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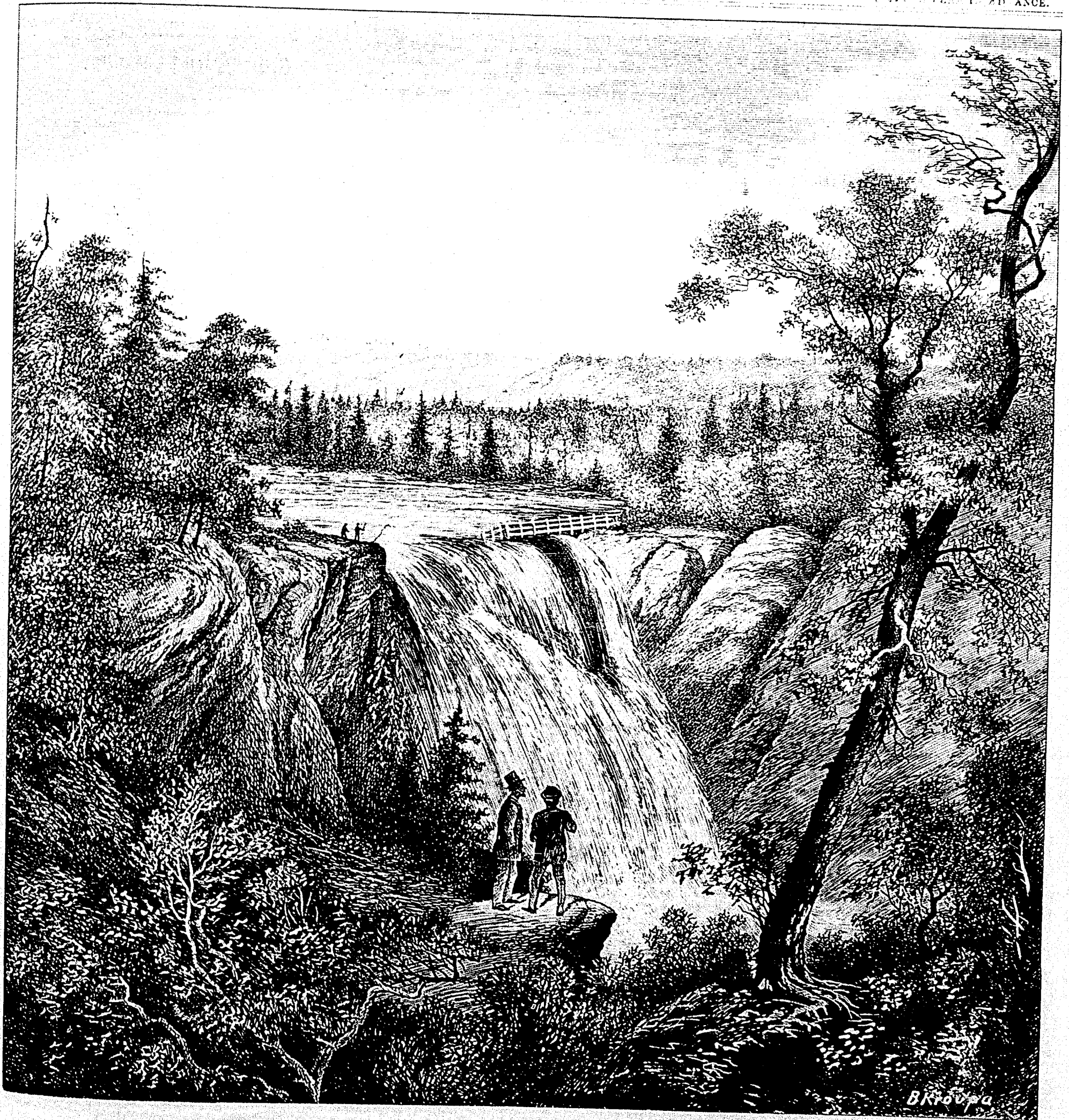
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Wholesale News

Vol. VII.—No. 22

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1873.

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/ 31/10/1873 AD. ANGE.



THE FALLS OF THE MÉTIS, P. OF QUE.—FROM A SKETCH BY THE REV. T. FENWICK.

OCEAN STEAMERS DUE AT CANADIAN PORTS.

"Austrian." (Allan).	Halifax.	from Liverpool.	about June 2nd.
"Hibernian." "	Quebec.	" "	" "
"Nyanza." (Temperley.) "	" "	London.	" 5th.
"Peruvian." (Allan).	" "	Liverpool.	" 7th.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1873.

ANOTHER crisis has come and gone in France. On a motion offered by the Right for the establishment of a Conservative Cabinet, the Government was defeated, the Ministry resigned, and the President himself followed suit by sending in his own resignation, which was accepted by the Assembly on a vote of 368 to 339. McMahon was thereupon elected to the Presidency, receiving 390 votes from the Right—the Left, the supporters of Thiers, abstaining from voting. Republics are proverbially ungrateful, and in this case France has proved herself no exception to the general rule. With the usual inconstancy which marks their character, the French people have by the action of their representatives overthrown the man who rescued the country from the depth of degradation and misery into which she fell after the German War, and raised her once more to her place among the nations. It is to Thiers that France owes her credit, her position, nay, almost her very existence, and she shows her gratitude, in a manner worthy of the Athenians that banished Aristides, by overthrowing him from the seat which he has occupied with great honour to himself and much profit to the country. On the action of his successor speculation is rife. He is known to be all-powerful with the army; his sympathies were thoroughly Bonapartist, and it is questionable whether they have changed their tone. Will he make use of his new position to re-establish the Napoleonic dynasty? will he constitute himself the champion of the Legitimists? or, taking a leaf from his late master's book, relying on the support of the army and the popularity he gained during the last war, will he seize the opportunity to array himself in the Imperial purple, and form a new era in the chequered history of French Government? More unlikely things have happened.

It is a lamentable fact, that while we have admirable laws for the preservation of life and property, the majority thereof are, through the incapacity or indolence of the local executives, practically little more than mere dead-letters. To take a case in point, there is hardly a city, town, or village in the Dominion in which there does not exist a by-law against the letting-off of fire-crackers. This species of amusement is strictly forbidden under heavy penalties, and yet, one has only to take up the papers of the morrow of any great public holiday to find a list of accidents and conflagrations caused by these very fire-crackers. There is the by-law, there are the officials to put it into force, and yet nothing is done, the offence is repeated time and time again, frequently with the most disastrous results. Now and then an individual will lift up his voice in the papers and protest against the action, or rather the inaction, of officials, but here the matter drops. A yet more serious infringement, if not of the law, at least of what common sense would dictate should be law, one often attended with the most serious results, and one which is allowed to pass almost unnoticed by the authorities, is the carrying of dangerous weapons. This is a practice almost universally indulged in by a large section of the male portion of the community. Of the rough and rowdy element fully twenty-five per cent go about armed, and it appears that many young men of education and respectability are in the habit of carrying fire-arms. The fatal accident which occurred on the 24th, on the excursion from Montreal to Carillon, by which a young gentleman lost his life through the folly of a friend who was carelessly and aimlessly firing off a revolver—will bring this matter once more before the public. The jury who sat on the inquest held in this case most justly commented in the severest terms on the non-existence of a law prohibiting the carrying of pistols on the person, which they characterize as a grave and discreditable deficiency in the law enacted by the Legislature of Canada. They further ex-

press their opinion—in which everyone must share—that the enactment of such a law, duly enforced, would prevent the commission of much crime, and many deplorable accidents. It is to be hoped that the recommendation of the jury, sustained by the voice of the press, and public sentiment, will have all due weight, and that the next session of Parliament will not be allowed to go by without the amendment of the law respecting the carrying of dangerous weapons, so as to include pocket fire-arms in the tabooed list.

When the murder of Gen. Canby by the Modocs was made known we were informed that not one of the murderers or of the murderers' families would be left alive to boast of the deed. This pointed at a wholesale and indiscriminate butchery of innocent and guilty alike, that would have shed the direst discredit on the United States arms, and which, when known among the Indian tribes, could not have failed to have caused infinite mischief and trouble. We are glad to see the American papers advocating a more sensible and more manly line of conduct. A great part of the United States press, led by the *Herald*, protest against anything like a massacre of the surrendered and captured Indians. Naturally enough they insist that the murderers be made to answer for their crimes, but this in the ordinary course of justice. "The pernicious practice of treating savages as returned prodigals when they find murder and robbery no longer practicable or profitable, is one," says the *Herald*, "that must give way to more rational means. The case of the surrendered Modocs is a good opportunity for taking a new departure. We do not admit the principle that when a man surrenders to the law he thereby cleanses himself of guilt. We therefore submit that the surrendered braves should be tried by civil courts, and, when their crimes are proven, judicially hanged. It is the only possible way of escaping the difficulty, and no simpering sentimentality should be allowed to interfere with its solution." This is the proper line to take, and we hope to see it adopted.

When will the Quebec Government awake from its apathy in Immigration matters? While the other Provinces of the Dominion are using every effort to attract to themselves a portion of the largely increasing inflow of settlers, the rulers of this Province exhibit a most listless and reprehensible indifference as to the speedy settlement of the country. Day after day passes, bringing large numbers of immigrants, the majority of whom have no special destinations in view. Of these very many might be induced to remain in the Province. As it is the proportion who do so is ridiculously small. The other day 1700 immigrants arrived at the Montreal Immigration sheds, of whom sixty remained in the Province, the balance went on to Ontario and Manitoba. On being questioned as to their reluctance to remain in this Province; the almost universal reply was to the effect that they had heard no good things of it, they had been especially warned against staying in Montreal; and in short the inducements offered in the Western Provinces were much greater than anywhere in the Province of Quebec. Some of the settlers, while perfectly aware of the existence of a city of Quebec, were entirely ignorant of the existence of a Province of the same name. Others had heard of it as a God-forsaken place, to be avoided by any man who wishes to get on. Ontario was to them the heaven of refuge to which they looked forward with eager anticipation of the good fortune in store for those who were willing to labour and to wait. The Ontario Government has been most energetic in offering inducements to intending emigrants, and the result has been an unparalleled increase in the number of actual settlers in the Province. Quebec has done little or nothing, except among the French and Belgians, who are not as a rule emigrating people, and the result is what could only have been expected—stagnation. Nor is it simply in its immigration policy that the Quebec Government is to be blamed. That in all conscience is bad enough. But what are we to say of the manner in which actual settlers are treated. In the Lièvre district of the County of Ottawa is, or rather was, a colony of hardworking Germans, the pioneer settlers in this part of the country, who had undergone untold hardships, relying on the promise of the Quebec Government to open up the roads for them. The promise apparently was completely forgotten, at all events, the roads never were opened up, and the German colonists are now striking their tents in disgust and making for the Promised Land across the border, where immigrants are made welcome, and promises made to settlers are not forgotten nor disregarded.

It may interest our workmen to know what the European workmen strike for. They may take a hint from the demands of the Spanish workmen in the vineyards of Puerto Santa Maria. "Half an hour after arrival on the ground, and before beginning work, to smoke cigarettes, the same grace after the breakfast hour, two hours for a *siesta* in the middle of the day, another interval for a bout of smoking in the afternoon, and finally an 'aroba' (more than three and a half gallons English) of wine per acre at the end of the season, with a proportionate increase of wages."

DIED.

At Montreal, on the 26th inst., JEREMY ROBERT ALEXANDRE, son of Geo. E. Desbarats, Esq., aged five years and three months. The funeral will take place from 1090 Dorchester Street West, on Thursday, 29th May, at 3 o'clock p.m.

(Written for the *Canadian Illustrated News*.)

SIR G. E. CARTIER.

"O Canada, mon pays, mes amours!"
This was the young enthusiast's burning strain;
Nor e'er did vulgar lust of praise or gain
His heart from that first, purest love allure.

Patriot and statesman, it was his to trace
The future of the land for which he wrought,
And, by rare insight and experience taught,
Among the nations mark its destined place.

Alas! for some his vision was too wide,
And, like the prophets of the days of old,
Who dared the truth revealed to them unfold,
He was the victim of a narrow pride.

And those who should have honoured him the most
Withheld the meed of honour, and as foes
Blindly against their benefactor rose,
And even of their baseness made a boast.

But now the light falls on his full career,
As falls the light of Heaven on his soul,
And let his country judge it, part and whole,
What friend of his the scrutiny needs fear?

Already, looking on his vacant chair,
The bravest of the champions who opposed
Him living, have with noble words disclosed
Their sorrow that he is no longer there.

And from those legislative halls, and through
The whole broad land, east, west and south and north,
For many a year the query will go forth,
"Who will take up the work he left to do?"

When may we "look upon his like again,"
Where shall we seek the man to take his place,
The crown and glory of the good old race,
Who with the first brave Cartier crossed the main?
JOHN READE.

May, 1873.

Our Illustrations.

FALLS OF MÉTIS, QUEBEC.

Métis is a watering-place on the Lower St. Lawrence, about 90 miles below Cacouna. At present it is somewhat difficult of access, but when visitors can travel by the Intercolonial Railroad, there can be no doubt that it will have a large population during the summer. It may be remarked in passing, that the cars will, in all likelihood, go as far down as Ste. Flavie—six miles distant—by next September. The falls of the Métis river—of which we give an autumn view—are about two miles from the St. Lawrence, and six from Little Métis, where those who come for sea-bathing stay. They are well worth a visit. Their height is about 150 feet, and in spring their breadth must be at least 200. In winter they present a most magnificent appearance. Every spring a large quantity of logs go over them to a saw-mill, from which eight or ten ships in a season are loaded with lumber for ports in Britain or the Continent. The railway bridge—another object of interest to visitors—is about a mile further south. Lord Lisgar, the autumn before he left Canada, spent a four days' salmon-fishing in the Métis. There is an English-speaking settlement in the place, the only one between Rivière-du-Loup and Gaspé. For several years the steamers of the Quebec and Gulf Ports S.S. Co. have called at Métis during the bathing season. Very probably they will do the same this year. At any rate they will call at Father Point, which is 25 miles from Métis. The road between the two places is very good. One of the Company's steamers leaves Quebec every week, and one leaves Montreal once a fortnight.

SHEDIAC HARBOUR, N. B.

A description of the town of Shediac has already been given in these pages. The harbour, a view of which appears on page 340, is visited by the vessels of all the local steamship lines, and of late great improvements have been made in the wharf accommodations in order to meet the requirement of the increasing traffic of the place.

IL PENNINO.

This picture, the original of which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1870, appeared in a recent number of the *Art Journal*. The subject, one of frequent occurrence among the works of English painters, admits of little or no margin for an artist's imagination: it is from its very nature conventional in expression, yet is quite capable of poetical treatment, both in itself and in its surroundings. The figure here is a nun of stately and dignified form, who has walked forth in the evening twilight, and stands fixed in contemplation of the heavens; the conception is fine, and the expression of the face, though somewhat severe, is appropriate to the sentiment. The background of the picture, a fine ruin of some convent or abbey, speaks of solitude, yet it does not seem in harmony with the figure—evidently a nun, who certainly has not made those old walls her abode: the artist should have "restored" the edifice, and then one could readily have understood the relationship, so to speak, between the lady and the locality in which she is present. The licence taken by the artist in the landscape-portion of the work affects in no degree the composition as an example throughout of good and sound painting and of poetic feeling.

"QUIET, BESSY!"

Such a picture as this hardly needs a title, its meaning is so plain. The playful attitude of the cat, and its mistress's warning forefinger tell the story at once.

THE MAGAZINES.

The June number of *Lippincott's* contains the closing paper of the series on "The Roumi in Kabylia," in which the writer gives a brief history of the career of Abd-el-Kader, and an account of an Algerian hunt. The series has been one of so much interest that we regret to see it concluded so soon. "Our Home in the Tyrol" is the title of another pleasant set of papers, commenced in the May number, and continued this month. The writer is Margaret Howitt. A valuable paper on the emerald is contributed by Dr. Hamlin, in which he propounds some interesting theories on the derivation of the colouring matter of the gem, himself inclining to the belief that it is attributable to the decomposition of the remains of animals of a by-gone age. He also furnishes a list of the principal localities where the emerald is found, with an

account of the principal counterfeit stones in existence. This is a very readable and useful paper; the writer is evidently treating a subject he has studied. A few more articles of this kind, treating on popular subjects, would be a welcome feature in the magazine literature of the day. Mr. Black's "Princess of Thule" is continued. "Saint Romualdo," a plaintive legendary poem, much in the style of Tennyson's "St. Simon Stylites," will be appreciated by poetry readers. The balance of the contents consists of "A New Atlantis," a rather puffish account of Atlantic City; "A Reminiscence of the Exposition of 1867," a story of a very unnecessary panic undergone by two young ladies who visited Paris without a *chaperone*; a description of Slains Castle; the continuation of "Berrytown," which loses interest as it acquires length; "Bowery England," an account of a visit to Romsey of a party of Americans who graciously condescend to admire English scenery, and don't ditto English institutions—in which latter they are, perhaps, not altogether to be blamed.

Scribner's opens with an account of an ascent of Mount Hayden, in the Upper Yellowstone Region, very effectively illustrated. Noah Brooks contributes a brief biography of Bret Harte, which is accompanied by a portrait of the great Californian tale-writer. Two important papers in this number are that on the relative increase by births of the American Irish and American Germans, by the superintendent of the last census; and that by Prof. Wise on "The Tides of the Sea and Tides of the Air," in opposition to the usually accepted tide-theory. "The American Postal Car Service," and "Cornell University" are the subjects of two very readable contributions. "A Visit to Pius IX." is good in its way, but the subject has been worn threadbare. In the fiction department we have "Captain Luce's Enemy"—a story of the war, (oh! for the Millennium when stories of the war shall cease to be thrust upon unwilling readers); "An Old-Fashioned Story," and the continuation of "Arthur Bonnicastle." Among the poems one of George Macdonald's translations from *Novalis*; "The White Flag," by Susan Coolidge; and "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," are especially worthy of remark.

Notes and Queries.

All Communications intended for this Column must be addressed to the Editor, and endorsed "Notes and Queries."

23. *Vidit et Erubuit Lympha Pudica Drum*—Having taken much interest in the correspondence in your columns upon the subject of that beautiful line, "*Vidit et erubuit lympha pudica drum*," allow me to remark that "*Qua-stor*" placed *lympha* before in place of *after pudica*—a mere mistake, no doubt—the pentameter would have been complete. I have also been familiar with the line and sentiment in question more than fifty years, and was quite unprepared for the introduction of *Conscia* in the room of *pudica*. Men will differ in their views and sentiments to the "last syllable of recorded time." My opinion is, and I give it in all humility, that the substitution of *Conscia* for *pudica* simply destroys—without improving the elegance of diction—the immediate connection between modesty and blushing which the author manifestly intended to exhibit. I give you a line from Ovid, *Fast* 4, exemplifying the peculiar beauty of the word *Pudica* in its proper place.

"Vix tandem Credita, teste pudica dea."

Yours,

QUANTITY.

Toronto, April 14th, 1873.

24. "WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK," &c.—In Nathaniel Lee's (1655 to 1692) play of "Alexander the Great," Act IV., scene 2, will be found the following:

"When Greeks join'd Greeks then come the tug of war."

Some "Handbooks of Familiar Quotations" render the latter part of the passage:

"— then sees the tug of war."

I should recommend "I." to get Murray's edition, 1853, it may, probably, save him asking "who are the authors of such and such quotations?" even though they may be as "Familiar in our Mouths as Household Words."

T. K.

25. "HE THAT FIGHTS AND RUNS AWAY," &c.—In "Apothegmes, &c.," first gathered and compiled in Latin by Erasmus, and now translated into English by Nicolas Vdall," Svo. R. Grafton, 1542, occurs:

"That same man, that renneth awaie,
Maie again fight, an other daie."

See "Familiar Quotations," published by John Murray, 1853 edition—page 83.

T. K.

25. "HE THAT FIGHTS AND RUNS AWAY," &c.—Your correspondent "Query" will find in Routledge's "Book of Familiar Quotations" some very full information respecting the above well-known quotation, which has been attributed to Sir John Mennis, who, in conjunction with Dr. James Smith, published a small volume entitled "Musarum Deliciae." The type of the saying, however, occurs in a much earlier work, viz., "The Apothegmes of Erasmus," by N. Vdall, 12mo., London, 1542, where they are thus given:

"That same man that renneth awaie
May again fight an other daie."

The "Musarum Deliciae" was first published in 1656, and was reprinted in "Wit's Recreations" in 1817. According to Bohn, in his notes to Hudibras, the following lines recur in the latter edition:

"He that is in battle slain
Can never rise to fight again;
But he that fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day."

Unfortunately, however, for this theory, as the commentator in the "Book of Familiar Quotations" points out, the edition

of "Musarum Deliciae" alluded to as being published in 1817 does not contain these much-discussed lines. There are several editions of the "Musarum" in the library of the British Museum; but a reliable authority says that none of them contain the couplet. "But," continues our commentator, "recent researches tend to throw more light on the subject. Mr. Yeowell, an assiduous *littérateur*, in a contribution to "Notes and Queries," in the number of that entertaining publication for July 25, 1863, suggests, with much show of reason, that Goldsmith was the author of the lines. In a scarce book, published by Newbery, in 2 vols. 12mo., 1762, entitled "The Art of Poetry on a New Plan," at page 147, vol. ii., occurs the following passage:

"For he who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day;
But he who is in battle slain
Can never rise and fight again!"

And this is given as a quotation from Butler's Hudibras. "The Art of Poetry on a New Plan" was a compilation by Newbery the publisher, revised, altered, and enlarged by the critical and poetical taste of Goldsmith, as he acknowledged to Dr. Percy, (see Prior's "Life of Goldsmith," 2 vols. 8vo., 1837, page 389, vol. i.) and Mr. Forster, in his "Life of Goldsmith," (edition 1848, page 241, period 1762) corroborates Prior in his statement. The conclusion drawn by Mr. Yeowell is, that it is to the critical taste of Goldsmith that we are indebted for the alterations in the selections given in "The Art of Poetry," which in the first instance were probably made by Newbery himself. It is thus inferred that Goldsmith, in a lengthy quotation from Hudibras, given in "The Art of Poetry," quotes Butler incorrectly.

"In Hudibras, Part iii., Canto 3, lines 241-246, we have as follows:

"To make an honourable retreat
And wave a total sure defeat:
For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain,
Hence timely running's no mean part
Of conduct in the martial art."

In the illustrative quotation from Butler in "The Art of Poetry," the couplet here marked in italics is omitted altogether, and in its place are substituted the four lines already mentioned. Further investigation, however, shows that, with a slight variation, they were in print some years prior to the publication of "The Art of Poetry." In Ray's "History of the Rebellion," a 12mo. volume printed in London by Robert Brown, near Christ's Hospital, 1758, at page 49, we have:

"He that fights and runs away,
May turn and fight another day:
But he that is in battle slain,
Will never rise to fight again."

and in another edition of Ray's book, published in Manchester without date, but evidently an earlier publication than the London copy, at page 61, the same lines are found. The passage is not given by Ray as a quotation, but in all likelihood it was so, he quoting it from memory, having doubtless met with it in the course of his reading. Thus the original authorship remains as great a mystery as ever. The date of the first edition of "The Art of Poetry," as has been stated, is 1762, whilst the first edition of Ray's "Rebellion" was published in York in 1749. Mr. A. B. Middleton of Salisbury (to whom the merit of discovering the lines in Ray is due), in an interesting article in "Notes and Queries" (Number for June 3, 1865), quotes them from an edition of Ray printed at Bristol, 1752, exactly as they are here printed from the Manchester and London publications. Thus it appears that the earliest record at present known of these famed lines being in print is in Ray's "History of the Rebellion," and the authorship cannot be further traced.

THE DRUMMOND COLLIERY DISASTER.

The explosion at the Drummond Colliery, which resulted in the loss of nearly or quite seventy precious lives, would not in the "Black Country" of England where such tragedies are of frequent occurrence, be looked upon with such an amount of horror or excite so much public sympathy as in the Dominion, where, up to the date of the late disaster, such a catastrophe was entirely unknown. Irrespective of the loss of life and manner of death of those brave but unfortunate men whose charred and unrecognizable remains lie hundreds of feet below the surface of the earth, the destruction of the Drummond Mine will prove for some time a great drawback to coal mining speculation which was just assuming a very high position as a profitable investment among the enterprising moneyed classes of Canada, and especially so in Montreal, where all or nearly so of the "Drummond" stock was held. And to the credit of those who had the management of that important mine, it was considered by all to be the leading colliery of Canada. Both above and below ground the arrangements would bear the keenest scrutiny by those versed in coal mining. There appeared nothing wanting to secure success. It was the model mine of Nova Scotia. The manager, the late lamented Mr. Dunn, had the confidence and respect not only of his men but of the whole community, and was thoroughly competent to hold his position. He was a native of Glasgow, and his father was one of the first mining engineers of Scotland. Everything promised well for the Drummond mine. Last year they shipped more coal than any other colliery, and it was anticipated that the business of 1873 would prove financially a great success. The seam of 19 feet which was being worked is the same that is mined by the "Acadia" and "Black Diamond" companies, and supposed to be the same that is worked by the "Albion," although in that position the seam is 40 feet.

The above includes all the companies at present working the Pictou Basin. The Drummond is situated about 6 miles from the shipping port, Pictou Harbour, and three miles from the Pictou branch of the Intercolonial. It was connected in both instances by railway. Thus the facilities for export were all that could be wished. The number of men and boys on the pay-roll last summer amounted to 500, at the time of accident to 350, all principally of Nova Scotia parentage. The "old countrymen" were few and generally on staff appointments.

Mines are engineered in various ways according to dip and thickness of the seam. This was worked by two slopes of 1400 ft., and three levels. The first named are the roadways down to the mine through which the coal is hauled up by wire ropes, wound on huge drums by powerful engines. The second are the subterranean passages cutting across the slopes and communicating with the "boards" or chambers from which the

coal is being blown or picked as the case may be. Only two thirds of a coal seam is allowed by law to be mined, one third must be left as pillars to support to roof. The mine was very dry, not necessitating pumping. In many the water that runs in requires engines of enormous power to run unceasingly to keep them free. The chief of "Old Mines" of Lyney is thus afflicted, and to such an extent that the new workings have cost the company already, it is stated, £30,000 in the water stoppage item alone, and it is not yet subdued. The Drummond, however, with its many advantages had the unenviable reputation of being "fiery." That is, the sulphurous condition of the seam in working very quickly charged all unventilated places with the much dreaded "fire-damp," as it is called among English miners. And it is now found that the deeper the coal is worked the greater risk from explosion is run, as the gas generates much faster. The lowest level of the "Drummond" when the pit caught fire was particularly "fiery," on several occasions it had caught but was easily put out, sometimes by buffing with a miner's jacket, at others by a few pailfuls of water. It was admitted to be a dangerous place, one in which gun powder ought never to have been used. It appears, however, that powder for blasting the coal was used—on account of its accelerating influence and cheapness—over the slow process of the pick. It has been stated that the explosion was attributable to the foul state of the mine, caused by the absence of miners on strike. This is entirely incorrect. Ventilation was going on by night and day. The "down-casts" were open and the ventilating fires at work. The accident, so fearful in its nature, arose in this manner. A shot was fired in the uppermost "bench" or ledge of coal. It was followed by an immediate outpouring of ignited gas, an unusual amount, which McLeod attempted to extinguish by the ordinary method. For twenty minutes he battled with the flame to no purpose. He then sent for Mr. Dunn. The mine, of course in the mean time, becoming choked with smoke, and ventilation stopped, and gas accumulating. Soon after he arrived he saw that the fire was beyond control and was about making for the slope when the first explosion ensued. The force of which, there is little doubt, killed most of the men who were not in the vicinity of the "down cast air shaft."

In the mean time brave fellows from the adjoining collieries arrived and many volunteered to go down to the assistance of those whose moans could be distinctly heard at the air shaft. Edward Burns, a volunteer, lost his life while attempting to descend. At the time of the second explosion two gentlemen from the Acadia and Albion mines Messrs. Hudson and Coxon, were studying the plan of the mine previous to descending the air shaft, and narrowly escaped being crushed by a descending boulder blown from the mine.

This "air shaft" is about 700 yards from the "slopes." At the latter place, and around the chief works, the scene was terrific. A body of flame, shot as from the mouth of a cannon, 1400 feet long, belched from the mouths of the mines, and likewise from the many "test pits" in the immediate vicinity, hundreds of feet, throwing up stones, timber, and mining gear, and casting them for nearly a quarter of a mile into the adjacent woods. Such a frightful scene was never witnessed by the most experienced present. The people living in the miners' "Square" were driven from their houses by the timber cast up from "Campbell's pit," an old working. The subterranean explosions startled and alarmed the country for miles round the Drummond Colliery. These fearful sounds continued for many hours, in fact until those who took command succeeded in getting some of the air passages closed. As all hopes of saving life ceased with the second "blow," saving property was the next thing to be considered. Streams were turned and run into the mine, the various mouths of the colliery were closed with brush, gravel, and debris, and by the fifth day after the catastrophe "Drummond" was hermetically sealed, and not a vestige of those seventy poor fellows who perished will probably never again be seen in this world.

The wife of Mr. Richardson, the under-ground manager, has been left with nine children. She was his second wife, and seven of her charge were by his first marriage. She is a deserving object for those whose hearts and pockets may turn to them in such awful affliction and distress.

E. J. R.

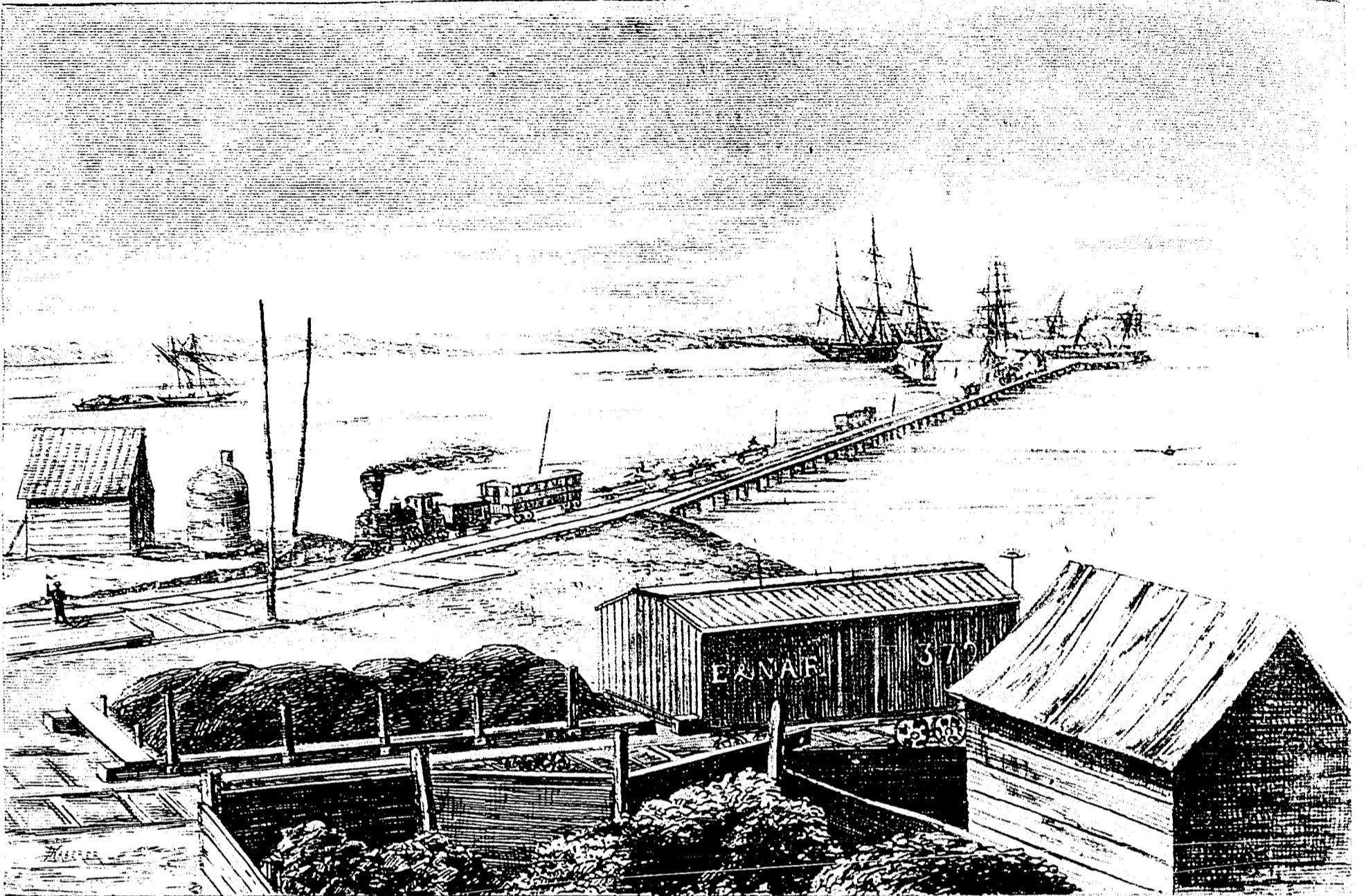
OBITUARY.

JAMES W. WALLACK.

The Queen's Birthday this year was signally pregnant with events, and not the least noticeable of these was the death in a sleeping car on the way from Charleston, S. C., of James W. Wallack, one of the best known and most popular melodramatic actors of the present day. Mr. Wallack was the eldest son of the J. Wallack, who will be remembered as the great "Iago," "Don Caesar," &c., of twenty-five years ago, by old English and American theatre-goers; he was about 50 years of age at the time of his death, and has been failing in health for some time, being a victim to consumption. Mr. Wallack opened and closed the theatrical season at the Theatre Royal last year, playing "Henry Dunbar," "The Man in the Iron Mask," "John Mildmay," "Macbeth," and other parts in which he stood almost unrivaled; and he was, we believe, to have filled an engagement here this season. As an actor and a gentleman he was widely and favourably known, and we are sure many friends of his in Montreal will grieve to hear of his death.

COMTE ALESSANDRO MANZONI.

This celebrated Italian poet and novelist died last week. He was born at Milan in 1774, and studied with great distinction both at his native city and at Pavia. At an early age he adopted Voltarian principles, which however he relinquished shortly after his arrival in Paris in 1805, and became a sincere and devout Catholic. His first production after his conversion was a collection of Sacred Hymns on the Nativity, the Passion, the Resurrection, Pentecost, etc. His most celebrated work is "I Promessi Sposi."—The Betrothed Lovers—a Milanese story of the seventeenth century, which has been translated into almost every European language. Count Manzoni was a member of the Legion of Honour, and in 1860 was named Senator of the Italian kingdom. To him is due the renovation of Italian literature, and indeed he may be said to have been the founder of a new school.



VIEW OF SHEDIAC HARBOUR, N. B.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. J. G.



INDIAN ENCAMPMENT AT NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH



THE CANADIAN CLASSICAL GALLERY OF GODS AND HEROES.—No. VII.—AJAX THE GREAT.

“What chief is that, with giant strength endued,
Whose brawny shoulders, and whose swelling chest,
And lofty stature far exceed the rest?”

‘Ajax the great, (the beautiful queen replied)
Himself a host.’”

Pope, *Iliad III.* 190-94.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

A MAY EVENING.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Giving a cloud his last rays' purple tinge.
The setting sun
Has sunk at length beneath the hills which fringe
The distant horizon.
Beneath the breath of eve the waning day
Flickers like a pale light:
In heaven's front star-scintillations play
Like jewels sparkling bright.
The air surcharged with the young flowers' perfume
In faintest echoes moves:
The far sky smiles with joy, such as illumines
The face of him who loves.
Fluttering from branch to branch towards his mossy nest,
Still, as he moves along,
Mingles the bird, love drunk, his music's best
With the wind's song.
Here in a defile of the shadowy vale
That the cliff flows upon,
The brook, peevish, tells its babbling tale
As it bounds on.
Down there, in the ravine, the foaming waterfall
On the enamelled glade
Murmurs, in softest cadence heard by all,
Its evening serenade.
Like mighty harp, vibrant o'er distant hills,
Whose charm no distance robs,
The church bells' silver sound the evening fills
With hundred tremulous sob's.
From coppice, wood, and grove, and deep abyss,
From mound and vale and plain,
What giant concert that ascends is this?
This sound without a name?
On every side up springs a voice which sighs
While feathered songsters sing,
A voice which, murmuring, to the wind replies,
And to the babbling spring.
'Raptured, perceiving all the spirit craves
In this fair, wondrous night,
My soul rocks, inumbrous, on harmonious waves,
Incense in Heaven's sight!
Mingling fairest accents with great Nature's voice—
Which doth Hosannas raise—
My ravished soul sings too, and does rejoice
In great Jehovah's praise.
With the wind's ripple, the brooks murmuring,
The cascade-shaken sod,
And distant music of church bells, I sing
Glory to Thee, O God!

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

THE LORE OF THE CALENDAR.

NO. VII.—WHITSUNTIDE, OR THE PENTECOST.

Whitsunday, or the Pentecost, is a festival of the Anglican Church as well as of the Roman. Its interest in the history of Christianity arises from the circumstance that it was the day on which the Holy Ghost descended upon the Apostles and imparted to them the gift of tongues. This, one of the most important events in the history of the Christian Church, was accompanied by signs and wonders—"And suddenly there came a sound from Heaven as of a rushing mighty wind." The wind is often put in the sacred Scriptures as an emblem of divine influence. It is invisible yet mighty, and thus represents the agency of the Holy Spirit. "And there appeared unto them cloven tongues of fire, and it sat upon each of them"—rested in the form of a lambent or gentle flame upon the head of each one, showing that the prodigy was directed to the Apostles, and was a very significant emblem of the promised descent of the Holy Spirit.

The feast of Pentecost, fifty days after the Passover, commemorates the delivery of the law to Moses on Mount Sinai, called sometimes by the Hebrews the feast of Weeks. The delivery of the law was given with the greatest solemnity, and accompanied, like the descent of the Holy Ghost, with every circumstance which might have a tendency to rouse the mind and fill the whole soul with the profoundest awe.—The glare of lightning, and the voice of thunder.—The sound of the trumpet, and the clouds of smoke.—The vast range of hills and rocks trembling to their centre.—Six hundred thousand men struck with inexpressible consternation—Moses himself terrified exceedingly.

In mediæval Western Europe Pentecost was a period of great festivity, and was considered a day of more importance than can be easily explained by the incidents connected with it, recorded in the Gospel, or by any later Christian legends attached to it. It was one of the great festivals of the kings and chieftains in the mediæval romances. It was that on which King Arthur is represented as holding his most splendid court.

In the romance of Bevis of Hampton, Whitsuntide appears as the season of festivities:

"In some at Whitsontide,
When knights meet on horseback ride,
A course let them make on a daye,
Steele, and palfreye for to assaye,
Whiche horse that best may ren."

About the year 1263, shortly after the festival of Corpus Christi had been established by Pope Urban IV., commenced the performance of Miracle plays or Whitsun Mysteries, which were first established at Chester. Exhibitions of a similar kind took place at Coventry, York, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Bristol, and other places; and it may be conjectured that they were originally introduced into large towns nearly contemporaneously for the purpose of disseminating a certain degree of knowledge of Scripture history; and, as Robert de Brunne remarks, for the purpose of extending a belief in the miraculous conception of the Saviour, as well as in the resurrection, &c. In 1420 we find a friar interfering at York, to procure the annual representation of the Corpus Christi plays, and he was then called "a professor of holy pageantry."

In 1378 the scholars or choristers of St. Paul's Cathedral presented a petition to Richard II, praying him to prohibit some ignorant and inexperienced persons from acting the History of the Old Testament, to the great prejudice of the clergy of the Church, who had expended considerable sums for a public representation of plays founded upon that portion

of Scripture at the ensuing Christmas. (See Malone's Shakspeare by Boswell, III. 24.)

Stow in his chronicle asserts: "This yeere (1409) was a great play at the Skinner's Well, neere unto Clearkenwell, besides London, which lasted eight daies, and was of matter from the creation of the world; there were to see the same the most part of the nobles and gentles in England, and forthwith after began a royal justing in Smithfield betweene the Earle of Somerset, and the Seneshall of Henalt, Sir John Cornwall, Sir Richard of Arundel, and the son of Sir John Cheyney, against other Frenchmen."

It is said that the first of these plays, one on the passion of our Lord, was written by Gregory of Nazianzen, and a German nun of the name of Roswitha who lived in the tenth century, and wrote six Latin dramas on the stories of the saints and martyrs. About the eleventh and twelfth century the monks were generally not only the authors but the actors.

The value of these plays was much disputed amongst churchmen; some of the older councils forbade them as a profane treatment of sacred subjects—most churchmen of this day would probably so consider them. A short poem, in the Harleian collection, partly English and partly Latin, on the dissoluteness of manners in Henry the Sixth's reign, may be adduced to show that the performance of "plays," especially on "God's holidays," was then so frequent as to be considered by the writer a crying evil. The author says:—

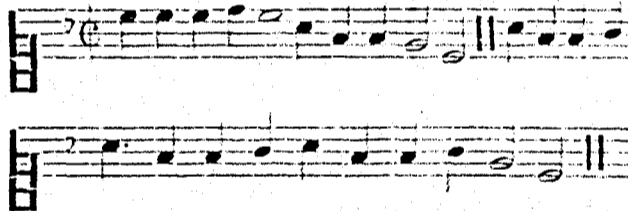
Ing'land goith to noughte, plus fecit homo viciouus.
To lust man is brought, nimis est homo deliciosus.
Goddis hal days, non observantur honeste.
For unthriftly pleis, in eis regnant viciouste.

These Miracles and Plays of miracles, being the source and foundation of our national drama, are very interesting, and we should recommend all persons who have a desire to follow the subject to get Collier's History of English Dramatic Poetry to the time of Shakspeare, published by J. Murray, 1831. We have neither space nor time to pursue the subject further in connection with the Whitsun mysteries, as we want to say a few words concerning the Whitsun Morris Dance, mentioned by Shakspeare in his Henry V.

The Morris dance in the time of James I. was very popular. A pamphlet printed in his reign commemorates a party of Herefordshire Morris-dancers, "ten in number, whose ages together amounted to twelve hundred years." If the statement is not exaggerated, it must have been a very wholesome exercise and one conducive to longevity.

It has been supposed that the Morris dance was first brought into England in the time of Edward the Third, when John of Gaunt returned from Spain; Douce thinks it more probable that we had it from France or even from the Flemings. Few if any vestiges of it can be traced beyond the reign of Henry the Seventh, about which time, and particularly in that of Henry the Eighth, the church-wardens' accounts in several parishes afford materials that throw much light on the subject, and show that the Morris dance made a very considerable figure in the parochial festivals.

The following is the air to one of these Morris dances, the dancer having small bells attached to his legs; it is taken from Douce's illustrations of Shakspeare and ancient manners, published by Thomas Tegg, Cheapside, 1839.



These old dancing and rejoicings at Whitsuntides, what mortals can blame, provided they were harmlessly conducted? Dancing may be made joyous, and it may be made something significant of a higher order. Sterne, in his "Sentimental Journey," in reference to that after-supper dance at the French peasant's house, near Mount Tauria, says: "I thought I beheld Religion mixing in the dance;—but as I had never seen her so engaged, I should have looked upon it now as one of the illusions of an imagination which is externally misleading me, had not the old man, as soon as the dance ended, said that this was their constant way; and that all his life long he had made it a rule, after supper was over, to call out his family to dance and rejoice, believing, he said, that a cheerful and contented mind was the best sort of thanks to Heaven that an illiterate peasant could pay—

"—Or a learned prelate either, said I."

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

LARES.

On the Queen's birth-day, the weather being doubtful, I employed myself in turning out waste paper and worthless relics from every receptacle, and in sorting, or rather in glancing over odd scraps—cuttings from old magazines and newspapers, the accumulation of a third of a century, and thought that, with the permission of the editor of the Canadian Illustrated News, I would give its readers the benefit of some of my findings by way of supplement to the "Social Gossips" and "Notes and Queries."

In one of the pigeon-holes of my ecritoire, I "tumbled" over the following epitaph on a child of the name of Erotion, after Martial; it is very charming for its simplicity—unfortunately there is no author's name attached to the translation; but that deficiency, perhaps, your correspondent Sciolus can supply:

Hic festinata requiescit Erotion umbra
Crimine quam fati sexta peremit hiems
Quisquis eris nostri post me regnator agelli,
Ma'nibus exiguâ annua justa dato.

* Among the valuable collection of books connected with the literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, in the McGill College Library, the student may have his mind directed to the ancient manners, customs, sports, &c. (Antiquates Vulgares) of the English people, and their observance of the Saints' Days and Festivals—the Lore of the Calendar.

Sic Lare perpetuo, sic turba sospite, solus
Flebilis in terra sit lapis isto tua.

THE EPITAPH OF EROTION.

Underneath this greedy stone,
Lies little sweet Erotion;
Whom the Fates, with hearts as cold,
Nipt away at six years old,
Thou, whoever thou mayst be
That hast this small field after me,
Let the yearly rites be paid
To her little slender shade;
'So shall no disease or jar
Hurt thy house or chill thy Lar;
But this tomb here be alone,
The only melancholy stone.

I was much struck with the expression "chill thy Lar" and not being satisfied with the Dictionary meaning of Lare;—The Divinities presiding over the whole hearth and the whole house,—I turned up in another pigeon-hole devoted to Archæology and kindred subjects a note of Dacier's upon Horace, (Book I., Ode 12,) in which he informs us that in some parts of Languedoc, in his time, the fire-place was still called the Lar; and that the name was also given to houses.

What a consoling idea that if the yearly rites to the dead were for ever paid, whether it be the decorating of their monuments with wreaths of flowers, or ornamenting them with the leaves and branches of the trees sacred to the respective gods to whose service they were set apart, or seeing that the lamps suspended in their sepulchral chambers were duly lighted, then no disease nor contention should enter the dwellings of those who did such kindly offices for the dead.

These Lares, or Lars, I find are the lesser and most familiar gods; and though their offices were afterwards extended a good deal, in the same way as those of the Penates with whom they are often wrongly confounded, their principal sphere was the fire-place. The statues of the Lares generally stood about the fire-place or hearth in little niches, some in the shape of monkeys; more likely manikins, or rude human images; they were represented as good-natured grinning countenances, sometimes with dogs at their feet. From these manikins and human images may have sprung

"her androns"

which Jachimo in Cymbeline, Act. 2. Scene 4, describes as "two winking Cupids Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely Depending on their brands"

In the same pigeon-hole I also found the following:—author's name, entitled:—

TO THE LARES,

ON THE COMMENCEMENT OF FIRES.

Ye little household fairies,
Called anciently the Lares,
Who on my study shelf there,
Though Venus was herself there,
Slept all the summer hours,
Beneath your little bowers
Of glassy watered flowers—
Your busy time is come now:
So take care, all and some now,
And keep my hearth in order
Through every nook and corner,
And let the fire burn brightly
And solidly yet lightly,
With just a little clinking,
To soothe me while I am thinking,
And fit for glorious poking,
In case a friend should look in,
So may your sh. If afford ye
Fit place to lean and board ye,
With never dust nor smoking
(That acrimonious choking!)
But evergreens and berries,
And all the best which there is
Among the winter flowers:
To serve ye still for bowers;
And sticks of odorous wood to
Send up your godships' food trees
And some divine antique too,
Which ye may whisper Greek to,
And then a sea-shell glistening,
With music for your listening,
And chimney-mounting vapours
With all their coils and capers,
Such as are fit for chasing,
When ye would go a racing.

Perhaps some of your contributors, Shakspeare Medallist at McGill College, may know the author, and should they have a copy of Herrick, that excellent poet of the Anaëstic order in the time of good old Queen Bess, they might refer to your columns the continuation of one of his lively odes upon the Lares, the beginning of which I only remember:—

It was, and still my care is
To worship you, the Lares.

Some writers make the Lares the offspring of the goddess Mania, who presided over the spirits of the dead; and suppose that originally they were the same as those spirits, which is a very probable as well as agreeable superstition, the nations of Italy having been accustomed to bury their dead in their houses.

Upon this supposition, the good or benevolent spirits were called, Familiar Lares, and the evil or malignant ones Larva and Lemures. Thus Milton, in his awful hymn on the Nativity:—

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
The Larvæ and Lemures moan with midnight plaint
In Urns and Altars round
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the Flamins at their service quaint;
And the chill marble seems to sweat
While each peculiar Power foregoes his wonted seat.

But Ovid tells a story of a gossiping nymph Lar, who having told Juno of her husband's amours with Juturna, was "sent to hell" by him, and courted by Mercury on the road the consequence of which was the birth of the Lare. This seems to have a natural reference enough to the gossiping over fire-pieces.

R. E. A.

* "So shall no disease hurt thy house, or household, nor any chill thy Lar." Here is a curious use of the noun Lar. In Knight's edition of Shakspeare, King Lear, Act. 4, Sc. 7, we have

Was this a face
To be expos'd against the jarring winds?
probably the contentious winds, as we find in the same play Thou think'st 'tis much, that this contentious storm Invades us to the skin.
Again in The Tempest, Act. 2, Sc. 1,

"his bold head
'bove the contentious waves he kept."

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

THE ANGEL OF REMEMBRANCE.

BY JOHN RKADE.

I.

The Angel of Remembrance sits enthroned
Upon a world-girt mountain-top, and calls
From every side the heroes of all time.
All who, by head or hand, by heart or tongue,
Wrought for the common weal of humankind
He sees and summons, each to his reward.

With him there is no favour. Every one
Finds his own place, as if by magic lod,
And is accounted only what he is,
Not less, not more.

Lo! one by one, they come
And pass before him. Unto some he speaks
And says: "Well done, brave victor! wear thy crown."
To others he but smiles or waves his hand.
But other hands he presses in his own,
And some he clasps as brothers. These are they
Who in their generation were despised
Or suffered lack because they would not lie;
Who, serving nobly, went without reward,
Or laboured with divine self-sacrifice
To bless the future, slighting present gain
Or praise. And some there are who wanted bread
And yet complained not, full of their high aims,
And, with their eyes upon the mountain-tops,
Forgot the valley where the shadows fell.
As these draw nigh, from all the mountain sides
A glad acclaim arises: "Blest are they
For ever, for they gave us of their best."

And some who, in their day, were counted great,
Are reckoned now as little, well aware,
Divested of their purple, and the strength
Of hireling partisans no longer theirs.
That they are but as pignions in the host
Of giants—kings self-called, who were no kings
But slay as to their own pride. The faintest praise
Is all their dower, for what good they did
Began in selfishness and vanity.
And wealth and power were the gods they served,
Not means to the great end of doing good.
And many a timid woman and frail girl
Who suffered much, loved much, yet were denied
The prize of their nobility, are now
Set above conquerors. The brave obscure
Who toiled and wrestled for the right and true,
Though stung with base neglect; all those who, bowed
With sorrow, stood erect and met their fate
With smiling face because of those they loved;
The merciful who mercy were denied;
The meek who pitied those who injured them;
The wronged, the slandered and the persecuted,
Who gave their hearts, their lives, their fame, their all,
For those who did them evil; tempted ones
Who did not sin; sinners who did repent
In deed as word, and gave their sum of days
To noble undoing, bearing still the blame
Of what was done; heroes and heroines
Whom the world honoured not while yet they lived,—
All these the Angel of Remembrance calls
To take their places near his golden throne.

II.

And who are they who hear the summons? Who,
That working now as it were underground,
Unseen by a y, bless the unconspicuous earth,
Guarded or guarded-ones? The Lord of Light
Who guides beginning to accomplishment
By paths that mortal man can never trace,
And maketh brave the hearts that do His will
Even unconsciously—He alone can tell.
But this we know, to every one is given
The power of doing some good in the world,
And every deed and word has destinies
That must be endless.

Who, by taking thought,
Can say how many he has cursed or blessed?
And who dares follow out the train of thought
To its conclusion. Conscience stands aghast.
Blessing and cursing are perpetual,
A circle ever widening to a larger
That none can see. But those who bless are blest,
Who curse are cursed. And though long ages pass,
And the small seed from which the upas-tree
Of wrong or error sprang, be sought in vain
By those who see the fruit, the wicked hand
That dropt it bears the awful brand of God.
And he who blesses even in the least
One of his brethren, who in turn may bless
Another, kindly laugh, in word or act,
Begins a work whose progress none may trace,
But God doth not forget.

III.

How bright and fair
Were this sad world—which still is beautiful—
If all men loved all others as themselves,
And weighed the present with the days to come,
Causes with consequences! Happy dream!
Yet not a dream to all. Thank God for those
Whose hearts were drawn towards the whole wide world,
Who lived for all mankind, for every age,
To them the Angel of Remembrance calls,
Sitting enthroned upon his golden heights;
To them he gives pre-eminence, as kings
To reign within the hearts of living men;
To them he gives a secret and a key
That opens to the Holiest of God.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

SOCIAL GOSSIPS.—No. III.

Men of wit sometimes like to pamper a favourite joke into exaggeration—into a certain corpulence of facetiousness. Their relish of the thing makes them wish it as large as possible; and the social enjoyment of it is doubled by its becoming more visible to the eyes of others. It is for this reason that jests in company are sometimes built up by one hand after another—"three-piled hyperboles"—till the overdone Babel topples and tumbles down amidst a merry confusion of tongues.

Jack Falstaff was a great master of this art. He loved a joke as large as himself; witness his famous account of the men in buckram, (Henry IV., Act II., scene 4.) Thus he tells the Lord Chief Justice that he has lost his voice "with singing of anthems;" and he calls Bardolph's red nose "a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bon-fire light;" and says it has saved him "a thousand marks in links and torches," walking with it "in the night betwixt tavern and tavern." See how he goes on heightening his recruits at every step: "You would think I had a hundred and fifty battered prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draft and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies. No eyes hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat." Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for indeed I had most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a

half in all my company—and the half shirt is two napkins tucked together and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves."

An old school-fellow of ours—who, by the way, was more fond of quoting Falstaff than any other of Shakspeare's characters—used to be called on for a story, with a view to a joke of this sort; it being an understood thing that he had a privilege of exaggeration, without committing his abstract love of truth. The reader probably knows the old blunder attributed to Oliver Goldsmith about a dish of green peas. Somebody had been applauded in company for advising his cook to take some ill-drest peas to Hammersmith, "because that was the way to Turn'em Green;" upon which Goldsmith is said to have gone and repeated the pun at another table in this fashion: "John should take those peas, I think, to Hammersmith." "Why so, Doctor?" "Because that is the way to make 'em green."

Now our old school-fellow would give the blunder with this sort of additional dressing:

At sight of the dishes of vegetables, Goldsmith, who was at his own house, took off the covers one after the other with great anxiety, till he found that the peas were among them; upon which he rubbed his hands with an air of infinite and prospective satisfaction. "You are fond of peas, Doctor?" said one of the company. "Yes, sir," said Goldsmith, "particularly so. I eat them all the year round—I mean, Sir, every day in the season. I do not think there is anybody so fond of peas as I am." "Is there any particular reason, Doctor," asked a gentleman present, "why you like peas so much, beyond the usual one of their agreeable taste?" "No, sir, none whatsoever—none I assure you—(here Goldsmith showed a great wish to impress this fact on his guests)—"I never heard any particular encomium or speech about them from any one else; but they carry their own eloquence with them; they are things, sir, of infinite taste." (Here a laugh, which put Goldsmith in additional spirits.) "But, bless me!" he exclaimed, looking narrowly into the peas, "I fear they are very ill-done; they are absolutely yellow instead of green," (here he put a strong emphasis on green) "and you know peas should be emphatically green; greenness in a pea is a quality as essential as whiteness in a lily. The cook has quite spoiled them, but I'll give the rogue a lecture, gentlemen, with your permission." Goldsmith then rose and rang the bell violently for the cook, who came in ready booted and spurred. "Ha!" exclaimed Goldsmith, those boots and spurs are your salvation, you knave. Do you know, sir, what you have done?" "No, sir." "Why, you have made the peas yellow, sir. Go instantly and take them to Hammersmith." "To Hammersmith, sir?" cried the man, all in astonishment, the guests being no less so. "Please, sir, why am I to take 'em to Hammersmith?" "Because, sir," and here Goldsmith looked round with triumphant anticipation, "that is the way to render those peas green."

There is a very humorous piece of exaggeration in "Butler's Remains"—a collection, by the bye, well worthy of Hudibras, and indeed of more interest to the general reader. Butler is defrauded of his fame with readers of taste who happen to be no politicians, when Hudibras is printed without this appendage. The piece we allude to is a description of Holland:

A country that draws fifty feet of water,
In which men live as in the hold of Nature;
And when the sea does in upon them break
And drowns a province, does but spring a leak.

That feed, like cannibals, on other fishes,
And serve their cousin-germans up in dishes:
A land that rides at anchor, and is moored,
In which they do not live, but go aboard.

We do not know, and perhaps it would be impossible to discover, whether Butler wrote his minor pieces before those of the great patriot Andrew Marvell, who rivalled him in wit, and excelled him in poetry. Marvell, though born later, seems to have been known earlier as an author. He was certainly known publicly before him. But in the political poems of Marvell there is a ludicrous character of Holland, which might be pronounced to be either the copy of the original of Butler's, if in those Anti-Batavian days the Hollander had not been baited by all the wits; and were it not probable that the unwieldy monotony of his character gave rise to much the same ludicrous imagery in many of their fancies. Marvell's wit has the advantage of Butler's, not in learning a multiplicity of contrasts (for nobody ever beat him there), but in a greater variety of them, and in being able, from the more poetical turn of his mind, to bring graver and more imaginative things to wait upon his levity.

He thus opens the battery upon the amphibious Hollander—

Holland, that scarce deserves the name of land,
Is but the off-scouring of the British sand;
And so much earth as was contributed
By English pilots, when they heaved the lead;
Or what by the ocean's slow alluvian fell,
Of shipwrecked cockle and the musculo shell.

Glad then, as miners who have found the ore,
They, with mad labour, fished the land to shore;
And dived as desperately for each piece
Of earth, as if it had been amber greece:
Collecting anxiously small loads of clay
Less than what building swallows bear away;
Or than those pills which sordid beetles rowl,
Transfusing into them their dunghill soil.

He goes on in a strain of exquisite hyperbole—

How did they rivet with gigantic piles
Through the centre their new caught miles,
And to the stake a struggling country bound,
Where barking waves still bait the forced ground;
Building their wat'ry Babel far more high
To catch the waves, than those to scale the sky.
Yet still his claim the injured ocean layed,
And oft at leap-frog o'er their steeples played;
As if on purpose it on land had come
To show them what's their *Mare Liberum*;
A daily deluge over them does boil:
The earth and water play at level-coyl:
The fish oft-times the burgher dispossessed,
And eat, not as a meat, but as a guest;
And oft the Tritons and the Sea Nymphs saw
Whole shoals of Dutch served up for cabillan.
Or, as they over the new level ranged,
For pickled herring, pickled *Herecs* changed.
Nature, it seemed, ashamed of her mistake,
Would throw their land away at duck and drake:
Therefore necessity that first made kings,
Something like government amongst them brings;
For as with figuys who best kills the crane,
Among the hungry he that treasures grain,

Among the blind the one-eyed blinkard reigns,
So rules among 'he drowned he that drains.
Not who first sees the rising sun, commands;
But who could first discern the rising lands;
Who best could know to pump an earth so leak,
Him they their lord and country's father speak;
To make a bank was a great plot of state;
Invent a shovel, and be a magistrate.

We can never read these or some other ludicrous verse of Marvell, even when by ourselves, without laughter; but we must curtail our self-indulgence for the present.

Miscellaneous.

Negotiations are on foot for reviving the Galway line of steamers to America. It is thought that six splendid vessels will, in the course of the coming summer, be placed on the shortest and safest route to New York.

The corporation and the gas company of Paris, are experimenting on a system of safety cocks, placed at fixed distances, by means of which, in case of fire, all gas can be turned off from the neighbourhood of the flames.

A hanging garden of sponge is one of the latest novelties in gardening. Take a white sponge of large size, and sow it full of rice, oats, or wheat. Then place it for a week or ten days in a shallow dish, and as the sponge will absorb the moisture, the seed will sprout.

At the dinner given recently at Pau at the Club-house, eighteen sons of the green sod deeply drowned the shamrock. One of the toasts proposed was "Fox-hunting, and prosperity to Old Ireland." The shout that ensued alarmed the town, and set the foreigners staying in the house in a state of utter astonishment and alarm, and inquiring whether some new popular insurrection had not happened. It was only an outbreak from Irish throats, and long-continued tullyhos and cheers.

There is one novelty which has been introduced into the London streets which can hardly be called an improvement. Some chemical is now dissolved in the water with which the streets are watered. The object is to prevent evaporation taking place so quickly, and thus to render it possible to do with less frequent waterings, but at the same time, this chemical renders the streets terribly slippery, and it is most melancholy to see the numbers of horses which lie hopelessly on the ground in all the principal thoroughfares.

College "personal."—On the 1st of April, when Professor Gregory, of Genesee (New York) Academy, rose to read the Bible at morning prayers, he found that a dictionary of similar appearance had been substituted for the sacred volume. Not at all disconcerted he took from his pocket a Greek Testament and read the original text, expounding each verse in Latin, for colloquial readiness in which language he is somewhat distinguished. The students listened attentively, but to what extent they were edified has not transpired.

For the past year, the report of the British Lifeboat Service shows an excellent record of work for the two hundred and thirty-three boats now employed on the coast of the United Kingdom. They have saved the lives of five hundred and sixty-nine persons, nearly the whole of them under circumstances of peril that would have precluded any ordinary boat from proceeding to their aid. It should be mentioned, in addition, that no fewer than twenty-five ships were saved; and in other cases the boats were repeatedly signalled off by distressed vessels, and afterward contributed largely to their preservation by encouraging the crews to remain by their ships, and occasionally by taking them ashore in their alarm, and in putting them on board again when the storm had lulled. It appears from the tabulated records of the institution that the number of lives saved during the forty-nine years from its establishment in 1824 to the end of the year 1872, either by its life-boats or by special exertions for which it had granted rewards, is 21,485.

The existence of a religious sect called "Derbists," whose adherents are mostly recruited in the two departments of the Drôme and the Ardèche, was scarcely known to the great majority of Frenchmen until a soldier belonging to this body was tried by court-martial a few days ago for insubordination. The tenets of this sect are principally embodied in the doctrine that human life is absolutely sacred, and that the profession of arms is in itself a crime. In obedience to this teaching a young man, who had been sent to join his regiment, refused to carry arms, declaring that he was ready to submit to any punishment, even that of death, rather than repudiate his principles. The colonel had no alternative but to send him before a court-martial for breach of discipline; and in the course of the trial the schoolmaster, who had been called as a witness, stated that, though he had done all in his power to eradicate these ideas, the prisoner had held fast to his original purpose. When they told him that, in the event of a battle, he would always be able to fire in the air, the young man declared that he would not do that because it would be an act of treachery towards the Government, and that he preferred stating the case to his superiors when he was called upon to join the army. On similar grounds he refused to purchase a substitute, and in reply to the warning of his schoolmaster that he would render himself liable to be shot for insubordination, he avowed his readiness "to add another to the three millions of martyrs who have already died for their faith." His behaviour at the trial is said to have been most exemplary, and when questioned by the pre-ident of the court, he confessed that he had disobeyed the military laws, but had acted in conformity with those of the Gospel.

The Roman correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette* says that preparations are already being made at the Vatican for the election of a new Pope. There is a building belonging to the canons of St. Peter's, immediately behind the sacristy of the cathedral and within the precincts of the Vatican, in which it has been decided that the conclave shall be held. It consists of a large hall surrounded by small apartments, which can be fitted up at little cost for about forty cardinals and their secretaries. There are at present forty-five cardinals in all, and of these thirty-six at most would be able to take part in the conclave, as the rest are too old and infirm to make a long journey. The correspondent adds that it is the general belief in the Vatican that the Jesuit candidates, Riaro S. orza and Panobianco, have but little chance of success. Public opinion at Rome would be in favour of a cardinal of moderate and Liberal opinions, such as Morichini, De Silvestri, or Di Pietro; while some advocate the election of a very old cardinal, such as De Angelis, whose short reign would leave time for deciding as to the future policy of the Papacy after affairs have settled down a little in Europe, and especially in France. Another correspondent of the same paper reports that Monsignor Chigi, the Papal Nuncio at Versailles, has asked M. Thiers whether, in case a revolution should break out in Rome on the Pope's death, the cardinals would be permitted to select Avignon, or some other place in France, for holding their conclave. To this M. Thiers replied in the negative, alleging as the ground of his refusal that if a schism should be produced in the Church by such a proceeding, this might involve France in unpleasant complications.

THE DRUMMOND COLLIERY DISASTER.—FROM SKETCHES BY E. J. RUSSELL.

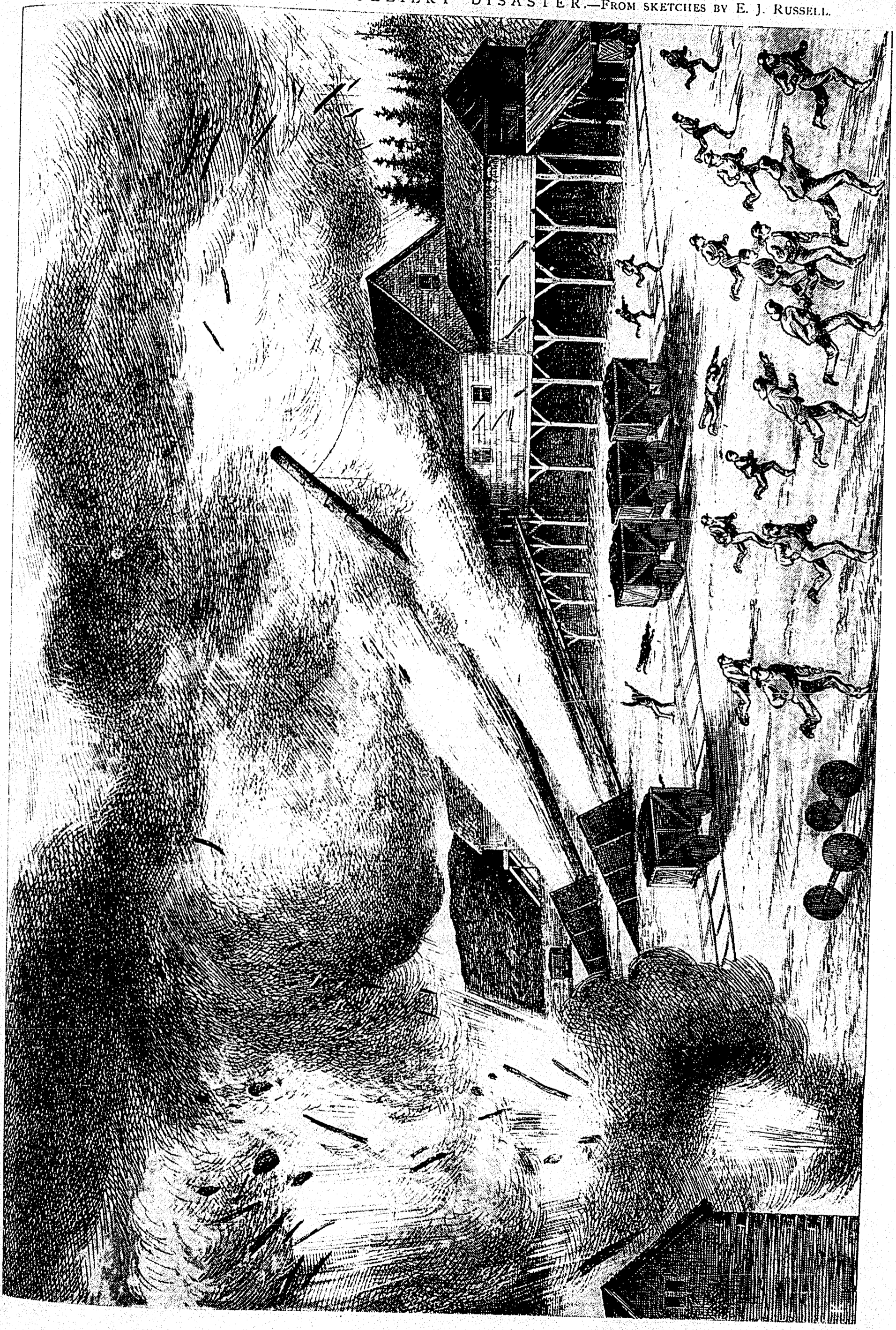


THE EXPLOSION AT CAMPRELL'S PIT IN THE "SQUARE"



THE "BLOW" FROM THE PUMPING SHAFT.—DEATH OF BURNS AND NARROW ESCAPE OF MEMBERS HUDSON AND COXON.

THE DRUMMOND COLLIERY DISASTER.—FROM SKETCHES BY E. J. RUSSELL.



THE DRUMMOND COLLIERY DISASTER.—THE SECOND OR GREAT EXPLOSION FROM THE "SLOPES."—FROM A SKETCH BY E. J. RUSSELL.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

TOUCHSTONE PAPERS.

NO. VIII.—SPOONEY.

Woman is a perpetual mystery to man. She is so many-sided that she always escapes his analysis. But man is no mystery to woman. She seems to have nothing else to do in the world but to study him and she does so to perfection. Indeed in most cases she reads him through by intuition. Unless a woman is dead in love with a man, no amount of shams will impose upon her, and when she discovers them, she has a superb cruel way of laying them bare. Hence poor Spooney, with his faultless clothes, hair parted in the middle, smooth cheeks, white hands and dancing gait, meets with scant mercy at her hands. I believe no class is more hateful to the true woman than the lady's man, simply because what woman most admires in man is virility, just as what we most adore in the female is femininity.

"I'm very fond of music," says Spooney. "Are you?" asks Elsie, looking up at him with a half-malicious twinkle of her clear eyes, while her white hands rest upon the keys of her Chickering. "What shall I play for you?" "O, any thing, any thing you like. I'm very fond of music." And he stands up beside her.

Elsie, who is a thorough pupil of Herr K. . . ., plunges into a prelude of Bach's, wild and brilliant, but very intricate. Spooney tries his best to look intelligent and pleased, but his face is a blank. The fair pianist then lapses into a sonata of Beethoven, the despair of executants. Sombre, dreamy, incoherent, yet full of deep, absorbing soul-melody. Spooney glances up at the ceiling or down at the arabesques of the carpet, sorely puzzled at the series of learned sounds and utterly insensible to their mystical harmony. The last note still trembles on the string, when Spooney bows to Elsie with a "very nice, Miss." O unregenerate barbarian! As well call Niagara "nice," or the Jungfrau a St. Peters. With the instinct of the woman-artist, Elsie has measured her man, and without one word of reply, her white fingers sparkle among the gay notes of the Labitzky Waltzes. With wondrous rapidity, she showers out the *Natalien*, the *Pari* and other pretty trifles of the Russian composer. Our friend, so fond of music, is agitated from top to toe, as if he were in conjunction with an electric machine, his face is radiant and he looks as though he felt like catching Elsie by the waist and whirling her out into the dance. "Very beautiful music, Miss," when she rises from the piano. Elsie says nothing, but her lips are almost contemptuously curled. She has used a woman's practical way of satisfying herself that Mr Spooney is no musician at all, that he is not even a real lover of music, but only "a snatcher up of unconsidered trifles," which have only a superficial, sensuous meaning and no true psychological expression.

Herr K. . . . would have gone about examining Mr. S., and finding out the same thing in a man's rough, analytical way. "Very fond of music, Sir, eh?" "Yes, Sir, very." "Then you must know something about it?" "I flatter myself I do." "Well, what do you know of thorough bass?" "Oh!" exclaims Spooney, as if knocked down by a catapult. "What do you know of counterpoint? What is a fugue? How much have you read of the literature of music, the different schools, the progress of instrumentation" and so on. The answer of Spooney is that of all the young elegants of his class. He never heard of these big names in all his life and has no conception of music beyond its being a fashionable pastime.

In science, in literature, in art, it is the same shallowness and the same attempts at making believe. There is no greater fun than drawing these fellows out in the presence of an intelligent company, causing them to compromise themselves and then bringing down a quiet laugh on their devoted heads. Yet they never profit by the experience and are ready to make fools of themselves on the first occasion which presents itself.

I am told that the lisp is a sign of weak-mindedness. I have certainly noticed the coincidence in scores of cases; still I should be slow to accept it as a general rule. Spooney almost invariably has the lisp, however, either natural or affected. You cannot cure him of it. All the ridicule which has been showered on Dundreary will not persuade his votaries that this singularity is a social defect. If lip-sucking is congenital, there is a way to correct it; if it is assumed, what business has any one to render conversation disagreeable, by making his speech almost incomprehensible! I knew a young woman who dismissed a lover of this class, in high dudgeon, because as he undertook to read to her some erotic verses and encountered a line of alliterative sibilants, he sprinkled her fair cheek with saliva! Pardon my mentioning the circumstance, but it may prove a warning to similar delinquents.

Virtue is as great an ornament in man as it is in woman. Indeed it is a greater one, because of man's more grievous temptations and his more frequent occasions of sin in the battle of the world. But the thing called goodness, or the manly sentimentality of virtue, is the most despicable of impostures. It is the distinctive badge of the Spooney. If he thinks to please woman by his milk-and-water theology, or his ethical cant, he is woefully mistaken. Women prefer the dare-devil, the rough and ready fellow with muscle in his arm, an unflinching eye and the fearlessness of death. In a little country town where I resided a few years ago, there were two distinct classes of young men, outside of a few solidly upright and virtuous one. The first class were the goodies, fit for nothing but fawning upon the girls. The second class were the hard cases, addicted to horse-riding, hunting, athletic sports, practical jokes and not a few were pretty hard drinkers. Now, it was a remarkable fact that the girls only laughed at the first, treating them like poodles, while all their admiration and their love were given to the scapegraces who seemed to care for neither. Shirley used to say that she wanted her husband to be her master and her lord, and in consequence she spurned the spooney nobleman who offered her his hand. Hers was a profound insight into human nature.

I doat on paradoxes, believing them to be the spice of life. Hence I shall not wholly condemn spoonies, for they are delightfully paradoxical. They will fight. Strange as it may seem, the history of the world proves that the most effeminate and luxurious men can be roused by patriotism to shed their blood for hearth and home.

Alcibiades, who wore rings on his fingers, scented his hair

and lived almost entirely in the society of loose women, was one of the bravest soldiers and most skilful generals of Greece. Clodius, softest of Romans, who penetrated the secrets of Bona Dea, handled his broadsword like a true gladiator when waylaid by bandits on the Via Appia. Henry IV, head of the Bourbons, could turn a madrigal in the voluptuous shades of a lady's bower, and then don his metal harness for a charge on the battle-field. The cads of Belgravia stood all the hardships of the Crimean trenches and fought like heroes at Inkerman and the Tchernaya. The *petits crevés* of the Quartier Latin tramped through the weary marches of Champagne and the Moselle and did noble garrison work in the Paris fort. The dandies of Broadway toiled steadfastly along the corduroy roads of the Chickahominy, while a whole regiment of Creole *jeunesse dorée*, from New Orleans, was mowed down as it led the forlorn hope at Seven Oaks. Juvenal has done justice to this anomaly in human nature and I can do no less. I was very much amused the other day, on reading the last work of Bulwer, to find that famous dandy, the friend of the Count D'Orsay, laying down a set of admirable rules for the manly game of boxing.

Parents, in the education of their boys, should be supremely careful to train them to manliness from their tenderest years. They should be taught the bravery of truth telling. They should be instructed, while being meek and pacific, never to turn their back on a fight. A black eye or a split lip are less injury than a chicken heart.

Music and the Drama.

Vieuxtemps has been playing in London.

Rubinstein sailed for England on Saturday.

Booth and Jefferson will appear in Boston shortly.

Mdme. Lucca has made \$50,000 in the United States.

Rosa d'Erina has been singing in the State of New York.

Mdme. Nilsson will return to Boston on the 6th of October.

Miss Nelson goes to England in June and will return in the fall.

Wagner's "Lohengrin" has proved a complete failure at Milan.

Mr. H. F. Daly will play at Booth's Theatre, New York, next season.

Madame Ristori is to appear at Her Majesty's Theatre this season.

Camilla Urso has been performing at Philadelphia with great success.

Molière's plays are being produced at the Princess's Theatre, London.

Strauss's latest compositions are called the "Engagement Waltzes."

Strauss has made a success with his new opera, "The Roman Carnival."

Mdme. Nilsson appeared at Drury Lane on the 6th inst. as "Marguerite."

M. Gounod will conduct three concerts at Spa during the month of August.

A new oratorio by Herr W. Fritz, entitled "David," has been performed at Weimar.

Mr. J. W. Albaugh's "Poverty Flat" has been having a great run at the Boston Theatre.

A young English soprano, Miss Thompson, has made a successful *debut* at Cologne in "Il Barbiere."

A permanent Italian Opera House is to be established at Vienna, under the direction of Herr Julius Sulzer.

A commemorative tablet is to be affixed to the house in Berlin which Spontini inhabited from 1820 to 1842.

A new comedy by Mr. H. J. Byron, entitled "Time's Triumph" is about to be produced at the Charlton Cross Theatre.

A new opera, "Romeo and Juliet," by Signor Antonio Mercadet, has been successfully produced at Mahon, Minorca.

"Mademoiselle of the Thirty-Six Virtues" is the eccentric title of a piece about to be brought out at the Paris Ambigu.

Lotta, the well known American actress, has been magnificently feted in London. She was recently the guest of the Lord Mayor.

The Emperor of Austria has ordered the performance of M. Gounod's opera, "Polyeucte," at the Imperial Theatre during the exhibition season.

The new tenor, M. Salomon, has just made his *debut* at the French Opera, Paris, selecting the part of Arnold, in "Guillaume Tell," for his first appearance.

The receipts at the Vienna Opera House amount to £1,000 on each of the Patti nights. The impresario, M. Merelli, has gained £5,000 in the last two months.

The erection of the Balreuth National Festival-Stage-Play-Theatre is being pushed on, although there is an immense sum of money wanted for its completion.

At the London Gaiety "Guy Mannering" has been revived, with Sir Henry Bishop's original music, and at the Olympic a dramatization of Wilkie Collins' "The New Magdalen" is in preparation.

Signor Verdi has just written a string quartet, which is said by some of the Italian papers to equal the best quartets of Beethoven. The Italian composer's "Aida" has achieved a great success at Naples.

A Mario Scholarship for young tenors is to be founded at the Conservatoire de Musique. Signor Mario, in recognition of the compliment, has given the founders a full-size portrait of himself as Don Giovanni, and a similar one of Gris as Donna Anna.

A correspondent of the *Euterpe*, a Leipzig musical paper, asserts that he has discovered at Augsburg an unpublished work by Haydn, consisting of a setting of Schiller's "Ode to Joy," which has been rendered famous by its incorporation with the choral movement of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

A recent representation at Vienna, for the benefit of Adolina Patti, has been a success without precedent in the theatrical annals of the town. The piece played was "Dinorah." After the shadow dance, in the midst of a deluge of flowers, a massive silver basket of great beauty, and an exquisite coronet in silver and gold were presented to the songstress.

The *Allgemeine Zeitung* announces the early publication of works of Goethe, hitherto unpublished, among them his scientific correspondence from 1812 to 1832, which he collected himself, and his correspondence with the two brothers, Alexander and Wilhelm von Humboldt. It is said the most interesting part of it consists of the letters between Goethe and Wilhelm von Humboldt from 1795 to 1822.

Art and Literature.

Mr. J. Faed's well-known picture of "Burns and Highland Mary" was knocked down in a London sale room the other day for 220 guineas.

The title of Mr. Browning's new poem, which will not appear just yet, is "Red Cotton Country; or, Turf and Towers." Could there be a much more absurd title?

Mr. James Gordon Bennett, the proprietor of the *New York Herald*, is proposing to start a daily London newspaper after the model of that world-famed journal.

Sir Henry Rawlinson will shortly give to the world a series of papers on the politics and geography of Central Asia, under the title of "England and Russia in the East."

The declared value of printed books exported from England in the last three months was £183,084, being an increase of more than £20,000 in the like period of the previous year.

The French Academy of Fine Arts has given this year as the competition in painting for the Grand Prix de Rome, the interpretation of the 137th Psalm, "By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down," &c.

The British and Foreign Bible Society are now engaged in the translation of the Bible into the Japanese language, and the first instalment, that of the Gospel of St. John, has been completed and printed.

Mr. Thomas Spencer Baynes, professor of literature and logic in the University of St. Andrews, has been selected by Messrs. Black, of Edinburgh, to edit a new edition of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica," which they have resolved to issue.

An interesting discovery has been made by a peasant who was labouring in a field near Arles. This consists of a work in glass, in two parts, one in common glass in the form of a vase, the other comprises an ornament superposed on red glass, and is enriched with oval decorations; on one of the sides is the inscription "Diva Maximiana Augusta."

One of the most curious exhibits forwarded to Vienna as a model of Paris in paste-board, and measuring twenty yards in circumference; it is a faithful copy of the capital before the Communists changed its features, or the Germans its suburbs. Each public building is distinctly shown, as also the city streets; the fortifications look as large as life.

Private advices state that the old walls of Adrianople, which are in course of destruction, have been found to be of pre-Byzantine character, the lower layers consisting of huge stones placed side by side, without cement. Probably they would be found to be the case in a great many other instances, and the dates of the structures could not be determined by the circumstance only.

At Constantinople a number of old rusted helmets deposited in the Church of St. Irene were lately sold to a Jew as old iron, at about 12s. or 15s. the pound. There were about 500. The purchaser commenced cleaning them, and then discovered that they were of fine steel, and adorned with Arabic inscriptions, showing that they dated from very ancient times. He began by selling them at 20 piastres (25 centimes) each; the price then 30, 40, and even 50, until at last an Armenian bought up all that were left at 22s. 50c. each, and put them up to sale in the bazaars. The government has repurchased them at from £2 to £3 apiece.

Sir John Lubbock, to whom the English community is indebted for the bank holidays, has a bill before Parliament for the protection and preservation of the old stone monuments which, like Stonehenge, Druids' circles, and cromlechs, have existed in many parts of the United Kingdom from time immemorial. From the ethnological and archaeological point of view, these relics are of great importance, and will become more important as our knowledge increases. Even within the present century some of the ancient structures have been destroyed, because ignorant farmers or landowners found them in the way, or because the stones, when proven, could be used to mend a road or build a wall.

A full-sized photographic copy of the celebrated Bayeux Tapestry will be among the works of art shown at the great International Exhibition. This unique piece of needle-work, believed to have been executed by the queen of William the Conqueror and her maidens, and represents the battle of Hasting, with preceding and subsequent events. It is two hundred and thirty feet in length and twenty-two in breadth. Very soon after the work was completed by the queen, as is supposed, it was presented by her to the abbey of Bayeux, in Normandy, and is now in charge of the municipal authorities of that city. During the Franco-German war the tapestry was rolled up and hidden, but has since been restored to its place in the public library.

The supplement of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of the 10th of April has an article upon Swinburne's "Byron," and detailed quotations from the preface of the new edition, in which the hope is expressed that "something at once new and true" may one day be brought to light concerning Byron's life. "However, this, like much else besides, lies in the lap of the gods, and especially in the lap of one goddess, who still treads the earth. Till she speaks we cannot guess what she may have to say." To this phrase the editor adds: "Countess Guiccioli had died meanwhile without divulging anything." Now says Mr. Karl Hillebrand, writing to us from Florence, I have had the privilege of looking through the whole of the extremely valuable manuscript collection left by the Countess, which is still in the possession of her family. It contains, besides the MS. of a work on "Byron's Stay in Italy," by the Countess, which is full of unpublished letters and contemporary notices, a quantity of Lord Byron's autograph manuscripts (for instance, of "Marino Falieri," several cantos of "Don Juan," "Dante's Prophecy," &c.), and, what is a good deal more important, an extensive correspondence, dated from 1820 to 1823, which, however, is hardly adapted for publication.

The following is the lament of one of the most distinguished English authoresses, well paid and read with avidity. Amateurs will be a little astonished, and yet there is nothing remarkably exceptional in the lady's views; she has the courage to say what many have felt: "I would rather serve in a shop—rather scour floors—rather nurse children than undergo those tedious and interminable disputes and this unwomanly publicity. I am now chained to a desk, eight, ten, twelve hours a day, at mere drudgery. All my thoughts of writing are for hard money. But for these dear ties I should never write another line, but go out in some situation, as other destitute women do. Since I have become a professed authoress, woe is me! A washer-woman hath a better trade. I write merely for remuneration, and would rather scour floors if I could get as much by that healthier, more respectable, and more feminine employment. I myself hate all my own doings, and consider being forced to this drudgery the greatest misery that life can afford. But it is my wretched fate and must be undergone—so long, at least, as my father is spared to me. If I should have the misfortune to lose him, I shall go quietly to the workhouse, and never write another line—a far preferable destiny. No woman's constitution can stand the wear and tear of all this anxiety. It killed poor Mrs. Hemans, and will, if not averted, kill me."

Courier des Dames.

Our lady readers are invited to contribute to this department.

LADIES' DRESS.

Mr. W. B. Tegetmeyer, who we are told is an F. Z. S., delivered last month, in London, a lecture to ladies which created no small sensation. In the course of his remarks he said his observations would point chiefly to the evil effects which the present style of dress had upon the health. The greatest defect of modern dress considered with relation to health was certainly to be seen in the attire of ladies. Their dress was much more injurious than that worn by the other sex; and of all the evils of female dress there was not one that approached the outrageous fashion of constricting the waist and altering the form of the body. We had now become to look at this defect as almost natural, and our eyes were accustomed to the hideous deformity; but still it was less hideous in point of taste than it was destructive to health. Not long ago he was talking to a lady, whose weight was about 12 stone, and she told him that the size of her waist was 18 inches, thus compressing a waist which, at the most modest computation, should have been 25 inches to almost half of its natural girth. He had measured many of the villainous bands with which the female waist was bound, and found that they did not exceed 18 inches. Into this space, then, of 18 inches, the lungs, heart, liver, and stomach—four of the largest and most important organs of the body—were to be compressed. Amongst the evils which resulted from this practice were lateral curvature and deformity of the spine, unnatural breathing, partial stoppage of the heart's action, and consequent defective circulation, disease of the heart, and of the body generally. The fact was that woman had now become so obedient to the laws of fashion, and they laced themselves to such an extent, that they ceased to breathe through the inflation of the chest, but rather by the inelegant as well as unwholesome means of "pulling." The system of tight-lacing was attended with the greatest possible evil. It was a law of nature that when the action of the heart was repressed, the circulation of the blood was impeded and ultimately destroyed; none of the organs being properly nourished, disease of the whole body here and there took place. Women who inflicted upon themselves the penance of tight-lacing, as a consequence suffered from cold feet and red noses. (Laughter.) If they would only bear that fact in mind, it might have a greater effect upon them than perhaps any consideration of health. The cold feet might not, perhaps, alarm them so much as the red noses; but nature, giving them warnings at either extremity, was not to be held responsible if such warnings were allowed to go unheeded. Nowadays, if a servant girl were asked to go upstairs, she could perhaps run for the first flight, or second; but there she was obliged to slacken speed and gasp the rest of her way upwards. This was by no means natural. Females were as well provided with the functions of health as males; indeed, it must be confessed that amongst the noble birds of prey the females were superior to the males in size, in courage, and in activity. As to the elegance of this form of waist, there was in all such cases an unnatural deformity; and it could only be pleasing because they had become used to it as one of the things dictated by fashion.

Another equally prevalent evil at the present time was the deformity induced in the feet by the modern style of boot; and the worst of such defects were now at their worst. It was impossible to imagine a more depraved form of foot-covering or one more injurious than the high-heeled boots now worn by many women. The five toes were crumpled up together, and a greater weight than was intended it should bear was thrown upon the ball of the great toe, rendering long-continued muscular exertion a thing impossible. Naturally, the result of such harvesting was a flourishing and ever-increasing crop of corns and bunions. What greater disgrace to civilization could there be than the fact that during the last great American war a little army of corn-cutters had to be sent with the Federal army to pick out the corns which the shoes furnished by the contractors brought upon the feet of the soldiers. Here, in England, ladies now-a-days wobbled about in high-heeled boots, so constructed that the entire weight of the body was thrown upon the ball of the foot, which was never intended to bear such a burden. He had never seen an undeformed human foot that had worn the modern shoes. Where no idea of fashion came into play the form of the foot was always considered, and the inner side of the boot or shoe was made perfectly straight. In illustration of the various injuries and deformities resulting from shoes and boots, the lecturer exhibited a collection of the foot coverings of both sexes, condemning in the strongest terms the high-heeled and narrow-toed varieties. In Japan, he went on to say, where these varieties were unknown, and where it was the custom for the groom to run by the side of his master's horse, it frequently happened that the horse got tired out before the groom.

Amongst other evils, especially in regard to female costume, was the deficiency of covering for the chest at assemblies, theatres, and other places, where there was more or less exposure to a sudden chill. This deficiency caused inflammation of the upper part of the lungs, and laid the foundation of consumption. Relative to the modern taste as regarded dress, he hardly knew what to say about it. Could anything be more hideous than the long trailing skirt which had to drag over the abominations of the

streets, the high-heeled shoes, or the "Grecian bend?" Was there a line of grace or beauty in the present fashion? Fashion, too, had endeavoured to conform the female countenance to a type of beauty recognized in Greece, namely, the type of the most unintellectual statues of Venus, where there was hardly any forehead to be seen. He used to think that the fashion was set by some celebrated belle or leader of society; but he had been informed by a person connected with fashionable publications that it was nothing of the sort, and that the fashion was set by persons who had things to sell.

Could not some of our ladies' societies induce Mr. Tegetmeyer to come to Canada and deliver a series of lectures on a subject of so much interest to the female mind? There is no telling the amount of good he might do.

SPRING FASHIONS.

The Graphic gives the following hints on dresses which will be fashionable at Vienna, gleaned from Parisian and London show-rooms. First for morning wear; coarse unbleached holland, trimmed with Indian red linen and buttons, or Navy-blue linen, trimmed with white, will be very fashionable, the embroidered batiste tunics and kilt-floored skirts are as much in favour as last season, they may be purchased for so moderate a price, and wash so well that they really are the most economical costume of the period. A charming new material has just been introduced by one of our leading houses, it is called terry-plaque; it is made in white, and produces an admirable effect when trimmed with Eau de Nil, rose-colour, mauve, or pale blue. Double skirts have appeared again, and with them bands and buckles instead of sashes, but the polonaise still holds its ground, and will be worn throughout the summer. We have seen nothing more graceful than a polonaise of dove-grey cashmere embroidered with a wreath of poppies, corn and ivy, edged with a rich silk fringe, to be worn over a petticoat of black silk with seven thickly-pleated frills. An appropriate hat for this costume is of grey sewn chip trimmed with grey velvet and a spray of chestnut blossom. We must not omit to mention a new French fabric, called tissu leges, which resists the influence of sun and air, so as to keep its colour until quite worn out. A very elegant apoë-midi toilette consists of a fawn-coloured silk dress made thus:—The train skirt is arranged on the front breadth, with three flounces, between each of which is a frayed ruche; at either side are flounces up to the waist, whilst on the back breadth are three moderately deep flounces; the bodice en cœur has a square basque at the back, and two long peaks in front. For a long-necked person a Henri Quatre ruff of tulle and pink or blue silk may be worn. These ruffs are becoming more and more exaggerated, and when worn at a public promenade produce the effect of fancy pigeons as the wearers strut up and down; it is really a great pity that all fashions are so liable to be burlesqued.

There is surely a medium between wearing evening dresses so low as to outrage propriety, and so demure-high as to be positively disfiguring; in Paris this happy line has not been discovered. Two very pretty ball dresses were recently given in the Revue de la Mode, both of which were spoiled by this semi-high corsage. The one was of pink silk, covered with pink crape, trimmed with bouillon of pink tulle, through the middle of which ran a garland of white roses, with pink centres, the beche, of crape and tulle, was studded with roses, head-dress to correspond. The other was of turquoise blue satin, and silk grenadine of the same shade; the under-skirt was trimmed with a deep flounce, headed with a puffing confined by satin bows; a tunic made en tablier in front and long revers at the side was arranged at the back in two large points, and exquisitely embroidered band of roses encircled the tunic-cuffure of roses and pearls. Both sashes and bows are made very large, and usually of watered silk ribbon; points in front and at the back are amongst the fashionable revivals; to a slender figure they are very becoming. Jackets, mantles, and black silk dresses are for the most part trimmed with gimp, handsomely ornamented with jet; this trimming can never be common on account of its costliness. As yet wide open sleeves have not made their appearance for outdoor wear, and even for dinner dress the Henri Quatre model, with ruffles at the wrists to match, the ruffs at the throat are mostly worn. In Paris the fashions have been brought to such perfection that the delicate bouquets of flowers on a white, cream-coloured, or black ground produce the effect of hand-painting.

The bonnets and hats for this month are very ladylike when not overloaded with trimmings, as is too often the case. A stylish bonnet for a young matron is made of black faille, with a crossway pleating about three inches wide, lined with salmon-coloured satin; of two fan bows, on the left side the one is salmon, lined with black, in the other the colours are reversed. Another bonnet is of white chip, the brim turned up all round; a wreath of roses shaded from red to the palest pink is placed from the left ear across the front, and then carried over the top, terminating in a long spray; a rose-coloured bow with ends, and a tulle veil at the back. A very becoming bonnet for a young girl is composed of white tulle, alternately puffed and quilled. On the front is a wreath of fairy roses, and on the left side a bouquet of the same. One of the fashionable colours of the season is so hideous that we only mention it to caution our readers against wearing it, however beautiful they may be. It is a bright yellow-green mustard colour. As yet we have seen it only in the show-rooms and shop windows. Few persons will ever be bold enough to wear anything so ugly.

Mme. Offenbach, the wife of the celebrated musician, recently gave in Paris a large fancy ball, which was attended by the leading members of the artistic and literary worlds. The financial world (which always ensures a host of pretty women who indulge in great luxury and costliness of attire) was well represented at Mme. Offenbach's bal costumé. The most splendid costumes were worn on the occasion, amongst others an authentic Chinese in pink and green silk, elaborately embroidered in many-coloured flowers, with gold and silver profusely intermixed. One fancy dress represented a fan; the material pink satin, covered with fans in white lace. Another represented a pearl, the white tulle dress being studded with small pearls, and the white satin petticoat with oyster shells. The tulle embroidered with pearls, varying in size, those near the waist being considerably smaller than those near the feet. The white satin bodice a peplum covered with pearls, and fringed with the same. The waistband entirely of pearls. A third costume was that of Marie de Medici, precisely as Rubens painted her, wearing blue satin, studded with gold fleur de lys; the large lace collar-like gold; the hair powdered with gold, and the small regal coronet of diamonds. One of the most beautiful impersonations was that of Peace. Short white lace skirt, covered with laurel leaves and golden berries, and bordered with blue satin, on which is embroidered in gold letters "Pax Hominiibus." White wings and the wand of Peace in the right hand. Olive branches for head-dress.

This is what is said by the Paris correspondent of the Warehouseman and Draper's Journal: "Those who cry out against the extravagance and exaggeration of the prevailing fashions, and who are trying to coax the mode back into a reign of rigid good taste and simplicity, should begin by modifying the height and size of the head-dresses. What is the use of a woman trying to emulate Sainte-Mousseline with a quarter of a yard of frizzes and bows on her head, surmounted by six inches of carved tortoiseshell? A towering bonnet, a high plumed hat, or a collure of flowers, ribbons and diamonds necessarily entrains luxury of costume. For the time being it is quite impossible to arrive at simplicity. Ever since the war extravagance in toilette has increased rather than diminished. The Republic is certainly not the cause of this. Our present Government in nowise encourages luxury of any kind, nor does it give any of those magnificent fêtes that were so good for trade and so disastrous in their effects on women's pockets in the time of the Empire. There being fewer opportunities of showing off elegance of costume, there seems a general determination to make the most of every opportunity. A perfect furore for dress takes the place of more engrossing interests. Of course it makes a very considerable difference to trade if a season be a gay one or not—we know the effects of a long continuance of Court mourning; yet I doubt whether tradesmen really benefit much from any particular extravagance of material or style. Women cannot spend more than they have; and if a dress costs twice as much money as it used, they have fewer made, that is all. I believe we shall find here the answer to another problem that has vexed us lately—Why are fashions so rich in going out? Each article being now so rich in texture and so expensive, no one can afford to put them aside until they have really done good service. Our Altagnes, therefore, wear their dresses longer than they used, and as the mode takes its cue as much from them as from anyone, we are surprised to find how long a fashion will remain the fashion. Fortunately, an immense variety of styles from which to choose saves us from any monotony."

A Kentucky farmer refused to look at a sample sewing machine recently, as he always "sewed wheat by hand." He is related to the man who did not want a threshing-machine on his farm; "for," said he, "give me a harness tug or a barrel stove, and I can make my family toe the mark according to law and Scripture."

Mr. Brandytoddy's three reasons for not drinking are very characteristic of that gentleman: "Take something to drink?" said his friend to him one day. "No, thank you," replied Mr. B. "No! why not?" inquired his friend in great amazement. "In the first place," returned Mr. Brandytoddy, "I am secretary to a temperance society that is to meet to-day, and I must show my temperance character. In the second place, this is the anniversary of my father's death, and out of respect for him I have promised never to drink on this day. And, in the third place, I have just taken something."

Men make steam engines of themselves from morning till night, and vice versa, dream of gold. The fearful strain upon the nervous system by thus taxing the mind produces not only Heart Disease, Dyspepsia and Lung Maladies, but is often the direct cause of Apoplexy, Insanity and Suicide. It is very remarkable that during the world's progress discoveries are made suitable to the times. Hardly had man become prepared for speedy transit when the railroad and steamboat were introduced, the desire for rapid intelligence developed the telegraph. Coals are usually discovered as wood becomes scarce, and now when men's minds are being taxed to their utmost in order to secure and enjoy the luxuries of an extravagant age, Fellows' Hypophosphites appears that they may by artificial means keep up this mental strain to an indefinite extent.

Buy it, try it, and you'll like it, Jacobs' Liquid.

News of the Week.

THE DOMINION.—The Acadia Powder Works at Waverley, N. S., exploded on Saturday week. Her Majesty's birthday was very generally observed throughout the country. In some places the celebration was postponed until Monday the 28th.—Dartmouth, N. S., intends petitioning the Dominion Government to be made the terminus of the Intercolonial Railway.—The Terrapin Tower at Niagara Falls has been blown up to give place to a new iron structure. This was one of the oldest landmarks on the continent.—It is reported that Mr. John Carling will succeed Mr. Howland as Lieut.-Governor of Ontario.—The western division of the Canada Southern Railway was opened on the 26th instant.—The following railway bonus by-laws have been carried within the last few days: City of Hamilton, to the Hamilton and North Western Railroad, \$100,000; Port Dover, to the Hamilton and Lake Erie R. R., and the Port Dover and Huron R. R., \$15,000 each; Brighton, bonus to the Presque Isle and Belmont R. R.; Village of Vienna to the Brantford and Port Burwell Branch of the Norfolk Railroad.

UNITED STATES.—The Hon. Chas. H. Adams has been appointed commissioner at Vienna.—The Modocs sustained a defeat on the 10th instant.—In the Bank of England forgery case Commissioner Gutman has decided that the prisoner George Macdonald is to be committed to the custody of the United States Marshal to await the action of the proper authorities.—The investigation into the insanity of George Francis Train commenced on Wednesday.

THE UNITED KINGDOM.—Snow fell in England last week.—George Smith, the Daily Telegraph's correspondent in Assyria, has found the king's library at Nineveh, and discovered numerous valuable fragments, particularly the missing portions of the broken tablet containing the history of the deluge, hitherto undeciphered in the British Museum.—A letter has been published in London from John Bright, in which, referring to the adherence of the Americans to the Republic, he says the arguments used by the Monarchists in support of the present form of Government in Great Britain may be used with equal reason in support of the Republic in America.

FRANCE.—Another serious political crisis occurred in France on Friday week. The Government was defeated in the Assembly and President Thiers and the whole Cabinet resigned. The resignation of Thiers was formally accepted by a vote of 368 against 339. McMahon was thereupon elected President, receiving 399 votes from the Right while the Left, who are warm friends of Thiers, abstained from voting. The Orleans Princes were in the National Assembly when President Thiers tendered his resignation, and voted for its acceptance.

GERMANY.—The session of the Prussian Diet closed on the 20th. The speech from the throne was read by General Von Roon, President of the Ministry.—The cholera has made its appearance in East Posen.

SPAIN.—Bradlaugh, while on his way to Madrid to present the English resolutions congratulating Spain on the establishment of the Republic, was taken prisoner by the Carlists, but soon afterwards released. On his arrival at Madrid a banquet was given in his honour.—It is reported the Government will propose that a President of the Republic be elected by plebiscitum.—The Carlist force under Don Alphonso made an attack last week upon the town of San Aduja, Province of Lerida. The insurrectionists met with desperate resistance from the garrison, but the commander of the Government troops finally surrendered upon condition that the lives of his men were spared. Notwithstanding the terms of the capitulation, the Carlists, it is stated, butchered sixteen volunteers. The insurgents, however, deny the butchery.

RUSSIA.—The Russian press represents that Turkey is tottering with misgovernment, and predicts that the time is coming when her troubles will culminate, and Russia will then be able to vindicate her interests.—The Shah of Persia arrived at Moscow on the 20th. Upon entering the city, he was met by an immense concourse of people, who welcomed him with the greatest enthusiasm. The statement that the Shah was accompanied on his European tour by three of his wives, is not true.—A Herald's cable despatch from St. Petersburg, of the 25th, says: It is believed that the Russian Government assents to the proposition of Ferdinand de Lesseps for the construction of a line of complete railway communication across the continent from St. Petersburg, connecting with the English railways to India and Calcutta.

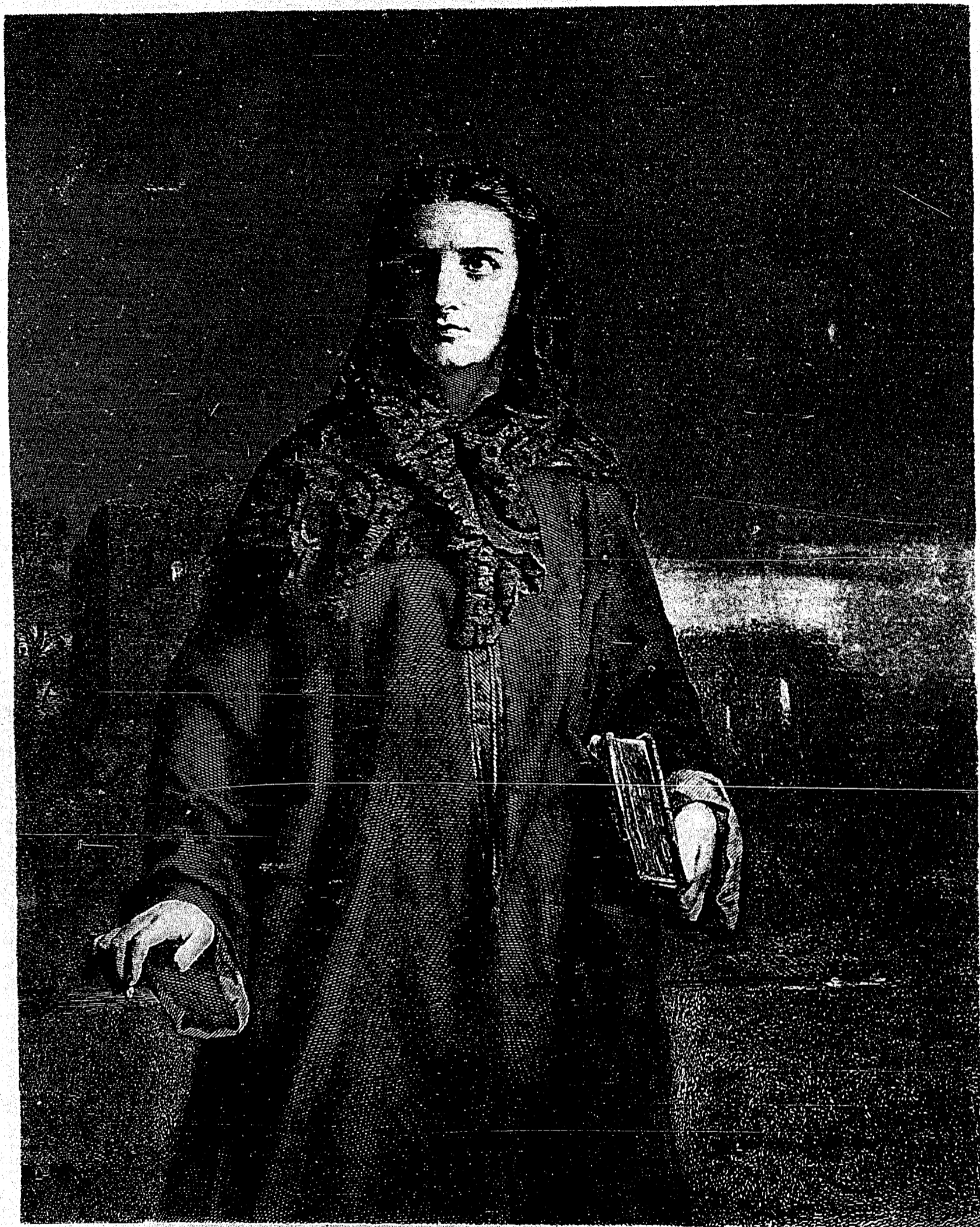
TURKEY.—The Sublime Porte protests against the Dutch war against Acheen.

HOLLAND.—The Cabinet has resigned.—A despatch from Padang announces that the army of Battabas and Achenes, 10,000 strong, is marching on Delhi, a small town on the north-east coast of the island. The States Generals have voted a supply of 5,500,000 florins to meet the expenses of the war.

ITALY.—The Pope contemplates anathematizing the members of the Italian Cabinet and all other parties engaged in secularizing the monasteries.

SOUTH AMERICA.—Advices from Monte Video of April 23rd say that the yellow fever prevails there to such an extent that the people are flying from the city. Business is suspended.

Dr. Colby's Anti-Costive and Tonic Pills cure Piles.



"IL PENSEROSO."—FROM A PAINTING BY A. JOHNSTON

"Come, but keep thy wonted state
With even step and musing gait,
And look commanding with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eye."



QUIET, PUSS!

REGISTERED in accordance with the Copy-right Act of 1868.

THE NEW MAGDALEN.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

SECOND SCENE—Mablethorpe House.

EPILOGUE.—(Concluded.)

III.

From Mr. HORACE HOLMCROFT to Miss GRACE ROSEBERRY.

"MY DEAR MISS ROSEBERRY,—Pray excuse my long silence. I have waited for mail after mail, in the hope of being able to send you good news at last. It is useless to wait longer. My first forebodings have been realized: my painful duty compels me to write a letter which will surprise and shock you.

"Let me describe events in their order as they happened. In this way I may hope to gradually prepare your mind for what is to come.

"About three weeks after I wrote to you last, Julian Gray paid the penalty of his headlong rashness. I do not mean that he suffered any actual violence at the hands of the people among whom he had cast his lot. On the contrary, he succeeded, incredible as it may appear, in producing a favourable impression on the ruffians about him. As I understand it, they began by respecting his courage in venturing among them alone; and they ended in discovering that he was really interested in promoting their welfare. It is to the other peril, indicated in my last letter, that he has fallen a victim—the peril of disease. Not long after he began his labours in the district, fever broke out. We only heard that Julian had been struck down by the epidemic when it was too late to remove him from the lodging that he occupied in the neighbourhood. I made inquiries personally the moment the news reached us. The doctor in attendance refused to answer for his life.

"In this alarming state of things, poor Lady Janet, impulsive and unreasonable as usual, insisted on leaving Mablethorpe House and taking up her residence near her nephew.

"Finding it impossible to persuade her of the folly of removing from home and its comforts at her age, I felt it my duty to accompany her. We found accommodation (such as it was) in a river-side inn, used by ship-captains and commercial travellers. I took it on myself to provide the best medical assistance, Lady Janet's insane prejudices against doctors compelling her to leave this important part of the arrangements entirely in my hands.

"It is needless to weary you by entering into details on the subject of Julian's illness.

"The fever pursued the ordinary course, and was characterised by the usual intervals of delirium and exhaustion succeeding each other. Subsequent events, which it is, unfortunately, necessary to relate to you, leave me no choice but to dwell (as briefly as possible) on the painful subject of the delirium. In other cases, the wanderings of fever-stricken people present, I am told, a certain variety of range. In Julian's case they were limited to one topic. He talked incessantly of Mercy Merrick. His invariable petition to his medical attendants entreated them to send for her to nurse him. Day and night that one idea was in his mind, and that one name on his lips.

"The doctors naturally made inquiries as to this absent person. I was obliged (in confidence) to state the circumstance to them plainly.

"The eminent physician whom I had called in to superintend the treatment behaved admirably. Though he has risen from the lower order of the people, he has, strange to say, the instincts of a gentleman. He thoroughly understood our trying position, and felt all the importance of preventing such a person as Mercy Merrick from seizing the opportunity of intruding herself at the bedside. A soothing prescription (I have his own authority for saying it) was all that was required to meet the patient's case. The local doctor, on the other hand, a young man, (and evidently a red-hot Radical) proved to be obstinate, and, considering his position, insolent as well. 'I have nothing to do with the lady's character and with your opinion of it,' he said to me. 'I have only, to the best of my judgment, to point out to you the likeliest means of saving the patient's life. Our art is at the end of its resources. Send for Mercy Merrick, no matter who she is or what she is. There is just a chance—especially if she proves to be a sensible person and a good nurse—that he may astonish you all by recognising her. In that case only, his recovery is probable. If you persist in disregarding his entreaties, if you let the delirium go on for four and twenty hours more, he is a dead man.'

"Lady Janet was, most unluckily, present when this impudent opinion was delivered at the bedside.

"Need I tell you the sequel? Called upon to choose between the course indicated by a

physician, who is making his five thousand a year, and who is certain of the next medical baronetcy, and the advice volunteered by an obscure general practitioner at the East End of London, who is not making his five hundred a year—need I stop to inform you of her ladyship's decision? You know her; and you will only too well understand that her next proceeding was to pay a third visit to the Refuge.

"Two hours later—I give you my word of honour I am not exaggerating—Mercy Merrick was established at Julian's bedside.

"The excuse, of course, was that it was her duty not to let any private scruples of her own stand in the way, when a medical authority had declared that she might save the patient's life. You will not be surprised to hear that I withdrew from the scene. The physician followed my example—after having written his soothing prescription, and having been grossly insulted by the local practitioner's refusal to make use of it. I went back in the doctor's carriage. He spoke most feelingly and properly. Without giving any positive opinion, I could see that he had abandoned all hope of Julian's recovery. 'We are in the hands of Providence, Mr. Holmcroft'—those were his last words as he set me down at my mother's door.

"I have hardly the heart to go on. If I studied my own wishes, I should feel inclined to stop here.

"Let me at least hasten to the end. In two or three days' time I received my first intelligence of the patient and his nurse. Lady Janet informed me that he had recognised her. When I heard this, I felt prepared for what was to come. The next report announced that he was gaining strength, and the next that he was out of danger. Upon this, Lady Janet returned to Mablethorpe House. I called there a week ago—and heard that he had been removed to the seaside. I called yesterday—and received the latest information from her ladyship's own lips. My pen almost refuses to write it. Mercy Merrick has consented to marry him!

"An outrage on Society—that is how my mother and my sisters view it; that is how you will view it too. My mother has herself struck Julian's name off her invitation list. The servants have their orders if he presumes to call: 'Not at home.'

"I am unhappily only too certain that I am correct, in writing to you of this disgraceful marriage as of a settled thing. Lady Janet went the length of showing me the letters—one from Julian; the other from the woman herself. Fancy Mercy Merrick in correspondence with Lady Janet Roy!—addressing her as 'my dear Lady Janet,' and signing, 'Yours affectionately'!

"I had not the patience to read either of the letters through. Julian's tone is the tone of a Socialist; in my opinion, his bishop ought to be informed of it. As for her, she plays her part just as cleverly with her pen as she played it with her tongue. 'I cannot disguise from myself that I am wrong in yielding.'.... 'Sad forebodings fill my mind when I think of the future.'.... 'I feel as if the first contemptuous look that is cast at my husband will destroy my happiness, though it may not disturb him.'.... 'As long as I was parted from him I could control my own weakness; I could accept my hard lot. But how can I resist him, after having watched for weeks at his bedside; after having seen his first smile, and heard his first grateful words to me while I was slowly helping him back to life?'

"There is the tone which she takes through four closely written pages of nauseous humblity and clap-trap sentiment? It is enough to make one despise women. Thank God, there is the contrast at hand, to remind me of what is due to the better few among the sex. I feel that my mother and my sisters are doubly precious to me now. May I add, on the side of consolation, that I prize with hardly inferior gratitude the privilege of corresponding with you?

"Farewell, for the present. I am too rudely shaken in my most cherished convictions, I am too depressed and disheartened to write more. All good wishes go with you, dear Miss Roseberry, until we meet.

"Most truly yours,
HORACE HOLMCROFT."

IV.

Extracts from the DIARY of THE REVEREND JULIAN GRAY.

FIRST EXTRACT.

".... 'A month to-day since we were married! I have only one thing to say: I would cheerfully go through all that I have suffered, to live this one month over again. I never knew what happiness was until now. And better still, I have persuaded Mercy that it is all her doing. I have scattered her misgivings to the winds; she is obliged to submit to evidence, and to own that she can make the happiness of my life.

"We go back to London to-morrow. She regrets leaving the tranquil retirement of this remote seaside place—she dreads change. I care nothing for it. It is all one to me where I go, so long as my wife is with me."

SECOND EXTRACT.

"The first cloud has risen. I entered the room unexpectedly just now, and found her in tears.

"With considerable difficulty I persuaded her to tell me what had happened. Are there any limits to the mischief that can be done by the tongue of a foolish woman? The landlady at my lodgings is the woman in this case. Having no decided plans for the future as yet, we returned (most unfortunately, as the event has proved,) to the room in London which I inhabited in my bachelor days. They are still mine for six weeks to come, and Mercy was unwilling to let me incur the expense of taking her to an hotel. At breakfast this morning, I rashly congratulated myself (in my wife's hearing) on finding that a much smaller collection than usual of letters and cards had accumulated in my absence. Breakfast over, I was obliged to go out. Painfully sensitive, poor thing, to any change in my experience of the little world around me which it is possible to connect with the event of my marriage, Mercy questioned the landlady, in my absence, about the diminished number of my visitors and my correspondents. The woman seized the opportunity of gossiping about me and my affairs, and my wife's quick perception drew the right conclusion unerringly. My marriage has decided certain wise heads of families on discontinuing their social relations with me. The facts, unfortunately, speak for themselves. People who, in former years, habitually called upon me and invited me—or who, in the event of my absence, habitually wrote to me at this season—have abstained with a remarkable unanimity from calling, inviting, or writing now.

"It would have been sheer waste of time—to say nothing of its also implying a want of confidence in my wife—if I had attempted to set things right by disputing Mercy's conclusion. I could only satisfy her that not so much as the shadow of disappointment or mortification rested on my mind. In this way I have, to some extent, succeeded in composing my poor darling. But the wound has been inflicted, and the wound is felt. There is no disguising that result. I must face it boldly.

"Trifling as this incident is in my estimation, it has decided me on one point already. In shaping my future course, I am now resolved to act on my own convictions—in preference to taking the well-meant advice of such friends as are still left to me.

"All my little success in life has been gained in the pulpit. I am what is termed a popular preacher—but I have never, in my secret self, felt any exultation in my own notoriety, or any extraordinary respect for the means by which it has been won. In the first place, I have a very low idea of the importance of oratory as an intellectual accomplishment. There is no other art in which the conditions of success are so easy of attainment; there is no other art in the practice of which so much that is purely superficial passes itself off habitually for something that claims to be profound. Then again, how poor it is in the results which it achieves! Take my own case. How often (for example) have I thundered with all my heart and soul against the wicked extravagance of dress amongst women—against their filthy false hair, and their nauseous powders and paints! How often (to take another example) have I denounced the mercenary and material spirit of the age, the habitual corruptions and dishonesties of commerce, in high places and in low! What good have I done? I have delighted the very people whom it was my object to rebuke. 'What a charming sermon!' 'More eloquent than ever!' 'I used to dread the sermon at the other church—do you know I quite look forward to it now?' That is the effect I produce on Sunday. On Monday the women are off to the milliners to spend more money than ever—the city men are off to business to make more money than ever—while my grocer, loud in my praises in his Sunday coat, turns up his week-day sleeves and adulterates his favourite preacher's sugar as cheerfully as usual!

"I have often, in past years, felt the objections to pursuing my career, which are here indicated. They were bitterly present to my mind when I resigned my curacy, and they strongly influence me now.

"I am weary of my cheaply-won success in the pulpit. I am weary of society as I find it in my time. I felt some respect for myself, and some heart and hope in my work, among the miserable wretches in Green Anchor Fields. But I cannot, and must not, return among them: I have no right, now, to trifle with my health and my life. I must go back to my preaching, or I must leave England. Among a primitive people; away from the cities—in the far and fertile West of the great American continent—I might live happily with my wife, and do good among my neighbours; secure of providing for our wants out of the modest little income which is almost useless to me here. In the life which I thus picture to myself I see love, peace, health, and duties and occupations that are worthy of a Christian man. What prospect is before me, if I take the advice of my friends and stay here? Work of which I am weary, because I have long since ceased to respect it;

petty malice that strikes at me through my wife, and mortifies and humiliates her, turn where she may. If I had only myself to think of, I might defy the worst that malice can do. But I have Mercy to think of—Mercy, whom I love better than my own life! Women live, poor things, in the opinions of others. I have had one warning already of what my wife is likely to suffer at the hands of my 'friends'—Heaven forgive me for misusing the word! Shall I deliberately expose her to fresh mortifications?—and this for the sake of returning to a career the rewards of which I no longer prize? No! We will both be happy—we will both be free! God is merciful; Nature is kind; Love is true, in the New World as well as the Old. To the New World we will go!"

THIRD EXTRACT.

"I hardly know whether I have done right or wrong. I mentioned yesterday to Lady Janet the cold reception of me on my return to London, and the painful sense of it felt by my wife.

"My aunt looks at the matter from her own peculiar point of view, and makes light of it accordingly. 'You never did, and never will, understand society, Julian,' said her ladyship. 'These poor stupid people simply don't know what to do. They are waiting to be told by a person of distinction whether they are, or are not, to recognize your marriage. In plain English, they are waiting to be led by me. Consider it done. I will lead them.'

"I thought my aunt was joking. The event of to-day has shown me that she is terribly in earnest. Lady Janet has issued invitations for one of her grand balls at Mablethorpe House; and she has caused the report to be circulated everywhere that the object of the festival is 'to celebrate the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Julian Gray!'

"I at first refused to be present. To my amazement, however, Mercy sides with my aunt. She reminds me of all that we both owe to Lady Janet; and she has persuaded me to alter my mind. We are to go to the ball—at my wife's express request!

"The meaning of this, as I interpret it, is that my poor love is still pursued in secret by the dread that my marriage has injured me in the general estimation. She will suffer anything, risk anything, believe anything, to be freed from that one haunting doubt. Lady Janet predicts a social triumph; and my wife's despair—not my wife's conviction—accepts the prophecy. As for me, I am prepared for the result. It will end in our going to the New World, and trying society in its infancy, among the forests and the plains. I shall quietly prepare for our departure, and own what I have done at the right time—that is to say, when the ball is over."

(To be concluded in our next.)

Varieties.

Witty Aberdeen has a shopkeeper who recently took it into his head to have a holiday-shut shop, and wrote on the shutters—

"All flesh is grass, and grass is hay; We're here to-morrow, but we're gone to-day"— fishing.

A woman out West interfered with her brother's courtship, and begged him to stay at home evenings. He waited until the evening when she expected her own lover, and complied, and she says that fraternal affection is a heartless mockery.

THE PLEASURES OF CHILDHOOD.—Mr. Milliken's little boys asked him this morning to take them to the circus. Mr. Milliken refused kindly but firmly, but said if they were good he would take them around this afternoon to see their grandmother's grave.

A professor, in explaining to a class of young ladies the theory according to which the body is entirely renewed every seven years, said, "Thus, Miss B., in seven years you will in reality be no longer Miss B." "I really hope I shan't," demurely responded the girl, casting down her eyes.

A Sacramento lawyer remarked to the court, "It is my candid opinion, Judge, you are an old fool." The Judge allowed his mildly-beaming eye to fall upon the lawyer a brief moment, then, in a voice husky with suppressed tobacco juice and emotion, said: "It is my candid opinion that you are fined \$100."

Handel was a believer in the Darwin theory long before that writer had written. It is clear by the following fact: Handel happened once to be presiding over the oratorio of "Israel in Egypt." The first tenor began, entirely out of time, "I am an Israelite." Handel, who was at the organ, turned round, and glaring down upon the offender, in a voice of "ten thousand thunders" exclaimed, "You are you great beast."

If the French can be more complimentary than any other people, they can be also very much the reverse. A Paris Journal is our authority for saying that, recently, at the Closerie des Lilas, a lady in very bad humour said, savagely, to a gentleman, who had fixed his eyes on her for some time, "Why have you gaped at me for an hour, fool?" "Ah, madame," replied the gentleman, bowing very respectfully, "if you only knew how much you resemble my poor monkey which I loved so much—"

The sequel is left to conjecture.

Chess.

Solutions to problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

G. E. C. Montreal—Correct solution of Problem No. 83 received.

INTELLIGENCE. We understand that a match of four individual games, by telegraph, is about being arranged between Toronto and Hamilton.

CANADIAN CHESS ASSOCIATION.

THE SECOND CONGRESS. As briefly noted in our last met in Toronto on the 15th inst., and as our readers were made aware, was a complete success, having been the means of bringing together numerous devotees of the noble game, to improve each other's acquaintance, and to regulate their favourite pastime, and to test their skill over the board.

The Congress was opened by an address from the President, Prof. J. B. Cherriman, of Toronto, after which the officers for next year were chosen by ballot as follows: President, Prof. J. B. Cherriman, of Toronto; Vice-Presidents, Professor H. Aspinwall, Toronto; Prof. Jas. de Mille, Halifax, N.S.; Dr. Allan M. Ring, St. John, N.B.; Sec.-Treasurer, Dr. White, Montreal.

A well-deserved vote of thanks was then passed to the retiring Secretary-Treasurer, Dr. I. Ryall, of Hamilton, to whose energy the Association is largely indebted for its present success; and the services of the chess columns in the Toronto Globe, Canadian Illustrated News, London (Ont.) Advertiser, and Toronto Mail, were also similarly recognized, very general regret being felt and expressed at the discontinuance of the latter.

The Managing Committee elected was composed of Messrs. F. T. Jones, Toronto; J. G. Archer, Montreal; R. H. Ramsey, Cobourg, Ont.; and J. Henderson, St. Liboire, P. Q.

Among other business transacted was the final adoption of the constitution, provisionally set out at the previous Congress in Hamilton, and a few alterations in the code of rules regulating telegraphic matches.

Preliminaries were afterwards arranged for the Tournay. Twenty competitors entering, were paired by lot, winners and losers of the first round being again paired separately, and so on until three games were recorded; the final result of the play we have already noticed.

The contests began the same evening about ten o'clock, and continued during the next three days; the hours for play being appointed at 10 a.m., until about noon, from 2 p.m. until 5, and from 8 p.m. until midnight, the President acting as umpire in accordance with a general request to that effect.

All the proceedings then were marked by silence and order, the only sound to break the stillness prevailing being a subdued "check" from some combatant; and many of the games deservedly attracted much attention and excited considerable interest amongst the spectators, some of whom, while disengaged, otherwise, discussed "problems," "openings," or began a friendly "skirmish" with a hitherto unknown opponent, the greatest cordiality reigning throughout.

Arrangements are being made for the publication of the Tournay games played, and the problems entered, at an early date.

Montreal is selected as the city in which the third and next Congress is to assemble next year; and we are confident that the Managing Committee, assisted as they will be most heartily by our amateurs generally, will not fail to make it, at least, quite equal to either of those preceding.

We append the following score of all the Tournay games played; those marked * have gone by default or absence of one of the players.

Table with 2 columns: Meets, and Meets. Lists winners and losers for various matches across different rounds.

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