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# Illustrated News

Vol. X.—No. 10.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1874.

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



THE HOUSE THAT JOHN BUILT.—By JOHN GILBERT.

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

THE DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY;  
 Montreal; Publishers.

SUBSCRIPTIONS PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

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

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

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

NOTICE.

We have been compelled, owing to unforeseen circum-  
 stances, to postpone until next week the publication of  
 the

PORTRAITS OF THE OFFICERS

OF THE

Grand Orange Lodge of B. N. A.,

They will, however, appear without fail in our next issue,  
 together with a

DOUBLE PAGE ILLUSTRATION

OF

Quebec, Its Monuments and Scenery.

Canadian Illustrated News.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPT. 5, 1874.

THE BEECHER COMMITTEE.

Few people will be surprised at the verdict of the Ply-  
 mouth Church Investigation Committee. It has been  
 pretty well understood all along that their report would  
 contain an acquittal. For this, and this alone, they seem  
 to have been appointed. Plymouth Church was in danger,  
 and the peril could only be averted by bringing in its  
 pastor "not guilty." To have done otherwise would have  
 been to keep money out of the pockets of the members  
 of the church corporation. And as the members of the  
 Committee were also prominent members of the corpora-  
 tion, it is easy to understand that, apart from their inti-  
 mate acquaintance with, and friendship for Mr. BEECHER,  
 they would have been extremely loth to condemn him.  
 Plymouth Church is a paying, an extremely well-paying  
 concern. But Plymouth Church without HENRY WARD  
 BEECHER would be about as much a success as the play of  
 Hamlet with the part of Hamlet left out. So the Com-  
 mittee decides that the evidence it has allowed to be  
 brought up establishes, to the perfect satisfaction of the  
 church, Mr. BEECHER's entire innocence and absolute  
 personal purity. Unfortunately for the pastor of Ply-  
 mouth, the censorious world declines to take the word of  
 his personal friends on a matter so closely affecting their  
 pockets. Mr. BEECHER may or may not be guilty. Hitherto  
 nothing has been satisfactorily proved; and no statement,  
 whether coming from BEECHER, TILTON, or MOULTON, can  
 be accepted as veracious until it has undergone the most  
 thorough sifting in a court of law. It is not a pleasant  
 prospect to look forward to—the raking over once more  
 of all the disgusting details of the case. But in the inter-  
 ests of morality and religion it must be done. In the  
 eyes of the world the pastor of Plymouth still lies under  
 the charges made by TILTON; and in this position he will  
 continue until an unquestionably accurate and unpreju-  
 diced investigation has taken place.

With regard to the conduct of the members of the con-  
 gregation of Plymouth Church on the presentation of the  
 Committee's report, it is difficult to imagine that men  
 and women with any pretension to religion could have  
 acted as they did. They have brought a lasting disgrace  
 upon the faith they profess—a disgrace of which the ene-  
 mies of Christianity will not be slow to make use. They  
 turned the house of prayer into a pandemonium. After  
 singing the beauties of Divine love they gave an unseemly  
 exhibition of the worst passions of the human heart. The  
 prayer that they sent up to the throne of the Almighty  
 was followed by curses worthy of a demon. "Kill him!"  
 "Give him hell!" they shouted at MOULTON. After such  
 a display one may be permitted to doubt the efficacy of  
 Mr. BEECHER's teachings. His usefulness is at an end.  
 On Friday night Plymouth Church fell with a crash.

THE EMIGRATION QUESTION AGAIN.

The New Zealand correspondent of the London Times,  
 writing on the subject of emigration, makes some remarks  
 which ought to have weight with the "Bohemian" and  
 other prophets of evil who are endeavouring, mainly  
 through the columns of the Thunderer, to dissuade in-  
 tending emigrants from seeking their fortune in new  
 countries. He says:—

"Both Mr. Arch in Canada and Mr. Holloway in New Zea-  
 land look at the emigration question too much from a newly-  
 arrived emigrant's point of view, and in doing so their verdict  
 must be against emigration except to settle in districts or towns.  
 An English ploughman or an ordinary labourer set down with  
 his family in wet weather in a somewhat out-of-the-way place  
 in any colony is for a while the most wretched object in crea-  
 tion; yet, if the land he is on be good, the chances are that  
 the best thing which could happen to the party is that they  
 should not be able to get away. If the successful colonists  
 who came out as family men were canvassed as to their early  
 experiences, they would almost all affirm that for the first  
 month or two of their colonial life it was only the difficulty of  
 return that made them stay. The emigrant, whoever he may  
 be, whether working man or one with a small capital, who goes  
 to a new country, has, in the nature of things, much to en-  
 counter at first that is uncomfortable and trying. The English  
 workman, if he goes out into the unsettled or partially-settled  
 districts, that he may have an opportunity of acquiring land,  
 has many hardships to endure for a time, and he has to educate  
 himself up to the level of the older colonists' experience.  
 These early hardships, and this necessity for a new education,  
 are the inevitable price which has to be paid for the almost  
 certainty of future comfort and independence; and the man  
 who is not prepared, for himself and for his family, to endure  
 these early hardships, which, after all, in a country and with  
 a climate like this, should rather be classed as discomforts,  
 had better stay at home. If either Mr. Arch or Mr. Holloway  
 expects, as they seem to do, that the men they represent can  
 jump into comfortable homes and a good freehold farm at once  
 on arrival in the colony, or think that they ought to refrain  
 from emigrating because they lose some of the comforts and  
 appliances of civilization for a time, the Warwickshire labour-  
 ers will be very badly advised."

*Rem acu tetigit.* He has the whole thing in a nutshell.  
 Time and time again it has been pointed out that it is  
 folly for an intending colonist to suppose that by emigrat-  
 ing he will at once jump into comfort and prosperity. It  
 is to be hoped that the emigration agents at home are  
 not, in their zeal for the cause they represent, accus-  
 tomed to mislead applicants by infusing any *couleur de rose*  
 in their account of the advantages that are open to emi-  
 grants to Canada. Perhaps it would be well, in view of  
 the numerous complaints on this score that have arisen  
 of late, if the Government would order an investigation.  
 An enquiry would, whichever way it resulted, have the  
 effect of shutting the mouths of the grumblers and croak-  
 ers. If the charges of exaggeration should be proved to  
 have no foundation the grumblers would have no case.  
 If the contrary were proved, and some few of the agents  
 were convicted of undue promises, it would be an easy  
 matter to rectify the evil. In either case public opinion  
 would be satisfied.

THE LEADERSHIP OF THE OLD CATHOLICS.

The intelligence lately received from Geneva that  
 Father HYACINTHE had resigned his pastoral charge and  
 withdrawn from active participation in the Old Catholic  
 movement need surprise no one acquainted with the cir-  
 cumstances of the case and the character of the ex-Car-  
 melite preacher. The revolt against Rome proclaimed in  
 Geneva, as well as in the cantons of Soleure and Berne,  
 was invested with features peculiar to itself and distinct  
 in several respects from the simultaneous uprising in  
 Germany proper. There the ultramontane prelates and  
 priests were deposed from their offices and an elective  
 constitution by parishes enforced which led to the choice  
 of a number of ministers favouring the party of reform.  
 Among these was Father HYACINTHE, who, by his eloquence  
 and the stand he had taken in France, was judged worthy  
 of the most important curacy in the city of Geneva. He  
 accepted the office without any definite programme of  
 principles or action, trusting to time and a more intimate  
 acquaintance with his colleagues for the regulation of his  
 course. It was not long, however, before he felt a vague  
 sentiment of diffidence which led him to shrink from  
 pushing the doctrines of his party to their ultimate logical  
 consequences. A few of his Swiss co-labourers were wil-  
 ling to stand by the moderate teachings of DOLLINGER  
 and the Old Catholics of Germany, but the majority were  
 disposed to go a great deal further and not only renounce  
 Roman supremacy, but give up all dogmatic teaching and  
 establish a free church. They refused to adopt the name  
 of Old Catholics, and assumed that of Liberal Catholics as  
 more expressive of their aims. Both parties were repre-  
 sented in the Superior Council of Catholics, and both had  
 their partisans in the Cantonal Legislature and the Grand  
 Council, but the Liberal wing was predominant in these,  
 and measures were being actively taken to carry their  
 views into more effective execution. Father HYACINTHE  
 more than once deemed it his duty to protest in the

Superior Council against what he considered the clearly  
 Protestant tendencies of his associates, but he was always  
 outvoted, and finally judged it necessary to withdraw from  
 his clerical charge. In his brief letter of resignation he  
 states that he is a Catholic and desires to remain one. He  
 is not prepared to leap the chasm and become a Protes-  
 tant. If he had wished to be a Protestant, he should have  
 assumed the name long ago and not waited to cover him-  
 self up under the title of Liberal Catholic. There is un-  
 questionably some logic in this, but the statement is par-  
 ticularly noteworthy as defining the character of the  
 writer. It proves him to be a man of half measures, who  
 either does not perceive the final tendency of the step  
 which he took when he cast his monk's frock on the  
 hedgerows, or has not the determination to follow that  
 initial act of rebellion unto the end. The same thing  
 might be said of DOLLINGER, but we hardly think that his  
 is a parallel case. The veteran Munich theologian has  
 kept much more in the background. He has clearly pro-  
 pounded his objections to Rome, but has abstained from  
 any counter movement, while he did not boldly trench on  
 the canon of celibacy, a measure which, in Roman Catholic  
 countries, is regarded as a more decisive act than the  
 proclamation of a new dogma. Father HYACINTHE is quite  
 willing to pass for a schismatic, but he shrinks from the  
 title of heresiarch, evidently not reflecting that, in the pre-  
 sent temper of religious parties in Europe, the former  
 position is less tenable, and certainly less creditable from  
 a philosophical point of view, than the latter.

For ourselves, we never regarded Father HYACINTHE as  
 destined to become a leader in the active anti-Roman  
 movement. His cloistral life deprived him of that thorough  
 knowledge of the world which is absolutely necessary to  
 such a position. Neither is his cast of mind practical.  
 Whoever has read his admirable sermons will have ob-  
 served that they were beautified by poetry and perfumed  
 with delicious sentiment, but never distinguished by any  
 proof of learning or power of ratiocination. He is a man  
 of emotions and tender passions, not of robust intellect or  
 force of energy. He was made to sway the hearts of the  
 susceptible, not to rule the wills of hardy combatants in  
 the rudest of all warfare—religion. Father HYACINTHE,  
 with a loving wife by his side and a beautiful babe in his  
 arms, may and does typify a species of hostility to Rome  
 which wields a certain power, but that type is far lower  
 than the one which the Old Catholics promised the world—  
 that of a fiery apostle brandishing the sword of the spirit,  
 or that of the rough but sublime scavenger nervously draw-  
 ing his besom over the soiled steps of the temple. And  
 until now the party has not furnished such a leader.

A DANGEROUS GAME.

Several leading French papers of this Province are gra-  
 dually allowing themselves to be inveigled into a discus-  
 sion not only disagreeable but fraught with positive peril.  
 They are attacking the English Protestant press and,  
 through them, the English Protestant section of the po-  
 pulation, because of alleged hostilities against certain  
 Catholic measures and propositions. One Quebec paper  
 carries its zeal so far as to utter threats and launches the  
 ban of ostracism against the minority in this Province  
 by calling it the "foreign element," *l'élément étranger*.

The supposed sources of provocation are the objections  
 made by all the English papers against the placing of  
 Provincial institutions under sectarian control. The ar-  
 gument used was that Reformatories, Prisons, Homes and  
 Asylums which are entirely maintained by State funds,  
 should be under State superintendence and open on  
 equal terms to persons of every creed and nationality.  
 Such was the ground taken by this journal only a fortnight  
 ago and it is one which, it seems to us, should commend  
 itself to every unprejudiced mind.

No fault is found with private institutions. Let holy  
 women and zealous clergymen devote themselves to the  
 amelioration of the different classes of suffering or de-  
 graded humanity. They command universal admiration  
 and if their labours need to be subsidized by the State, no  
 reasonable man will complain. But that reformatory prisons  
 for boys and girls, homes for fallen women, asylums for  
 lunatics and such like public institutions which are sus-  
 tained by Catholic and Protestant purses alike, should be  
 placed under the exclusive conduct of Roman Catholic  
 clergymen and nuns, is so manifestly unfair, that we  
 hardly see how an argument can be raised about it. The  
 objection is based on a principle which works both ways.  
 Catholics would not want their co-religionists to be placed  
 under Protestant guidance, as they have proved in Onta-  
 rio and elsewhere. And we, by no means, blame them,  
 only we ask for ourselves the privilege which they law-  
 fully claim for themselves.

In a mixed community such as ours, there must be  
 mutual concessions, or we shall never get along. Intem-



perance of language will only lead to lamentable estrangements. If the minority must not be importunate, the majority must gracefully bend to circumstances. We have no Establishment, no State religion here, and the only way to good understanding and fellowship lies in reciprocal forbearance. An example worthy of imitation in this respect is set us by the United States. There, whenever a private institution is opened by any religious society, whether male or female, the State is always willing to give it assistance out of the public funds. Thus lately, the ladies of the Good Shepherd, at New York, having founded a home for Magdalens, discovered that they needed \$75,000 to go on with the work. They applied to the Legislature, and at once the money was sent down to them from Albany. But apart from these private establishments, every State has its own Reformatory, Asylums for the Blind, the Deaf and Dumb, and Lunatics, its own Penitentiary and other institutions, which are entirely supported by the State and conducted exclusively under State control. To these institutions persons of every creed are admitted and the largest facilities are afforded clergymen of every denomination to exercise their ministrations therein. This is precisely what we ask for in Canada, and nothing more. We cannot have double institutions—Protestant and Catholic—for all the varied wants of sinful or sorrowing people, because that would be too expensive and the service would necessarily be inefficient. It will quite suffice to have one good institution for each of these needs, entirely unsectarian in its government, and open to all clergymen for members of all churches. Surely there can be no serious objection to so fair a demand and surely Protestants should not be wantonly accused of fanaticism for venturing to lay it before the proper authorities.

It is sincerely to be hoped that the papers which dealt in the language referred to will not continue their attacks, but content themselves with discussing the whole subject in a spirit of manly accommodation. The harmony which has hitherto obtained in the Province between men of all creeds—a harmony attained only after years of bickering—is certainly worth preserving in the interests of all parties, and those writers assume a terrible responsibility who lead to its disturbance by charges founded on utter misapprehension.

With the departure of the glories of summer, with the first fall of the leaf, and the return of the calm autumnal days, the glorious long vacation is over and children go back to school. There is, perhaps, no date so impressed upon the memory, coupled with mingled joy and regret, as the first of September. Some exceptional characters are found who hail the reopening of the school term with pleasure, but the great majority of boys and girls see it approach with shrinking of the heart valves, and when the dread day at length arrives it is like a separation as for the dead to exchange the easy unrestrained freedom of home, for the seclusion and formal discipline of the classroom. Especially is the separation a doleful one for those poor children who are obliged to go to school in a distant town, or to be locked up in a boarding institution, far from the sight of parents and the companionship of brothers and sisters. There is no use moralizing about it. Schooling is one of the hardships of young life, the effects of which are felt far on in the maturity of age. We have no royal road to learning. The fruits of instruction, like the fruits of the earth, may be gathered only after patient sowing, patient husbandry, and patient harvesting. Children know this by instinct, and hence the feeling of burden with which they always enter each scholastic year. The law of compensation applies in their case, however, as it does in all the difficult passes of life. Within a few weeks, especially if the studies are congenial, if the tutors are gentle and generous, and if the set of companions happens to be of the right sort, the school yoke becomes less irksome, and at intervals, under the stimulant of prizes, or under the charm of a favourite author, reading becomes a delight. There is also a soothing resignation in habit. A boy gets used to his daily grind, and after a while does not appear to mind it.

The travelling public in England, after having suffered for a long time from the carelessness and neglect of the railway companies, have finally inaugurated a movement for the protection of their persons and their interests. A "Railway Travellers' Protection Society" has been formed, the objects of which are to endeavour to promote the safety of the public in the use of the railways; to diminish the risk to life and limb, now incurred in railway travelling through causes within the control of the railway companies, such as unpunctuality, insufficiency of permanent way, inadequacy of establishments, and neglect to adopt the various means of safety constantly recom-

mended by the Board of Trade; to obtain the correction of various minor defects, which cause much discomfort and inconvenience to travellers; to enforce more humane arrangements for the conveyance of cattle, and for the better regulation of the minerals and goods traffic. There is scope enough, goodness knows, in Canada for an association of this kind. Where are the public-spirited men who will start the thing?

Just as our last issue was printed we learnt that the Hon. GEORGE BROWN had commenced criminal proceedings against the proprietors of the *National*. His action in the matter, though somewhat tardy, will be generally approved. To those who discredit the statements of the *National*, and these we believe are in a large majority, the course adopted by the managing editor of the *Globe* will be eminently satisfactory, as they look forward to a triumphant vindication of the character of the accused. Those against whom the proceedings are directed seem, on the other hand, in no wise cast down at the prospect before them, and appear to be equally confident of being able to prove their assertions to the satisfaction of justice and of the public. In the mean time we trust that matters will be pushed forward as fast as possible, and that there will be none of that shameful delay which has characterized the investigation of the BRECHER-TILTON affair. The public is sick of dirty scandals, and the sooner the *National* business is disposed of and put out of sight the better.

A change of some importance in the constitution of the House of Lords, as affecting the representation of Scotland and Ireland in that body, has been under discussion in England. At present Scotland and Ireland send respectively sixteen and twenty-eight Peers to Westminster. The select Committee of the Lords appointed to consider the matter sent in a report, in which they recommend that the Scotch representative peers should be increased to twenty, and that the other Scotch peers should be allowed to come forward as candidates for the House of Commons. They recommend that the Queen should renounce her prerogative of creating new Irish peers, and that the number of Irish representative peers should be increased by four, in place of the four bishops of the Irish Church, who were excluded from the House of Lords when the Church was disestablished. Some of the papers suggest that the best compensation Ireland could have for the loss of the four spiritual peerages would be to give four of the Roman Catholic bishops seats in the House.

From a careful perusal of our European exchanges, we have come to the conclusion that ex-Marshal Bazaine did not give his word of honour to remain in the Island of Ste. Marguerite, and that he there underwent the close confinement of prison life. Such being the fact, he incurred no disgrace in escaping. Some papers pretend that it was beneath his character thus to flee like a common criminal. This is absurd. Liberty is dear and life is sweet to a French Marshal as well as to the lowest hind. M. Bazaine has a charming young wife, three interesting children, and the rehabilitation of his military fame to live for. He was therefore perfectly justified in taking the means to secure that consummation. As to the probable influence of his escape on the prospects of the Bonapartist party, we adhere to what we said last week—that it will exert no influence toward strengthening that party in France. Perhaps the ex-Marshal will understand that his proper course will be to live quietly with his family, free altogether from political factions or partisan plottings.

In a sermon recently delivered at Newcastle Mgr. CAPEL, in referring to the Public Worship Bill, made a telling hit at the legislation against the Ritualists. The House of Commons, he said, was composed of Jews, Non-conformists, Roman Catholics, professed Churchmen, and many of them, in all probability, would not deem it an honour to be numbered among either one or the other of what they were pleased to call sects. Yet this was the body which was to decide for the Established Church whether they were to wear vestments or not, whether there were to be means at the jurisdiction of the bishops for passing summary judgment upon those who evaded the ecclesiastical law. If the question were not so sacred, it really had an aspect too ridiculous to be contemplated. It was comical, living in the nineteenth century, to think that a mixed body like that had to decide how far ritual and how far doctrine was to be observed.

The recent fatal accident in Toronto, by which a young lady lost her life at the hands of her own brother, once more brings up a matter which calls loudly for legislative interference. On every occasion on which a fatal accident has occurred by the careless use of firearms the press

has pointed out the necessity of an Act making such an offence a misdemeanour punishable by imprisonment. Session after session has passed by without any effort being made to put an end to an insane and perilous amusement. We trust that at the ensuing session honourable gentlemen at Ottawa will give this matter their attention, and that the result may be a large decrease in the cases of "Fatal Accidents With Firearms." Those who, by leaving loaded firearms within the reach of children or fools, are the indirect causes of such accidents, should also come in for their share of the penalty.

From some statistics collected by the National Agricultural Labourers' Union as to the recent lock-out in the Eastern Counties, it appears that the struggle lasted about eighteen weeks, and cost the union in money expended for lock-out pay, migration, and emigration, nearly £25,000. Originally 2,400 men were locked out, of whom 870 have returned to work without surrendering their tickets, 400 have migrated, 440 emigrated, and 350 have returned to work since the lock-out pay was stopped, several of these last having abandoned the union. There are still 350 unemployed. The secretary attributes the failure of the struggle to want of union and cohesion amongst the men, the refusal of labourers to migrate to districts where work and better wages could be obtained, and the injudicious admission into the union of old men, who expected life annuities from its funds.

The Tichborne trial, productive as it has been of much evil, has at least had one good result. During the recent session of the Imperial Parliament the subject of false and fraudulent personation was brought up, and a Bill passed providing that any person falsely and deceitfully personating the heir, executor, or administrator, wife, widow, next of kin, or relation of any person, with intent fraudulently to obtain any land, estate, chattel, money, valuable security, or property, shall be guilty of felony, and liable to penal servitude for life, or to not less than five years, or to imprisonment not exceeding two years with or without hard labour, and with or without solitary confinement.

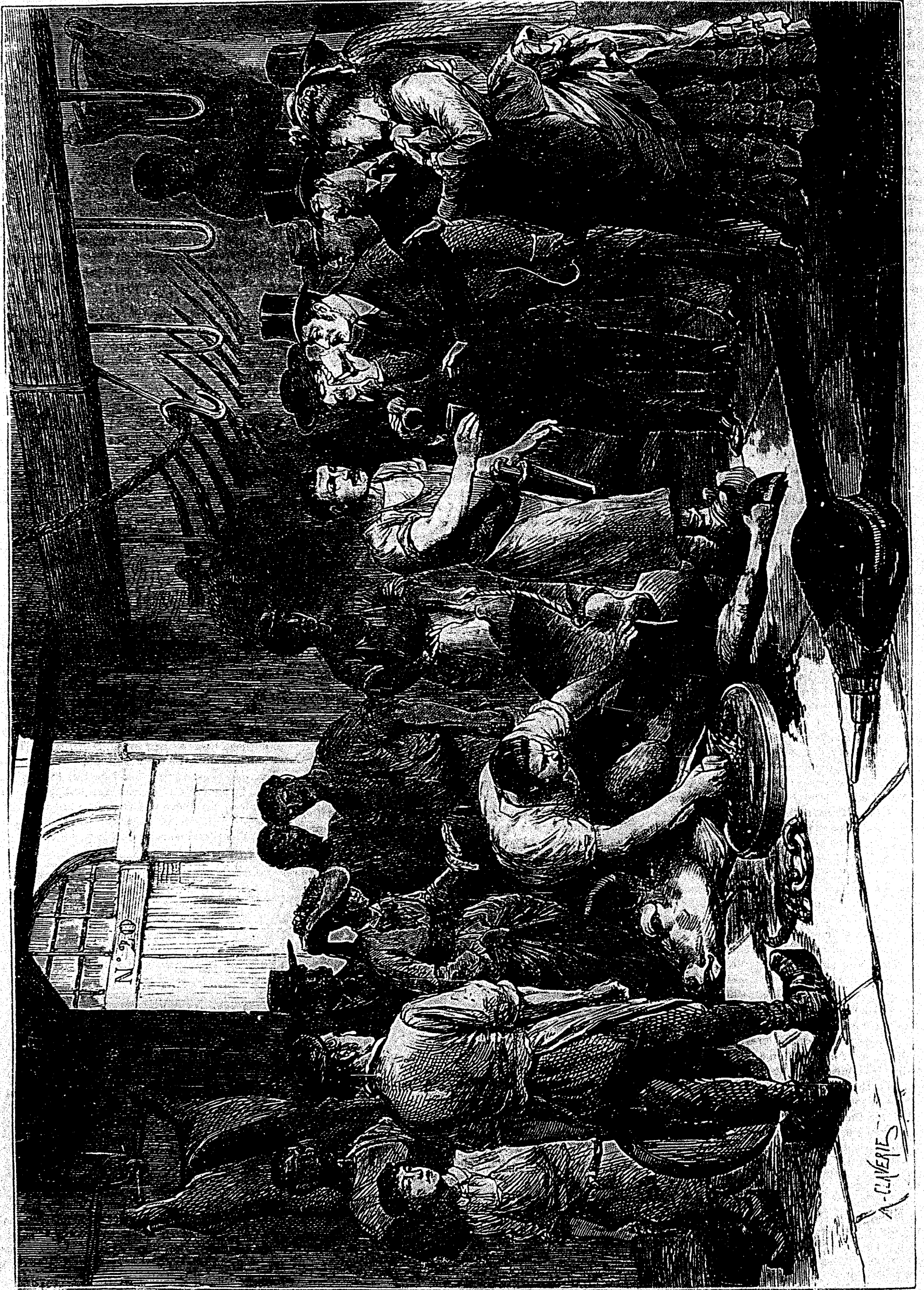
The truth of the apothegm, "Curses come home to roost," has been singularly illustrated in the case of Mr. RYKERT in what is known as the 'Little Mrs. ——— scandal.' (This word 'scandal' is, in one connection or another, in everyone's mouth just now.) The statement of the member for Lincoln respecting the now celebrated portrait, has at last been finally set at rest by a letter, published in the *Globe*, from R. D. EWING—of the Toronto firm of photographers, EWING & Co.—who proves that the picture in question was purchased in 1871 by Mr. SANDFIELD MACDONALD, and Mr. SCOTT, then Speaker. The Conservatives of Ontario will doubtless fully appreciate Mr. RYKERT's "little joke." For the future they will do well to take his statements with a big pinch of salt.

A case of the utmost importance to newspaper proprietors, and of no little interest to newspaper readers, was decided at Liverpool the other day. The editor of the *Liverpool Leader* had been summoned to answer questions as to the sources whence he derived the information for certain articles published in his journal. He refused to disclose the names of his informants, taking the responsibility of the articles upon himself. After many adjournments and long arguments Vice-Chancellor LITTLE decided that the editor was not bound to answer the questions. If we remember right a decision in a similar case was not very long ago given in a New York court in exactly a contrary sense.

We have it on the authority of a well-informed English journal that Major-General SELBY SMYTH will shortly proceed to Canada in command of the auxiliary forces of the Dominion.

The *Hamilton Spectator* is in dudgeon because the second city in the Province was overlooked in the Vice-Regal tour. The omission it cannot but regard as significant of something; and the something finally resolves itself into a studied affront put upon the city by Mr. Mackenzie. "The Premier," we are told, "is a Toronto man in sympathy, and Mr. Brown is of opinion that it would make very little difference in the affairs of the Province if Hamilton were burnt up." This is somewhat hysterical, but none the less amusing. Again we are informed that "the Premier received rather a bolsterous reception here in the heat of an election campaign, and we cannot doubt that he has been annoyed by remonstrances from his own friends on certain parts of the Government policy and conduct." Poor Hamilton! Can't it possibly manage to exist without the light of His Excellency's countenance?





FRANCE — BLOOD DRINKING AT A PARIS ABATTOIR.



THE COMING TRANSIT OF VENUS.



PHOTOGRAPHIC TRST. MERIDIANAL INSTRUMENT. CUPOLA OF THE GREAT EQUATORIAL TELESCOPE. PHOTOGRAPHIC APPARATUS. AR M. PRAZMOWSKI.  
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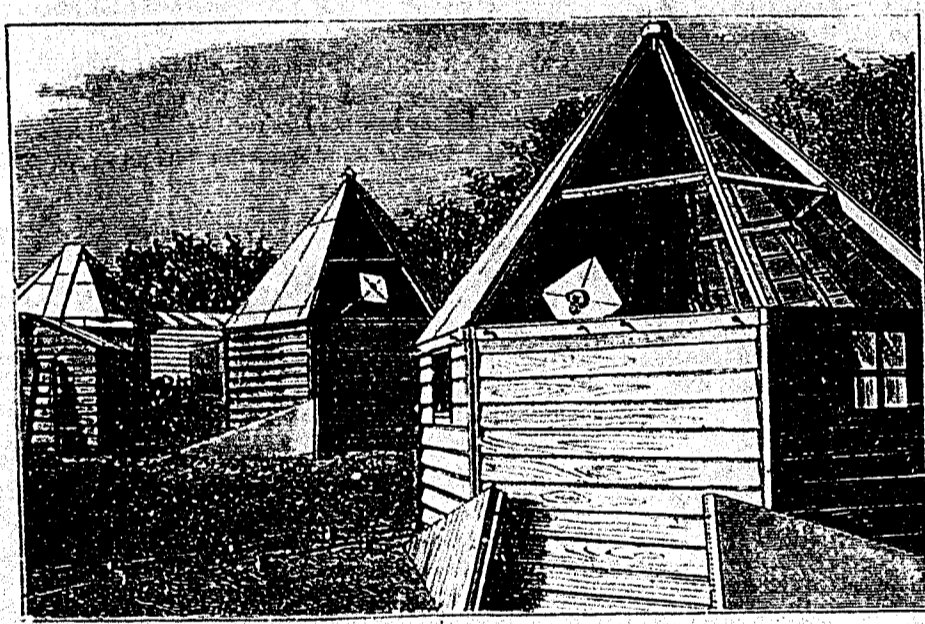
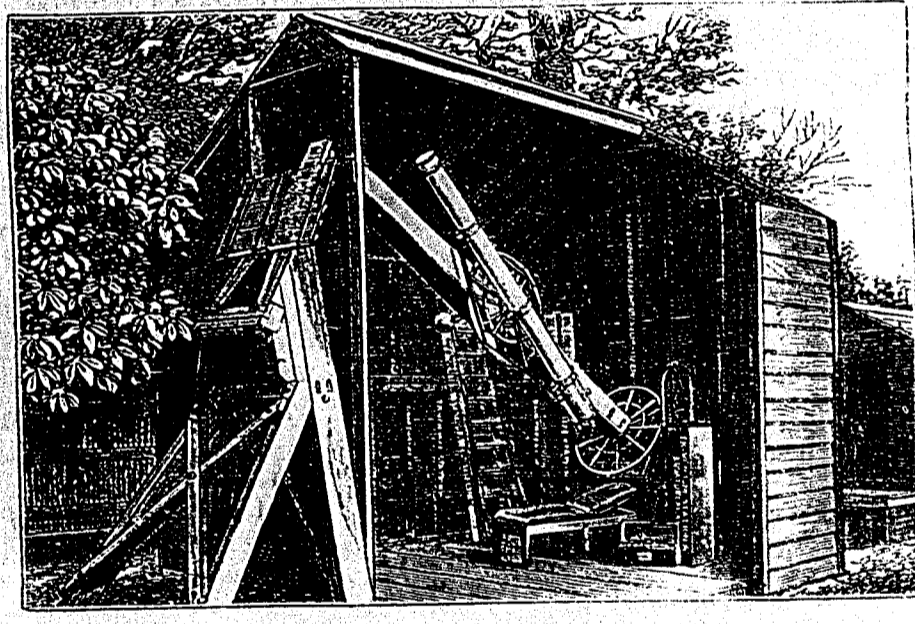


PHOTO-HELIOGRAPHIC APPARATUS.



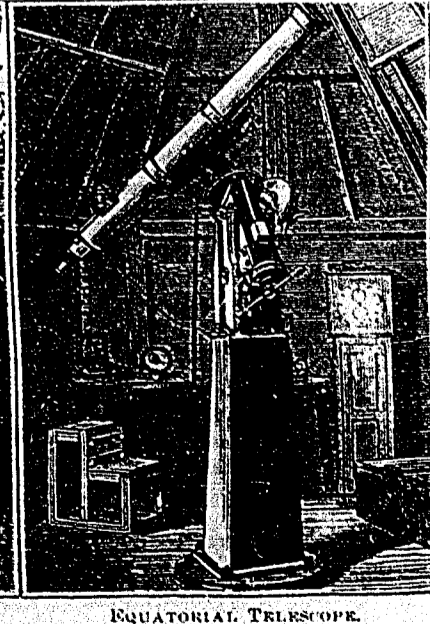
EQUATORIAL TELESCOPE.



EQUATORIAL TELESCOPE FOR ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS.



BUILDINGS OF THE DIFFERENT STATIONS.



EQUATORIAL TELESCOPE.

THE FRENCH OBSERVATORY APPARATUS AND SHEDS FOR THE JAPAN STATION.

## THE FLANEUR.

A very pretty classical adaptation, if original.

A writer in one of the London dailies—perhaps the author of the "Princess of Thule"—in giving an imaginary account of the Ministerial whitebait dinner at Greenwich, at the end of the session, applies to it the following line of Horace *parce detorta*:

Desinit in pisces sessio formosa superne!

Scene in a street car.

A magnificent lady gorgeously arrayed "in silk attire," languidly hands a ten cent piece to the conductor for her fare. Conductor has no change and passes on to a big blossoming market woman who sits opposite, flanked by two enormous baskets of vegetables. She forthwith produces a five cent piece from her inner cheek, which the conductor seizes from between her milk-white teeth and, turning, drops into the outstretched lavender-gloved hand of the fine lady. A shriek, a withering look of disgust, and down goes the money on the barred floor of the car.

Why is Beecher like Essex?

Because he was sweet on Elizabeth.

A patent vendor advertises in the daily papers that he wants "to sell the whole Montreal District." No doubt. The Montreal District is used to it. It has been so often "sold" before.

In a drawing room filled with wits and women of the world, a gentleman whose silvery hair betrayed the advance of age, became the object of the attention of several ladies.

"He is at least forty-eight," said one.

"Hardly more than forty-two," said another.

"Why not ask him directly what his age is?" said a third.

"How old are you, Mr. Dash?" asked one of the ladies point blank.

"That depends upon your intentions, Madame," was the diplomatic reply.

A woman's will.

"Madam," said a timid husband who tried to assert his authority for the nonce, "when will you return?"

"When I please, sir."

"Very well. But not later, mind!"

The motto on the arms of the Venables-Vernon family is the pretty pun: *Vernon semper vivet*.

There is a Vernon in this city, presumably a chip of the old block, who is deluging the columns of a morning paper with letters and a promise of more. His device is: *Vernon semper scribit*.

A French anecdote about Dickens.

The celebrated novelist had been invited to spend the evening at the house of a lady who was beset by the mania of autographs. Scarcely had Dickens entered the drawing-room than he was led to a table whereon lay a fair sheet of white paper, and, near at hand, a pen and ink-horn. He sat down at once and took the sheet of paper. He folded it double, then in quarto, next in octavo, in sixteen-mo, in thirty-two-mo. When he thought he had folded sufficiently, he stopped, unfolded, spread the sheet on the table, took up the pen gravely, gravely dipped it into the ink, gravely wrote his name on each of the little squares traced out by the folds of the paper, then rose gravely and withdrew from the table.

Two gentlemen, one of them from the country, slightly elevated perhaps, roamed through the city the other night, trudging their way through the darkness, without a gas lamp to illumine their steps. At length, about twelve, they pulled up on the Champ de Mars and rested there awhile. All at once the moon broke out in full-orbed splendour, irradiating the house tops, and flooding the hoary old military field with silver. Simultaneously they observed that the gas lamps were being lighted through the streets.

"What in the world is the use of lighting the gas now, after leaving the city in darkness so long?" said the countryman.

"O," replied the other, "you don't know the city, I see. The gas is lit to show us the moon."

The Ministry is dying hard,  
It won't give up the ghost,  
Until the last trump card  
Is definitely lost.

Two Irish gentlemen were conversing about the visit of Lord Dufferin to Chicago, making it the occasion for lamentation over the differences which exist among Irishmen themselves.

"Now, after all," said one, "why did not the Irish imitate the English and Scotch, and turn out to greet Lord Dufferin?"

"Because he is an Englishman."

"No, sir. Because he is an Irishman," was the cynical rejoinder.

Everybody in this city is making himself unhappy about the dilly dallying of the Quebec Ministry and their delay in resigning. I know of one, however, who takes it all very philosophically. To a friend who was energetically condemning their clinging to power and declaring that really he could not understand it, he quietly replied, with a twirl of his cigar:

"Bah, man. It is the old story. The ruling passion strong in death."

I have just witnessed a female transformation, and I hasten to impart it to my fair readers. I met a lady friend of mine whom I did not recognize, so altered was she for the better. Upon inquiring the cause of the happy change, she answered with a smile:

"I had long been vexed and humiliated by the scantiness of my hair. I tried every cosmetic and dressing without avail. I would not submit to wearing dead people's hair and the artificial substitutes, in the shape of plaits, tresses, chignons and switches, were my abhorrence. At length I had an inspiration. I went down to a fashionable *coiffeur* and had my hair cut short à la garçon. How do you like it?"

I liked it immensely. Judging from the effect on my friend, I think that all ladies, up to a certain age, who are similarly circumstanced, should follow her example. The short boyish hair, nicely parted and combed, gives a rejuvenated, coquetish, *dégage* air which is simply charming. Ladies, try it!

A story which may be applied to the Quebec Ministry.

A tailor's signboard represents a lion pulling at the seat of the trousers of a gentleman who is clinging fast to his desk.

And underneath these words:

"You may tear me, but you will never make me let go."

ALMAVIVA.

## FRACTIONAL CURRENCY.

Aylmer has two cases of bigamy on its hands.

Libel suits against newspapers are flying around lively.

The Niagara Suspension Bridge has been a source of contention between the Great Western and Canada Southern. But the quarrel is now settled.

It was decided by the judge, in the Essex election case, that "treating" alone was not a corrupt practice. What says our Vigilance Committee?

They are making paper flour barrels in Iowa.

There is a place called Barrack Square in St. John and the question is whether cows, base ballists, or the Militia shall have the control of it.

Children are turned out of school in a certain place in New Brunswick, when they make their appearance without shoes. Write to Lucy Larcom and you will have a poem about it.

There is a live cannibal at Vanceboro, N. B.

The Governor General is dealing out his favours liberally and impartially. He has given a medal for the Charlottetown P. E. I. regatta, which takes place about the middle of September.

It is said that the Government intends closing the Marine School at Quebec this fall. It seems Canadians don't need teaching to become sailors.

One of McGregor's agent in Essex gave a man named Mailloux \$30 to go out to Rochester to see his cousins. That, of course, was the deepest-dyed corruption.

What could Colonel Fletcher mean by ordering a reporter of the *Mail* off the cars for not submitting his copy to him for revision before sending it to the paper. Sue him!

Superintendent Kelso, of the New York detective force, is in Toronto, *only* on a pleasure tour. That is reassuring.

Good for Quebec! It is stated that the negotiations of Mr. Crooks and Mr. Robertson, in London, show some 12½ per cent. in favour of this Province.

They are growing Baltic wheat at St. Andrews. That is "progress."

Plenty of wild ducks on the Ottawa.

The people of Massawippi denounce publicly as a foul libel that their lake froze over, one night last week. They own up, however, that the frost went pretty lively for their vines, corn and buckwheat.

An Eastern Townships man says that round about where he lives pic-nics are as plenty as hair in boarding house hash.

Winnipeg has two dailies and five weeklies, but the printers are wanting.

Among the city items of an Ontario paper is one headed "Landing of Cæsar in Britain" and containing an account of that novel event.

The story that Sir Edward Thornton is desirous of being recalled is stated to be untrue. We could not afford to lose him until the Reciprocity Treaty is finally settled.

The commissioners appointed by Dr. Manning to inquire into the circumstances attending the deaths of certain prelates, priests, and laymen in times gone by, have recommended to Rome for canonization several persons of eminence, including Sir Thomas More and Cardinal Fisher, Bishop of Rochester. Query: would Sir Thomas More have died as peaceably as he did, had he known the honour in store for him? Doubtful. However, as he is beyond being affected by the proceedings of Dr. Manning's commissioners, no one is hurt.

A Western journal, apropos of the Gov.-General's visit, says:—"In the evening the town was brilliantly illuminated. The effect on Upper and Lower Wyndham streets and along the square was very fine, and it was no less so when viewing the buildings on the north side of the river, and in fact wherever there was an illumination." Nothing like impartiality.

At the Young Men's Christian Association Convention recently held at Port Hope the towns of Barrie and Winnipeg were specially prayed for as the two wickedest places in Canada. Those Y. M. C. delegates need not have looked so far away. Toronto is only three score miles from Port Hope.

It is said that Dr. Sangster is threatening a civil action against the *Globe*, and a criminal action against the writer of the articles attacking him. Strange that nothing was heard of this until the result of the School Board Election was made known.

The land of Cockaigne hath been discovered. Says the *Ottawa Free Press*:—"We understand that a lake has been discovered within twelve miles of the city of Ottawa, on the Ontario side, about six miles long, and from a quarter to half a mile wide, with numerous bays and islands in it. The bays, are said to be full of wild rice, and the islands are covered with beautiful shade trees of various kinds, such as poplar, maple, white birch, and mountain ash. The bays are reported to be the resort of thousands of black ducks, and blue and green winged teal; and the lake is full of black bass, pike, and white fish of the largest kind. The discoverer of this sportsman's paradise is at present reticent concerning the locality, but no doubt the secret will soon leak out." Whether the fish are ready cooked or not, deponent saith not. He is also silent as to the little pigs that run about all roasted, crying, 'Eat me, eat me.'

Out of 450 Rural Deaneries in England, 441 are in favour of an increase of the Episcopate. Remarkable unanimity! Of course none of the new bishops would be selected from among the present holders of Rural Deaneries. Oh no! *Nolumus episcopari!*

A prominent officer of the volunteer force of this Province has been created a Roman Count by Pius IX., in virtue of a decree dated 26th June last. A Roman Count!—Poor fellow, what has he been doing to deserve this. The power of conferring national honours being vested in the sovereign alone, the question arises—what is the value of a title bestowed by the Supreme Pontiff at a time when Victor Emmanuel is the recognized king of Italy? Is this one of Pius IX's celebrated jokes? We wait for further information.

St. Paul used to brag that he was a Pharisee of the Pharisees, yet we doubt if even St. Paul was as straight-laced in his notions as is our extremely proper contemporary the *British American Presbyterian*. That virtuous journal is shocked at what we, in our blindness and benighted ignorance, supposed to be a subject for congratulation. It takes up its lament and is sorely grieved because the daily papers of Canada are filled with reports of "races, balls, pic-nics, socials, concerts, theatre entertainments, cricket, base ball and lacrosse matches, chess tournaments, yacht races, excursions, exhibitions, fairs, and all the multifarious employments of the pleasure-seeking world." It thinks that "the effect of this excessive pleasure-seeking must be ruinous. Pleasure-seeking is not far from sensuality; sensuality degrades and destroys alike heart and intellect, and drives its bond-slaves rapidly down to the abyss of godlessness, ruin and misery." Unfortunately for the B. A. P.'s conclusions, its hypothesis is utterly unsound. Pleasure-seeking and sensuality are two very different things. Bosh and humbug, however, are much the same; and the writer in the B. A. P. may draw his own conclusion from this gratuitous bit of information.

Mr. Robert Walker is a gentleman of stern virtue and high moral sensibilities. He lives in Brant County, on the north bank of the Grand River. He has a daughter whose moral welfare is the one aim of his life. Where it is concerned he does not hesitate to violate divine and human law. His moral sensibilities are above such a thing. So when an inoffensive old man gave Mr. Walker's little girl a copper for a kiss, Mr. Walker went for that man, and that man has since been found in an orchard, dead, with his skull and ribs beaten in. Moral: Before kissing a young lady it is well to make inquiries as to her father's "moral sensibilities."



OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE HOUSE THAT JOHN BUILT.

Is one of John Gilbert's characteristic sketches of home life among the working-classes in England.

BLOOD-DRINKERS AT A PARIS ABATTOIR.

The scene depicted in this illustration, horrible as it is, is one which may be witnessed almost any day at the abattoir of La Villette in Paris. For some twenty years past Continental doctors of no little celebrity have recommended, in certain cases of debility and anemia, the administration of fresh, warm blood. La Villette is the centre of what may be termed the blood-cure, and day after day files of patients assemble with mingled hope and horror to drink of the terrible but life-giving stream. The majority of these patients are women and children, the latter suffering in most cases from phthisis.

THE TRANSIT OF VENUS.

The first prediction of a transit of Venus was made by Kepler, and was calculated from his Rudolphine tables. In 1631, the year predicted, astronomers of Europe were eagerly on the watch for so rare a spectacle. But the calculation was in error, so that it took place when the sun was below the horizon in Europe, and was consequently invisible. It has been said that there are, roughly speaking, two transits of Venus in a century. The following table shows all the transits of which we know anything:—

- 1631. Predicted by Kepler, but not observed.
- 1639. Predicted and observed by Horrox.
- 1761. Predicted by Halley; observed by many.
- 1789. Observed generally.
- 1874—1882.

Transits of Venus are employed to measure the sun's distance. When a transit of Venus occurs the first evidence of the phenomenon is given by a slight notch being made in the contour of the sun's edge at a certain spot. This notch increases until the full form of the planet is seen. The first appearance of a notch is called the time of first external contact. But when the planet appears to be wholly on the sun, her black figure is still connected with the sun's limb by a sort of black ligament. When the whole of the planet is just inside the sun's edge, the time of first internal contact has arrived. The breaking of the ligament is a very definite occurrence, and was, until lately, taken to indicate the true moment of internal contact. The second internal and external contacts take place as the planet leaves the sun. All the principal nations have sent astronomers to different prominent stations in the South Seas and elsewhere to observe the transit of Venus in December of this year.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S CURLING-MEDAL,

Won by the Quebec Curling Club, is described on the page on which this illustration appears.

THE GODERICH SALT-BARREL ARCH.

This arch, composed almost entirely of salt barrels, was erected on the occasion of the Governor-General's visit to Goderich, which town, as our readers are aware, is the salt-producer of Canada. The effect of this novel style of architecture is by no means unpleasing.

THE MONTREAL I. P. B. SOCIETY'S PIC-NIC.

On Saturday, the 22nd ult., the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society of Montreal held, on St. Helen's Island, a pic-nic, which proved to be a most marked success. Notwithstanding the drawbacks to which it was exposed owing to the lateness of the season, and the surfeit of such excursions under which the public has for some time past been labouring, it was without doubt the pic-nic of the season. The committee of arrangements had done all in their power in consulting the tastes and comfort of their visitors. The list of sports comprised the usual high and long jumps, a mile race, hurdle race, boys' race through flour-barrels, putting the heavy stone, exercises on the horizontal and parallel bars, five boat races, and a swimming-match. Several of these have been illustrated by our artists.

WARWICK CASTLE.

This noble drawing of Warwick Castle, the grand old mansion which not long ago suffered much damage by fire, is from the pencil of the English artist, Mr. S. Read. Warwick Castle is said to have been founded in the tenth century by Ethelfleda, a daughter of Alfred the Great, and there was also a famous Guy of Warwick, a Saxon hero of popular romance, who has the credit of killing Colbrand, the Danish giant, and the terrible Dun Cow of Dunsmore Heath. His sword, shield, helmet, breastplate, all of enormous weight, and his porridge-pot and fork, which are big enough for the King of Broddingnag, may be seen in the porter's lodge of Warwick Castle. Guy became a hermit in his old age, and retired to a cave or chapel at Guy's Cliff. But what is more certainly known to history is that this place was the seat of one of the Saxon governors of Mercia before the Norman Conquest, at which time it was possessed by Turketil, who was soon removed to make way for Hubert de Newburgh, the first Norman Earl. The ancient Norman castle was destroyed in the Barons' War. It was rebuilt in the reign of Edward III. The Beauchamps, of Elmley, Worcestershire, held this earldom till the reign of Henry VI. One of them, in 1394, built Guy's Tower. They distinguished themselves in the wars in Scotland and in France, where they sometimes held the highest command. By the death of the last Beauchamp without heirs, the estate devolved upon Richard Neville, Earl of Salisbury, who had married one of the Beauchamp family. He was created Earl of Warwick, and is celebrated as the powerful "King-maker" in the Wars of the Roses. He was killed in the battle of Barnet, 1471, when his earldom was given by Edward IV. to George Duke of Clarence, the brother of that king. Both Clarence and his son died prisoners in the Tower of London. The earldom of Warwick was next revived in favour of Dudley, a courtier of Henry VIII. and Edward VI., afterwards beheaded for helping to raise Lady Jane Grey to the throne. The title became extinct with his grandson, Ambrose Dudley, brother of Queen Elizabeth's favourite, the Earl of Leicester. In 1618 the title, without the estates, was bestowed by James I. on Lord Rich, in whose family it remained till 1759. Upon the death, in that year of Edward Rich, Earl of Warwick and Holland, the former title was conferred upon Francis Greville, Lord Brooke, who already possessed Warwick Castle by a grant of James I. to his ancestor, Sir Fulke Greville. The second Earl of the Greville family, from 1773 to 1816, completed the work begun in the seventeenth century, in the building of this stately pile

and laying out its gardens and park. His grandson, George Guy Greville, the present Earl of Warwick, succeeded the last Earl, Henry Richard Greville, in 1863. His lordship was born in 1818.

THE COCK OF THE WALK.

An admirable picture, full of vigour and expression. The defiant attitude of the bully of the village, and the remarkable appositeness of the dunghill behind him are capital.

NURSING BABIES.

It is, perhaps, a mistake to call this a popular amusement, as it is really loved and courted by but a comparatively small section of the community. This section, for the most part, consists of people who have babies on their own, and who are actuated by a laudable determination that all the trouble and vexation occasioned by the "cherubs" shall not devolve upon themselves. These amiable individuals are loud in their praises of the pastime under notice and make a great pretence of enjoying it, but, at the same time, they show generosity by allowing friends to dance their infants in their arms almost as much as ever they please. Those who avail themselves of the gracious permission to act in this manner invariably pretend that they like doing so immensely, and their attempts at deception might be successful if their looks did not too palpably give them the lie. It may be needless to remark that their evident discomfort is largely enjoyed by the causes thereof.

People will not be required to be told that babies are by no means interesting objects. They are nearly all alike, the only perceptible point of difference between them being that some are uglier and more ill-behaved than are others. They are nearly all fat, like piglets, they have all got eyes which have an unpleasant knack of persistently staring one out of countenance, and upon the faces of the vast majority are stuck little lumps of a putty-like substance, which are, by courtesy, called noses. These lumps, by the way, are generally of an aspiring character.

It has been remarked that the plainest and most ill-behaved babies are the most beloved of their parents. Further than this, that they are the ones which are principally held out for people in general to caress and toy with. There is good reason for believing that their doating parents are actuated by an evident desire that they shall not enjoy a monopoly of the very questionable pleasures which the sweet little things are in the habit of bestowing, and hence persistently adopt the course indicated. They go about their work in a very masterly manner, and those who are lacking in experience may well consent to receive lessons from them. It is their delight to get you safely caged within their own dens, and then, in a figurative sense, to throw their babies at you. They are in the habit of adopting the very clever ruse of asking you to dine or take tea with them, and then, when they have got you safely in the trap, of revealing their children to you. Of course you are forced to take notice of these, and, unless you wish to give mortal offence, you must take a baby on to your knee. When you get it there you are at a loss to know what to do with it. You have a hazy sort of idea perhaps, that you ought to say "Boo," and similar sensible things, to it, and that you are called upon to chuck it under the chin, pinch its cheek, and dance it up and down. The baby would hardly be a baby if it appreciated your efforts and refrained from howling. After it has howled a sufficient length of time, and after it has kicked and struggled till your arms are well-nigh weary, it is taken back to the lap of its mamma or papa, both of whom have been watching you with countenances expressive of the liveliest satisfaction. This over, you are naturally rather humiliated, and are in rather an awkward predicament. Give a hint that the baby is inclined to be cross, and you mortally offend those who are responsible for its being; all you can do is to allow it to be taken for granted that, in the management of babies, you are simply inexplicably stupid. This is rendered particularly apparent by the fact that after the baby has left you and been gathered to the arms of its parents, it is soon in a condition of "crow" and exultation once more.

To persons who are nursing babies of their own it is well to remark that the children are the sweetest little things you have ever seen, and at the same time you may make a favourable impression by stating that certain other infants with whom you are acquainted are the most disagreeable creatures imaginable. It is difficult to say whether the hearing of the truth or the untruth will give those who listen most pleasure, but it may safely be asserted that the amount of satisfaction derived from each statement will be very great.

When you have a child upon your knee and, by some marvellous chance, it is considerate enough to refrain from crying, you must not fail to improve the occasion by passing many flattering encomiums upon it. Do not, however, be deluded into the belief that all children are good if they are managed properly and do not resolve to go in for having a great deal to do with them.

When a baby is humiliating you it is not permissible to pinch it on the sly. At the same time this is occasionally done by atrocious wretches.

It is sometimes well to set yourself up as a lover of babies in general. In the event of your doing so people may be led to say many flattering things in reference to your disposition. A young lady cannot do better than devote some hours of her life to baby worship if she wishes to be considered of a loving and affectionate disposition. Many young ladies do this and are rewarded accordingly.

In paying court to babies you certainly have the satisfaction of knowing that so far as they themselves are concerned your services are perfectly disinterested. A baby never cares two straws for anybody but itself.

If you are wishful of ingratiating yourself in the favour of a mother, praise her baby, and lavish many endearments upon it.

If you are in a position to be entirely independent and wish to enjoy life perhaps the best thing for you to do is to never nurse anybody's babies but your own. At the same time never lose an opportunity of making other people nurse yours when a chance of so doing is afforded you.

People suffering from rheumatism and kindred afflictions have only themselves to thank, so long as it is in their power to rid themselves of their tortures. A few applications of the Diamond Rheumatic Cure will do the job. See the testimonials from those who have suffered and been cured.

GOLDSMITH MAID'S EARLY CAREER.

A writer in the *Evansville Journal* gives some particulars concerning Goldsmith Maid, who has just distinguished herself by the remarkable time of 2:14½: "The Maid was a wayward child. From the date of her birth on the farm of John B. Decker, in Wantage Township, Sussex County, N. Y., in the spring of 1857, to the age of six years, she distinguished herself in many ways, but never as a trotter. She was undersized, nervous, and fretful, and utterly refused heavy farm work. Mr. Decker, her owner, says he never got any work out of her but twice, one half day in ploughing corn and one half day in drawing stones. Once she was hitched to a harrow, but after a short distance she reared backward and entangled both her hind legs in the cross-piece of the harrow and so injured those members that when she goes out for her morning walks it is said she still shows signs of stiffness behind, caused by this fall in early life. From the time she was six months old until Mr. Decker sold her she was used as a race horse, though without her owner's knowledge. The boys on the farm, of course, as boys do, were anxious to know which was the speediest horse, and at an early day they found it was the 'Maid.' And so, after the 'old man' had gone to bed they would take her out the pasture or stable whenever a race could be made up and run her on the road after night. She beat everything that could be brought to run with her, so that finally none but the uninformed from a distance could be found to bet against her. These races were made up at the country stores and lounging-places in the evening after farm work was over, and the race run the same night after the 'old man' had gone to bed. No training, no grooms, no jockeys, no weight for age—just a man or a boy in his bare feet, mounted bare back, with his toes hugging the mare's belly like a leech, was the style; and the 'Maid' no doubt enjoyed it more than she has some of her late races in the trotting ring. One day in the summer of 1863 two men were out buying horses for the army, and stopped all night at Mr. Decker's, and in the morning bought the 'Maid' of him for \$260, and started for home, leaving the mare behind them. On their way they met a Mr. Tompkins, who knew the little mare, and bought her of them for \$360. The two men also knew her and believed that she could be made a trotter, but were willing to make \$100 by their morning's bargain. The next day Tompkins sold her to Alden Goldsmith, an excellent judge of horseflesh, of Blooming Grove, Orange County, N. Y., for \$600. From him she took the name of Goldsmith Maid. He kept her in pretty steady training under William Bodine, to whom more than any other living man should be awarded the credit of first bringing the mare out. The renowned Budd Doble, who now drives her so handsomely, had not then either seen or heard of her. While in training for the trotting course she was so fretful and irritable, so determined to run at every opportunity instead of trotting, so hard to bring to trot after breaking from that gait, that Mr. Goldsmith many times determined to give up the training and sell her at any price, but his patient driver maintained his abiding faith in her, and assured his employer that she was the fastest animal on his premises, and would come out at last a great trotter, and finally persuaded him to keep her, which he did until this driver so brought her points that Mr. Goldsmith, in November, 1868, sold her to B. Jackman and Budd Doble for \$20,000. These gentlemen sold her to Mr. H. N. Smith for the sum of \$37,000. Mr. Doble still drives her. She made her first appearance in public in August, 1865."

BREVITIES.

A Swiss paper translates "The Band of Hope Union"—"La Fanfare de l'Union Espérante du Royaume Uni."

720 persons (exclusive of guides and porters) made the ascent of Mont Blanc between 1786, the date of the first ascension, and 1874.

The Bessemer saloon steamer was to have been ready to commence her Channel service early this month.

It is expected that Holstein will be selected as the residence of "interned" priests.

The Jubilee Singers have raised \$90,000 by their concerts—\$50,000 in England and \$40,000 in America.

A rope 10,000 fathoms long, recently made at Shadwell, is believed to be the longest rope in the world.

The Bishop of Orleans has appointed an ecclesiastical commission for the purpose of taking the preliminary steps towards the canonization of Joan of Arc.

A relic of Sir Francis Drake has been found in Guatulu Harbour, South America. It is a board bearing the inscription, "Francis Drake, Golden Hynde, Anno Domino 1577."

An after-thought, very much after, has occurred to the Brompton Oratorians, who are considering the question of canonizing the Roman Catholics put to death in the reigns of Henry and Elizabeth.

A picture in a Jesuit Church in Chili, representing purgatory, contains the figures of the Emperor William of Germany, Prince Bismarck, and Herr von Falck, the Minister of Public Worship.

A new comet has been discovered by M. Borrelly, of the Marseilles Observatory, and a colleague of M. Coggia. Its position on the 26th inst. was close to the star Theta in the constellation Draco.

The Emperor of Russia has invited the Prince Imperial to visit him at St. Petersburg, in return for the hospitality shown by Napoleon III. to the Czar at the Paris Exhibition of 1867.

A committee, including the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Petre, and Lord Howard of Glossop, has been formed for sending Roman Catholic poor children to Lower Canada.

Invisible photographs of the Prince Imperial have been seized by the Paris police. Nothing is to be seen on the card until it is plunged into a basin of cold water, when a likeness of Napoleon IV. appears to gladden the heart of his adherents.

The Prince of the Asturias passed his examination at the Theresianum School at Vienna. It is stated to be his desire after a short stay in Paris to engage in military studies either in England or Bavaria.

M. Offenbach, whose "Orphée aux Enfers" is in greater vogue than ever at the Paris Gaité, has added a new scene, which is to present all sorts of wonders at the bottom of the sea, King Neptune himself presiding over the ceremonies. As this scene consists of no less than ten tableaux, the familiar "Ballet des Mouches" is suppressed. The first representation was to have been given on the 15th ult.

The Paris papers state that the sum of £3,000 has been deposited at a banking-house as the price of a three-act opera to be composed by M. Offenbach for some theatre in London, which is not mentioned. The libretto is by an English author, and the score is to be completed by the 15th of November, £1,000 to be paid on the delivery of each act. The piece, the subject of which is "Whittington and His Cat," will be produced during the Christmas season at one of the principal London theatres.

THE GOV.-GENERAL'S CURLING MEDALS.

It will be remembered that last year His Excellency the Gov.-General, with that generosity which has throughout characterized his earnest efforts to encourage both moral and physical training in this country, presented two medals—one of gold and one of silver—to be competed for by the curling clubs of the Dominion. These were carried off last winter by the Quebec Club. The grand medal is of massive gold, suspended by a blue ribbon. On one side it bears portraits of Lord and Lady Dufferin, and on the other the family arms. The rim is inscribed "Won by the Quebec Curling Club, 1874." The silver medal, which has become the property of the champion of the club, is from the same die, by Wyon, and bears on the rim the legend, "Won by the Champion of the Quebec Club, Wm. Brodie, 1873." It is needless to dilate on the artistic beauty of these medals. The maker's name and world-wide celebrity are alone sufficient guaranty in this respect.

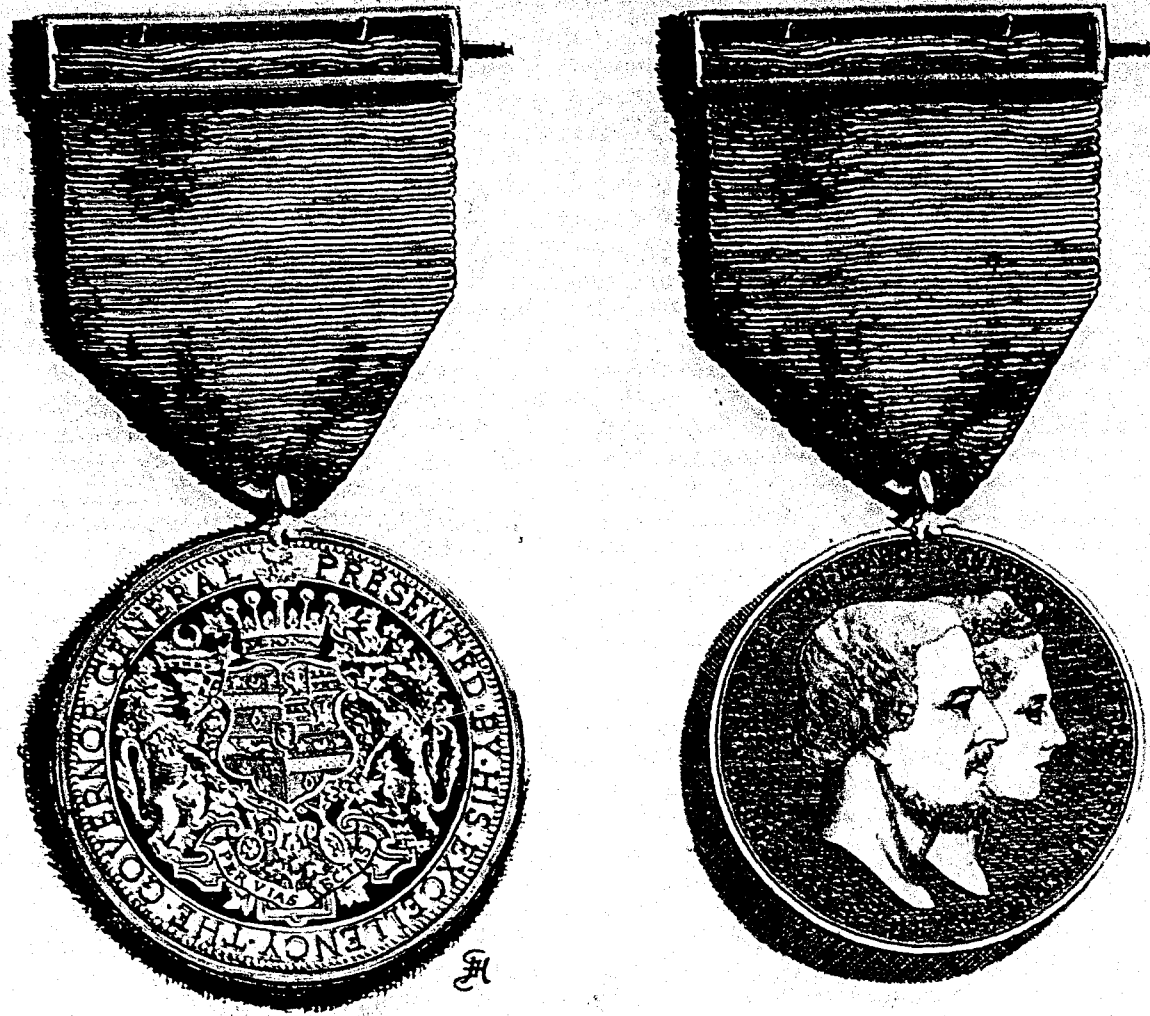
DOG-HAMS

We islanders, says a writer in *Land and Water*, and other inhabitants of civilized Europe seem scarcely to be aware of the numerous delicacies we deprive ourselves of by prejudice. Amongst the many epicurean but established dishes which one occasionally hears described by travellers in distant countries, an *entrée* consisting of dog cutlets or slices of dog ham would in all probability be the most objectionable to a Western European, certainly to most Englishmen, who would almost as lief eat a piece of baby itself. It is true that feeding off one of the carnivora, amongst which the dog is classed, does not quite meet our views as to what is "clean," when applied to diet, but when it is considered that the canine race can live and thrive as well, if not better, on meal, bread, and cooked vegetables, dogs cannot be fairly considered as wholly carnivorous.

The Chinese, it is well known, have more curious habits and customs than any other people under the sun: fattening

dogs for the purpose of human food is one of them, and one in which considerable trade is done. This, it seems, does not arise from any peculiarity in a Chinaman's palate, but from reason, dog ham being "delicious in flavour," at least so says Mr. Cooper, that indefatigable and able "Pioneer of Commerce," whose efforts to establish an overland route from China to India are too meritorious to need comment here. To those, however, who may not have read his graphic and interesting accounts of the peculiarities of the inhabitants of the various districts which he visited, his amusing remarks on his intro-

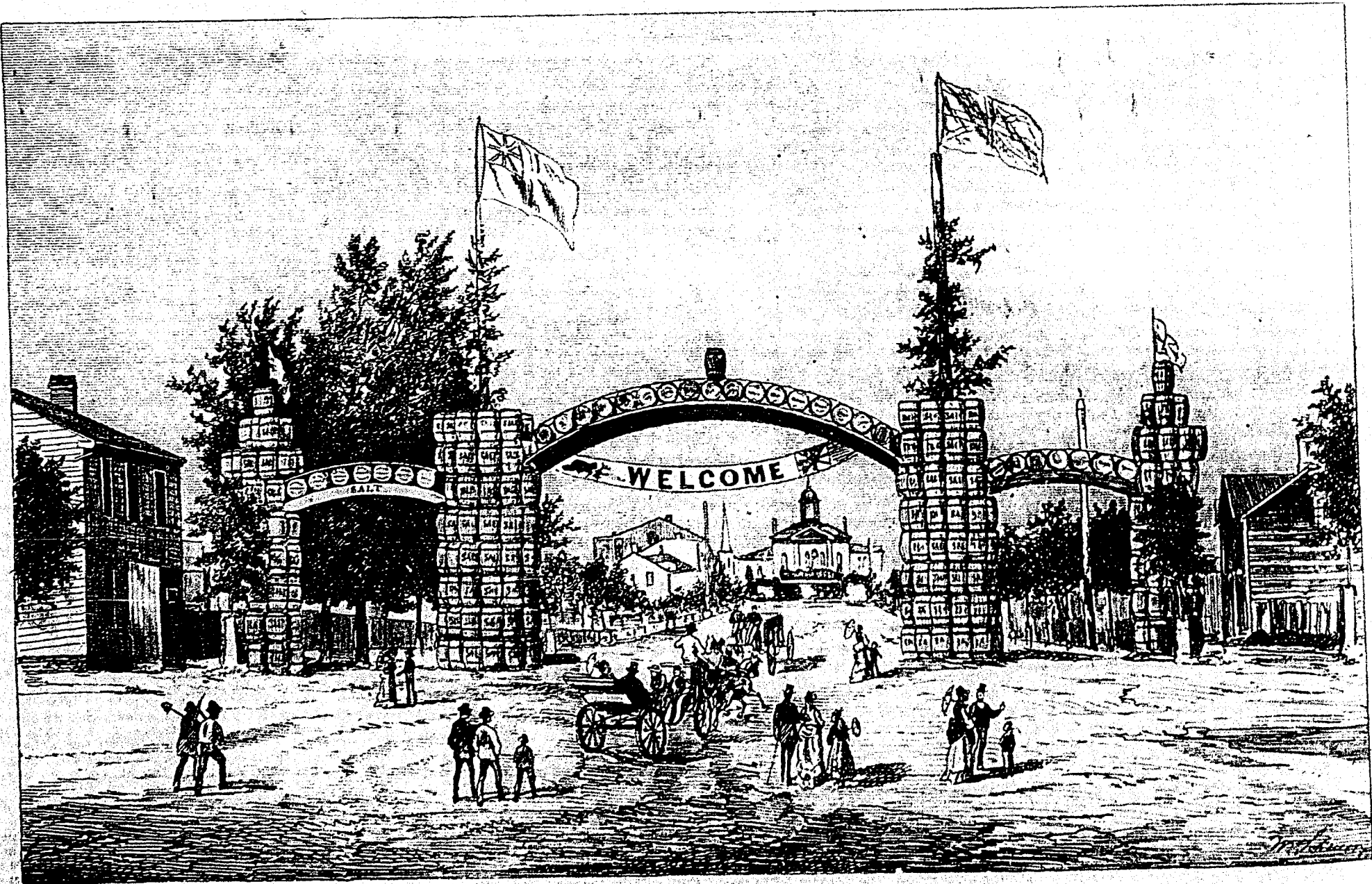
duction to dog diet cannot fail to be interesting. Being a traveller and desirous of noting and judging everything impartially, he says that one morning, as he was about sitting down to breakfast at a "tea-shop" in Hung-sachien, in the country of the Upper Yang-tsu-Kiang, he was informed that he was in luck, as the proprietor just then happened to have a dog-ham in cut, some slices of which he should have fried, a delicacy reserved only for mandarins like himself. At first he was on the point of ordering away the horrid dish, but, on second thoughts, he proceeded with "stoical fortitude to taste dog-gie; one taste led to another," and, in summing up, he pronounced the dog-ham to be delicious in flavour, well smoked, tender and juicy. "It was small, not much bigger than the leg of a good-sized sucking pig; the flesh was dark, and the hair had been carefully removed, while the paw had been left as a stamp of its genuineness, as the proprietor remarked. Dog-hams are justly considered a great delicacy in China, and as such bring a very high price, costing as much as five taels (1 tael = 6s. 8d.) per pound. They are chiefly cured in the province of Hoonan, where dogs of a peculiar breed are fattened for the purpose. Hoonan is also famous for its pigs, and possesses a large trade in bacon and ham, especially in pig-hams which have been cured in the same tubs with dog-hams, and are thereby considered to have acquired a finer flavour." Everyone to his taste. "Some likes hamples, and some likes hinions," as the traditional "old woman" observed



THE GOVERNOR GENERAL'S CURLING MEDAL.—WON BY THE QUEBEC CURLING CLUB.

A RELIC OF THE MOUND-BUILDERS

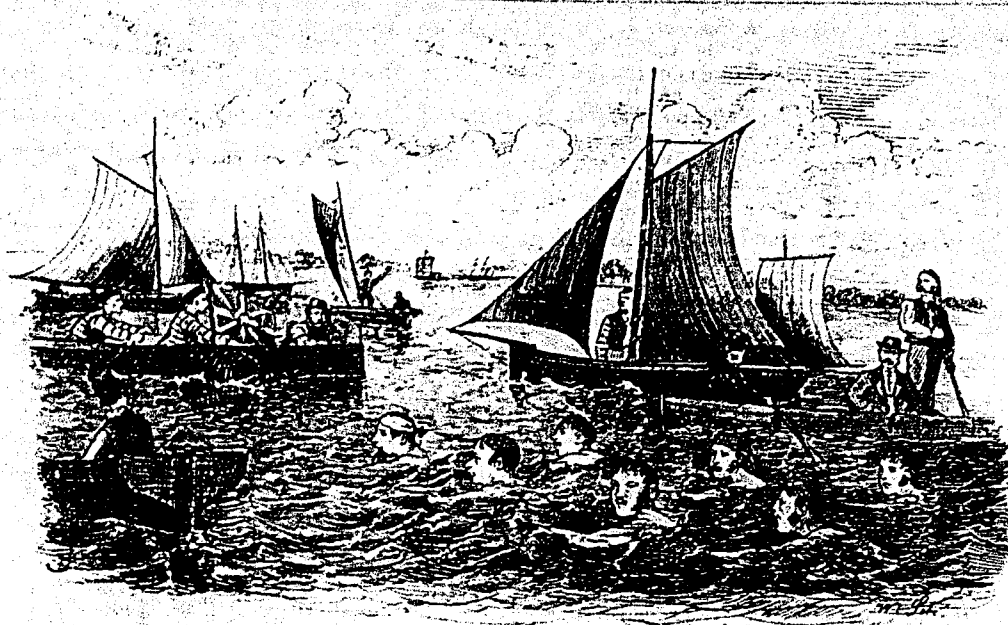
A special despatch to the *Chicago Tribune* on Thursday says that a most important discovery in reference to the history of the mound-builders, was made on that day near Rockford, Ill. The despatch says: "With a good corps of labourers, work was commenced on one of a large group of mounds on the bank of Rock River. The mound selected was about thirty five feet in diameter and eight feet in height above the sur-



GODERICH, ONT.—SALT BARREL ARCH ERECTED ON THE OCCASION OF THE RECEPTION OF THE GOVERNOR GENERAL.



rounding level. After four hour's hard work in the heat and sun, the company were rewarded by finding a smoothly-polished gypsum tablet, covered on one side with mysterious characters, which were, and still are as yet, unintelligible to all the members of the party as Sanscrit or Egyptian. The tablet is two inches wide, three and a quarter inches long, and one quarter of an inch thick. The characters are nearly as I can describe them as follows. At the centre of the top is a curiously wrought face surrounded by what appear to be rays of light beneath, and running nearly to the bottom is an upright bar, supported by a cross bar; at the left upper corner is the form of a coiled serpent; beneath this is a triangle, another serpent, a lizard, and what appears to be a burning taper. These figures stand in a line, one above the other. In the right-hand upper corner is

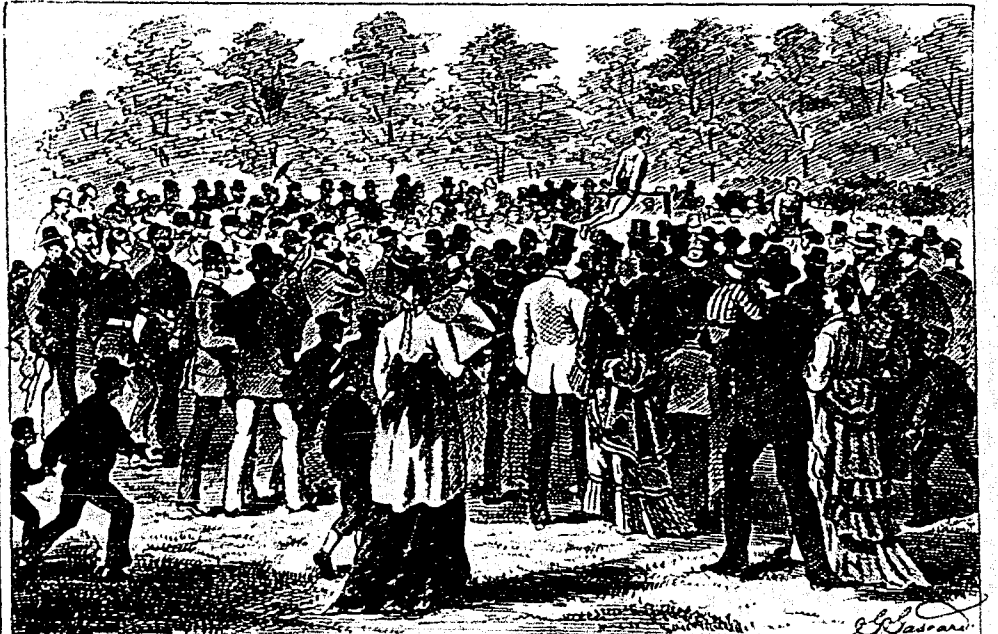


SWIMMING MATCH.

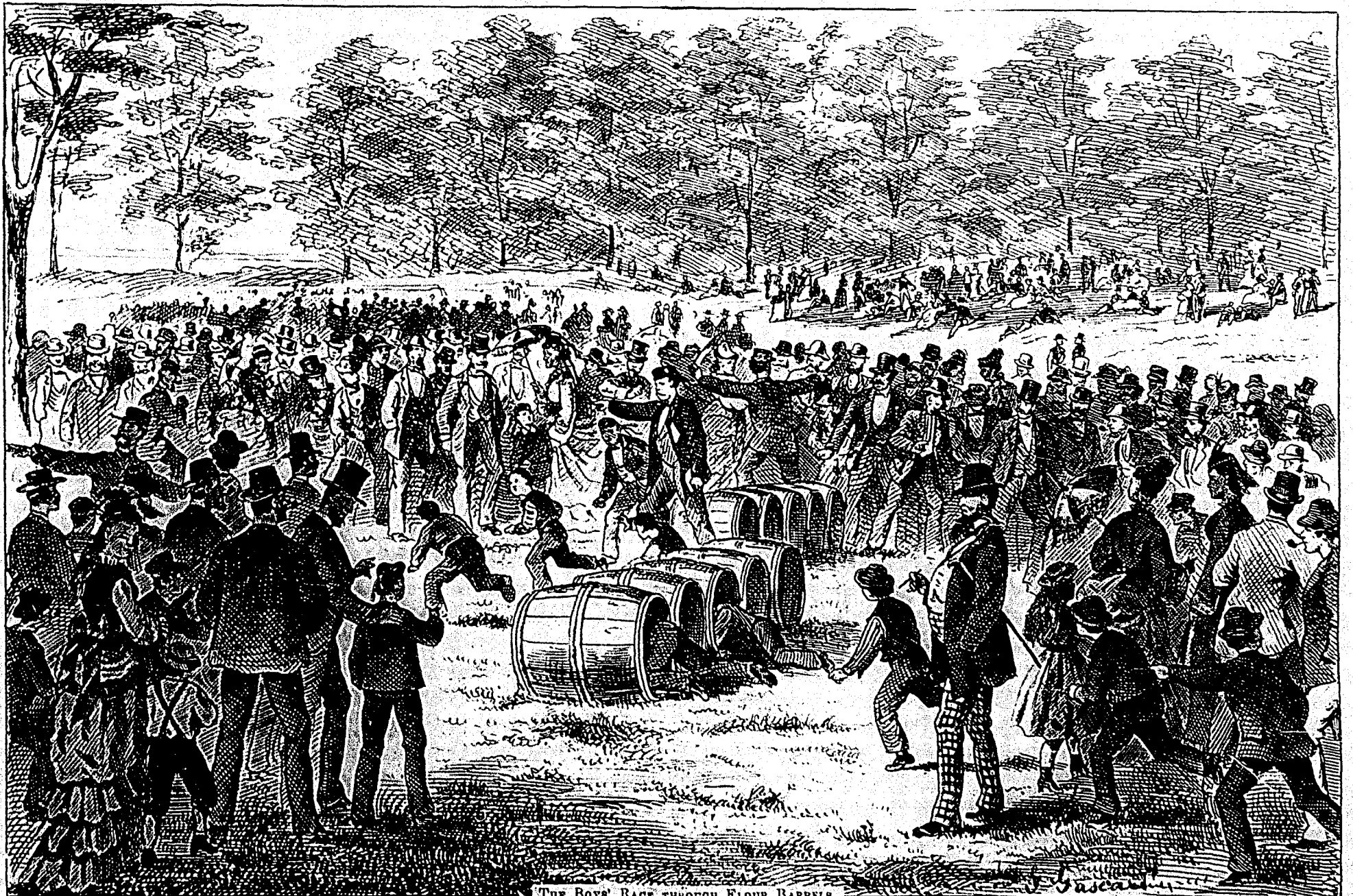
a character resembling the letter Z, and beneath this one resembling the letter H; next a dagger-shaped character, under which is a fish's head; next an elongated circular character, with a dot in the centre, and a continued stroke from the upper left elongation; next under this are four bars, crossing each other at alternate angles; under this is the last figure, that of a well-torn fish, making fourteen distinct figures in all. The edges are bevelled and traced. This relic was found about eight feet below the surface of the mound, and directly under it was found a number of spear-points, stone axes, or hammers, and various other relics, including what appeared to be the remains of human bones. Two other mounds were opened by the party, in which human bones were found, but no relics as valuable as the one described above."



THE HURDLE RACE.



THE HORIZONTAL BAR.



THE BOYS' RACE THROUGH FLOUR BARRLS.

MONTREAL.—THE IRISH PROTESTANT BENEVOLENT SOCIETY'S PIC-NIC AT ST. HELEN'S ISLAND.



## THE MAGAZINES.

The Sketching Club paper in this month's number of *Old and New* is one of the best of the series and certainly the best article in the number. Trollope's novel "The Way We Live Now" takes up almost undue space. The sketch "Sylvester Gardiner," is readable. The three papers "Have we an Inquisition?" "Party Treason and Civic Duty" and, of all subjects, "The Emperor Tiberius," in which that old worthy is purged from the imputations of Tacitus and Suetonius, are interesting and useful. "Nicollette and Aucassin" will be read because the author is Hale, but the workmanship is not of the author's best.

The *Atlantic* for September contains, among other papers, the continuation of Howell's Venetian Story, another of Eggleston's "A Rebel's Recollections" and a thoughtful article by G. P. Lathrop on "The Novel and its Future." The poetry of the number is good as usual and, among the short stories, "The Lady of Little Fishing," is the best.

The *Penn Monthly* maintains its standard of solid, thoughtful reading. An incorrigible Englishman gives his views on aristocracy after four years in America. There is a fair exposition of Cairne's views on political economy. Prussia and Bismarck are trite subjects and the writer does not present anything new about them. A glimpse at Lewes' mental philosophy and some thoughts on deficiencies in the modern educational system complete a very creditable number.

*Lippincott* is always light, lively and literary. The illustrations of the "New Hyperion" and vignettes from the Schuylkill valley are exquisite. "Check to the Queen" is sprightly. Among the contributors are Howard Glyndon and the author of "Blind Fits."

*Scribner's* is distinguished this month, as always before, for abundance and variety. Each number amounts to a book and a readable book at that. One feels that he has more than his money's worth. The present number is equal to any of the series.

## FROM THE GRAVE.

A writer, sketching several cases where people have been buried alive, relates the following: "Excellent material for a sensational story is furnished by the following well-established facts—Victorine Lafourcade, young, beautiful, and accomplished, had a great number of admirers. Among them was a journalist named Jules Bossouet, whose chances of being the successful suitor seemed to be the best, when suddenly Victorine, contrary to all expectation, accepted the hand of a rich banker named Renelle. Bossouet was inconsolable, and his honest heart ached all the more when he learned that the marriage of his lady-love was unhappy. Renelle neglected his wife in every possible way, and finally began to maltreat her. This state of things lasted two years, when Victorine died—at least so it was thought. She was entombed in a vault of the cemetery of her native town. Jules Bossouet assisted at the ceremony. Still true to his love, and well-nigh beside himself with grief, he conceived the romantic idea of breaking open the vault and securing a lock of the deceased's hair. That night, therefore, when all was still, he scaled the wall of the cemetery, and, by a circuitous route, approached the vault. When he had broken open the door and entered the vault he lighted a candle and proceeded to open the coffin. At the moment when he bent over the supposed corpse, scissors in hand, Victorine opened her eyes and stared him full in the face. He uttered a cry and sprang back; but immediately recovering his self-possession, he returned to the coffin, covered its occupant's lips with kisses, lifted her out, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing her in the full possession of all her faculties. When Victorine was sufficiently recovered they left the churchyard and went to Bossouet's residence, where a physician administered such remedies as were necessary to effect the complete recovery of the unfortunate woman. This proof of Bossouet's love naturally made a deep impression on Victorine. She repented of her past fickleness, and resolved to fly with the romantic Jules to America. There they lived happily together, without, however, ever being able to fully overcome their longing to return to their native land. Finally their desire became so strong to revisit the scenes of their youth that they decided to brave the dangers attendant on a return, and embarked at New York for Havre, where they arrived in July, 1830. Victorine in the interim had naturally changed very greatly, and Jules felt confident that her former husband would not recognize her. In this hope he was disappointed. Renelle had the keen eye of a financier, and recognized Victorine at the first glance. This strange drama ended with a suit brought by the banker for the recovery of his wife, which was decreed against him on the ground that his claim was outlawed."

## THE LITERARY WORLD.

Mrs. Oliphant is engaged in writing a "three volume" novel entitled "Whiteladies," which will appear serially in the *Churchman* during the coming winter and spring.

"Max Adeler" sent copies of his book to various European sovereigns, and has already received acknowledgments from three or four. The Emperor of Austria sent him a beautiful gold medal.

Mr. W. Clarke Russell is preparing for publication "The Book of Table Talk," a volume of specimens of the conversations of distinguished men, selected from numerous biographies, and from the collections of Spence, Drummond of Hawthornden, Lady Blessington, &c.

A new weekly literary paper is about to be issued in London, the first number of which is to appear on the 8th inst. It will be entitled *Journal Général des Beaux Arts et des Arts Industriels*. The special feature of the paper will be its polyglot character, as it is to contain articles on all artistic topics, including music and the drama, in French, English and German.

A fresh Shakspeare Club has been started at Stratford-on-Avon, by the Mayor, Mr. James Cox, Mr. Bird, Mr. Loggin, and others of the best-known Shakspeareans of the town. The members are in communication with the New Shakspeare Society, and intend to work with it. There is a talk of a new theatre at Stratford, for the acting of Shakspeare's plays. One resident has offered to give his thousand pounds towards the scheme.

Mr. James Redpath's list of lectures for the coming season has been published. It includes such great lecturers as Geo. Dawson, of England, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, James Steele Mackaye, Wendell Phillips, Hon. William Parsons, Gen. Lew Wallace, Gen. N. P. Banks, Rev. Robert Collyer, Prof. J. H. Pepper, Edward Eggleston, James Parton, Wm. S. Andrews, "Petroleum V. Nasby," Dr. Isaac Hayes, James T. Fields, Rev. E. C. Bowles, Mrs. M. A. Livermore, Mrs. A. A. Leonowens, and Sidney Woollett.

Dr. C. M. Ingleby, says the *Academy*, has finished the text of his "Centurie of Praise" (of Shakspeare), and also his introduction to the first part of the Shakspeare Allusion Books that he is editing for the new Shakspeare Society. During his work on the latter book Dr. Ingleby has found that Meres, in his celebrated "Palladis Tamia," of 1593, has quoted a line from Shakspeare's "Henry the Fourth," which has been overlooked by all prior critics.

The Rev. John E. B. Mayor, of St. John's College, Cambridge, has undertaken to edit, for the extra series of the Early English Text Society, Bishop Fisher's funeral sermons on Lady Margaret and Henry VII., with the Bishop's letters, and his sermon preached in London when Martin Luther's books were burnt. This last sermon has never been reprinted in English. All the documents have historical value as well as philological, and Mr. Mayor will add to them an introduction, notes, and glossary.

## DRAMATIC DOINGS.

Offenbach is completing the last acts of "Madame l'Archiduc."

Rubinstein is writing a grand opera for the Berlin Hof-theater.

Lydia Thompson appears at Charing-cross Theatre, London, this month.

Nilsson is expected to create the title rôle in Ambroise Thomas's promised "Psyche."

Alexandre Dumas is at work on a new piece, a sort of "Barbier de Seville" number two.

The report that Sims Reeves is about to retire from public life is emphatically contradicted.

Sothern opens the season at the Haymarket in the first week in October with "Lord Dundreary."

Kate Santley is on a provincial tour in England with a new comic opera, "Catarina," written expressly for her.

Capoul gets 15,000 francs a month for four months by his Russian engagement. And he only sings twice a week.

Brignoli is said to be engaged for London appearances. Pauline Lucca will also return to that favoured city.

Mme. Essipoff is to play in Paris in the early spring after a winter in Russia, returning to London about Easter.

Tamberlik has undertaken the direction of the Italian Opera House at Buenos Ayres for a period of three years.

M. Mermet's long-expected "Jeanne d'Arc" will be the first unknown work to be produced at the Paris New Opera House.

Franz Liszt will come to America, it is said, provided he can get the necessary permit from his ecclesiastical superiors.

M. Victor Massé has completed a comic opera taken from Theophile Gautier's novel of "An Afternoon with Cleopatra."

Arthur Sullivan and Nilsson and her husband have been the guests lately of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh at Coburg.

Barry Sullivan goes to the States in August, 1875, receiving the sum of \$50,000 in gold for 150 performances, and all expenses paid.

The Russian Government has offered two prizes, one of 24,000 francs, the other of 8,000 francs, for the best and second best design for a theatre for Odesa.

The latest "Julia" in London is a Miss Ada Ward, who showed careful training, according to the *Hornet*, but nothing else—except beautiful back hair.

The popular cries of Paris have been set to music in a chorus of the new opera comique by Leon Nassur, to be sung at the Renaissance, Paris, in September.

A London theatrical paper has the temerity to say: "Judged by any other standard than their own unnatural one, the French are the worst actors in the world."

A successful operetta at La Scala is entitled "L'Avalleur de Flute," and has for its theme the adventures of a wandering musician who swallows his flute and wins a maiden's love by the beautiful sounds he produces.

No less than ten new operas are preparing for the forthcoming season in Italy, the composers being Bignami, Amadei, Ferrari, Arienzo, Uiglio, Braga, Trovati, Barbieri, Sebastiani, and Mercuri—besides an opera-ballet by Petrella.

From *Figaro* we learn that Madame Nilsson returns next year for the London season. The locale of Her Majesty's Opera is not yet decided, and a site is talked of in a fine position on ground belonging to the Duchy of Lancaster, on the Thames Embankment, near Lancaster-place.

"Samson" is the title of a new grand opera now being prepared in Paris. The title rôle is for a baritone; Dalilah is a mezzo-soprano, and the tenor is a Philistine high priest. Leccocq's "La Fille de Madame Angot" has just been performed for the first time in Italy at the Teatro del Verme at Milan.

Mr. Arthur Mathison, the author of the original libretto of "The Talisman," has been engaged by Mr. Chatterton to play the part of the minstrel "Blondel" in the dramatized version of the novel which will shortly be produced at Drury Lane Theatre. In the opera, as written by Balfe, the part of "Blondel" was included, and was destined for Mr. Mathison. The rôle was omitted when the opera was given this season at Her Majesty's Opera.

## ODDITIES.

A long-winded orator is said to have a sleeping-car attached to his train of thought.

Jerrold said to a very thin man, "Sir, you are like a pin, but without the head or the point."

Memphis husbands punish their wives by making them sit on chunks of ice while they knit the heel of a stocking.

The Milwaukee man who tied his dog to a waggon-wheel to learn him to be a coach-dog is disgusted with the whole business.

A Pennsylvania baby is said to have inherited the eyes and nose of his father, but the cheek of his uncle, who is an insurance agent.

The most serious charge yet made against Mr. Beecher is that he was the first to offer a chromo to subscribers.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

A chap who spent \$1,500 to graduate from Harvard, is post-master in Iowa at \$24 per year. Where would he have been but for his Latin and Greek?

California housekeepers have discovered one little objection to Chinese cooks. When John gets out of spirits and discontented he is apt to poison the whole family.

One reason why Indianapolis has so many burglaries is because a fellow has to "crack" from six to twelve houses to get money enough to pay his railroad fare out of town.

A boy's reverence for the name of mother is apt to be in the inverse ratio of the number of those domestic commodities with which an indulgent father from time to time has provided him.

A California temperance association limits the beverages of its members to wine, beer, and cider, "except when labouring under a sense of discouragement, and then whiskey shall be allowed."

St. Paul, Minn., growing jealous of Brooklyn, promises an early and full publication of a first-class scandal of its own. It is said that the pastor of a Methodist church, two-thirds of the male members thereof, and the organ-blower's wife are involved.

A man who was about to be hanged in Alabama, sang, as he stood with the noose about his neck: "Oh! the bright angels are waiting for me." Whereupon the local editor fiendishly wrote, "And the angels stirred up the fire and looked brighter than ever."

Here is a description of a mean church, which has a moral in it: "After the old pastor died the deacons went about for a two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar minister, and you can get about as much minister for that price as you can get psalm tunes out of a file."

After the persecuting attorney had heaped vituperation upon the poor prisoner without counsel, the judge asked him if he had anything to say for himself. "Your honour," replied the prisoner, "I ask for a postponement for eighteen days, in order that I may find a blackguard to answer that one there."

For a young woman to begin to pick lint off a young man's coat collar is said to be the first symptoms that the young man is in peril. To which may be added that he is a gooner when that girl takes her handkerchief, and, moistening it with her lips, wipes a black spot off that young man's nose.

At a meeting in London, to receive a report from the missionaries sent to discover the tribes of Israel, Lord H— was asked to take the chair. "I take," he replied, "a great interest in your researches, gentlemen. The fact is, I have borrowed money from all the Jews now known, and if you can find a new set I shall feel very much obliged."

Mr. Bergh declares that the popular mode of killing fleas by rolling them between the thumb and forefinger is extreme cruelty, because the insect is often dropped alive and left to die a lingering death. The public are warned that in the execution of the flea a sledge-hammer and an anvil must be used, or prosecution will follow.

The ways of women are past finding out. It is said that the ladies of Hartford, Ct., have a fashion of tying up their taper fingers when young gentlemen are expected to call, and when they very naturally ask the cause, they blushing remark, "I burnt them broiling steak this morning." The result is that several young gentlemen have burned their fingers believing the story.

A certain "Uncle James" of our acquaintance, whose execution is not quite equal to his preference for the violin, was paid a delicate left-handed compliment the other night by his little niece, who, on being awakened some time during the small hours of the night by the hideous performances of two felines under the window, naively remarked, "Mamma, I don't like to hear Uncle James play on a violin."

Says the *Detroit Free Press*: "An old man and his wife who came in by the Central road yesterday morning, saw about thirty hacks at the door of the depot, and about thirty hackmen shouted 'hack' at them. The man took it all as a high compliment, and turning to the lady he said, 'I tell you, mother, they think we are something great, or they'd never have all these carriages down here to meet us. I wonder how they knew we was coming?'"

If any one of a practical turn of mind desires to learn the effect of advertising on business, let him advertise in two lines, in the most obscure part of some newspaper, that he wants to buy a dog. If he does not want the visitation this will bring him, let him insert a line in the midst of a batch of other advertisements that he will no longer pay his wife's bills, and then go among his acquaintances and observe if there is anything peculiar in their manner that would seem to imply that they had read the notice.

Rev. Dr. Osgood tells this story about Dr. Storrs and Dr. Howard. The two clergymen met on their way to exchange pulpits, when Dr. Howard said: "Do you believe, Mr. Storrs, that it was foreordained from all eternity that I should go to Longmeadow and preach this lecture for you?" Dr. Storrs—"Certainly I do, Dr. Howard." Dr. Howard (turning his horse toward Springfield)—"Then I'll break the decree." "Hold on," says Storrs; "it was foreordained from all eternity that you should make a fool of yourself half-way between Springfield and Longmeadow." "Ah," says Dr. Howard.

A Columbia clergyman, who, while preaching a sermon one Sunday evening, perceived a man and woman under the gallery in the act of kissing each other behind a hymn-book, did not lose his temper. No! he remained calm. He beamed mildly at the offenders over his spectacles, and when the young man kissed her the fifteenth time he merely broke his sermon short off in the middle of the "thirdly," and offered a fervent prayer in behalf of "the young man in the pink necktie and the maiden in the blue bonnet and grey shawl, who were profaning the sanctuary by kissing one another in pew 78." And the congregation said "Amen." Then the woman pulled her veil down, and the young man sat there and swore softly to himself. He does not go to church as much now as he did.

A PEAL OF BELLS.

BY CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

Strike the bells wantonly,  
Tinkle, tinkle well;  
Bring me wine, bring me flowers,  
Ring the silver bell.  
All my lamps burn scented oil,  
Hung on laden orange-trees,  
Whose shadowed foliage is the foil  
To golden lamps and oranges.  
Heap my golden plates with fruit,  
Golden fruit, fresh-plucked and ripe;  
Strike the bells and breathe the pipe;  
Shut out showers from summer hours;  
Silence that complaining lute;  
Shut out thinking, shut out pain,  
From hours that cannot come again.

Strike the bells solemnly,  
Ding dong deep;  
My friend is passing to his bed,  
Fast asleep;  
There's platted linen round his head,  
While foremost go his feet—  
His feet that cannot carry him.  
My feast's a snow, my lights are dim;  
Be still; your music is not sweet—  
There is no music more for him;  
His lights are out, his feast is done:  
His bowl that sparkled to the brim  
Is drained, is broken, cannot hold,  
My blood is chill, his blood is cold,  
His death is full, and mine begun.

FOR EVERYBODY.

One For The Volunteers.

Dean Stanley preached to the volunteers at Wimbledon, his subject being David's fight with the giant of Gath. In the course of his sermon the dean remarked that what gave such a charm to the Biblical incident from which he took his text was the fact that David, "a young volunteer, sneered at by the regular army, redeemed the honour of his country."

The "Escape-Box."

It is stated in the reports of the different prisons of Paris that five or six thieves die annually in gaol from the effects of swallowing this box. It is of polished steel, about three inches long, and contains turn screws, hammers, silk thread, and every implement necessary for escape. The box is easily swallowed, but sometimes refuses to glide along the intestinal canal as expected, and often causes death. When, however, it does reappear, the thief is in possession of implements with which he can saw the thickest bars.

"Beechor-Stilton-Vodull."

A correspondent of the *Arcadian* says: "The Beecher-Tilton scandal is enchanting, interesting, and delighting Europe. The *Journal de Marseilles* calls it 'l'Affaire Beechor, Stilton, et Victoria Vodull.' Beechor, Stilton, and Victoria Vodull are described as clergymen of the Anglican denomination, and a wonderful account is given of their adventures. It would seem that these three persons have somehow or other been led astray by Madame Breches-tow, who is stated on good authority to be 'the mother of uncle Tom.' This remarkable connection of course explains everything."

Chess Story.

During the late war, Lowenthal, the famous German player, received a pretty smart wound on the field of battle. Hopping out of the range of fire, he directed his steps to the shelter of some bushes, and to his astonishment found there a wounded French soldier. The German approached. The Frenchman looked up. "Lowenthal!" "Sayn!" And the two old friends fell into each other's arms. "Say," gasped the French player, with eager eyes, "have you a chessboard?" We should not like to spoil this story by finishing it. Under that shady bush, &c., while the cannon roared, &c.

Curious Statistics.

Returns are being collected from the schools in Alsace of the colour of the hair and eyes of their pupils. The French papers suspected that the object of this inquiry was to prove the title of Germany to that province, and they suggested that the returns would be "cooked" in order to give the required result; but it appears that similar statistics are being collected in various parts of the empire. In a Bavarian district containing 1,500 children 36 per cent. were found to have blue eyes, 30 gray, and 34 brown; 47 per cent. had light hair, 49 brown, and 4 black, while 81 per cent. had fair complexions and 19 were dark.

Kingly Free-Speech.

A writer on Mme. Campan, *née* Genet, relates the following: "She was a very lively, merry person, and one day Louis XV. surprised her dancing by herself in front of a huge mirror. His Majesty stopped and waited until the young lady had finished her solitary waltz, and then said to her, as she court-tesied, red with confusion, before him: 'Mademoiselle, they tell me you are a very learned person. How many languages do you speak?' 'Six, your Majesty,' answered Mademoiselle. 'Do you sing?' 'Yes, your Majesty.' 'You dance, I know?' 'Yes, your Majesty,' quoth Mademoiselle, still bobbing court-tesies. 'You draw?' 'Yes, your Majesty.' 'God help your husband, whenever you get one,' said the monarch, as he turned on his heel."

True Love On The Stage.

The London *Figaro* says: "Her Majesty's Opera is gaining an enviable notoriety for matrimonial alliances. All the *jeunes premiers* are gradually pairing off with the *jeunes premières*, and if this sort of thing goes on Mr. Mapleson will be compelled to seek in fresh fields for lambs with which to replenish his flock. M. and Mme. Bettini, Mr. and Mrs. Bentham, Mr. and Mme. Campobello, Mr. and Mme. Perkins, and

one more marriage at least still on the *tapis*, there is small wonder that Mr. Mapleson's life is made a torment by the entreaties of youthful demoiselles for the honour of an engagement in the troupe of her Majesty's Opera. Such unions between artistes are very happy signs of the domestic amity of an operatic life, and do much to cement that feeling of brotherhood which the members of a troupe ought to have for one another."

Muscular Christianity.

A good example of muscular Christianity is recorded of Father Lynch, an Irish priest, formerly attached to the Roman Catholic College below Niagara Falls, and who was afterward Bishop of Toronto. Returning home one dark night on horseback, Father Lynch was accosted by a footpad with a bludgeon, who ordered him to dismount and surrender his horse and purse. The reverend father did as he was ordered, and in so doing sprang on his assailant and laid him flat on his back. "Are you an Irishman?" "I am, sir." "A Catholic?" "Sure that I am." "Well, I am Father Lynch, and shall take your punishment out of the hands of the law," saying which he laid his riding whip upon the back of the astonished offender with such vigour that the latter probably registered a vow that the next assault should be on a layman.

Anti-Newton.

A Brahmin philosopher at Mysore has been studying the rotation of the earth, and is bent on upsetting the present theory of the laws of the universe. That the earth is shaped like an orange he does not pretend to deny, but to say that it moves on its own axis is simply absurd, for in that case people would not be able to hold on, but as our planet moved on its daily round each section of the sphere would be depopulated by its inhabitants tumbling off into space. Another reason he puts forward is that if the earth turned round no bird would succeed in his attempt to reach one tree from another, while people never say that "the earth has turned this morning," they remark that "the sun rose." With regard to the attraction of gravitation, he thinks that if it enabled people to stick to the earth they would feel an inclination of their heels upwards when that part of the earth where they live happens to be downwards.

The Cricket Centenary.

As Mr. Arthur A. Gilmore, writing from the Junior Carlton Club, says, "Few votaries of cricket are aware that this year is the centenary of that noble game." He proves this proposition, however, satisfactorily. Cricket is supposed, he says, to be identical with an offshoot of a game called club-ball, which was played in the fourteenth century; but it was not until 1774 that cricket was an acknowledged game, and was legislated for. In the autumn of that year a number of noblemen and gentlemen formed themselves into a committee, of which the Duke of Dorset was chairman, and drew up a code of laws for the regulation of the game, which only existed before in a loose and desultory form. Mr. Gilmore asks, as all the saints in the calendar have their anniversary and centenary, why should not St. Cricket's centenary be held? And he suggests that the greatest match on record—twenty picked men of the North against twenty picked men of the South—should wind up the cricket season of 1874.

Love's Mishaps.

The Boston *Journal* says: "There is a young lady in California who has had a very unfortunate courtship. She resides in San Francisco, and one evening her lover was accompanied by a friend. As the gentlemen were about to depart the friend put on the lover's coat by mistake, and finding a pistol in the pocket accidentally shot the young lady with it, the ball entering her arm. Subsequently he showed his regret for the accident and his solicitude for the lady by frequent calls to see how she was getting along during her illness. The result was that the original lover was cut out. An engagement soon followed. The wedding was to have taken place during the present month of August. But a few weeks ago the couple went out for a drive, and while making one of the numerous turns in the road selected the buggy was overturned, the lady rolling down a bank and almost into a stream, coming so near the water that her clothes were saturated. A broken leg and other severe injuries were the result for her. The lover escaped without injury. He is a precious fellow to think of getting married. The wedding is necessarily postponed several months. It ought to be postponed till the lady finds some one who is not likely, ultimately, to kill her by accident."

Bad Beverages.

A New York correspondent of the Boston *Journal* writes: "Our community is greatly stirred by the revelations made on the adulterations of food. The practice runs into confectionery, jellies, and especially teas and coffees. A great many men are particular about their coffee. They buy the berry, burn it carefully, and have the aromatic beverage made under their own eye. After they have done all they are only drinking white beans. There is a machine here for splitting beans and grooving them. They are then dried to the colour of coffee and soaked in a solution which gives the coffee taste. Teas are sold here cheaper than the pure article can be bought in China. There is not tea enough in all China to answer the American market, to say nothing of the million pounds consumed in England alone. The principal adulteration is in China. There there is a mile of houses with boilers and colouring matter in the open ports of China, run by English and Scotchmen, whose business it is to doctor the tea for the market for which it is intended. This impure article, made in huge kettles and dried in pans, is called by the Chinese cheat-tea. We have houses here that openly advertise that they can colour and make over teas of any brand or style required, and offer to repack it in the chests so as to defy detection. The tea trade here requires a capital of over thirty millions."

A Prima Donna's Presents.

Among the valuable presents received by Titiens, the *prima donna*, upon the occasion of her recent benefit in London, may be mentioned the following: "One was a superb solid gold casket of the most chaste design, fashioned exquisitely in the mediæval style. On the lid, in beautiful medallions, are most appropriately the portraits of those great masters of whose

works Titiens has been so great an exponent—Beethoven, Mozart, Cherubini, Rossini, Weber, and Meyerbeer. The design is admirably conceived and richly and beautifully executed. Another splendid gift was of a most unique character, elaborate design, and perfect workmanship. It is a solid gold and silver wreath for the head, fashioned with excellent skill and of immense value. Another present was one any princess would and no doubt will envy when it is worn by Titiens. It is in the shape of a butterfly, the head being represented by a small but rich opal, and the body by a magnificent one of great size, whilst the large wings consist of superb diamonds of the purest water. A more beautiful adornment could scarcely be discovered if art treasures were everywhere ransacked. A very finely worked card-tray, very simple and yet very handsome, and of solid gold, was also amongst the gifts."

Dramatic Gains.

Molière's *Tartuffe* during the first two years of its career brought its author 280*l.*—A large sum in those days for play writers. All his comedies, however, were not so successful, the *Misanthrope* was a failure and so was *L'Avare*, but the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* and the *Médecin mal ré lui* were particularly lucrative. After Molière's death his plays long remained productive, but in the beginning of the 18th century his popularity suffered an eclipse, *Tartuffe* brought the theatre at the most 18*l.* per evening, and some of the other pieces only 2*l.* 10*s.*, whilst it was only by the addition of a drama about the famous Cartouche that the house filled at all. Diderot's serious comedies and Beaumarchais' political pieces still further ousted Molière's works, but in the first twenty years of this century they suddenly came into favour. The romantic school, however, appeared, and Victor Hugo and Alexandre Dumas for a time supplanted Molière, but now in Paris as in London revivals are the order of the day, and Molière ever brings the largest houses to the Comédie Française, just as the *School for Scandal* draws wherever it may be played. *Apropos* of old plays, it is curious to note the difference in the length of a run of a piece now and that of former days. Voltaire, speaking of some of Crebillon's tragedies, first played in 1705, says that plays ran much longer then than in his time, as twenty representations were required to prove the success of a piece, while in his day it was rare for a tragedy to be performed twelve times at the Théâtre Français, on account of the number of places of amusement. What would he say now to Paris, where a successful work runs two or three hundred nights, and where the Théâtre Français holds its own despite forty-eight rival houses, and one hundred and twelve cafés-concerts?

Ventilation Of Houses.

Because when the air of the streets marks 30° or 40° on the Fahrenheit scale, a room over-warmed by a fire can be cooled by opening the windows, the average British householder adopts the ready conclusion that whenever a room feels hot the way to cool it is to let in the external air. Accordingly in these piping times he, and still more often she, opens the windows on the sunny side of the house, and lets in air in a temperature varying from 100° to 120° or so. Then, because in a very short time the room, naturally enough, becomes much hotter than it was, it is considered that the windows are not opened widely enough, and the supposed error being remedied, a still larger quantity of hot air is then let in. And so we find *Materfamilias* sitting with a very little light muslin upon her face, and a great deal of perspiration upon her upper lip, her face the colour of an Orleans plum, and her condition of mind to the last degree dejected, simply because she persists in disregarding the most elementary principles of natural philosophy. We tell her that if she will open the windows on the shady side of the house only, and keep the others closely shut, her dwelling will be at least not hotter than the shady side of the street; whereas by her arrangement it acquires the heat of the sunny side. We tell her also that if her house be large and the inmates few, she may live in a delightful state of coolness by only opening the windows at night, and keeping them closed during the day. Her house will then be some 10° or 15° lower in temperature than the streets, and convey very much the refreshing effects of a cool bath upon entering it. We tell her all this, and she is very much interested. At our next visit we find every window open, and the house full of red-hot air. "It stands to reason," she says triumphantly, "that you cannot possibly cool a house without plenty of ventilation."

Mahomet's Cat.

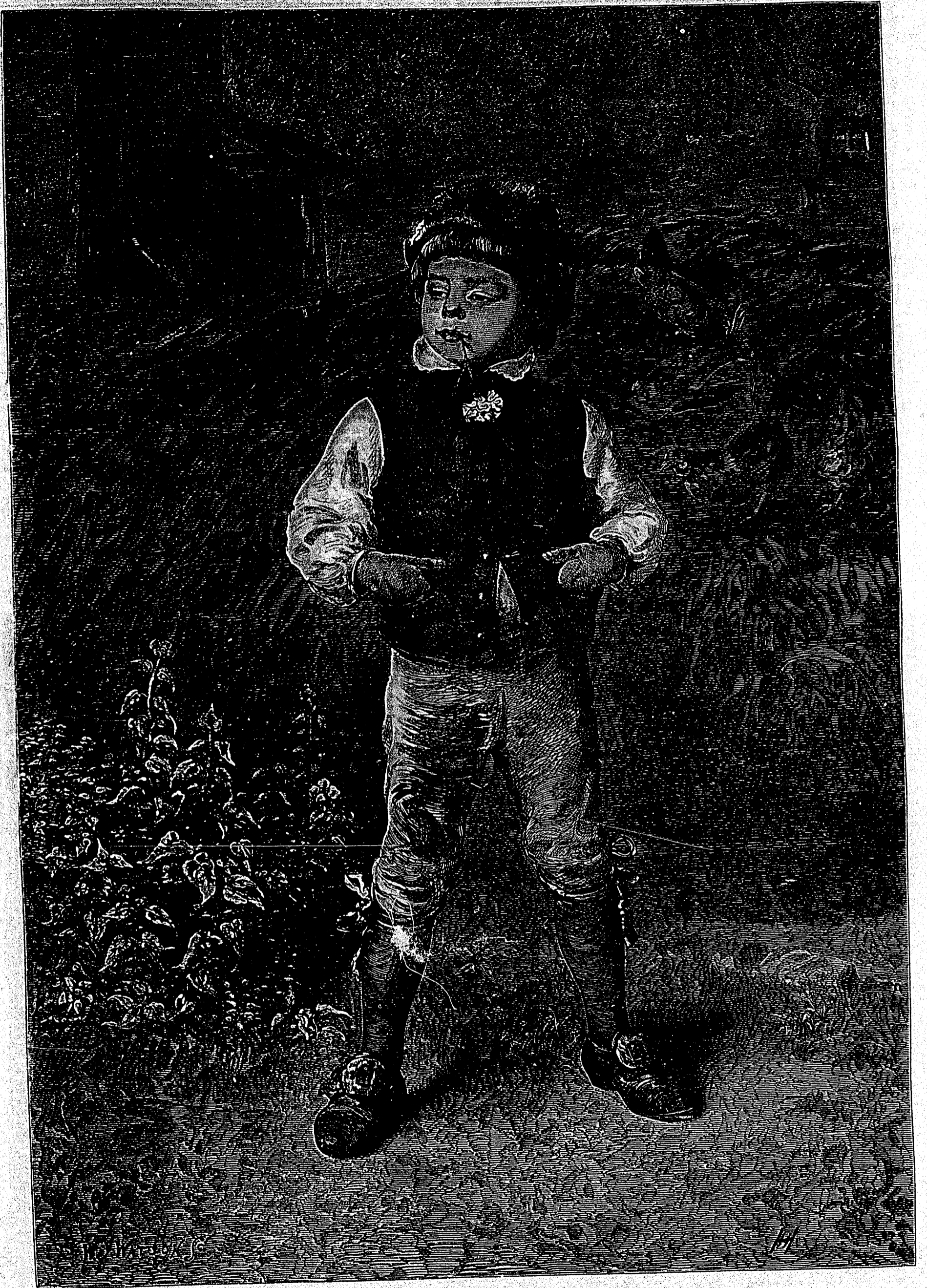
A writer on "Cats" in the *Chicago Inter-Ocean* says: "Mahomet released the cat from the depths into which it had fallen. The Mussulmans say very seriously that the cat of the Prophet was a being preferred for Heaven, consequently the animal family of which it is a part is not devoid of divine attributes. In confirmation of this assertion they relate the following history: The Prophet was one day seated, listening to the voices of Heaven. The sleeve of his vestments lay upon the ground. His cat approached, curled herself up on the sleeve, and there reposed. A few moments after the hour of prayer sounded. The Prophet wished to rise in order to go to prayers, but could not do it without disturbing the cat, which at that moment appeared to be absorbed in profound meditation and conversing with inner voices. What was to be done? He took a pair of scissors, cut up the piece of the sleeve on which the cat reposed, and went to his devotions. Upon his return the cat arose, and bowed by bending its spine like a bow. Mahomet comprehended what this proceeding signified, and bestowed upon the cat his benediction, and said: 'Thou askest me for a place in my paradise. Thou shalt have it.' Then passing his hand three times over the back of the animal, he added: 'By this sign I give to thee and to thine the power of falling only upon the feet.' One perceives that Mahomet was generous. This consideration of the Prophet towards felines rendered them, like the horse, an object of veneration to the Mussulmans. But it had especially the effect of reviving the worship of the animal in Egypt, where the law of the Prophet was in accord with the tradition. Since then the cat resumed upon the banks of the Nile its rank as an idol. At the present time even it is far from being dethroned. It is no rarity for a Mussulman to leave, by will, a large life annuity to his cat."





WARWICK CASTLE





THE COCK OF THE WALK.

## THE LAST TRYST.

Over brown moors and withered leas  
The angry winds were sweeping;  
Over the great grey northern seas,  
The crested waves were leaping;  
And you and I stood close together,  
In the chilling gleam of the wintry weather,  
As the bare gaunt branches, overhead,  
Shook their lingering leaflets, gold and red,  
While in every faltering word we said,  
Rang the pitiful wail for the days that were dead;  
For, by the sad seas, 'neath the storm-beat trees,  
Our last tryst we were keeping.

I scarce could hear the words you sobbed,  
Amid your passionate weeping,  
And the glow from my eager prayer was robbed,  
By the chill around us creeping;  
From the silent paths, where in summer weather,  
Youth, joy, and music had met together,  
From the cry of the sea-mews flitting past,  
O'er the wild white waves in the bitter blast,  
From the breakers that crashed on the hollow sand,  
From the sigh of the breeze o'er the dull damp land,  
From sea and shore rose "No more, no more,"  
As our last tryst we were keeping.

There was not a pale bud left, in sooth,  
'Mid the dry leaves round us heaping,  
The bitter harvest of reckless youth,  
Time's iron hand was reaping;  
Our lips still said, "Forever, forever,"  
As the trembling fingers clung together.  
But even then each sad heart knew  
What fate and circumstance meant to do,  
And the mighty billows boom'd like a knell,  
As we turned apart from that long farewell;  
And to wind, and rain, and the moaning main,  
Left the last tryst of our keeping.

## NINETY-THREE.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

## PART THE THIRD.

IN VENDEE.

## BOOK THE FIRST.

## VI.—A HEALED WOUND; A BLEEDING HEART.

After that cry—"My children"—Tellemarch ceased to smile, and the woman went back to her thoughts. What was passing in that soul? It was as if she looked out from the depths of a gulf. Suddenly she turned toward Tellemarch, and cried anew, almost with an accent of rage, "My children!"

Tellemarch dropped his head like one guilty. He was thinking of this Marquis de Lantenac, who certainly was not thinking of him, and who probably no longer remembered that he existed. He accounted for this to himself, saying, "A lord—when he is in danger, he knows you; when he is once out of it, he does not know you any longer."

And he asked himself, "But why, then, did I save this lord?" And he answered his own question, "Because he was a man." Thereupon he remained thoughtful for some time, then began again mentally, "Am I very sure of that?"

He repeated his bitter words, "If I had known!" This whole adventure overwhelmed him, for in that which he had done he perceived a sort of enigma. He meditated dolorously. A good action might sometimes be evil. He who saves the wolf kills the sheep. He who sets the vulture's wing is responsible for his talons. He felt himself in truth guilty. The unreasoning anger of this mother was just. Still, to have saved her consoled him for having saved the Marquis.

But the children?  
The mother meditated also. The reflections of these two went on side by side; and, perhaps, though without speech, met one another amid the shadows of reverie.

The woman's eyes, with a night-like gloom in their depths, fixed themselves anew on Tellemarch.

"Nevertheless, that cannot be allowed to pass in this way," said she.

"Hush!" returned Tellemarch, laying his finger on his lips.

She continued: "You did wrong to save me, and I am angry with you for it. I would rather be dead, because I am sure I should see them then. I should know where they are. They would not see me, but I should be near them. The dead—they ought to have power to protect."

He took her arm and felt her pulse.

"Calm yourself, you are bringing back your fever."

She asked him almost harshly, "When can I go away from here?"

"Go away?"

"Yes. Walk."

"Never, if you are not reasonable. To-morrow, if you are wise."

"What do you call being wise?"

"Having confidence in God."

"God! What has He done with my children?"

Her mind seemed wandering. Her voice became very sweet.

"You understand," she said to him, "I cannot rest like this. You have never had any children, but I have. That makes a difference. One cannot judge of a thing when one does not know what it is. You never had any children, had you?"

"No," replied Tellemarch.

"And I—I had nothing besides them. What am I without my children? I should like to have somebody explain to me why I have not my children. I feel that things happen, but I do not understand. They killed my husband; they shot me; all the same, I do not understand it."

"Come," said Tellemarch, "there is the fever taking you again. Do not talk any more."

She looked at him and relapsed into silence.

From this day she spoke no more.

Tellemarch was obeyed more absolutely than he liked. She spent long hours of stupefaction, crouched at the foot of an old tree. She dreamed, and held her peace. Silence makes an impenetrable refuge for simple souls that have been down into the innermost depths of suffering. She seemed to relinquish all effort to understand. To a certain extent despair is unintelligible to the despairing.

Tellemarch studied her with sympathetic interest. In presence of this anguish the old man had thought such as might have come to a woman. "O yes," he said to himself, "her lips do not speak, but her eyes talk. I know well what is the matter—what her one idea is. To have been a mother, and to be one no longer! To have been a nurse, and to be so no more! She cannot resign herself. She thinks about the tiniest child of all, that she was nursing not long ago. She thinks of it; thinks—thinks. In truth, it must be so sweet to feel a little rosy mouth that draws your very soul out of your body, and who with the life that is yours, makes a life for itself."

He kept silence on his side, comprehending the impotency of speech in face of an absorption like this. The persistence of an all absorbing idea is terrible. And how to make a mother thus beset hear reason? Maternity is inexplicable; you cannot argue with it. That it is which renders a mother sublime; she becomes unreasoning; the maternal instinct is divinely animal. The woman is no longer a woman, she is a wild creature. Her children are her cubs. Hence in the mother there is something at once inferior and superior to argument. A mother has an unerring instinct. The immense mysterious Will of creation is within her and guides her. Hers is a blindness superhumanly enlightened.

Now Tellemarch desired to make this unhappy creature speak; he did not succeed. On one occasion he said to her, "As ill-luck will have it, I am old, and I cannot walk any longer. At the end of a quarter of an hour my strength is exhausted, and I am obliged to rest; if it were not for that, I would accompany you. After all, perhaps it is fortunate that I cannot. I should be rather a burthen than useful to you. I am tolerated here; but the Blues are suspicious of me, as being a peasant; and the peasants suspect me of being a wizard."

He waited for her to reply. She did not even raise her eyes. A fixed idea ends in madness or heroism. But of what heroism is a poor peasant woman capable? None. She can be a mother, and that is all. Each day she buried herself deeper in her reverie. Tellemarch watched her. He tried to give her occupation; he brought her needles and thread, and a thimble; and at length, to the satisfaction of the poor Caimand, she began some sewing. She dreamed, but she worked, a sign of health; her energy was returning little by little. She mended her linen, her garments, her shoes: but her eyes looked cold and glassy as ever. As she bent over her needle, she sang unearthly melodies in a low voice. She murmured names—probably the names of children—but not distinctly enough for Tellemarch to catch them. She would break off abruptly and listen to the birds, as if she thought they might have brought her tidings. She watched the weather. Her lips would move—she was speaking low to herself. She made a bag and filled it with chestnuts. One morning Tellemarch saw her preparing to set forth, her eyes gazing away into the depths of the forest.

"Where are you going?" he asked.  
She replied, "I am going to look for them."  
He did not attempt to detain her.

## VII.—THE TWO POLES OF THE TRUTH.

At the end of a few weeks, which had been filled with the vicissitudes of civil war, the district of Fougères could talk of nothing but the two men who were opposed to each other, and yet were occupied in the same work, that is, fighting side by side the great revolutionary combat.

The savage Vendean duel continued, but the Vendée was losing ground. In Ille-et-Vilaine in particular, thanks to the young commander who had at Dol so opportunely replied to the audacity of six thousand royalists by the audacity of fifteen hundred patriots, the insurrection, if not quelled, was at least greatly weakened and circumscribed. Several lucky hits had followed that one, and out of these successes had grown a new position of affairs.

Matters had changed their face, but a singular complication had arisen.

In all this portion of the Vendée the Republic had the upper hand; that was beyond a doubt; but which republic? In the triumph which was opening out, two forms of republic made themselves felt—the republic of terror, and the republic of clemency—the one desirous to conquer by rigour, and the other by mildness. Which would prevail? These two forms—the conciliating and the implacable—were represented by two men, each of whom possessed his special influence and authority; the one a military commander, the other a civil delegate. Which of them would prevail? One of the two, the delegate, had a formidable basis of support; he had arrived bearing the threatening watchword of the Paris Commune to the battalions of Santerre, "No mercy; no quarter!" He had, in order to put everything under his control, the decree of the Convention, ordaining "death to whomsoever should set at liberty and help a captive rebel chief to escape." He had full powers, emanating from the Committee of Public Safety, and an injunction commanding obedience to him as delegate, signed Robespierre, Danton, Marat. The other, the soldier, had on his side only this strength—pity.

He had only his own arm, which chastised the enemy, and his heart, which conquered them. A conqueror, he believed that he had the right to spare the conquered.

Hence arose a conflict, hidden but deep, between these two men. The two stood in different atmospheres; both combating the rebellion, and each having his own thunderbolt—that of the one victory; that of the other terror.

Throughout all the Bocage nothing was talked of but them; and what added to the anxiety of those who watched them from every quarter was the fact that these two men so diametrically opposed were at the same time closely united. These two antagonists were friends. Never sympathy loftier and more profound joined two hearts; the stern had saved the life of the clement, and bore on his face the wound received in the effort. These two men were the incarnation—the one of life, the other of death; the one was the principle of destruction, the other of peace, and they loved each other. Strange problem. Imagine Orestes merciful and Pylades pitiless. Picture Arimanes the brother of Ormus!

Let us add that the one of the pair, called "the ferocious," was, at the same time, the most brotherly of men. He dressed

the wounded, cared for the sick, passed his days and nights in the ambulance and hospitals, was touched by the sight of bare-footed children, had nothing for himself, gave all to the poor. He was present at all the battles; he marched at the head of the columns, and in the thickest of the fight, armed (for he had in his belt a sabre and two pistols) yet unarmed, because no one had ever seen him draw his sabre or touch his pistols. He faced blows, and did not return them. It was said that he had been a priest.

One of these men was Gauvain; the other was Cimourdain. There was friendship between the two men, but hatred between the two principles; this hidden war could not fail to burst forth. One morning the battle began.

Cimourdain said to Gauvain: "What have we accomplished?"

Gauvain replied: "You know as well as I. I have dispersed Lantenac's bands. He has only a few men left. Then he is driven back to the forest of Fougères. In eight days he will be surrounded."

"And in fifteen days?"

"He will be taken."

"And then?"

"You have read my notice?"

"Yes. Well?"

"He will be shot."

"More clemency! He must be guillotined."

"As for me," said Gauvain, "I am for a military death."

"And I," replied Cimourdain, "for a revolutionary death."

He looked Gauvain in the face, and added: "Why did you set at liberty those nuns of the convent of Saint-Mare-le-Blanc?"

"I do not make war on women," answered Gauvain.

"Those women hate the people. And where hate is concerned, one woman outweighs ten men. Why did you refuse to send to the Revolutionary Tribunal all that herd of old fanatical priests who were taken at Louvigné?"

"I do not make war on old men."

"An old priest is worse than a young one. Rebellion is more dangerously preached by white hairs. Men have faith in wrinkles. No false pity, Gauvain. The regicides are liberators. Keep your eye fixed on the tower of the Temple."

"The Temple tower! I would bring the Dauphin out of it. I do not make war on children."

Cimourdain's eyes grew stern.

"Gauvain, learn that it is necessary to make war on a woman when she calls herself Marie-Antoinette, on an old man when he is named Pius VI and Pope, and upon a child when he is named Lou's Capet."

"My master, I am not a politician."

"Try not to be a dangerous man. Why, at the attack on the post of Cossé, when the rebel Jean Treton, driven back and lost, flung himself alone, sabre in hand, against the whole column, didst thou cry, 'Open the ranks! Let him pass!'"

"Because one does not set fifteen hundred to kill a single man."

"Why, at the Cailleterie d'Astillé, when you saw your soldiers about to kill the Vendean, Joseph Bézier, who was wounded and dragging himself along, did you exclaim: 'Go on before! This is my affair!' and then fire your pistol in the air?"

"Because one does not kill a man on the ground."

"And you were wrong. Both are to-day chiefs of bands. Joseph Bézier is Moustache, and Jean Treton is Jembe d'Argent. In saving those two men you gave two enemies to the Republic."

"Certainly I could wish to give her friends, and not enemies."

"Why, after the victory of Landéan, did you not shoot your three hundred peasant prisoners?"

"Because Bonchamp had shown mercy to the Republican prisoners, and I wanted it said that the Republic showed mercy to the Royalist prisoners."

"But then, if you take Lantenac, you will pardon him?"

"No."

"Why? Since you showed mercy to the three hundred peasants?"

"The peasants are ignorant men; Lantenac knows what he does."

"But Lantenac is your kinsman."

"France is the nearest."

"Lantenac is an old man."

"Lantenac is a stranger. Lantenac has no age. Lantenac summons the English. Lantenac is invasion. Lantenac is the enemy of the country. The duel between him and me can only finish by his death or mine."

"Gauvain, remember this vow."

"It is sworn."

There was silence, and the two looked at each other.

Then Gauvain resumed: "It will be a bloody date, this year '93 in which we live."

"Take care!" cried Cimourdain. "Terrible duties exist. Do not accuse that which is not accusable. Since when is it that the illness is the fault of the physician? Yes, the characteristic of this tremendous year is its pitilessness. Why? Because it is the grand revolutionary year. This year in which we live is the incarnation of the Revolution. The Revolution has an enemy—the old world—and it is without pity for it; just as the surgeon has an enemy—gangrene—and is without pity for it. The Revolution extirpates royalty in the king, aristocracy in the noble, despotism in the soldier, superstition in the priests, barbarism in the judge; in a word, everything which is tyranny, in all which is the tyrant. The operation is fearful; the Revolution performs it with a sure hand. As to the amount of sound flesh which it sacrifices, demand of Boerhaave what he thinks in regard to that. What tumour does not cause a loss of blood in its cutting away? Does not the extinguishing of a conflagration demand an energy as fierce as that of the fire itself? These formidable necessities are the very condition of success. A surgeon resembles a butcher; a healer may have the appearance of an executioner. The Revolution devotes itself to its fatal work. It mutilates, but it saves. What! You demand pity for the virus! You wish it to be merciful to that which is poisonous! It will not listen. It holds the post; it will exterminate it. It makes a deep wound in civilisation, from whence will spring health to the human race. You suffer? Without doubt. How long will it last? The time necessary for the operation. After that, you will live. The Revolution amputates the world. Hence this hæmorrhage—'93."

"The surgeon is calm," said Gauvain, "and the men that I see are violent."



"The Revolution," replied Cimourdain, "needs savage workmen to aid it. It pushes aside every hand that trembles. It has only faith in the inexorables. Danton is the terrible; Robespierre is the inflexible; Saint-Just is the immovable; Marat is the implacable. Take care, Gauvain. Those names are necessary. They are worth as much as armies to us. They will terrify Europe."

"And perhaps the future also," said Gauvain. He checked himself, and resumed: "For that matter, my master, you err; I accuse no one. According to me, the true point of view of the Revolution is its irresponsibility. Nobody is innocent, nobody is guilty. Louis XVI. is a sheep thrown among lions. He wishes to escape, he tries to flee, he seeks to defend himself; he would bite if he could. But one is not a lion at will. His absurdity passes for crime. This enraged sheep shows his teeth. 'The traitor!' cry the lions. And they eat him. That done, they fight among themselves."

"The sheep is a brute."  
"And the lions, what are they?"  
This retort set Cimourdain thinking. He raised his head, and answered, "These lions are consciences. These lions are ideas. These lions are principle."

"They produce the reign of terror."  
"One day, the Revolution will be the justification of this terror."  
"Beware lest the terror become the calumny of the Revolution."

Gauvain continued: "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity! these are the dogmas of peace and harmony. Why give them an alarming aspect? What is it we want? To bring the peoples to a universal republic. Well, do not let us make them afraid. What can intimidation serve? The people can no more be attracted by a scarecrow than birds can. One must not do evil to bring about good. One does not overturn the throne in order to leave the gibbet standing. Death to kings, and life to nations! Strike off the crowns; spare the heads. The Revolution is concord, not fright. Clement ideas are ill served by cruel men. Amnesty is to me the most beautiful word in human language. I will only shed blood in risking my own. Besides, I simply know how to fight; I am nothing but a soldier. But if I may not pardon, victory is not worth the trouble it costs. During battle let us be the enemies of our enemies, and after the victory their brothers."

"Take care!" repeated Cimourdain, for the third time. "Gauvain, you are more to me than a son; take care!"  
Then he added, thoughtfully, "In a period like ours, pity may become one of the forms of treason."

Any one listening to the talk of these two men might have fancied he heard a dialogue between the sword and the axe

VIII.—DOLOROSA.

In the meanwhile the mother was seeking her little ones. She went straight forward. How did she live? It is impossible to say. She did not know herself. She walked day and night; she begged, she ate herbs, she lay on the ground, she slept in the open air, in the thickets, under the stars, sometimes in the rain and wind.

She wandered from village to village, from farm to farm, seeking a clue. She stopped on the thresholds of the peasants' cots. Her dress was in rags. Sometimes she was welcomed, sometimes she was driven away. When she could not get into the houses, she went into the woods.

She was known in the district; she was ignorant of everything except Siscoignard and the parish of Azé; she had no route marked out; she retraced her steps; travelled roads already gone over; made useless journeys. Sometimes she followed the highway, sometimes a cart-track, as often the paths among the copses. In these aimless wanderings she had worn out her miserable garments. She had shoes at first, then she walked barefoot, then with her feet bleeding. She crossed the track of warfare, among gunshots, hearing nothing, seeing nothing, avoiding nothing—seeking her children. Revolt was everywhere; there were no more gendarmes, no more mayors, no authorities of any sort. She had only to deal with chance passers.

She spoke to them. She asked, "Have you seen three little children anywhere?"

Those she addressed would look at her.  
"Two boys and a girl," she would say.

Then she would name them: "René-Jean, Gros-Alain, Georgette. You have not seen them?"

She would ramble on thus: "The eldest is four years and a half old; the little girl is twenty months."

Then would come the cry, "Do you know where they are? They have been taken from me."

The listeners would stare at her, and that was all.  
When she saw that she was not understood, she would say, "It is because they belong to me—that is why."

The people would pass on their way. Then she would stand still, uttering no further word, but digging at her breast with her nails. However, one day, a peasant listened to her. The good man set himself to thinking.

"Wait now," said he. "Three children?"

"Yes."  
"Two boys?"

"And a girl."  
"You are hunting for them?"

"Yes."  
"I have heard talk of a lord who had taken three little children and had them with him."

"Where is this man?" she cried. "Where are they?"

The peasant replied, "To La Tourgue."  
"Shall I find my children there?"

"It may easily be."  
"You say?"

"La Tourgue."  
"What is that, La Tourgue?"

"It is a place."  
"Is it a village—a castle—a farm?"

"I never was there."  
"Is it far?"

"It is not near."  
"In which direction?"

"Toward Fougères."  
"Which way must I go?"

"You are at Vautortes," said the peasant; "you must leave Ernée to the left and Coxelles to the right; you will pass by Lorchamp and cross the Leroux." He pointed his finger to the west. "Always straight before you and toward the sunset."

Ere the peasant had dropped his arm, she was hurrying on. He cried after her, "But take care. They are fighting over there."  
She did not answer or turn round; on she went, straight before her.

IX.—A PROVINCIAL BASTILLE.

Forty years ago, a traveller who entered the forest of Fougères, from the side of Laignelet, and left it toward Parigué, was met on the border of this vast old wood by a sinister spectacle. As he came out of the thickets, La Tourgue rose abruptly before him.

Not La Tourgue living, but La Tourgue dead. La Tourgue cracked, battered, seamed, dismantled. The ruin of an edifice is as much its ghost as a phantom is that of man. No more lugubrious vision could strike the gaze than that of La Tourgue. What the traveller had before his eyes was a lofty round tower, standing alone at the corner of the wood like a malefactor. This tower, rising from a perpendicular rock, was so severe and solid that it looked almost like a bit of Roman architecture, and the frowning mass gave the idea of strength even amid its ruin. It was Roman in a way, since it was Romanic. Begun in the ninth century, it had been finished in the twelfth, after the third Crusade. The peculiar ornaments of the mouldings told its age. On ascending the height one perceived a breach in the wall; if one ventured to enter, he found himself within the tower—it was empty. It resembled somewhat the inside of a stone trumpet set upright on the ground. From top to bottom no partitions, no ceilings, no floors; there were places where arches and chimneys had been torn away; falconet embrasures were seen; at different heights rows of granite corbels, and a few transverse beams marked where the different storeys had been; these beams were covered with the ordure of night birds. The colossal wall was fifteen feet in thickness at the base and twelve at the summit; here and there were chinks and holes which had been doors, through which one caught glimpses of staircases in the shadowy interior of the wall. The passer-by who penetrated there at evening heard the cry of the wood owl and the Britany heron, and saw beneath his feet brambles, stones, reptiles and, above his head, across a black circle which looked like the mouth of an enormous well, he could perceive the stars.

The neighbourhood kept a tradition that in the upper storeys of this tower there were secret doors formed like those in the tombs of the Indian kings, of great stones turning on pivots; opening by a ring and forming part of the wall when closed; an architectural mystery which the Crusaders had brought from the East along with the pointed arch. When these doors were shut, it was impossible to discover them, so accurately were they fitted into the other stones. At this day such doors may still be seen in those mysterious Lybian cities which escaped the burial of the twelve towns in the time of Tiberius.

X.—THE BREACH.

The breach by which one entered the ruin had been the opening of a mine. For a connoisseur, familiar with Errard, Sardi, and Pagan, this mine had been skilfully planned. The fire-chamber, shaped like a mitre, was proportioned to the strength of the keep it had been intended to disembowel. It must have held at least two hundredweight of powder. The channel was serpentine, which does better service than a straight one. The crumbling of the mine left naked among the broken stones the saucisse which had the requisite diameter, that of a hen's egg.

The explosion had left a deep rent in the wall by which the besiegers could enter. This tower had evidently sustained at different periods real sieges conducted according to rule. It was scarred with balls, and these balls were not all of the same epoch. Each projectile has its peculiar way of marking a rampart, and those of every sort had left their traces on this keep, from the stone balls of the fourteenth century to the iron ones of the eighteenth.

The breach gave admittance into what must have been the ground-floor. In the wall of the tower opposite the breach there opened the gateway of a crypt cut in the rock and stretching among the foundations of the tower under the whole extent of the ground-floor hall.

This crypt, three-fourths filled up, was cleared out in 1855 under the direction of Monsieur Auguste Le Prevost, the antiquary of Bernay.

(To be continued.)

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 26.—A severe shock of earthquake was felt in Porto Rico this morning.

Fenians are holding their Thirteenth Annual Convention at New York, with closed doors.

In the International Congress at Brussels the protocols of its proceedings were read and approved.

La Liberté reports that elections have been ordered to fill all vacant seats in the French National Assembly.

The American base-ball players having finished their tour left for Queenstown this night, to take steamer for New York.

Russia has again informed Germany that she sees no cause to modify her attitude on the Spanish question. The Provincial Correspondence of Berlin declares that the friendship and good understanding of the three Emperors are unimpaired.

The Carlists attempted to carry Puyoerda by assault last night. Three columns attacked the city at different points, but all were driven back with heavy losses. Their chief of artillery has been killed, and more than half of their cannons are dismantled.

A perfect reign of terror prevails in Tennessee in consequence of the mob having taken sixteen negroes out of Trenton jail and killed them. Whites and blacks are both arming, and the railroads find it difficult to prevent their employees leaving the road, so great is the fear of the result.

THURSDAY, AUG. 27.—The strike in the Belfast factories has ended, and the operatives—some forty thousand—have resumed work at the reduced rate.

The report of the Beecher Investigating Committee was read last night in Plymouth Church.

The body of Leonardo da Vinci is said to have been discovered, in a perfect state of preservation, during the recent excavations at Ambrose.

A former editor of the Chicago Tribune says if the case against Mr. Beecher rests on Tilton's testimony, his (Beecher's) reputation will stand as unshaken as Plymouth rock.

Henry C. Bowen has instituted an action for \$100,000 damages against the Brooklyn Eagle for publishing a false report of an interview in which Bowen was represented as antagonistic to Beecher, and another action for \$50,000 against the reporter who wrote the false statement.

Governor Brown, of Tennessee, telegraphed the Sheriff of Gibson County last night to summon a posse of the best citizens, to preserve peace by dispersing the rioters and preventing collision, avoiding bloodshed if possible, promising that he would render all necessary assistance to uphold the law and protect society. The Governor offered \$500 reward each for the Trenton jail breakers and for the two murderers of Julia Hayden, the coloured teacher of Truesdile.

The following trustworthy account of the Cuban exploit at Santo Espirito has been received by mail from Cuba:—On the 12th inst. there was a severe engagement between two hundred Spanish troops and part of Jimenez's forces. The former were completely routed, with the loss of some eighty men, including all the officers. On the night of the 15th Jimenez entered and took possession of Santo Espirito, the Cubans announcing themselves by firing two volleys of musketry and a flourish of trumpets. The volunteers of the place, nearly 500 strong, did not show themselves. On entering, the Cubans seized and disarmed the different guards, but not a shot was fired on either side, nor did the Cubans commit any act of violence. The object of the entry was the seizure of 300 Remington rifles and ammunition stored there. They took the arms from the volunteers and coloured firemen. They also came near capturing Brigadier Acosta. The Cinco Villas are menaced by an invasion of all the Cuban forces from the east, and it will doubtless have the effect of increasing the ranks of the insurgents. The latter have all withdrawn from the Eastern Department, and manifest signs of concentration, preparatory to marching westward. Trinidad and other cities are receiving reinforcements.

FRIDAY, AUG. 28.—The annual international regatta at Saratoga opened to-day.

The Spanish representative in Berlin has received full credentials as minister, and has asked for an audience with the Emperor.

Lieutenant-General Sheridan has notified parties organizing gold-seeking expeditions for Black Hills that they will not be permitted to proceed thither without the permission of the Secretary of the Interior.

The charges made against Arnoldi, of the Public Works Department, are to be investigated at his own request. Mr. Scott, chief architect of the Department, and two members of the Board of Audit, will conduct the investigation without delay.

Bowen has entered another action against the Brooklyn Eagle for libel, laying damages at \$100,000. Wm. H. Moulton, city editor of the Eagle, was arrested this night in connection with the first suit, and gave \$3,000 bail for his appearance on Monday.

Moulton declares he will soon publish his supplemental statement. Impelled by imputations on his honour, he says he yesterday offered to go before the Beecher Committee, but received no reply. On the contrary, he had been given to understand his testimony would not be received, but his forthcoming statement would, he believed, clear away every doubt, and vindicate his honour. He wanted it distinctly understood he was ready to meet the Committee to-day if they wished to hear him.

The International Swimming Match between Johnson and Trautz, three miles, was won by the former in one hour and ten minutes.

The final sitting of the International Conference at Brussels was held to-day. All the members signed the protocol except the delegates from Great Britain and Turkey, who postponed attaching their signatures.

The Beecher Investigation Committee have returned a verdict entirely acquitting the accused of the charges laid against him.

SATURDAY, AUG. 29.—The Chinese are said to be threatening Russian territory.

A Carlist battalion operating against Puyoerda has been disarmed by the French authorities for entering French territory. It is said that Mr. Waddell's (of Kingston) is the lowest tender for the construction of the telegraph line from Thunder Bay to Winnipeg.

President MacMahon has signed a decree ordering elections to be held in seven Departments on the 4th of October next, to fill vacancies in the National Assembly.

The German men-of-war "Nautilus" and "Albatross" left Santander to-day for a cruise along the Biscayan Coast and up the River Nervion.

Over 200 Carlists have been killed and many wounded in an attack on Puyoerda. The Republican garrison have nineteen barrels of dynamite, with which they will blow up the place if the Carlists succeed in carrying it. A force of Carlists entered Callahaja, 21 miles S.E. of Logrono, on the 25th inst., and sacked the houses, levied a contribution of \$17,000 from the clergy, shot four volunteers, freed the convicts, and burned the railway stations.

The Vienna New Free Press publishes the text of a circular note from the Russian Government, dated August 19, declining to recognize Spain. The note says: "Russia cannot recognize a government unrecognized in its own country. She has no wish to interfere with the internal affairs of Spain, and favours no party there; she will officially communicate with any government. Germany and Austria are free to act in this matter in accordance with their own interests."

SUNDAY, AUG. 30.—General Lopez Domínguez is marching to the relief of Puyoerda. The Carlists made a night attack on the city, and again were driven back with heavy loss. They have buried their dead, and appear to be preparing to leave. It is reported that the Carlists suffered severely in an engagement near Riopel.

MONDAY, AUG. 31.—The Carlists have been repulsed in two further assaults on Puyoerda.

Mount Etna is in a state of eruption, streams of lava pouring from three craters.

The King of Honolulu favours reciprocity between the United States and his own domain.

Quarantine regulations now being enforced at Queenstown, are causing much hindrance to commerce.

General Custer's expedition has returned to Fort Lincoln, and is reported ready to take the field again, immediately.

The Spanish Government have promised an immediate settlement with Great Britain of the indemnity for the Virginia outrage.

The New York Sun is possessed of the information that Spain will cede Porto Rico to Germany as soon as the Carlists are ejected from their territory, and that the United States will not interfere in the matter.

Disastrous bush fires are raging in the vicinity of Ottawa. The Laurentian range of mountains is said to be on fire, and millions of feet of pine timber and hardwood are being destroyed.

The Fenian Convention, in secret session for some days past in New York, adjourned to-day. The military organization of the Brotherhood has been named the "Irish Legion." By resolution, union is permissible with any organization whose object is the freedom of Ireland.



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