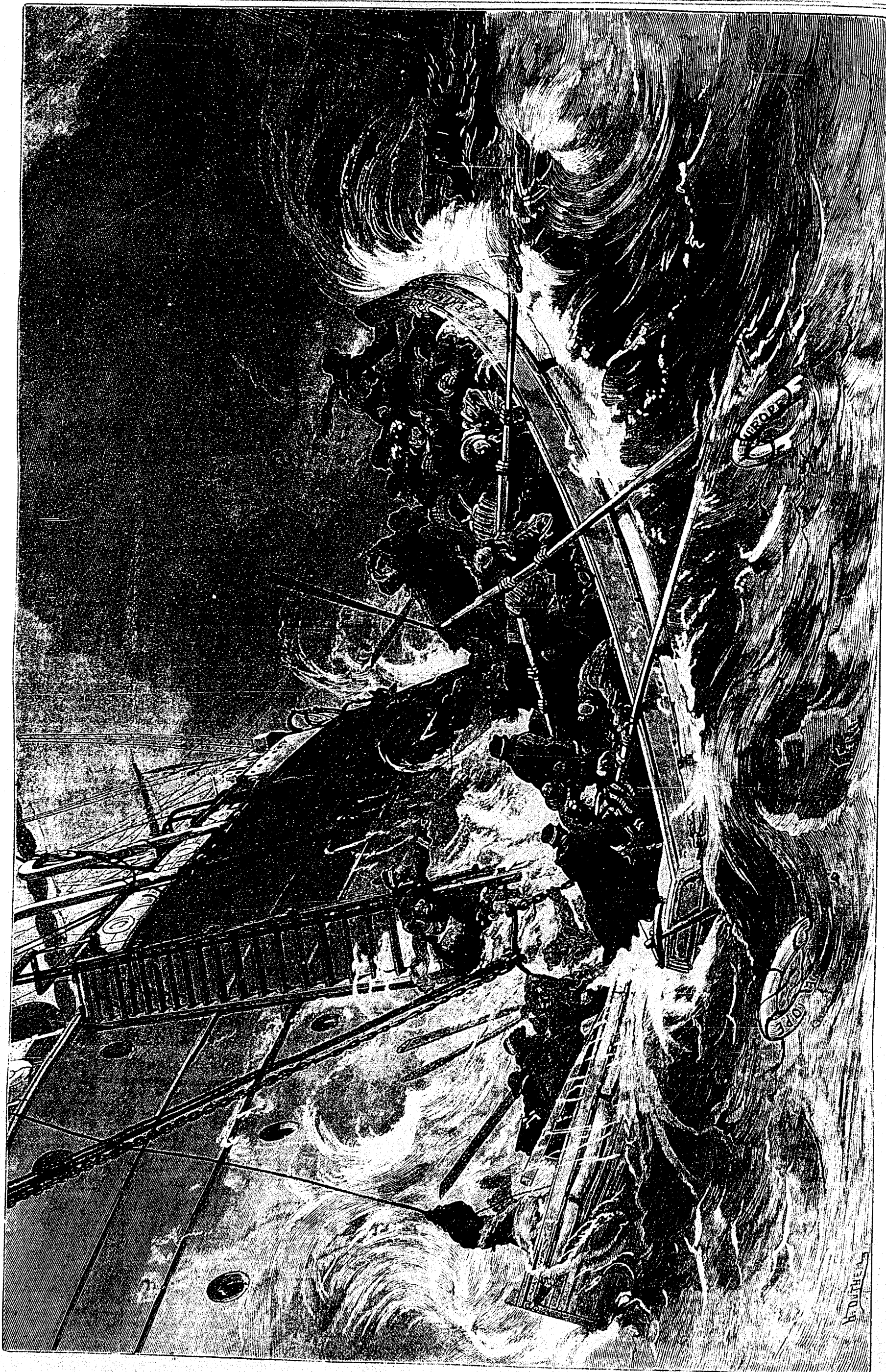
NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Under the title of "The Office and Duty of a Christian Pastor," the Rev. Dr. Tyng, the well-known rector of St. George's Church, New York, has published a small volume containing a series of lectures delivered by him in October last before the students of the School of Theology at Boston University. Few men are more competent than the Doctor to offer good advice to young men about to enter the work of the ministry. His fifty years of unwearying labour as pastor and preacher in two of the largest cities of the United States have admirably fitted him to act as a Mentor to candidates for the high office he has filled with unusual success and with the deepest satisfaction to those who have had the privilege of being under his charge. It is pleasant, therefore, to be able to record that Mr. Tyng's lectures have met with the highest approbation from the Faculty of the University, while by the admission of the students they have contributed much to the strengthening and edification of those they were originally intended to benefit. It is, we may add, at the joint request of Faculty and students that the present volume has been issued. The lectures are five in number, and treat severally of the Objects, Qualifications, Instruments, Opportunities, and Attainments of the Christian pastor. They are delivered in simple, but dignified language, and bear the impress of intense earnestness united to a rare humility. Of the advice given by the lecturer we can say no more than that were it more generally acted upon we should hear more of successful ministries and less of the gradually growing distaste for the services of the clergy—a distaste which, fortunately for this country and our people, has not hitherto committed the ravages it has in Europe and in the United States. As a handbook for the guidance of theological students and of the younger members of the clergy Dr. Tyng's book is invaluable. The total absence of anything savouring of dogmatism, polemical discussion or intolerance is one of the most pleasing of its many admirable features; and its value is immensely enhanced, as has already been pointed out, by the author's wide experience, his earnestness, his true spirit of Christian charity, and the large measure of success which has everywhere demonstrated the force and the truth of his teaching.

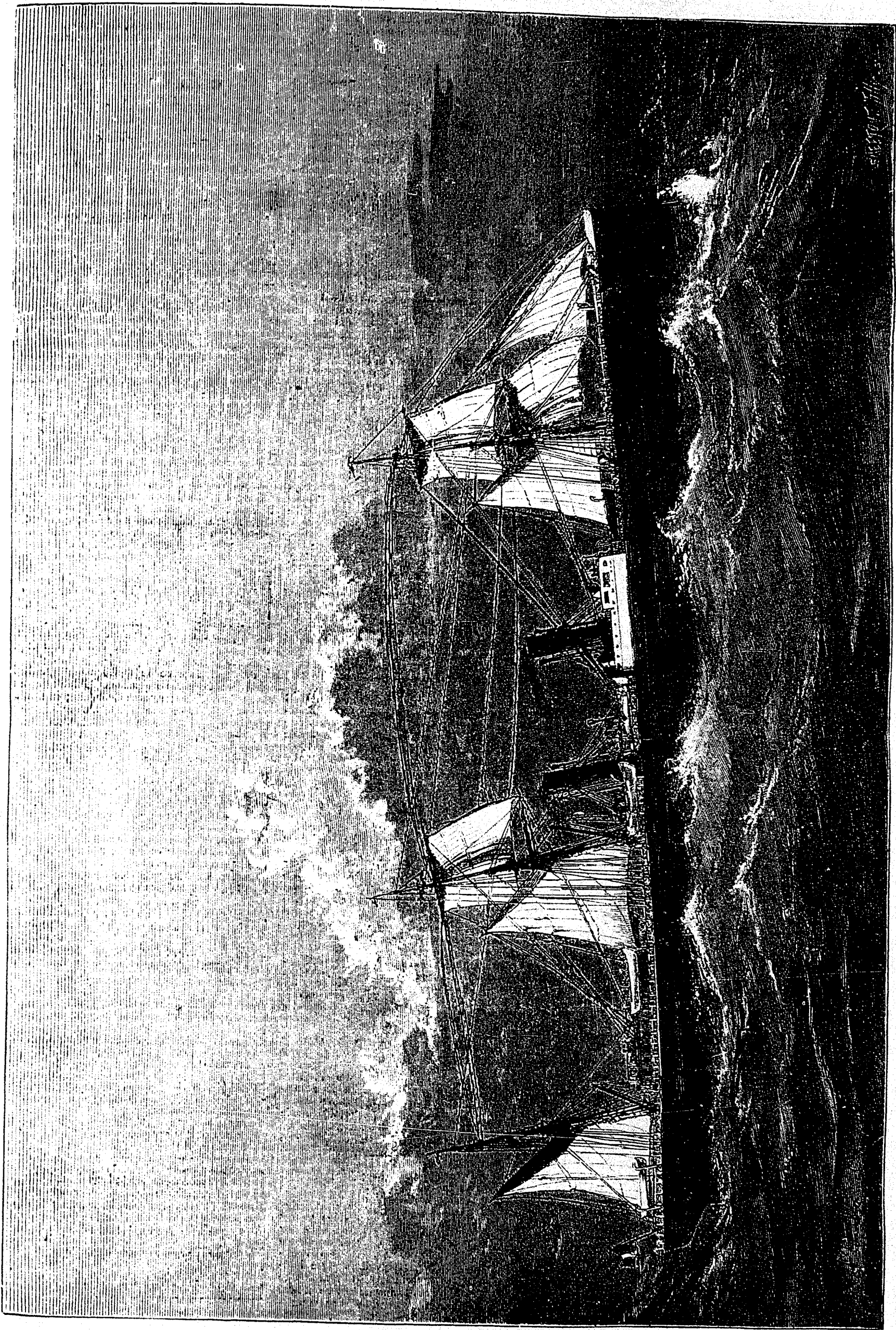
Messrs. Harper & Brothers have added to their library of select novels "Colonel Dacre," † by the author of "Caste"—a book remarkable chiefly for its ingrained dullness and the unchanging prosiness of the conversation the writer permits his, fortunately unfortunates, characters to indulge in without interruption from the rise to the fall of the curtain. As a mild and harmless soporific we can conscientiously recommend its exhibition.

* The Office and Duty of a Christian Pastor. By Stephen H. Tyng. D.D. Cloth, 12mo. pp. 176. New York: Harper & Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

† Colonel Dacre. A Novel. By the author of Caste. Paper, small 8vo. pp. 134. Fifty cents. New York: Harper & Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.



WRECK OF THE SS. LEUROPE, OF THE COMPAGNIE TRANSATLANTIQUE.



THE COMPAGNIE TRANSATLANTIQUE SS. "L'AMÉRIQUE," RECENTLY ABANDONED IN MID-OCEAN.

THE BOHEMIAN IN THE SOUTH.

What a glorious thing! To look out of your window, through which the soft wind gently steals, in February, and hear the birds chirping and the water running, to see the green grass, the street-awning, and the significant straw hat.

In Richmond we had a June day, and the streets were alive with "darkies" and "Dolly Vardens," for the same sun that had hatched out the hibernating black "chickens" of Virginia, had brought her lilies into bloom as well.

Richmond is miserably paved. Even the mules find some difficulty in securing a foot-hold on its broken flags and crumbling bricks. The city is built upon an amphitheatre of hills, whose convex surface looks towards the North. Either extremity of the amphitheatre abuts upon the James River, and in the basin which it encloses is situate the business portion of the town. The city is regularly laid out, well built (of dark red brick or the fine stone, so easily obtained from the bed of the James) and well lit with gas. It has an old-fashioned, English look, quite different from the flashy, mushroom appearance of some of the northern cities. That portion which was burnt before the evacuation has been splendidly rebuilt. The railway station is a miserable affair. Government Hill is a delightful garden, and Hollywood Cemetery, which is entirely the work of nature, is the most beautiful place I ever saw.

Connecting Richmond with Manchester, on the opposite side of the river, are five bridges, three for railways and two for passengers. Between the piers of the bridges, and over boulders and ledges of freestone, come streaming the pinky waters of the James. Many little islands, overgrown with black willows in tangled confusion, intervene between the bridges and form a pretty foreground for the city, viewed from Manchester. Traces of the siege are still visible in some places, but the efforts of the last few years have done much to obliterate the signs of war, the wrecks and ruins that encumbered and defaced Richmond, nine years ago. Crossing the new Mayo's Bridge, (the old one was swept away by a freshet in '67) the Bohemian will find himself in a straggling town, that has the appearance of a train waiting for a locomotive. It always seems to be Sunday here, but when Sunday does come, the stillness, the absence of human beings, the corpse-like appearance of everything, is very suggestive of a catacomb. But should you pass yonder "coloured" church, the deep strains of the *Doxology* would dispel any creeping of the flesh that such death-like appearance might induce. Indeed! the chiming of the bells in Richmond would soon soothe your nerves, and the little birds would twitter in your ears "not dead but sleeping," (which I believe to be *allegorically*, and for the most part *literally* true). Moving southwest from this "sleepy hollow" by the broad yellow road, one soon passes the old earthen fort and breastworks beyond Manchester, pursues an almost uninterrupted course between great red fields and deserted houses, sentinel chimneys, standing guard over the embers of desolated homes, long lines of blackened fences, mourning for the oceans of waving corn and fragrant tobacco which they once enclosed, and, at length, approaches a district which the armies of both sides had spared, and which forms a striking contrast to the country around Richmond.

THE CONDITION OF THE COUNTRY FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

could scarcely be realized by a stranger. Every white man owned from one to five thousand acres of land, of the finest description, most of which was cleared and in a high state of cultivation. In proportion to the amount of land, each proprietor owned from twenty to two hundred and fifty negroes. Land was worth twenty dollars an acre, and the average price of negroes ranged from one thousand to fifteen hundred dollars. Most of the planters had large sums of money in the banks or invested in profitable enterprise. A few persons owned as much as ten thousand acres of land and as many as five hundred negroes.

Every white man was educated and was, generally speaking, a gentleman in every respect. Hospitality and generosity were, and are still, prominent features in the character of this pre-eminently aristocratic people. Conservative in politics, they were ultra-liberal in commercial transactions and (paradoxically, it may seem) in benevolent undertakings. They are not, and were not, the cruel task-masters and hardened tyrants that I was taught to believe. Wealthy, educated, waited upon by scores of servants, breathing an almost tropical atmosphere, assured by the past as to the continuance of these things, what wonder that they should have become somewhat indolent and reckless, somewhat proud and independent; what wonder that the enterprise, the perseverance, the resolution of those Englishmen who felled the forest in Pocahontas's time, should have dwindled down in their descendants, until those traits became almost visionary, and resembled the reality only "as the mist resembles the rain." But the old spirit was still theirs, and it wanted only the spark of war to light up the old enthusiasm, the dormant energy of Virginia's children.

Of the many causes that induced the late war, and of its disastrous results, even to the victorious party, I shall not speak, but deem it not amiss to dwell upon the condition of the negro prior to the war, and the relations that subsisted between master and slave. Although negroes were constantly imported from Africa (and that very often by Northern ship-owners and Northern enterprise) yet the majority of the slaves were born in slavery and knew no other condition. The first introduction of negro slaves into America was by the State of Massachusetts, and at one time all of the States owned slaves and sanctioned slavery. But the Africans could not endure the cold climate of the North, and were sold to the Southern planters by the men who first imported them. Here, among the cotton fields and tobacco plantations, the negro found a more congenial home. When the North found that the slavery business was a failure, she passed laws forbidding it within her (rather ill-defined) boundaries. But in the South slavery was so successful in its results that all other labour became, in time, excluded from the market. Generation after generation of whites grew up in the midst of this state of things, looking upon slaves as personal property, and generation after generation of negroes were born and grew up without feeling the weight of bondage which had been transmitted to them, and which seemed as inevitable as that black parents should beget black children. Slaves were a constant source of anxiety

to their masters. They were valuable, and for that reason alone, must have been well cared for. Each slave had two outfits of clothes, boots, and head-gear annually. In case of sickness, each had the best of medical attendance, and on nearly every plantation divine service was held every Sabbath. They were well housed and well fed, and, during the slack season, were often granted holidays.

In return for this they worked, not very hard, but very steadily and continuously, and the profit of their labour went to their masters. Occasionally they were treated cruelly, and sometimes were kept at work for twenty-four hours continuously. Sometimes they were rented to other parties, and sometimes sold. They were seldom thrashed, and when they were, they were staked out, and not hung up, as is stated in books on the subject. Ninety-nine per cent. of them were perfectly happy and contented, and would not have wished for freedom but for the agitation and influence of Northern enthusiasts and speculating literary adventurers, in whose minds the truth and their purses were forever at variance.

The present condition of the people is something to be deplored. Men, formerly wealthy, are left with nothing but their broad acres, which they have not the capital to cultivate, and which are rapidly returning to their primeval condition by the luxuriant upgrowth of "old field pine." In some districts where, a few years ago, a tree was scarcely visible, the eye wanders over dense forests of pine that have sprung up and encumbered the soil within the last ten years. Some of the most fertile land in this State can be bought for two dollars an acre, and magnificent white oak and yellow pine, that have never been touched by the axe of civilization, can be obtained for two dollars a tree, standing, and this in close proximity to navigable streams and railway stations.

Those planters who saved a little from the general ruin have removed to Richmond and the large cities, and thousands of acres of fertile land are idly waiting the influx of population, enterprise and capital. The Southern people were left by the war absolutely ruined. Men who owned whole miles of property could scarcely find food to eat or raiment to wear, while the freed slaves wandered about the country in the full flush of the novelty—freedom, no longer maintained by their masters, neglected by their liberators, unwilling to work, but revelling in outrages of every description. Many foreigners are now coming into the country, land-owners are partitioning their estates, and selling them in small parcels, a few factories are being erected, the people are slowly recoiling from their ruined condition, and but for the temporary dullness induced by the recent money-panic a brighter day is dawning on Virginia. A few years more, and the rich coal fields, the smiling farms and valuable forests of the "Old Dominion" will be a theme of wonder to the nations, and a source of wealth to many people.

The present condition of the negro is unenviable. Most of them squat on the farms of their old masters, they work just enough to keep body and soul together, they talk loudly of George Washington and the Independence of America, they steal chickens, sleep in the sun, and vote "The Black Republican ticket." They are paid usually twenty-five cents a day, because if they receive fifty cents they won't work the next day, but contentedly repose on their laurels. They are deserting the country and flocking to the towns and cities, which they infest in every direction. They are civil, well-behaved, and lack only industry and perseverance to become, what their Yankee brothers so earnestly desire them to be, their equals in every respect. A happier people it would be hard to find, always laughing and joking, singing or grotesquely gesticulating some profound argument into the woolly pate of a black brother, they enliven this, otherwise sober country, wonderfully. Nothing is more common than to see a wench with a bundle on her head and lugging a child by the arm, "hoeling it down" with shiny heel on the railway track in real old Virginia style.

What they eat here sometimes puzzles me to find "a habitation and a name" for. Meats are less plentifully partaken of than in Canada. A profusion of vegetables is always to be found on the table. Sweet potatoes, hominy, corn-dodgers, batter cake, and fried rice are a few of the curiosities; preserved peaches, citrons, and other and rarer edibles, are commonly placed before the unaccustomed traveller. Their living, though perhaps not so substantial as our own, is better suited for this mild climate. Nearly every one dresses in black (of course I refer to men), but much better taste is displayed than in the North, where broadcloth prevails. I have seen no high-heeled boots nor "shoo-fly" neckties; no low-cut vests, nor profusion of gold studs, no little brooch pinned on the coat collar, and no enormous rings on little fingers, since I came here. The men all look like gentlemen, and behaved as such. The language, although the same as our own, has a peculiar accent, something between the drawing twang of the Yankee and the wabbling lisp of the negro. The Virginians "reckon" a good deal, and "right-smart" and "right-bad" it considerably, and "on-yon" it somewhat. Of course, this slang prevails only amongst certain classes, although it is very expressive and not so repulsive as some I have heard.

Many of their houses here are constructed of wood, with the chimneys built up outside the house. Within the houses nearly every room has a fire-place, up-stairs and down, but stoves are a rarity. Many of the houses have no cellars but are built on brick arches, three or four feet from the ground. Mules are very commonly employed for draught and farm work. Farmers plough with one horse, and travel chiefly on horseback. The Virginian horses are rather small, but usually very tough and beautiful.

A great deal of the soil is a rich red clay. The country is rolling, and between the hills every vale is watered by a stream of limpid purity. The public roads are merely turnpikes. I have not seen a "macadamised" road in a tramp of one hundred miles. The bridges are good, at least those are which span the James, the Appamattox, the Notamay, the Mahern, and the Roanoke.

Tobacco is not grown extensively northeast of Powhatan county, but southwest of that district it is cultivated almost exclusively. The manipulation and process it has to undergo formed the topic of my last letter, and unfolded some mysterious secrets anent the "weed" of which some of your readers who indulge in that same may be ignorant.

The delightful weather we have had for some days has been succeeded by a cold sleet from the northeast, awakening memories of a Canadian November. The mulberry trees outside my window are broken and almost ruined with the weight of ice upon them, and I am broken, too, somewhat, by this long letter, and so must say *au revoir*.

CANADIAN.

MGR. TACHE, ARCHBISHOP OF ST. BONIFACE.

According to promise we give the following biography of Mgr. Taché, for which we are indebted to the *True Witness*:—

Jean Baptiste Taché, brother of Sir Etienne Paschal Taché, and Louise Henriette Boucher de La Brocquerie were the parents of three sons, Joseph Charles, Chevalier of the Legion of Honour and at present Deputy Minister of Agriculture, Antoine Louis, now sheriff of St. Hyacinthe, and Alexandre, the subject of this sketch. Born at Rivière du Loup, below Quebec, on the 23rd of July, 1823, he began at an early age to aspire to the Priesthood, and in order to prepare for that exalted station was placed in the College of St. Hyacinthe. It was there that he first heard of the vast regions of the distant North-West; of the many tribes of Red Men from whose sons the waters of Baptism had not yet washed the stain of Adam's sin; and of the brave little band of Missionaries who, Cross in hand, had penetrated into the boundless wilds, and were preaching salvation and teaching civilization to all whom they could reach. Young Taché, in whose soul the lovely virtue of charity had long since taken root, yearned to be numbered among those heroic pioneers of Christianity; and he begged of God in earnest prayer to make known the divine will to His servant. The youth's prayer was heard. "God wills it" spoke a voice from heaven, sending a thrill of joy through his soul, a joy which the perils that stared him in the face, countless as they were, could not repress. Without delay he joined the community of *Oblats* Missionaries at Longueuil, then directed by R. P. Guigues, the late lamented Bishop of Ottawa. On June 24th, 1845, the superior sent forth two Apostles to the far off Hudson Bay territories; they were R. P. Aubert, and the Novice Taché who had not yet attained his twenty-second year. From Montreal to the Red River settlement their voyage by water was made in a frail bark canoe, the only means of transport then used by the Canadian *voyageur*. Arrived at the scene of his future labours, the young Novice received the holy Order of Priesthood from the hands of the Bishop of the North-West, Mgr. Provencher. The ordination took place on October 12th, 1845.

Father Taché laboured energetically and most successfully during the six following years and towards their close, in 1851, he was chosen by Mgr. Provencher to be Coadjutor Bishop of his limitless Diocese. After receiving this nomination, which he did while protesting his unworthiness and many imperfections, he went to France to lay before the Superior General a report of the Northern Missions. In the mean time His Holiness the Pope had approved of and confirmed the wise selection of Mgr. Provencher; and on November 23rd 1851, in the Cathedral of V. viers, France, Father Alexandre Taché was consecrated Bishop of Arath *in partibus infidelium* by Mgr. de Mazenod of Marseille. The new Prelate, after paying homage and professing allegiance to the Holy Father at Rome, set out on his return to the Episcopal See of St. Boniface, where he arrived in June 1852 after a tedious and wearying voyage. We shall not attempt to pourtray the apostolic labours of Mgr. Taché and the wonderful success that has crowned them. To do so without wounding the good Bishop's modesty would be impossible. Suffice it to say that, aided and abetted by Mgr. Grandin of St. Albert, Mgr. Farad and Mgr. Clut of Athabaska, he has established in a country where ice and snow are the principal products and which extends northward as far as the pole itself, an Ecclesiastical Province, poor in worldly goods it is true, but in the eyes of God and of His Church equal to the richest in Europe. Of this province Mgr. Taché was appointed Metropolitan two years ago.

The name of Archbishop Taché is, as the whole reading public knows, prominently connected with the union of Manitoba to the Dominion; and a portion of the press would have us believe that he is responsible for the troubles and bloodshed connected with that event. With the single exception of one of his own Priests, M. Ritchot, there is no man more misrepresented and abused by the penny-a-liner than the Archbishop of St. Boniface. The epithet of *traitor* applied to Mgr. Taché and *murderer* to M. Ritchot have become as familiar as household words. This is the way Canada rewards the Catholic Bishop who, at his country's call, tore himself away from the dearest association, the society of his Church's Princes during the Council of the Vatican; crossed as fast as steam would carry him the greater part of two continents and the wide Atlantic; and rested not until he had repaired as far as was then possible the mischief of which the blunders of those in power were the cause. Shame on thee Canada, because of thy base ingratitude to the son of thine own bosom!

THE EFFECTS OF EUGENIE'S DISPLEASURE.

Olive Logan, in chronicling the revival of "Des Bibelots du Diable" at the Renaissance, Paris, says: "This is a fairy piece which had a run of over a hundred nights at the Varieties some years ago. Two performers who then received the plaudits of the crowd shall know them no more forever. One of these was Lassagne, a comedian whose humorous loutishness I never saw excelled upon the stage. He played the stolid, ignorant, guffawing peasant in a way that could and did shake crowned and uncrowned heads (and bodies) with laughter. But see on what a slight thread our destinies hang! One evening when the Empress was present at the theatre, Lassagne indulged in that bit of business which is a standard stupidity among comic men. In a scene where he was called upon to take off his jacket and vest, under the imperative bidding of somebody else, he made as if he were about to remove more of his garments, and was brought to reason by a pe-re-mptory 'Ah! hold on!' &c., from the other performer. Eugenie considered herself very greatly affronted by this piece of vulgarity, and sent word to the management that Lassagne must never again play when she visited the theatre. When the news was communicated to the poor comedian his brain reeled, he fainted, and when he returned to consciousness his mind was gone. The insanity of poor 'Carlotta,' brought about by Napoleon's lack of good faith to Maximilian, has moved the sympathies of the entire world, but the fate of the poor actor who was made a lunatic by Eugenie's caprice is little known or cared for. He dragged on some miserable years in a mad-house, his hours passed in the heartrending portrayal of his old parts, mingled with agonized prayers for forgiveness from the offended lady. I cannot offer any extenuation for his vulgarity, but I should not like to have the wreck of his life on my conscience. He died without ever recovering his reason."

THE CREVASSE.

'Tis morn; athwart the eastern hills
The rising sun with golden light
Has gilt the laughing meadow rills,
And chased away the sombre night.
The stars have faded from the brilliant sky,
And in the rose's breast the pearly dew-drops lie

'Tis morn: beyond the torrent's wave
The forests toss their supple limbs,
And, nearer, lowing cattle lave
Their coats, and robins sing their hymns.
All that man's eye can view is brightly gay.
To marshal in the coming of the welcome day.

The hours that met the sun with joy
Flee, as the brightest hours must flee;
But sadder scenes the eye employ,
Where all but now was glad and free.
The trees, with lifted crests on high yeastreen,
Are few and distant, with an awful flood between.

The rushing, roaring waters seethe
And gurgle as they sweep the vale,
The hill-tops view the death beneath,
And echo back the piercing wail.
More grim and ghastly grows the horrid sight,
Until, to cover it, in mercy comes the night.

'Tis morn again; but lowering clouds
Obscure the sun. The light is dim,
The beasts collect in stricken crowds,
Trembling with fright in every limb.
Far as the eye can see the waters sweep,
With here and there a hill-top rising from the deep.

And morn again has come and gone,
But brought no hope to those whose friends
Will never see another dawn
Until their night of sorrow ends.
Whole regions lie beneath the swelling tide,
Which sweeps above great fields and forests wide!

HARVEY HOWARD.

FOR EVERYBODY.

Sale of a Racing Stud.

The late Baron Rothschild's racing stud was sold a few days since in London. The buyers were few. The total proceeds were about \$71,000, or an average of \$3,575 per horse. "Mare-worth" brought \$25,000, "Pedometer" \$8,500, "Tancred" \$6,500, "Couronne de Fer" brought \$12,500, and was bought by Lord Roseberry, recently in this country.

An Omnibus Tell-Tale.

A novel adaptation of electricity has just been applied to several of the carriages of the London General Omnibus Company. By a very simple piece of mechanism placed under each seat of the passengers a tell-tale or dial is made to register the number of the passengers entering the carriage and the distance which each travels. It is the invention of Sir Charles Wheatstone.

Anglomania in France.

French journalists are just now lamenting over the rage which is prevailing among their fellow countrymen for everything English. They say that the Paris ladies have taken to giving their children English names, and instead of calling them Jacques and Diana call them Jemmy and Di. It is becoming the fashion in certain aristocratic circles to talk French with an English accent. Still more marvellous, English cookery and English millinery are superseding French.

Cremation in New York.

The "New York Cremation Society" is fully organised, and its members are confident of a charter from the Legislature. The society does not assume any combative attitude; but one of the principal points thought to be desirable as a basis of organization is the following: "The company binds itself to perform the act of cremation on the remains of any shareholder, provided he or she shall express such desire in any way before death, and in case of no opposition from immediate relatives."

A New Club of Mohocks.

A correspondent at Bristol has heard that there is a society formed in that city comprising 21 youths, "for the purpose of annoying the public by practical joking, such as wrenching bell-pulls, running away with a milkman's cans and leaving them at a certain public-house to be called for, pulling up young saplings, and other devices." The late and respected chimpanzee was applied to but declined to become the president and allow the club to be called the "Chimpanzees" till the society took a higher aim in its objects.

The Retort Direct.

"Witty as Madame Meternich is," writes a correspondent, "she has sometimes met her match. The story is told of her that one day, descending a staircase at a ball, a gentleman behind her trod on the trailing skirt of her dress, which was as conspicuously ample as the waist of it was the reverse. She turned around angrily towards him with the outrageously slangy phrase of 'Fichu! maladroitt!' (the deuce, you awkward fellow!) 'Madame la Princesse,' said the gentleman, bowing, 'that 'fichu' would be more appropriate on your shoulders than in your mouth.'"

The Ruling Passion, etc.

M. Clément Duvernois relates a strange incident that occurred during his rambles through the cemetery at Père la Chaise. He passed by a young lady in deep mourning kneeling at a grave singing "Casta Diva" with apparent devotion. He listened, and found that his ears had not deceived him. The young lady to his astonishment, said, "You are perhaps surprised to hear me singing *Norma* in such a place. But my mamma sleeps below in that tomb; she used to love to hear me sing that opera, and I come here every day to sing it to her."

Epistles from His Grace.

Appropos of the Duke of Cambridge, a London correspondent writes: "The only point in Sir Garnet Wolseley's speech at the Lord Mayor's *Fête* which his hearers felt inclined to challenge was a fib about the Duke. Sir Garnet told us he had to thank his Royal Highness 'for numerous letters containing valuable military advice and cheerful encouragement received from him during the war.' A sharp eye might have seen a look of intelligence pass between three or four members of Sir Garnet's staff, for the Duke's letters were ludicrous in their 'advice,' and as compositions were mirth-inspiring rather than edifying."

The Oldest Man in the States.

This is to be believed: it comes from a Kentucky paper. Jean Revore is a Frenchman living in Bracken County, Kentucky. He is known to be over one hundred years old, and himself "allows" that he was a boy at "Braddock's defeat" in 1755, or one hundred and nineteen years ago. The *Kentucky Freeman* says: "If Mr. Revore's account of himself be true, he is at least one hundred and thirty years old, and therefore, by long odds, the oldest man in the United States." If we except that friend of ours in Brazil, who claims to be one hundred and seventy, Mr. Revore is probably the oldest man extant.

Quid Pro Quo.

At the Autumn Manœuvres, two or three years ago, an officer was told by Sir Garnet that he had too much baggage. The officer pleaded earnestly that he might be permitted to take with him what was already in his portmanteau, but Wolseley was inflexible, and told the officer that he must leave out what was not actually indispensable for the campaign. The officer was equal to the occasion, for, seizing a small volume, he hurled it into space, and then turning to Sir Garnet, remarked, "That was the only useless thing in my portmanteau." The volume thus thrown away was a copy of Sir Garnet's *Soldiers' Pocket-Book*.

Young London.

Not long ago an officer of the London School Board was crossing Covent Garden Market at a late hour, when he found a little fellow making his bed for the night in a fruit basket. "Would you not like to go to school and be well cared for?" said the official. "No," said the urchin. "But do you know I am one of the people who are authorised to take up little boys whom I find as I find you, and take them to school?" "I know you are, old chap, if you find them in the streets, but this here is not a street, it is private property, and if you interfere with my liberty, the Duke of Bedford will be down upon you. I know the hact as well as you."

Greatness Thrust Upon Him.

— is a well-known miniature painter, and was much in vogue during the Second Empire. Like all Bonapartists, he is poor. He encountered the rich and dashing widow M. de — aged 24, whose husband, a colonel, was killed during the siege, at a friend's party. She wished to have her portrait taken, and to avoid scandal she agreed to disguise herself as a *grisette*, and so give sittings to the artist in his own studio. The latter owed his landlady two quarters' rent, and seeing him reduced to paint *grisettes* instead of grand *dames*, she formally called on him, reminded him of his arrears, sympathised with his "decline," and gave him notice to quit. The willow overheard all; and has become his wife—to restore him to the good graces of his landlady.

Criticising the Press.

A bashful journalistic reporter on the staff of a well-known Parisian journal is famed for his dislike of the traditional note book of his race, and has hit upon a method of taking his professional notes without being observed by those surrounding him. He wears large white linen cuffs to his shirt and nonchalantly jots his impressions on those with the most microscopic of pencils. At first his landlady was greatly puzzled with the hieroglyphically inscribed *manchettes* of her client, but after a while learned the meaning of the signs, and thus gathered the news of the week while pursuing her avocation. One day she astonished M. X. by remarking, "Your last washing was very interesting, only you don't give us enough political news."

A Hidalgo of Old Spain.

An Englishman travelling from Seville to Xeres, not understanding that a distinction of classes was unknown in revolutionary times, sent his driver to dine in the kitchen of the inn where they halted. The driver, who in his heart thought that he would have been doing great honour to a heretic by sitting at the same table with him, concealed his indignation at the time, but in the middle of the road three or four leagues from Xeres, where there is a horrible desert full of bogs and brambles, he pushed the Englishman out of the carriage, and cried out, as he whipped on his horse, "My lord, you did not find me worthy to sit at your table, and I, Don Jose Balbino Bustamante Orozco, find you too bad company to occupy a seat in my carriage. Good night."

Story of a Hare.

The *Revue de l'Ouest* states that a gentleman of Sanjon, having sent a hare to a friend during the closed season, got into the following difficulties:—The hamper was labelled "Fruit," and the railway company took proceedings against him for false description. Whereupon a second action was commenced against him by the octroi for not having made the usual declaration. A note was attached to the hare addressed to its destinee, on which account the post office entered an action against the sender. Finally the public prosecutor took proceedings against him for sending game during the prohibited period. A compromise was effected with the octroi and the post office, but the other proceedings were carried on to the bitter end. The result was a fine of 50 francs and the confiscation of the cause of the dispute for the benefit of the hospital at Poitiers.

Macgillivray, the Chinese Highlander.

The Rev. Dr. Begg says—"The aristocracy of New Zealand,

in fact, may be said to be the Highlanders. I stayed with the grandson of a Highlander, for example, who has half-a-million of sheep. I saw another Highlander, who is a member of Parliament, and who went there with nothing, I believe, and has one hundred and twenty-five thousand sheep. I heard of two Highlanders who took their stand upon two mountains in New Zealand, and each asked Government to give them a lease of the land that they saw from the tops of these respective mountains. They obtained their wish, and are now both wealthy men. From a New Zealand paper to-day I see the Highlanders are so successful, that a Chinaman making application for some employment called himself Macgillivray. The people were astonished. They had never heard a Chinaman called Macgillivray, and they asked what the meaning of it was. The reply of the Chinaman was, that there was no use of any making application except Scotsmen.

A Story of a Picture.

One of the most famous of Landseer's pictures was bought many years ago for a comparatively small sum, by a gentleman who, on his death, left it, together with a modest fortune, to his daughter. Recently a collector mentioned to a friend his great desire to purchase this work, and declared that he was prepared to give any price for it. The friend happened to be acquainted also with the owner of the picture, and said, "Well but what do you mean by any price? That is rather indefinite; name a sum and I will see what I can do." The collector said, "Ten thousand pounds." This offer was taken to the fortunate possessor of the picture, who heard it with glistening eyes and a beaming face, and then replied, "Is it really a *bona fide* offer?" "Perfectly, you will get your cheque in a day or two if you will accept the terms." She then added, "I am extremely pleased to have had this offer, but I do not mean to part with my picture. I shall however enjoy it more than ever."

Mr. George Cruikshank and Charles Dickens.

Mr. George Cruikshank delivered an address on Intemperance, at Manchester. In supporting a vote of thanks to the veteran artist the Mayor referred to Mr. Cruikshank's illustration of Charles Dickens's works. Mr. Cruikshank, in responding, said the only work of Dickens which he had illustrated was "The Sketches by Box." The Mayor: You forget "Oliver Twist." Mr. Cruikshank: That came out of my own brain. I wanted Dickens to write me a work, but he did not do it in the way I wanted. I assure you I went and made a sketch of the condemned cell many years before that work was published. I wanted a scene a few hours before the strangulation, and Dickens said he did not like it, and I said he must have a Jew or a Christian in the cell. Dickens said, "Do as you like," and I put Fagan, the Jew, into the cell. Dickens behaved in an extraordinary way to me, and I believe it had a little effect on his mind. He was a most powerful opponent to teetotalism, and he described us as "old hogs."

"Genus Mutabile."

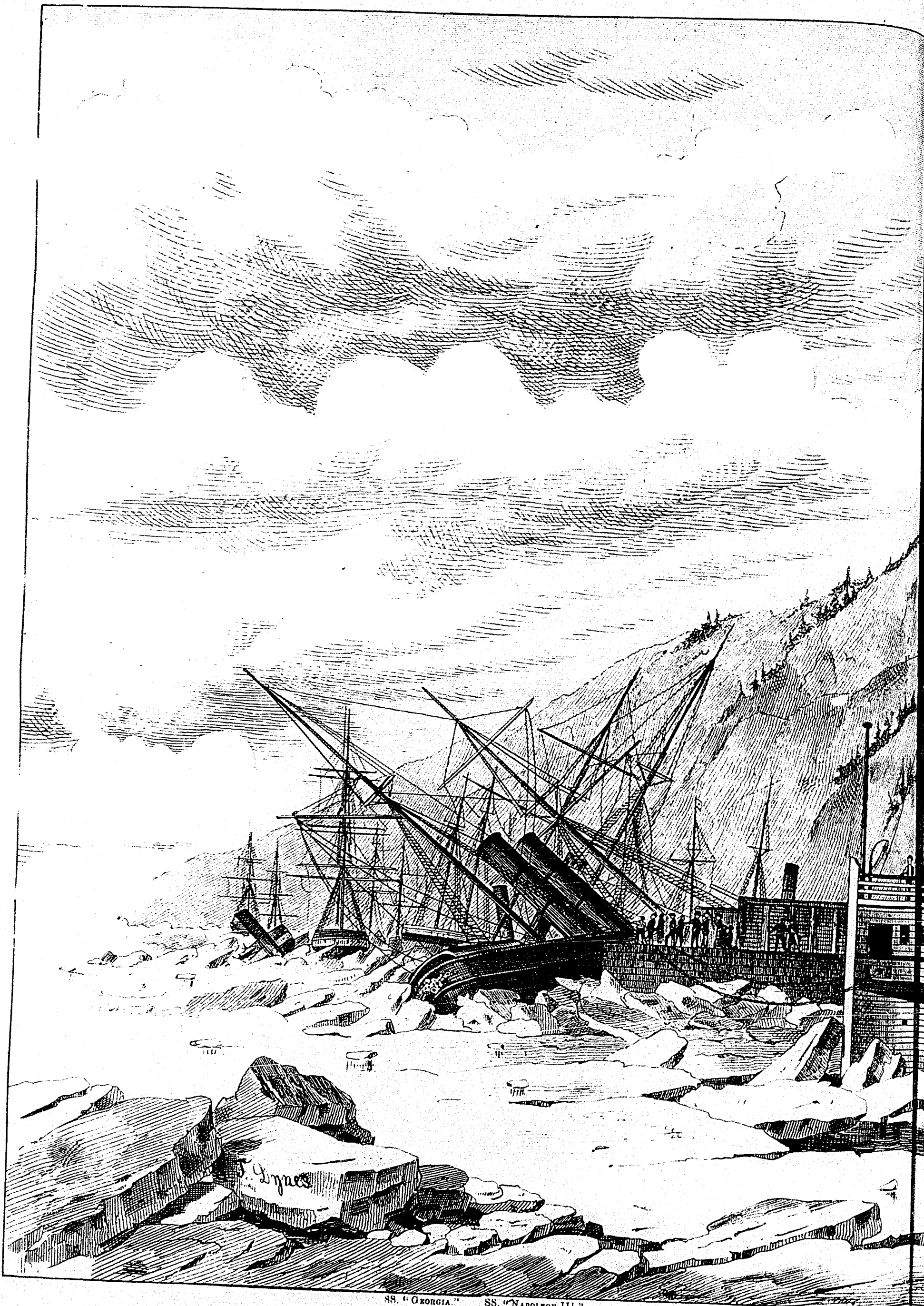
The mutability of French Politics is nowhere better illustrated than by the coat-of-arms over the clock of the Hotel de Ville at Dijon, which is now being altered for the eighth time in eighty-two years, an average of once every ten years. In 1792 the shield bore three *flour-de-lys*, which had been placed there at the building of the Town Hall; the Revolutionists, however, erased these Royal symbols. During the First Empire the eagle appeared on the shield, but at the Restoration the Imperial bird was ousted, and the *flour-de-lys* once more reigned triumphant. On the fall of Charles X. in 1830 the Bourbon lily in its turn was superseded by the Gallic cock, which disappeared in 1848. When the Empire was re-established in 1852 the eagle resumed its old place, and remained there until the 4th of September, 1870, when it was defaced, and in its stead was put the inscription, "République L.R.F., 4 Septembre, 1870. This is now being erased, but its successor is not yet decided on, for as yet the Septennate has adopted neither beasts, fowl, nor flower for its emblem.

Curious Anecdotes of a Dog.

A recent number of *Le Petit Journal*, of Paris, is responsible for a dog story, the circumstances of which are somewhat as follows. Not long since a gentleman, while driving down the Avenue de Neuilly, on a dark night was suddenly stopped in his course by a man who asked him for the loan of one of his lights to search for some money which the latter had lost through a hole in his pocket, the amount being a considerable sum in gold. Instead, however, of complying with the man's request, the traveller called up a large Danish dog, and after taking a coin which the man still had remaining in his pocket and holding it to the dog's nose, he told the animal to "Go, seek." The intelligent animal understood what was required, and immediately commenced his search for the missing coins, which he found, bringing them back one by one to his master, who handed them over to the rightful owner. He, of course, was in ecstasies, having been sent on a particular business by his employers with the money he had just previously lost, and which he would, probably, have never got a sight of again, had it not been for the extraordinary sagacity of the dog.

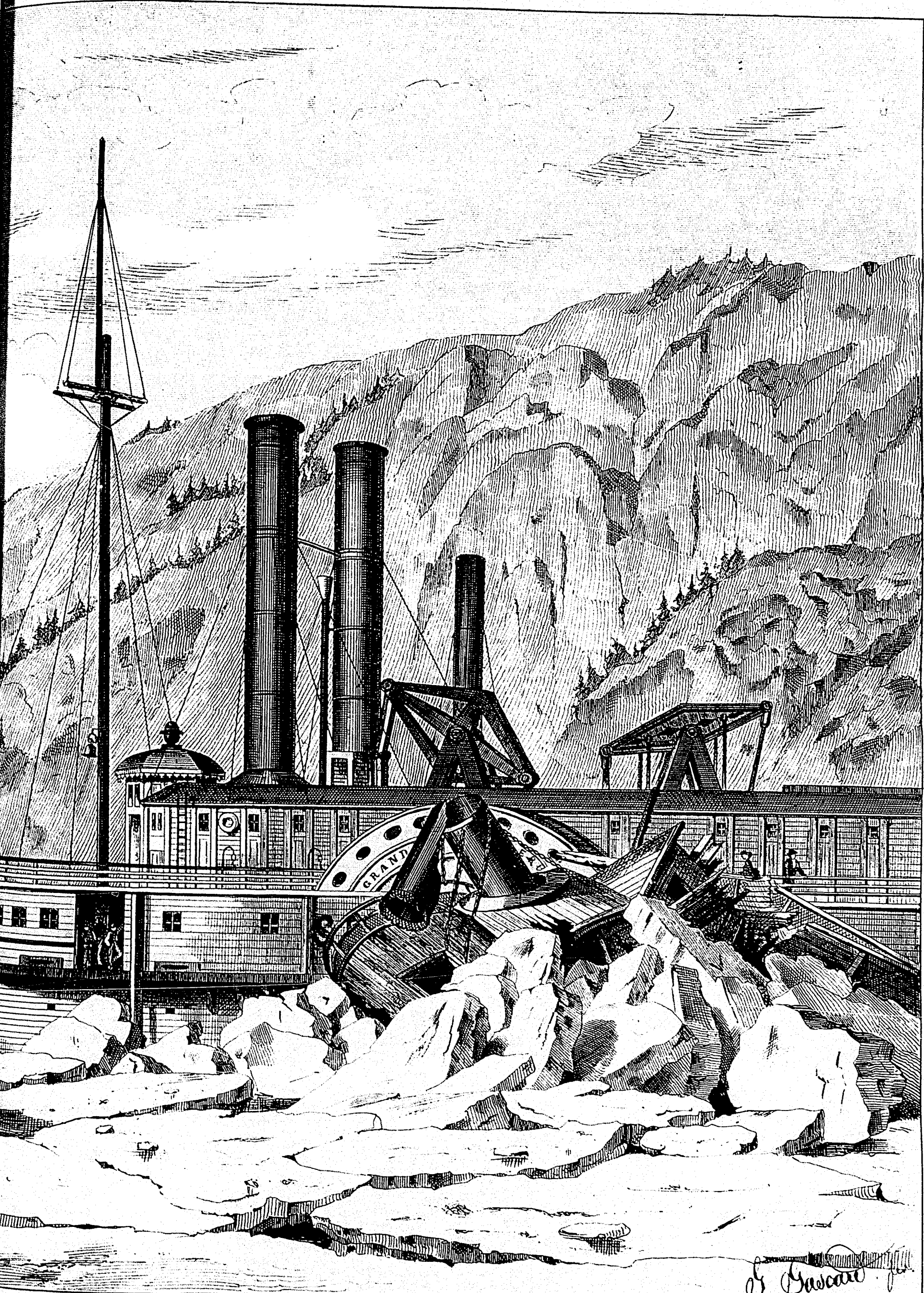
Keeping Beer.

A French chemist named Pasteur has invented a process for making beer that will not sour or spoil by keeping. It is well known that all the objectionable changes which beer undergoes are produced by the action of microscopic organisms, whose germs are carried in the air, contained in the materials used, or are found adhering to the utensils employed in the brewery. In order to make an unalterable beer, therefore, a must entirely free from objectionable germs is required, and it should be fermented by a yeast similarly pure. To this end the must, prepared by the ordinary methods, is first heated very hot, in order to destroy all germs contained in it, and then allowed to cool in a vat fitted with a perfectly tight cover, whose interior communicates with the outer air only through two vertical tubes, into one of which a current of carbolic acid gas is allowed to enter, its excess being discharged by the other. A sufficient quantity of pure yeast, obtained by a process which cannot well be described in detail, is then added; alcoholic fermentation sets in, and in due time a beer is produced which is wholly free from minute organisms, and which can be kept for an indefinite time without the use of ice. Whatever changes to take place are positive improvements, and even high temperatures will not affect it unfavourably.



SS. "GEORGIA." SS. "NAPOLEON III."

QUEBEC.—STEAMERS INJURED BY THE ICE



G. T. R. FERRY SS. "ST. GEORGE."

SS. "CASTOR."

THE SHOVE.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. DYNES, QUEBEC

E. Gavreau

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

The 173rd anniversary meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts was lately held under the Presidency of Lord Lyttelton. The receipts for the past year amounted to £110,259, being an increase on the receipts of the previous year.

The Bishop of Durham has received an address from the laymen of his diocese thanking him for his efforts to put down Ritualism. A guarantee fund of £7,200 was also presented to his lordship to meet the legal costs entailed upon him by his procedure.

A return made to the House of Commons shows that fifty persons admitted to the office of priest or deacon in the Church of England have executed deeds of relinquishment, and enrolled them in the High Court of Chancery, under the provisions of the Clerical Disabilities Act.

The Bishop of Manchester has given his approval to a project which has been mooted for building a new cathedral at Manchester at a cost of £500,000. The Bishop thinks that "there must be five hundred men—if necessary, there could be found as many more—who could, if they were so disposed, give £1,000 apiece to such an object, almost without missing it; and if their gift were distributed in instalments of £100 over the ten years which would probably be required to complete the building, the burden would be lighter still. I can only say for myself that I should be glad to be one of such contributors—if, at least, I am so long permitted to occupy my present position." His lordship thinks it probable that a really great scheme of this kind would attract to itself a much larger amount of liberal support than attempts to repair, or patch, or beautify the present building are likely to do.

The death is announced of the Rev. Henry Arthur Woodgate, B.D., rector of Belbroughton-with-Fairfield, Worcestershire, and honorary Canon of Worcester. Mr. Woodgate graduated at St. John's College, Oxford, in 1821, taking a first-class in Literis Humanioribus, and subsequently becoming fellow and tutor of his college. From 1836 to 1838, and again in 1865 and 1866, Mr. Woodgate was Select Preacher to the University, where also he was Public Examiner in 1827 and 1828, and Brampton Lecturer in 1838. He was also Proctor in Convocation for the clergy of Worcester diocese, having represented them in that body for upwards of thirty years. Mr. Woodgate, in addition to his academic distinctions, was well known by his contributions to theological literature.

A fatal accident occurred at Oxford to Professor Phillips, whose name is so well known in connection with geological researches. On the evening of the 23rd of April he was leaving the rooms of Professor Montague Bernard, with whom he had been dining, when his foot slipped, and he fell down a flight of stairs on to the stone floor below. Professor Phillips, who was seventy-four years of age, remained unconscious throughout the night, and died the following day. He was buried at York. Deputations from the University and from numerous scientific societies, and the principal members of the Corporation of York were present at the funeral.

The Rev. Herbert Stone, M.A. of St. John's College, Cambridge, and assistant-master of Eton College, has been appointed principal of Cheltenham College, in succession to Dr. Jex Blake, the new master of Rugby.

The Earl of Devon presided at a meeting of the executive committee of the subscribers to the fund for the restoration of Exeter Cathedral for the purpose of considering what action should be taken in regard to the recent decision ordering the removal of the reredos. Resolutions were adopted expressing the regret of the committee that the progress of the work of restoration had been arrested by the decision of the Bishop; denying a statement made in one of the local journals that the dean and chapter were about to make use of the restoration fund for the purpose of defraying the cost of the appeal against the decision; and affirming the desirability of raising a distinct fund for that purpose.

A writer in the London Times, in describing a French lady of the old school, says: "Once, while reclining in her carriage which was being driven up the Reine Hortense avenue, she caught sight of a coffin covered with a white sheet, and carried by two undertakers, but without a single mourner. One of the men carried in the crape of his hat the paper which authorized the burial, and both, with their hands in their pockets and the straps of the coffin over their shoulders, went as it were lounging along, carrying to the grave the poor unknown creature which reposed beneath the white sheet. Then stopping her carriage, erect, simple, sincere, pulling her veil over her face, tightening her dark shawl around her thin waist, with head slightly bowed, she began to follow the bier. The undertakers at once changed their attitude, the crowd stopped and uncovered, and yet no one dared to join her, for she alone formed an imposing cortege for the poor castaway; and all those who saw her pass understood that she who was following the sorry bier was a *femme comme il faut*."

In the April number of the *Sword and Trowel* Mr. Spurgeon writes:—"So far as we are personally concerned our abomination of priestcraft is so intense that we would rather be called 'demon' than 'priest.'" Rather wild this. Surely he must, in the round of his numerous acquaintances, have met many a truly good priest, if not one truly good demon.

Archbishop Manning is not to be made a cardinal after all.

The Roman Catholics of Maryland and of the District of Columbia made a pilgrimage on the 14th instant, the Festival of the Ascension, to the Jesuit mission at White Marsh. This was the place where the Roman Catholic Church of the Thirteen Colonies used to hold their conventions, and Father Carroll, the head of the mission, was afterwards transferred to Baltimore and made a bishop. In a valley near the church is a statue of the Virgin Mary carved in the rock, and beneath it a spring of pure, bubbling water, which has produced cures bordering on the miraculous. The different societies took their bands and banners, and some estimate an attendance of 10,000 persons.

HOME NOTES.

A Cincinnati seamstress uses a gray squirrel as a motive power for running her machine, and well he does his work—not only sewing straight seams, but hemming and gathering a ruffle as neatly as could be done by human hands

We commend the following, from the London *Evening Standard*, to the reflections of our lady readers: "That Englishwomen do not know how to dress may be regarded as an exploded proverb; but it may be stated without fear of contradiction that the vast majority of them do not know how to dress their hair. A study of the poets will show that they have been able to say but very few effective things about woman's chief adornment, and doubtless this is owing to the fact that the *coiffure* of most of the heroines has been unbecoming. Tennyson adorns Maud's 'little head running over with curls' to 'shine out,' and allusions have been made to 'flowing locks' and tresses of various descriptions; but a truthful poet, who can write a sonnet to his mistress's eyebrows, does not seem able to extract verse from her hair. The smooth, sleek, shining head of a bygone day, with the hair curled behind into an arabesque design, surmounted by a comb, and flanked by a row of stiff curls, has happily departed; but only to give place to styles which lead up to the ungraceful chignon, which bulged out, and was destructive of all elegance and harmony of form. This has been succeeded by towering masses of hair piled up to such an absurd height that they seem every moment in danger of toppling over; but the height of folly is reached by the last new ornament which may be seen with painful frequency in all directions. This is a dagger, or sometimes a sword with an elaborately twisted handle, made usually of tortoiseshell and thrust deep into the hair. The weapons have the appearance of being dug into the victim's heads, and are as unpleasant as they are inappropriate. The only consolation to be derived from a study of the prevalent fashion of hair-dressing is that any change must be an improvement."

Eight basal diversities of kisses are mentioned in the Scriptures: The kiss of Salutation, Sam. xx. 41; Valediction, Ruth ii. 9; Reconciliation, 2 Sam. xiv. 33; Subjection, Psalms ii. 12; Approbation, Proverbs ii. 4; Adoration, 1 Kings xix. 18; Treachery, Matt. xxvi. 49; Affection, Gen. xiv. 15. There are some other kinds of kisses which young ladies receive over gates o' moonlight nights, which the Scriptures do not mention—neither do the young ladies.

Talking of false hair and chignons, the Paris *Figaro*, regretting and deprecating the use of capillary falsities, and declaring that the ladies of England owe their splendid "tawny fleeces" to the practice of letting the hair grow loose, quotes the opinion of a French doctor that in a short time the fairer half of the population of France will be utterly bald. The wearing of chignons and plaits, he declares, deprives the roots of the hair from the necessary air, and thus speedily kills them, or at least brings them into a condition of disease.

A new picture by Gustave Doré is now exhibiting in Paris. It represents a beggar woman, crouched on a stone seat, trying to warm her sleeping infant by clasping it close to her bosom. A clear wintry sky, dotted with pale stars, extends above her head. The remains of prosperity and even elegance still are visible in her clothing. She wears a tattered silk dress and a lace bonnet, but her eyes have a look of despair, and her whole face expresses starvation. The group is bathed in that peculiar bluish light so characteristic of the artist.

Jean Johnson, of Old Deer, being aged 80, and the widow of three husbands, lately married for her fourth a young man of eighteen, who afterwards bound himself apprentice to a wheelwright. "She seems exceedingly well pleased with him, and remarks that, had it not been for the many changes of husbands she had been blessed with, she must have long ago been dead." She lived, too, in hopes of a fifth husband, should this one unfortunately not live long.

St. Jerome mentions a widow that married her twenty-second husband, who in his turn had been married to twenty wives! There is an instance recorded at Bordeaux, in 1772, of a gentleman who had been married sixteen times. A woman named Elizabeth Nase, who died in Florence in 1768, had been married to seven husbands. She was at the ripe age of seventy when last led to the hymeneal altar, and contrived to survive her "beloved." When on her death-bed, it is stated she recalled the good and bad points of each of her husbands, and having partially weighed in her mind the *pros* and *cons*, she determined that the fifth claimed the highest merit, and ordered her grave to be with his. In 1768 a redoubtable pair were living in Essex who had been married eighty-one years; the husband being one hundred and seven years old, and his spouse only four years his junior.

On the occasion of the recent Royal visit to the wounded of the Ashantee campaign at Netley Hospital, a sergeant-major of the 42nd Highlanders, who was wounded at the battle of Amoafal, was presented to Her Majesty. The sergeant, writing to his friends at Kinross describing the interview, says: "As you would see from the newspapers, Her Majesty paid a visit to Netley Hospital. Her Majesty chatted a few minutes to me, and made kind inquiries about me. The doctor told her how I had been in the Crimean and Indian campaigns, and on hearing my story Her Majesty burst into tears. She introduced me to her youngest son and daughter, who were present, and they were as much affected as their noble mother. Next day I received from Osborne a copy of 'Leaves from my Journal in the Highlands, with the following inscription in the Queen's own handwriting: 'Presented to Sergeant-Major John Barclay, 42nd Highlanders.—Victoria B.—Osborne, April 17, 1874.'"

A young lady was once heard to excuse her objection to severe application to study on the ground that it might make her head become too large for beauty. It seems that the State superintendent of the Minnesota schools entertains a similar opinion of the incompatibility between personal charms and a high degree of mental culture. He lately received a letter asking his help to secure a schoolmistress able to teach Latin

and Greek and take charge of a hundred pupils, and possessing withal experience, age, and good looks; to which he replied as follows: "I know of no lady who can fill your bill. A good-looking woman who can teach Greek and Latin and run a high school of one hundred pupils cannot be found. Good-looking women never study Greek."

The editor of the Indianapolis *Sentinel* waged \$100 with a young lady that she could not refrain from speaking during an entire week. He escorted the young lady to the opera, bribed members of the family to try and entrap her, and resorted to various other expedients for starting her tongue, but she won the bet, and the editor of the *Sentinel* is probably a wiser man on the woman business than he was one week ago.

Additions are frequently made to the re-celebrations of wedding occasions. The following, so far as we know, is the latest revised and improved list: Three days, sugar; sixty days, vinegar; first anniversary, iron; fifth anniversary, wooden; tenth anniversary, tin; fifteenth anniversary, crystal; twentieth anniversary, china; twenty-fifth anniversary, silver; thirtieth anniversary, cotton; thirty-fifth anniversary, linen; fortieth anniversary, woollen; forty-fifth anniversary, silk; fiftieth anniversary, golden; seventy-fifth anniversary, diamond.

"The Personal Recollections of Mrs. Somerville," the eminent mathematician, shows the progress which has been made in female education during the last century. Mrs. Somerville's attention was first drawn to the study which was to become the distinction and the chief interest of her life by seeing an algebraic formula among the puzzles at the end of a fashion magazine. It was several years before she could get hold either of an algebra or of Euclid's Elements of Geometry; and she received from her family discouragement instead of assistance in her studies. They thought that to read and write and keep accounts was learning enough for any lady. But Mrs. Somerville—she was Mary Fairfax in those days—persisted. She used to rise with the first glow of dawn, wrap herself in a blanket from her bed, and study without a fire till breakfast-time. She married twice. Her first husband was her cousin, Samuel Greig, who had not the slightest sympathy with her chosen pursuits, though he did not attempt to prevent her from going on with them. In three years he died; and from that time she was independent, and could study as much as she pleased. A few years afterwards she married another cousin, William Somerville, and in him she found, for the first time, genuine sympathy and hearty encouragement. She lived to be ninety-two years old, dying in 1872; and, remembering her own early deprivation of books and the means for study, it must have seemed to her a startling change to see colleges for women, and honours offered as rewards for their success.

ODDITIES.

Hood called the slamming of a door by a person in a passion a "wooden oath."

An Iowa Judge lately began a charge to the jury with "Gentlemen of the jury, you must now quit eating peanuts."

A Sunday-school scholar being asked what became of men who deceive their fellow-men, promptly exclaimed, "They go to Europe."

In the window of a grocery store in Providence, almost under the shadow of a splendid new school-house, is the following placard: "Eges 25 Adussen—Carosene 6 centes a pinte."

A man cannot wait for his dinner without losing his temper, but see with what angelic sweetness a woman bears the trial! Has the woman more patience? Not a bit—only she has lunched and the man has not.

A French trumpeter lately deserted from Belfort with all the bag and baggage he could carry. Safely arrived on Swiss territory, he took position on a rock, turned his face towards France and his pursuers, put his trumpet to his mouth, and played the old melody of Bertrand's Farewell.

The ruling passion in the female sex had a striking exemplification at Dennison, Iowa, recently. A poor family consisting of man, wife, and eleven children, had one hundred dollars left them, and the poor, overworked woman immediately bought a seventy-dollar dress, and has gone to taking music lessons.

A clergyman in Clarinda, Ohio, was away from home when the crusade began. He returned in the evening, and saw his wife standing at the bar of a saloon singing as loud as she could yell. He supposed she was drunk, and, entering the saloon, the tears rolling down his face, he said: "Come home, wife, you have ruined me—drunk—drunk—drunk!"

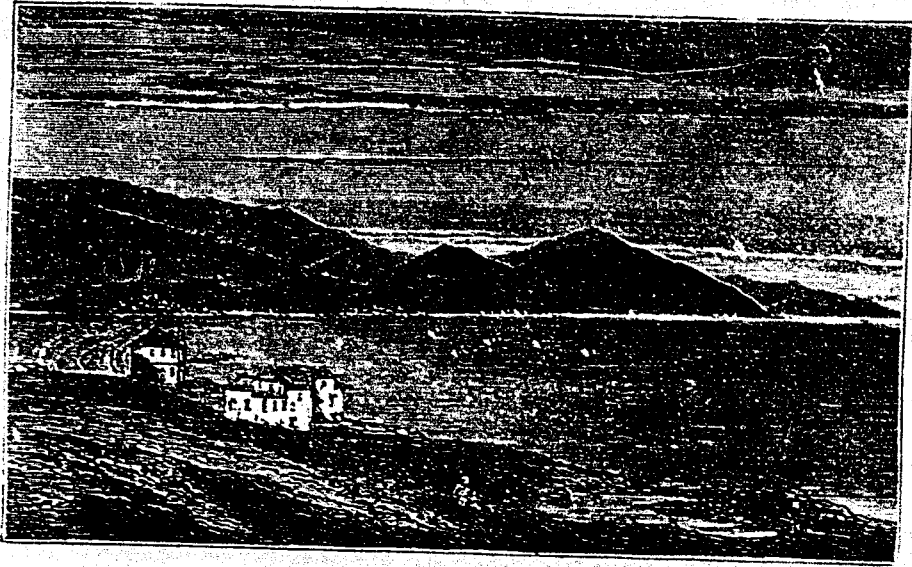
Some young tourists, travelling recently in Wales, became inordinately thirsty, and stopped for milk at a house by the roadside. They emptied every basin that was offered, and still wanted more. The woman of the house at length brought an enormous bowl of milk, and set it down on the table, saying, "One would think, gentlemen, you had never been weaned."

James the First of England and Sixth of Scotland was, as every one knows, not remarkable for vigour and steadiness. Having heard of a famous preacher who was very witty in his sermons, and peculiarly so in his choice of texts, he ordered this clergyman to preach before him. With all suitable gravity the learned divine gave out his text in the following: "James first and sixth, in the latter part of the verse: 'He that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed.'"

One day the minister of a Scotch village, who on Sundays was more indebted to his manuscript than to his memory, called unceremoniously at a cottage whilst its occupant, a pious parishioner of the old school, was engaged in reading a chapter of one of the prophets. "Weel, John," familiarly inquired the clerical visitant, "what is this you are about?" "I am prophesying," was the prompt reply. "Prophesying!" exclaimed the astounded divine, "I doubt ye mean reading a prophecy. 'Aweel,' argued the rustic, 'gif reading a preachin' be preachin', isna reading a prophecy prophesying?'"

One summer evening, during a visit to Salem, the late Mr. Peabody was sitting alone by an open parlour window. The room within was lighted, the street without was dark, so that while his form was plainly recognized by any body passing, he could not see what passed. A party of young men stopped in front of the house, and began to call for "Peabody!" "Peabody!" "George Peabody!" Supposing, very naturally, that the townsmen wished to pay their respects and hear a speech, he came forward, when a voice rose out of the darkness, "Say, Peabody, give us a thousand dollars." Mr. Peabody shut the window very suddenly, and did not make a speech.

THE CARLIST WAR.



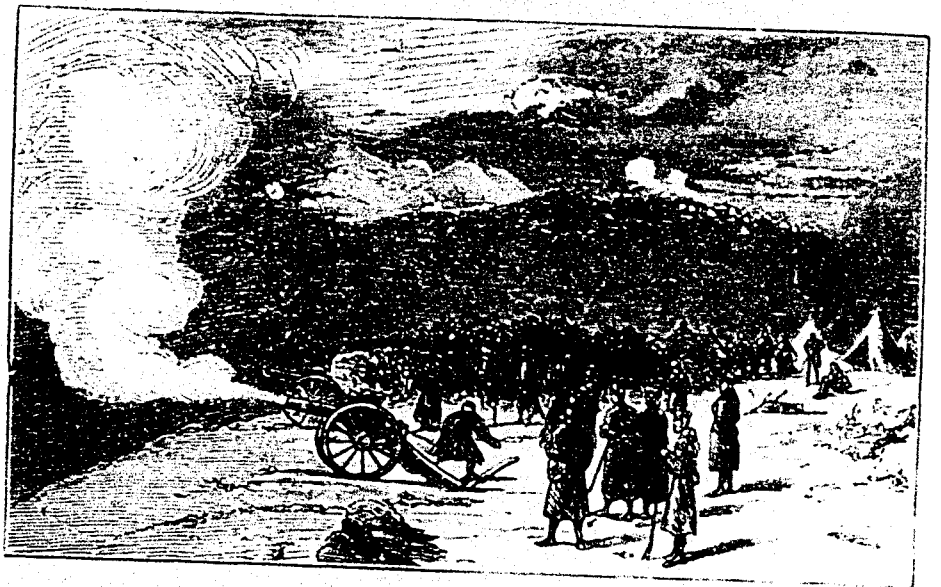
BOMBARDMENT OF PORTUGALETE BY THE REPUBLICAN SQUADRON.



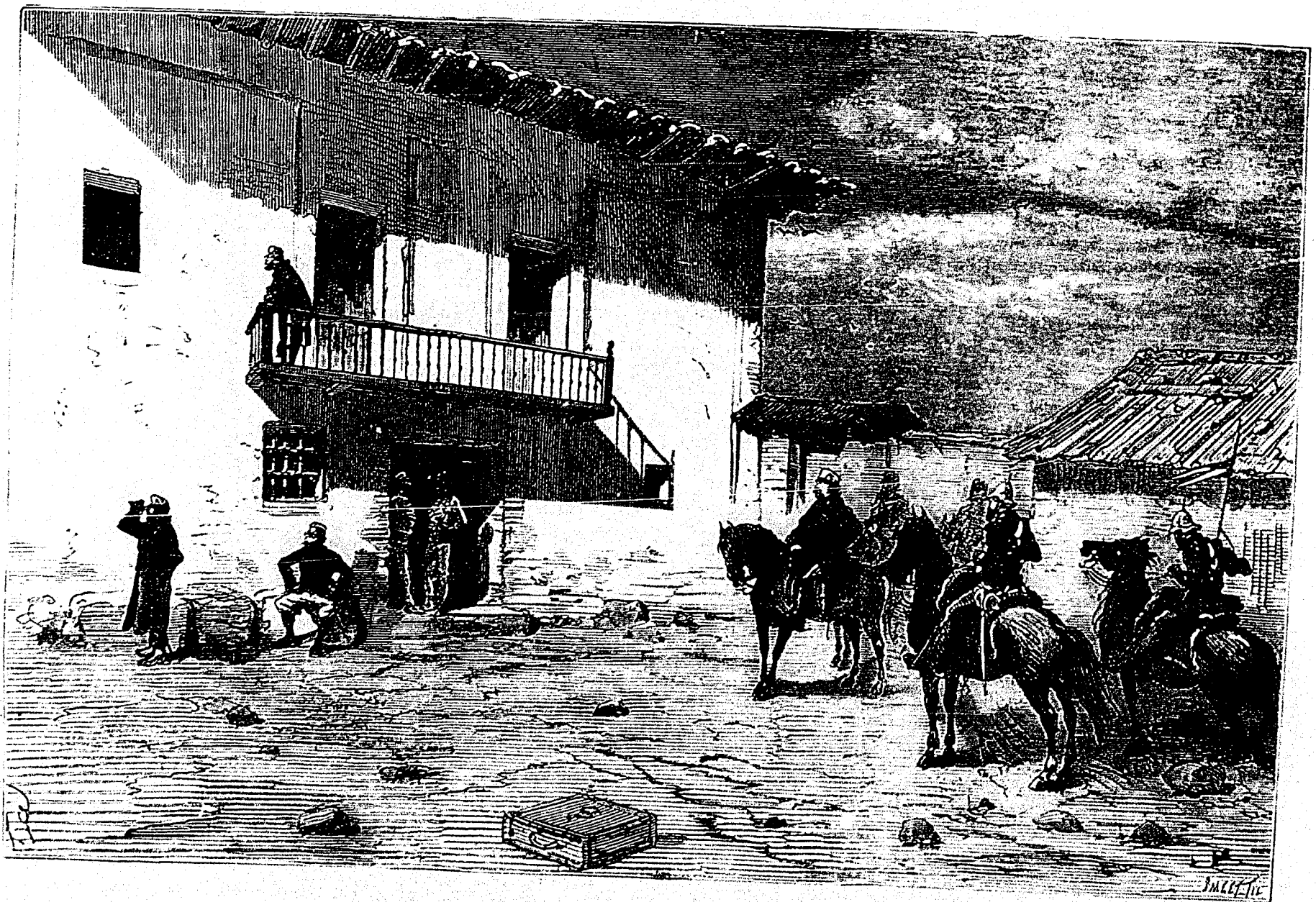
SCENE OF THE BATTLE OF SOMOROSTRO. . . AMANTO.



VIEW OF THE CARLIST POSITION FROM THE VILLAGE OF POVENA.

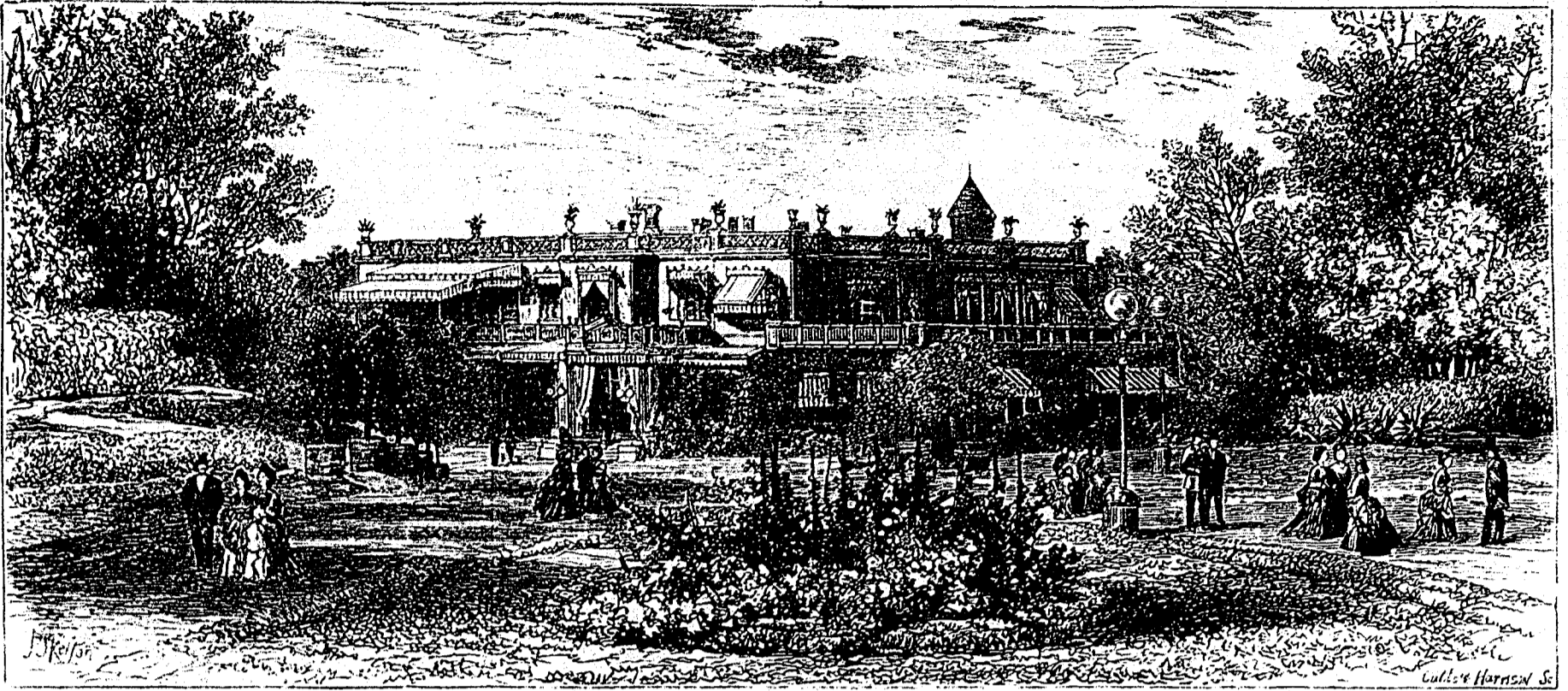


REPUBLICAN BATTERY BEFORE SAN PEDRO DE AMANTO.

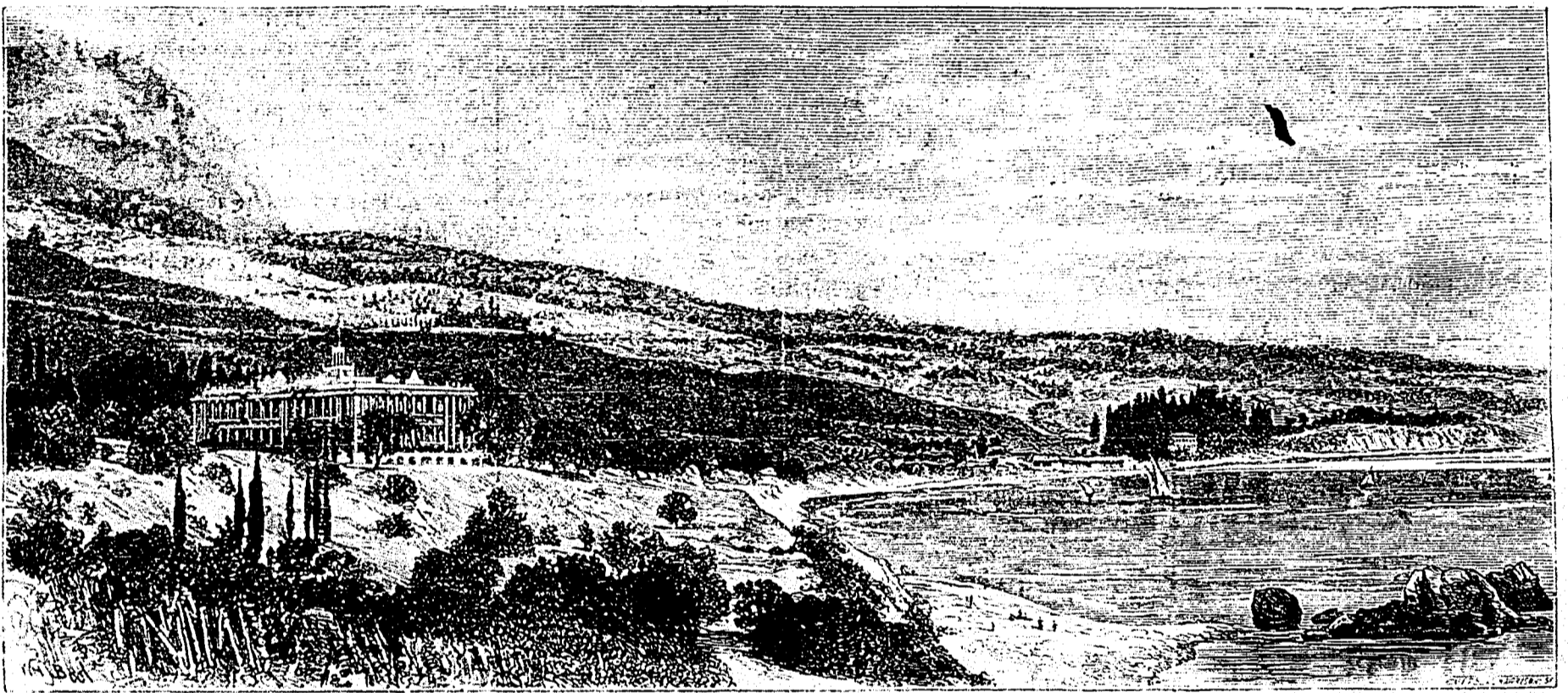


MARSHAL SERRANO'S HEAD QUARTERS AT SOMOROSTRO.

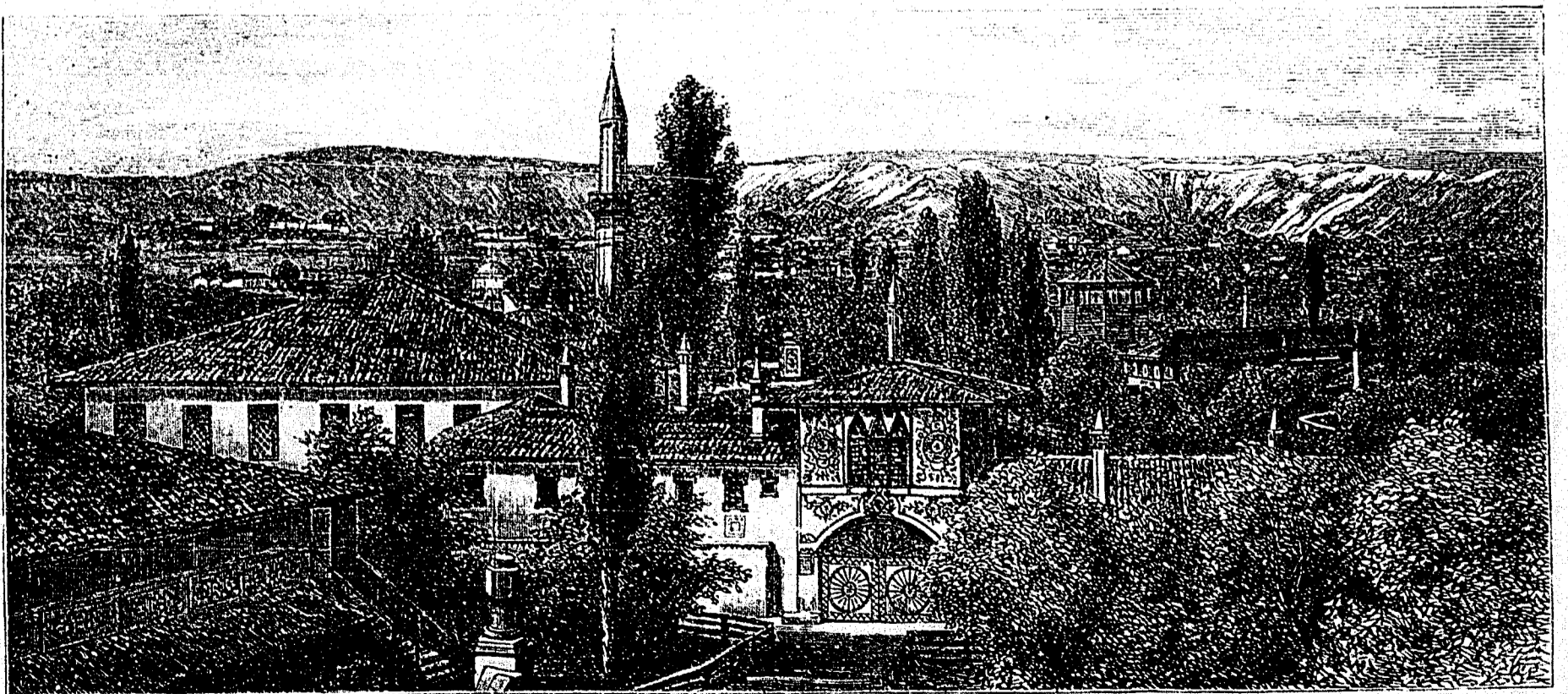
VIEWS IN THE CRIMEA.



THE IMPERIAL RESIDENCE AT LIVADIA.



THE PALACE OF ALOURKA, ON THE BLACK SEA.



ANCIENT PALACE OF THE KHAN OF TARTARY AT BARTCHISERAI.

ONLY A PICTURE.

A glance at best that cannot fade or alter,
A passing gleam that Genius seized and drew;
A hint of faith that cannot fall or falter,
A glimpse of love that cannot be untrue;
A gracious smile where twilight shadows gather
And morning sunbeams are so late to fall,
A living dream the daylight cannot shatter—
A picture only, hanging on the wall.

A look of pity for each weary failure,
A beam of hope for the weak hour of need;
A ray of cheer for every brave endeavour,
The patient purpose and the baffled deed;
One earthly tie no touch of change can sever,
One sweet, abiding presence over all;
One pure ideal that is pure forever—
One little picture hanging on the wall.

The precious gift no envious fate hath taken,
A friendship no suspicion e'er can soil;
A love that no satiety can weaken,
And fame no idle gossip can despoil;
One steadfast truth that never can be shaken,
One radiant joy that cannot pale or pall;
Sweet eyes no tear can dim, no frown can darken—
All beaming from a picture on the wall.

O tender eyes! will you but smile as brightly,
When I shall fall to see you through my tears,
And when I turn to leave you, stumbling faintly,
Bowed underneath the burden of the years?
O Father! when I wander, groping faintly,
Among the shades of death that round me fall,
Shall I yet see some angel smiling saintly,
As in this little picture on the wall?

JULIA M. HOLMES.

[REGISTERED according to the Copyright Act of 1868.]

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

A NEW NOVEL.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Strangers and Pilgrims," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XLVIII.—Continued.

"Would you like to go back, Edmund?"

He shuddered at the question.

"Honestly, no, mother. The old scenes would be hateful. But I don't want to be separated from you, and yet it seems a hard thing to ask such a home-loving mother as you to join my wanderings."

"I can have no home without you, Edmund. I am ready to go with you wherever you like. I am a sturdy old woman, you know, and shall not give you much trouble with ill health or vapours, or anything of that kind; and little as I have travelled I don't think I shall make a very bad traveller if I can only get accustomed to the sea," added Mrs. Standen with a wry face.

"You dear lion-hearted mother, I will take care that our wanderings are made easy for you. I did think of wintering in Algiers—a splendid climate, interesting scenery." Mrs. Standen shivered involuntarily. "But if you will be my companion I'll abandon all idea of Africa." Mrs. Standen breathed more freely. Africa to her mind meant wastes of torrid sand, and grim yelping blackamoors dancing round the helpless traveller, a circle of ferocious murderers. "What would you say to our wintering in Rome, or Florence?"

Mrs. Standen brightened visibly, and kissed her son's wasted hand.

"I think I should like Florence best, dear," she said, "I have heard there are plenty of nice English people there."

"Yes," answered Edmund, "and when English people travel their chief delight seems to be to meet with other English people. They would like the Continent extremely well if they could exterminate the natives and convert the more agreeable half of Europe into one large Brighton."

Edmund's convalescence was rapid, a fact which the doctor attributed to Mrs. Standen's nursing even more than to his own skill. As soon as he was strong enough to bear the journey mother and son went on to Nice. Thence, after a fortnight's sojourn, to Geneva, and thence, late in November, to Florence. That tranquil close of the declining year was a time of sorrowful thoughts for Edmund, but not of despair. All his old boyish love for his mother came back to him in their reunion. He was pleased with her delight in the scenes they beheld together; pleased by her keen interest in simple things, and all those glimpses of village life and unsophisticated nature which their travels afforded them. Neither spoke of the past, or speculated upon the future. For the mother the sweetness of the present was all sufficient. She had her son once more hers and hers only, and she was content to leave the future to Providence.

"I will never try to rule his life again," she thought; "I was too anxious that he should marry Esther, and see what came of it! Misery for both of them. It is enough for me to have him for my own once again, and to be sure of his affection. The happiness I desire for him will come sooner or later."

CHAPTER XLIX.

FIVE YEARS LATER.

Five years are gone since Edmund Standen and his mother wintered in Florence, and Sir Aubrey still reigns at Perriam, no longer the helpless, paralytic old man, who could only creep about between the sustaining arms of nurse and valet, but a hale old gentleman who rides a quiet cob, vice the spirited Splinter, round the home farm three or four days a week, while his chubby six-year-old son accompanies him on a fat Exmoor pony.

This wonderful restoration is more or less Shadrack Bain's achievement. It was Mr. Bain who heard of the mud-baths in Germany; Mr. Bain who accompanied Sir Aubrey to the place of those baths; Mr. Bain who was the moving spirit of Sir Aubrey's cure. German physicians, German mud, and German water were but secondary agents. Mr. Bain's energy was the motive power that set the machinery going.

Some trace of the old weakness on the left side still remains; but despite of this, in mind and body the baronet has become a new man. It is just possible that his delight in watching his son's growth from infancy to childhood, his deep pride in the thought that a son of his will inherit Perriam, and maintain the good old Tory traditions of the place, may have helped the German doctors to work their cure.

Perhaps Sir Aubrey Perriam, in this Indian summer of his age, enjoys as near an approach to perfect happiness as heaven ever grants to humanity. One bitter memory hangs like a distant thunder cloud above the horizon of his life, but he is wise enough to shut his eyes to that cloud for the most part, and it is not often the dark hour comes upon him—that gloomy hour when those who know him best know that he is thinking of his wicked wife.

His boy is the pride and pleasures of his days. Already he has engaged a tutor—an Oxford Master of Arts—to train that tender plant, so that its earliest shoots may be wisely directed. He cannot endure the thought of public schools, and football matches, and it is to be feared that the youthful St. John, brought up at Perriam Place in the care of a private tutor, will be deficient in that athleticism, which is the one virtue modern society copies from the Spartans.

The father watches his boy with almost maternal tenderness, and is miserable on those winter mornings when St. John trots away on his Exmoor pony to see the hounds throw off, under his tutor's wing. The tutor is anxious the boy should be manly, and the father approves the tutor's desire; yet would fain guard his treasure as carefully as a miser cherishes an unset diamond, a gem of liquid light, which may slip through his fingers unawares while he gazes over his treasure.

The county has never quite understood how the brother who was supposed to be dead has come to life again.

It is one of those dark pages of family history, which must for ever remain mysterious. But the county has not the slightest doubt as to the one fact that this is the real Sir Aubrey. Happily the Baronet has grown almost his old self since the renovating process of the German baths. He dresses as carefully as of old, and but for an elderly stoop in the shoulders, looks almost as young a man as the Sir Aubrey who honoured the Heddingham school feast with his illustrious presence seven years ago.

Mr. Bain basks in the sunlight of this master's favour, and grows more prosperous every year, always winding his way deeper and wider into the soil of Monkhampton, till half the houses in that prosperous town own Shadrack Bain as ground landlord. His elder daughters have married well—his sons are an honour to him; Dawker serves his father with zeal that knows not weariness, and the younger grammar-school boys bring home handsomely bound volumes as prizes—such novelties in literature as the poetic works of Milton, Cowper, and Thompson, to adorn the rosewood lute table in the family drawing-room.

Altogether Mr. Bain is a man who seems to have profited more than his fellows by the blindness of fortune. Yet, sometimes, even in the midst of his prosperity, he thinks with a regretful sigh of that lordly pleasure-house which he once built for his soul—that airy edifice of his day dreams—which he had hoped to see realised in substantial brick and mortar. He remembers how near he had seemed to victory, and how utterly he failed; how his wisdom had been but foolishness beside a woman's cunning.

"Things turned out well for me, however, after all," he reflects, after that survey of the one failure that has disfigured his successful life—a failure only known to himself and the dead. "I am in a better position than I ever was in before with Sir Aubrey. My income increases every year. I don't see how any man can ask more than that from Providence. And if I cared to buy myself an estate, and call myself Squire, I'm rich enough to do it."

CHAPTER L.

THE PURPLE LIGHT OF LOVE.

While poor Sir Aubrey Perriam's existence drifts by in a repose almost as tranquil as that of the lotus eaters on their sunlit isle, life has serious duties and responsibilities for Mr. Standen, Conservative member for Monkhampton, a rising young politician of the new school.

Edmund Standen has not returned to the Bank. At his mother's request he has abandoned that commercial career which served to occupy a mind too active to endure idleness. He has found another and a higher vocation in the House of Commons, where he comes out sharply upon financial questions, and perplexes honourable gentlemen whose weak side is arithmetic, by searching questions and rapid calculations. He is great on taxation, and is ever ready to assert the wrongs of those shorn lambs of the legislature, those helpless sufferers from the burden of the income tax, whose greatest misfortune is to have half a million or so amenable to assessment.

Mr. Standen has a small house in one of the nice old-fashioned streets near Berkeley-square, where his wife is at home every Thursday evening, to some of the pleasantest and cleverest people in London, and where Mr. Standen and two or three chosen friends sometimes seek relief after a dull evening in the House, at a bright little supper table in the cosy dining-room, and discuss the blunders and general idiocy of friends and foes over a lobster salad and a bottle of Madeira.

Yes, Edmund is happy. That union of which Mrs. Standen dreamed years ago, when her son was a schoolboy, has come to pass after all, and Edmund is as completely devoted to his true wife Esther, as if the fatal attachment which overshadowed his youth were no more than the memory of a dream. Two years of foreign travel, and much hard study in the tranquil pauses of his wanderings, served to lay the ghost of that buried love. He came back to England heart free, and brought with him a treatise on finance, which has won him some renown as a political economist, and helped him to acquire a position in the House of Commons.

During those two years of exile Edmund and Esther never met. Miss Rochdale remained at Dean House, the ruling spirit of order in that model household, quietly doing her duty visiting the sick, feeding the poor, educating Mrs. Sargent's children, who adore her, joining in the small festivities of the neighbourhood, and uttering no complaint against a life which must have been somewhat joyless and monotonous. Throughout that period of absence Edmund had rarely heard the name of Esther, so carefully did his mother avoid any allusion to her adopted daughter. Only when he ventured to inquire if Miss Rochdale were well and happy was the name spoken that had once been so familiar.

On his first visit to Dean House after his return from the Continent Mr. Standen looked round for Esther and missed her. He was told that she had gone to Wexmouth with the children; Mrs. Sargent having been afraid the sea air would be too strong for her.

"The sea always gives me my nervous headache, you know, Edmund," said Ellen apologetically. "So dear Essie was kind enough to take the children."

"She was always kind," replied Edmund moodily.

It vexed him to think that Esther had run away in order to avoid meeting him. That visit to Wexmouth could only have been a pretext. One week in September would do as well as another for the children's sea-side trip—and why choose the week of his return, unless she really wished to avoid him.

"Have I made myself so detestable to her that she cannot endure the sight of me, even after all I have suffered?" thought Mr. Standen. "She used to be so full of pity, especially for wrong-doers."

There was one question which he wanted to ask Esther—a question that had been in his mind, more or less, ever since his illness at Marseilles. A question which he could only ask when they two were face to face.

The thought of this question worried him a good deal the first day or two at Dean House. It took such a hold upon his mind that after three days of that tranquil home life—after having admired all Miss Rochdale's small improvements in poultry-yard, dairy, and greenhouses, the new fernery at the end of the shrubbery, and a dozen other evidences of taste and industry which testified to the care of the gentle home-goddess—Edmund's patience would endure no longer, and he startled his mother on the fourth morning by announcing that he was going to Wexmouth to see Esther and the children.

"Those scraps of humanity must have grown out of all knowledge in the last two years," he said, artfully insinuating thereby that his chief anxiety was to see his small nephew and nieces.

"Georgie is growing a fine boy, Edmund," said his sister, proudly, "and so like his dear papa. He has the Sargent nose."

"A fine prominent beak. Looks as if it was made on purpose for a barrister's wig," replied Mr. Standen irreverently.

He was off to Wexmouth by a little branch line from Monkhampton before noon, and arrived at that tranquil and retired watering-place at one o'clock. Wexmouth is not extensive, and instead of going to Miss Rochdale's lodgings on Light-house Hill, Edmund strolled along the beach, taking his chance of finding her among the idlers who were scattered in groups here and there, upon the strip of alternate sand and shingle between the blue water and the sea-wall. The tide was out, and the juvenile patrons of Wexmouth were having a good time with their pails and spades.

No one would stay in-doors on such a day as this, thought Edmund—the sky one cloudless blue, the sea a sunlit lake. He went on to the utmost limits of Wexmouth, feeling very sure that he should find Esther by and by.

Yes, there she was. A lonely little figure seated in the shadow of an old fishing boat, reading. He knew her ever so far away. The small graceful form; the pure white dress; the dark soft hair under the little sailor hat; the Esther of old times—the Esther he had once so narrowly escaped loving with all his heart. Too late to love her now; gentle and unselfish as she was, he could hardly ask her to accept a love which would seem at best remorse. The children were paddling and splashing, and making themselves gritty at the edge of the water, some distance from Esther. Instead of rushing straight to these small people to see if they had verily grown out of knowledge, and if Georgie really had the Sargent nose, this traitorous uncle never so much as looked at those amphibious revellers, but walked on to the boat, and quietly seated himself about half a yard from Esther. She did not even look up from her book. The shelter of the boat was public property. Yet it was uncomfortable to have a stranger seated so near her, and in a few minutes Esther had rose to join the children, whose sports were becoming more and more watery.

A hand gently detained her. The stranger had risen too, and had laid his hand upon her arm.

"Esther, why are you so determined to run away from me?" he asked quietly. She turned and confronted her false lover, very pale.

There was no anger in the sweet face, only a look of shocked surprise.

"Sit down again, Esther, and let us talk quietly for a few minutes." Friend—sister, will you refuse me so small a favour?"

That appeal touched her. She obeyed him without a word, and they seated themselves side by side under the shadow of the boat.

Edmund was slow to speak—so slow that the silence became a little awkward, and Esther felt herself obliged to say something.

"What brought you to Wexmouth?" she asked carelessly.

"I hope Ellen isn't anxious about the children." "Ellen knows the children are safer in your keeping than in hers, Essie." The old pet name fluttered that steadfast heart a little. "I came here on my own account. Do you know that for the last two years I have been tormenting myself with one particular question?"

"Indeed. It ought to be a very important question."

"It is to me a question of life or death. When I was ill at Marseilles, Esther, I had two nurses. My mother was one. I knew her even at the worst. But the other! I used to fancy that her presence was but a dream. It was not a dream, was it, Essie? There was a second nurse, who watched me night and day, and wept many tears for my sake. Who was that faithful nurse, Esther? I want you to tell me. Dare I believe that the one noble-hearted woman I had most deeply wronged came to me—out of the benevolence of her heart—in my time of danger?"

"Not out of benevolence, Edmund," said Esther.

"It could not have been for love of me she came. Oh, Esther," cried Edmund Standen, seizing the girl's two hands, drawing her towards him, looking at her with eyes that shone with love and hope, "if you can but say that it was, you will make me happier than I ever dreamed I could be. Love, my love, truly loved at last, tell me that I have not outworn your patience, not quite exhausted your regard."

Tears were his only answer. An all-sufficient answer, it would seem, for in the silver moonlight of that September evening two happy lovers walked upon Wexmouth's shingly shore and talked of the future.

The future came, and did not belie their hopes. When Au-

tumn's first glory gilds the woods sober old Dean House wakes up to a new life, with the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Standen, their babies and nurses, their friends and followers.

Ellen Sargent looks on placidly at her brother's happiness while Georgie and the two girls pet and patronise their baby cousins—and only murmurs now and then, with a gentle sigh, "What an interest poor dear George would have felt in Edmund's Parliamentary career."

Thus the peaceful domestic life flows on—happy and not unuseful—not that empty, unprofitable life which Goethe has called worse than an early death.

THE END.

LITERARY NOTES.

Carlyle is in robust health, but does no writing with his own hand—his niece, Miss Aitken, acting as his amanuensis. Frederick Seward is writing the life of his father, and has spent most of the winter with Thurlow Weed, who has an exhaustless fund of material for such a biography.

Currency is still given to the rumour that the Daily Graphic is to have a rival, to be started by the publishers of a well-known illustrated weekly, probably Harper's or Frank Leslie's.

We are to have a new poem from Tennyson of quite a different stamp from anything he has published lately. The period of which the Laureate is writing is the Early British, in the time of Boadicea. The poem is expected to appear in the autumn.

Elihu Burritt goes to England in July to read the proofs of his Sanskrit Grammar and Reading Lessons, and see his old friends once more. He has finished the Sanskrit, Persian, and Hindostanee series, and is about half through the Turkish, and when that is done he proposes to take up the Semitic family, or Arabic, Hebrew, Syriac, and Ethiopic, and do the same by them.

A time-honoured proverb has been falsified in the life of Thorwaldsen, says the Academy. That sculptor was the greatest of heroes in the eyes of Wickens, his valet-de-chambre, and the old man who now takes care of the Thorwaldsen Museum, has just published a little volume of reminiscences of his dead master. The book consists of fragmentary anecdotes, not very important in themselves, but, on the whole, adding something of distinctness to our conception of Thorwaldsen.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

The following letter from the Rev. Henry McMeekin, a passenger by the Allan steamship "Circassian," gives a full account of the rescue by that steamer of the crew of the "Linda."

"S S. 'Circassian,' May 4th, 1874.

"This fine vessel, commanded by Captain Wylie, the newest and with all the modern improvements of the Allan Line, sailed from Derry on Friday afternoon immediately after the tender carrying the mails arrived. Nothing of any consequence occurred till we reached latitude 45 N. 44 W. This company's steamers have not yet commenced to take the northerly course through the Straits of Belleisle, and to this perhaps we owe it that our captain has been instrumental in saving the lives of the crew of the S S. 'Linda,' Captain Derbyshire, bound from Liverpool for St. John, New Brunswick. At a quarter to seven, a. m., we saw a vessel in distress, full sail, and bore down upon her in a moderating sea. In a short time a lifeboat pushed out from her, and one was lowered from our vessel, guided by our chief officer. As the strange boat approached all eyes were strained to see the men, and learn the name of the vessel, and in a few minutes, as she neared us, our men hoisted a ladder and the ropes were adjusted, and the captain of the 'Linda' boarded us. As he boarded I asked, 'Is she on fire?' and he answered promptly, 'Yes, sir.' I had noticed a smoke ascending amidst the masts, and feared the worst. On inquiry the captain told us that the coals in the bunkers had ignited, and been on fire for seven days, and the fire had been checked by the energy of the men. The heat of the furnace had set fire to the bunkers, and burned down through the wooden floor. The coals ignited from the bunkers being so near the boiler. The pumps were choked from the coals being washed out from the bunkers. They were consequently obliged to stop steam, and had been exposed, amid all the other horrors of their situation, to a heavy gale, of which we ourselves knew something before we reached them. The ship's papers were not saved, but the chronometers, captain's sword, a couple of guns, some bedding and small boxes, were hooked and raised expeditiously from the boats, which passed to and from the fated 'Linda,' and one by one the crew, twenty-six men all told, with a stowaway, climbed to the deck of the 'Circassian.' The captain's worn-out appearance told the tale of the fearful seven days and nights of suffering they had passed. Five

of the sailors fainted from the smouldering of the coal, which he said acted like fire-damp the moment it was inhaled. It was a melancholy sight to see our vessel raise steam, and then watch the abandoned ship slowly fading away into a dim speck on the edge of the all-surrounding ocean, and no eyes I could see followed her with such signs of sadness as those of her own gallant but unfortunate captain, who has the sympathy of every officer and passenger on board the ship that rescued him.

"The 'Linda' belongs to the Messrs. Richards, Mills, & Co., Liverpool, and is a vessel of 1047 tons burthen, and was, with her cargo (mainly of iron and chains), it is believed fully insured. I asked the captain was it possible the vessel might remain afloat till picked up by some other ship? and he replied, 'I do not believe she could stay up three hours longer.' It is not long since our noble captain saved the lives of the crew of a Norwegian schooner when foundering, taking off every man safe in a heavy sea. Such actions speak for themselves. As I write this we are steaming up the Gulf of St. Lawrence at full speed, having passed the 'Manitoban,' which sailed before us, several days ago."

The MS. of the above letter—which, we observe, appeared in the Globe some days ago—was handed to us, with the accompanying sketch, on Wednesday the 18th inst.

We copy from a French illustrated paper a cut of the last boats leaving the "Europe" for the "Greece." The story of the abandonment of the two French vessels, "L'Europe" and "L'Amérique," is too fresh in our readers' minds to need repetition. Apropos of the latter vessel the Parisian journals inform us that "the real cause of the accident is unknown."

The year 1874 will long be remembered at Quebec on account of the late departure of the ice opposite and above the city, and of the immense destruction caused by the shove when it finally came. Some days after the arrival of the first ocean steamers, which were compelled to put in at Indian Cove, the ice-bridge continued firm. Steps were at last being taken to remove the obstacle, when on the 8th of May, at 8.15 p. m., the ice opposite the city began to move. Great damage was done to the steamers and other craft wintering at Cape Blanc, the ice piling to a tremendous height, and carrying everything before it. Among the injured steamers the following were reported:—The Government steamer "Napoleon III.," side crushed in and machinery injured; "Druid," caulked over, and otherwise damaged; St. Lawrence Tow Boat Co.'s steamer "Napoleon III.," total wreck; "Mersey," caulked over on the pontoon; "Arrow," joiner work torn off; Quebec and Gulf Ports Steamship Co.'s "Georgia," hole in her side; "Miramichi," portion of upper works carried away both at bow and stern, davits gone, paddle-box broken and wheel smashed; "Secret," paddle-box and wheel damaged, decks ripped up, and otherwise injured, but not seriously; "Castor," the property of Mr. G. Smith, of Montreal, sunk, a total loss; Mr. Gabery's steamer "Boyal," sunk, total loss; "Providence," walking-beam broken in two, &c.; Mr. E. Dinning's steamer "Rescue," sunk; steamer "Conqueror," No. 1, wheel broken, &c.; "Bellechasse," wheels injured; "Hector," wheels and upper works badly broken. The ice commenced to pile at Roche's Cove, doing slight damage, thence to Hall's Booms, where it tore away part of the pier, then to Dinning's, carrying away the Norwegian ship "Harald Haarfagen," also sinking steamers and schooners; from thence it drove down on Blais's Booms, carrying them away, sinking and damaging all the vessels that were in the Booms, piling some of them on the top of each other. The ice jammed to an enormous height in some places, and the departure of the ice-bridge in 1874 will be long remembered by the sufferers. The total loss caused by the shove is estimated at a million of dollars. Our illustration of the scene above Cape Diamond is from a sketch taken on the spot by Mr. J. Dyne, of St. John-street, Quebec.

The Carlist war again furnishes us with subjects for a set of small sketches around the scene of the engagements at Somorostro.

Apropos of the visit of the Russian Czar to Great Britain, the accompanying views of some of the Imperial Palaces in the Crimea may not be deemed inappropriate. The residence of Livadia, at Yalta, was for some days occupied by the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh. During the Crimean war it served for a time as the headquarters of the British General in command. The Palace of Alourka, situated some fifteen miles from Balaklava, is the favourite seat of the Grand-Duke Constantine—the same whose son, Prince Nicholas, is now under arrest for the theft of his mother's diamonds. The Palace of Baktoliserai, fifteen miles south-west of Simpheropol, is one of the most curious edifices in Europe. It formerly was the residence of the Tartar sovereigns who ruled the Tauridian peninsula previous to the establishment of the Russian power over the Crimea in 1783. The building presents all the irregularity of Eastern mansions, but the wide galleries, brilliant paintings, pavilions of a make so light that they hardly seem to belong to the body of the edifice, and a profusion of great overshadowing trees, produce an effect seldom produced by systematic regularity. The palace first became the residence of the Khans in 1476.

Mr. John Edward Jenkins, M. P. for Dundee and Agent-General for Canada, is the son of the Rev. Dr. Jenkins, of St. Paul's (Presbyterian) Church, Montreal, and nephew to Mr. D. J. Jenkins, M. P. for Penryn and Falmouth. He was born in 1838, at Bangalore, in the East Indies, but was educated in this country, at the Montreal High School and McGill College. Going over to England he was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn in Michaelmas Term in 1864. He is well known as the author of "Ginx's Baby," "Lord Bantam," "Little Hodg," and also a work on the condition of the coolies in British Guiana, whither he was sent on a tour of investigation by the English Anti-Slavery Society. During the winter Mr. Jenkins visited the principal towns of the North-

ern States and of Canada, in which he delivered a set of lectures, which provoked much comment at the time, on the English satirists and the state of society in England. Since his return to England, invested with the powers of Agent-General for Canada, his action both in and out of Parliament—notably at the time of his election at Dundee—has given rise to serious doubts as to the wisdom displayed by the Dominion Government in his appointment.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE DOMINION.—The Insolvency Law and the Court of Appeals Bill will be postponed until next Session.—Hon. Mr. Cartwright and Mr. Courtney, of the Audit Office, will sail on the 23rd inst. for England, to negotiate the Pacific Railway loan.—The Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick has dissolved the House of Assembly, and writs for a new election are ordered, returnable 30th June. The coming election will turn entirely on the School Act, the supporters and opponents of which are bitterly opposed to each other.—A dinner was given at Toronto last week to Mr. Brydges, late Manager of the Grand Trunk; a large number of influential persons from various parts of the country were present.—There is a gentleman in Ottawa who claims that he has a scheme for building the Pacific Railway in five years, and largely increasing the population of British Columbia and the North-West without increasing taxation.

UNITED STATES.—The President has formally recognized Baxter as Governor of Arkansas. Brooks's forces surrendered on the 16th, and Baxter's men are being disbanded as rapidly as possible. A recent despatch from Little Rock states that both Houses have passed a bill providing for the assembling of the Constitutional Convention on the 14th July.—It is stated that Gen. Sickles will not return home, as he has taken a residence, &c., in London.—The Goshen reservoir above Williamsburg, (Mass.), gave way on Saturday, 16th, the water sweeping everything before it, and almost destroying the towns of Williamsburg, Leeds, and Haydensville. 200 lives were lost, and property to the amount of over \$1,000,000.—Advices from the Yellowstone state that four battles have been fought with the Sioux Indians since the 1st April. The loss on the side of the latter has been 100 men. Two men belonging to the expedition have been wounded.—Mr. Thurman's amendment to the Geneva Award Bill, excluding claims of insurance companies, has been passed.—A Washington despatch says the negotiations respecting a new Reciprocity Treaty between Canada and the United States are likely to terminate successfully. A rough outline of the bill has been already drafted.

UNITED KINGDOM.—Lord Carnarvon, Colonial Secretary of State, has announced in the House of Lords that the British Government will not abandon their possessions on the Gold Coast.—By the Fiji Treaty the British Government assume all financial liabilities, and pay the king \$15,000 per annum.—The Czar and the Grand-Duke Alexis arrived at Dover on the 18th, and proceeded immediately to Windsor in company with the Prince of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, and Prince Arthur. At a reception given him by the Diplomatic Corps in London the Czar declared that the policy of Russia is to preserve the peace of the Continent, and he hopes the principal Governments of Europe will be united in this purpose. During his visit his Majesty paid a visit to the ex-Empress of the French.

FRANCE.—In the French National Assembly, on the vote being taken on the motion to give priority to discussion on the election law over municipal bill, the Government were defeated by 84 votes, whereupon they sent in their resignation to President MacMahon, who accepted the resignation of De Broglie's Government, and entrusted to M. Goulard the forming of a new Cabinet. Late advices from Versailles give the following as the personnel of the new Ministry: Goulard, Minister of the Interior; de Chaudordy, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Magne, Minister of Finance; Mathieu Bodet, Minister of Public Works; Desseilligny, Minister of Commerce; Desjardins, Minister of Education, and General Bartude, Minister of War.

RUSSIA.—Prince Nicholas, son of the Grand-Duke Constantine, and nephew of the Czar, has been arrested at St. Petersburg. He is said to have stolen his mother's diamonds to give to a French actress. The Czar refuses to interfere between the law and his relative.—Sixteen persons connected with a conspiracy in Khokan have been executed by the Russian Government.

SPAIN.—The Curé of Santa Cruz has been recalled to Spain.—The Carlists claim a victory in a recent engagement with the Republicans, of whom they state 850 were killed and 300 taken prisoners.—The new Spanish Ministers were sworn in on the 18th. Several high officials are reported to have resigned in consequence. It is said that the better classes in the country are looking forward to the enthronement of the Prince of the Asturias.—Late despatches from Spain announce that Gen. Concha was advancing with 12,000 men to drive the Carlists from Navarre.

ITALY.—At a reception held by the Pope lately at Rome, he severely censured the Governments of Mexico and Guatemala for the persecution of the Church in those countries.

CENTRAL AMERICA.—An account comes from Guatemala of an outrage perpetrated upon the person of Mr. Magee, the British Consul, who was sentenced to receive 400 lashes, 200 of which were actually inflicted. Gonzales, who ordered the infliction of the punishment, was shot in trying to escape. The Guatemala authorities have since offered full reparation and indemnity for the outrage.

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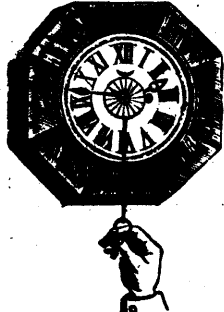
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HEAR WHAT A SUFFERER SAYS:
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Dr. MILLER,
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Messrs. DEVINS & BOLTON,
Dear Sir,—I with pleasure accede to the agent's wish that I give my endorsement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

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,
JOHN HENDER ISAACSON.

MR. BUSS CURED.

MONTREAL, April 24th, 1874.

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

Truly yours,
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There is no medicine which so promptly relieves the depressed vital action, restores the general and local circulation, allays the pain, dissipates the congestion, prevents inflammation, and restores the healthy action of the DIAMOND RHEUMATIC CURE. In thousands of instances the prompt and free use of this medicine has saved valuable human lives. Hence the DIAMOND RHEUMATIC CURE should be in every hospital and infirmary, in every doctor's office, in every family or factory, in every shop or ship, in every office or counting-room. It is the remedy always ready for an emergency, prompt in its action, always reliable, always curable, doing all that it is advertised to do: An infallible specific, removing the cause, chronic, acute, or muscular, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia of the head, heart, stomach and kidneys, Tic Douloureux, nervousness, flying pains, twisted joints, swollen joints, pain in the back and loins, weakness of the kidneys, tired feeling, languid, weary prostration, and all nervous and chronic diseases.

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