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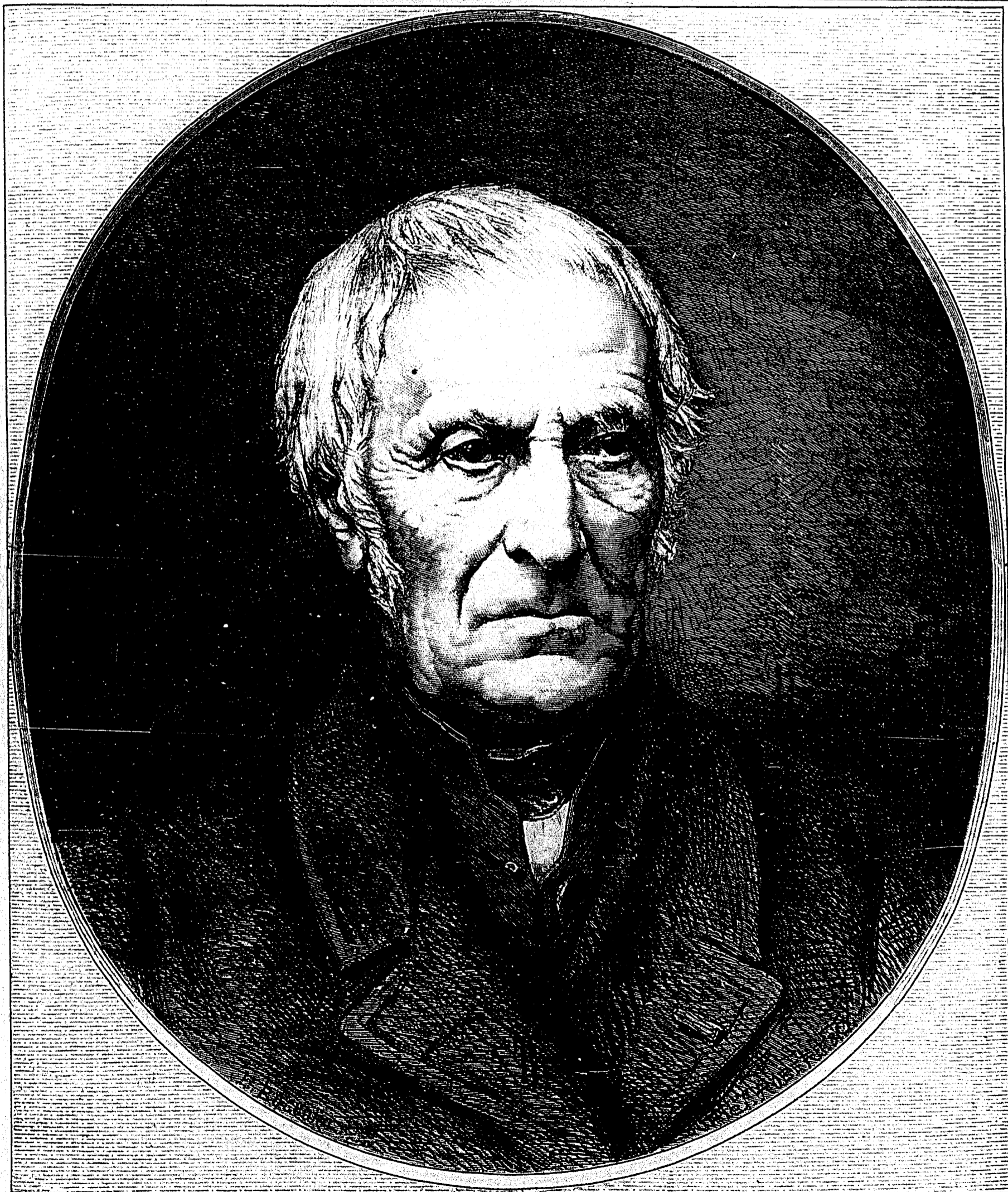
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# LE MONDE Illustrated News

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THE LATE M. GUIZOT.

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THE NEW STORY.

We beg to announce that we have arranged with Mr.

WILKIE COLLINS

for the exclusive right to publish, in serial form, a New Story he has just written, entitled

"THE LAW AND THE LADY."

This story is not only worthy of Mr. Collins' great reputation, but is stated to be the best he has written. Our readers may therefore expect a rare treat from its perusal in our columns.

Owing to the fact of Victor Hugo's "Ninety Three" being yet uncompleted, it has been thought advisable to postpone the commencement of the above until our first number in November, when the NEWS will appear with many additions and improvements. We feel sure that the varied attractions we shall then be able to present to our readers will fully compensate for any disappointment that may have been caused by the postponement of our new serial. In the issue of the 7th November a more than usually large instalment of the same will be given.

NOTICE.

We desire to inform our readers that application has been made for letters patent incorporating a new Lithographic Printing and Publishing Company, into whose hands will pass, after incorporation, the whole of the Publishing, Lithographic, and Printing business hitherto carried on by George E. Desbarats, and the Engraving and Lithographic Printing business of Messrs. Burland, Lafraicain, and Co., an amalgamation of the two houses being about to be effected. The new Company—which will be known as the Burland Desbarats Company—will be in working order on or about the first of November next. Upon the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS the Management intend to concentrate their efforts so that, on its becoming the property of the Company a manifest improvement shall be developed in its every department. On and after the date mentioned the Management purpose to present the country with a Pictorial Paper of which it may, on every score, be proud.

The artistic staff will be increased and remodelled, and every detail of the illustrations carefully followed and supervised, so that the Pictorial pages of the NEWS shall be steadily and progressively good, and shall vie with and eclipse, if possible, its American and English contemporaries.

Portraits of prominent men, events of general and local interest, notable public edifices, interesting scenery, mercantile and manufacturing houses, will be illustrated by able artists. Politics of every shade, society in its various phases, will furnish subjects for humorous cartoons, where the sharp edge of satire shall be made to do good service. Works of art will be reproduced from time to time, and always in the best style known to modern skill.

In its letter-press pages the NEWS will be essentially a family and literary paper. It will be made a necessity to the fireside of every Canadian home. The ladies, the children, the weary paterfamilias, all will find recreation and instruction in its columns. The stories and novels published will be by the best writers of the day. The selections, carefully made, avoiding everything that may offend the most sensitive conscience or the most fastidious taste. In politics its character will be perfect independence, and it will entirely avoid all approach to personalities or partizanship. It will likewise eschew all religious discussion, and all comments or remarks that might annoy any sect or congregation, leaving to each the entire liberty of its worship, and giving to each credit for entire good faith.

The Management claim that, with this programme for its guidance, it deserves the liberal support of all Canadians, and trust that strict attention to the details of its business will prevent any unpleasantness ever interfering between its patrons and the success of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Canadian Illustrated News.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCT. 17, 1874.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

The stock-in-trade of political speeches in Canada is abuse. If a Ministerial mass-meeting takes place, as was lately the case at Prescott, the theme of all the orators present, from the highest Cabinet Minister to the lowest provincial politician, is denunciation of its adversaries, either in the lofty tone of withering satire, or in the more questionable vein of epigram and anecdote. If an Opposition demonstration is held, the changes are invariably rung on the corruption, the duplicity, or the imbecility of the Government. Liberals think they have fortified their cause when they have exhausted their wrath on Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD and his administration. Conservatives feel that they have atoned for their past wrongs by proving, to their own satisfaction, that the present Ministry is not a whit better than its predecessor. This partisan spirit may serve the purposes of narrow partisan strife, but it is not conducive to the growth of an enlarged national sentiment. Neither does it indicate the existence of true patriotism or of broad statesmanship among our foremost public men. The leaders of the people should likewise be their teachers. They should discuss not only the tactics of action, but also the theories upon which all political action must be based, in order to be beneficial to the common weal. They should know that there are times in which they ought to rise above party, and peculiar circumstances when they ought to have the bravery to go even counter to their party. Poor MCGEE gave a good example in this respect. His loss to the country was all the greater that he was struck down at the very period when he had chosen for himself the career of theoretic statesmanship. Mr. THOMAS WHITE, Jr., has, on several recent occasions, proved that he had the ability and the courage to stand forward as the exponent of national questions, entirely dependent of partisan advocacy. And now Mr. BLAKE has come forward as a brilliant performer in the same role. His speech at Aurora is a new departure, not only in the matter which he treated, but in the fresh, fearless manner which characterized his discussions of constitutional change. Whatever may be the results of that speech, whether the ideas which it broaches prove acceptable or not, it is already much that it inaugurates a new system of political harangue, and breaks down, in considerable degree, the influence of mere party hacks. If Mr. BLAKE perseveres in the same course, and if he is followed by speakers and writers of equal maturity of thought and independence of expression, a marked alteration will soon be exhibited in our Parliamentary debates, and in the political feeling of the country.

We have left ourselves scant space to treat of the substance of Mr. BLAKE'S Aurora speech. Stripped, however, of all personal and other incidental matter, it may be summarized as a plea in favour of the cultivation of a national spirit, of Imperial federation, of an elective Senate, of compulsory voting and of the representation of minorities. With regard to the first of these there can be no two opinions, but it is precisely because no real national spirit can be fostered under the demoralizing rule of strict partizanship, that we regard the attitude of Mr. BLAKE as important and salutary. But that a so-called national party, as distinguished from the two great parties now dividing the country, should arise in order to cultivate this national spirit, does not appear so clear. Mr. BLAKE himself hints at no such necessity, and those who represent him as about to break from the Reformers led by Messrs. BROWN and MACKENZIE, are perhaps rather consulting their wishes than their knowledge. Patriotism and nationalism are not distinctive. They are the substratum of all parties, the *primum mobile* of all citizenship. They must be the badges of both Liberals and Conservatives. No one party can truthfully arrogate to itself these qualities; and the only complaint is that hitherto they have been postponed to individualism, or the blind following of powerful leaders.

The elective Senate is plainly antagonistic to Legislative union, as lately advocated by some of the organs of Mr. BLAKE'S party. The idea is an American one. If the Provincial Legislatures are to elect their own senators, it follows that the Provinces must remain distinct from each other, and not become merged into one legislative government. From this point of view, Mr. BLAKE'S proposition assumes some importance. That the Conservative party is not prepared to accept it, is clear from the fact that that party established the Senate as at present constituted. And that the Liberal party is not favourable to it, will surprise no one who remembers what judicious

use it has made of the Senate since its advent to power. One thing, however, is clear. The election of senators by the Legislatures would wonderfully elevate the standard of the upper House, and give it that prestige which it enjoys in the neighbouring Republic. To be a United States senator is the summit of every American's ambition.

Compulsory voting and the representation of minorities are philosophical questions of the highest moment. They are not novel, however; neither has Mr. BLAKE thrown any new light on them. So far as this country is concerned they are doubtless premature, but the honourable gentleman deserves no less credit for having advocated them in his speech. The arguments in their favour which he has expounded will slowly germinate and produce their fruit in good time. In his peroration, Mr. BLAKE expressed the apprehension that his will be a "disturbing" speech. In one sense he is right, as the comments of the party papers already abundantly show. But in a higher sense his fear is groundless. So far from disturbing the public mind, such speeches have a tendency to reassure it, by teaching proper lessons, and pointing to the path which must infallibly lead to national stability and prosperity.

THE CANADIAN SPIRIT.

The demand for the cultivation of a national spirit which is being put forward by representative political men, may well be supplemented by a cry of an analogous nature from the students, the men of letters and the artists of the Dominion. If any proof were wanting that Canada is still literally in her childhood, we should have it in the salient fact that there is no character in her society, no type in her literature and no model in her arts. It were perhaps unwise to make invidious comparisons, but the Americans, who are really not older than we, have surpassed us in all these things. Their national existence dates from 1776; ours, from 1759. The men who enforced the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown were the same who had been defeated by our forefathers under the crags of Cape Diamond. In point of time, we had the start of our Americans cousins, but in the march of a century, they have far outstripped us. We need not enter into the causes of this discrepancy. It will suffice to point out the fact and draw a lesson therefrom.

There is nothing definitive, and therefore nothing national, in our social habits. The Englishman, the Frenchman, the German are recognized at once, by cast of countenance, by gesture, by speech and by diverse social characteristics. The Yankee of the East and the Western American are remarkable individualities which any observant traveller can locate at a glance. But there is nothing peculiar about the Canadian by which he may be distinguished from others. The original English, Irish or Scotch mould has not been modified by time, climate or colonial habitudes. The only Canadian type is the French of Quebec, the primitive owner of the soil, and for that reason, whenever a pictorial representation of Canada is attempted in foreign publications, the *habitant* with his *tuque bleue*, his *ceinture flechée*, his short pipe and his marked air of rugged *bonhomme*, is sure to be introduced.

We have no national literature. Nothing like it. In the realm of song, such gifted men as HOWE, HEAVYSEGE, SANGSTER, ASCHER, READE, and MAIR, have written beautiful verse, some of it of high excellence, but none of them has yet written the Canadian poem, tinged with the hues of our landscape and tuneful with the murmur of our waters or the music of our forests of pine. The same partial praise and the same partial reproach must be meted out to our French Canadian poets, the CRÉMAZIES, the CHAUVREAU, the FRÉCHETTES, the LEMAYS and the SULTES. In the field of romance, creditable efforts have been made, as is witnessed by the names of MOODY, NOEL, LEPROHON, PHILLIPS, BOURINOT, and others, but the Canadian novel, stirring as the war deeds of our ancestors, pastoral as the quiet of our farm houses in the clearing, and wild as the adventures of our woodmen on raft or barge, has yet to see the light.

Canada is by all odds the most legendary, the most historical portion of North America, and yet we have no real history of Canada. We have not even a truly good school history. BANCROFT has found no counterpart among us for our libraries, and WILSON no imitator for our classrooms. GARNEAU'S work is unequal, and is throughout written in a spirit of special pleading. CHRISTIE'S book is incomplete.

In art there is the same deficiency, though the progress here is more marked than in any other intellectual department. Our painters—and the list of them is a long one—have confined themselves almost exclusively to copying the beauties of our landscapes and the magnificence of our scenery. They find therein abundant scope for the exercise of their talents and the gratification of

their tastes, as nowhere, on this continent, does nature afford greater or lovelier spectacles. But this is not enough. We should have the historical canvases, the heroic painting, commemorative of Indian wars, of the Conquest, of the Revolution, of 1812, of 1837, to say nothing of remarkable parliamentary and political episodes, in which the highest passions of the mind held sway.

By thus briefly showing that in our social life, in our literature, and in our art, whatever is distinctive, individual, characteristic, and specifically Canadian is eliminated, while only the ordinary and the common place have been cultivated, we do not wish to be regarded as writing in a spirit of hostile criticism. Far from it. Our object is simply to point out a defect which has been strangely overlooked, and to invite Canadians to the energetic pursuit of genuine nationalism. Dr. JOHNSON has said, with truth, that the "chief glory of a nation lies in its authors." If we really desire to take rank among the nations, we must set up a standard for ourselves, not remain puerile copyists, and, drawing from the rich storehouse of our past, use the materials for the attainment of future greatness and renown.

#### MECHANICS' INSTITUTES AND LITERARY SOCIETIES.

There are few institutions of really good scope and object that have drawn down upon themselves such meretricious ridicule as Mechanics' Institutes and Literary Societies. Originally intended for the dissemination of useful knowledge and the cultivation of the mind, they have in so many cases fallen away from their primary object, as to have become the legitimate butt of every scribbler with a sarcastic turn, who depicts the one as being in a hopelessly moribund condition, and the other as an institution tending to anything but the cultivation of literary tastes. It was Dickens, if we remember right, who opened the campaign against these poor defenceless institutions, and he has been followed by a host of imitators more or less unworthy of the steel they wield. Unfortunately for the cause such institutions were intended to promote, the charges brought against them have not always been groundless. Most of our readers will be able to call to mind instances of Mechanics' Institutes brought to a consumptive condition by the incapacity of managers or the indifference of members; and of Literary Societies which have been such only in name. The root of the evil is usually in the two cases widely different. In the one it may be found in the absence of wholesome, but *bonâ-fide* entertainment for the classes for whom the 'Institute' is supposed to cater. In the other the cause of failure may frequently be traced to the excess of entertainment other than of a literary character in which the members indulge; to the degeneration, in fact, of the Literary Society into a purely convivial club. Of course we would not be understood to say that all our Canadian institutions and societies of the kind mentioned are sharers in the decadence we have signalled. We have many such associations which have done good work. The services rendered to Canadian history and literature by the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec are incalculably great. That association has earned the lasting gratitude of all patriotic Canadians by its indefatigable efforts; and to its endeavours, seconded by those of a few private individuals, we owe much of our information upon the early records of Canada proper. The example of the Quebec society is being followed with good results by several kindred associations throughout the country, and doubtless many more will be formed as our towns and villages grow in wealth and importance. The seed has already been sown; the taste for literary pursuits is rapidly spreading, and the harvest cannot be far off.

The prospects for our Mechanics' Institutes is hardly so bright. There appears to be great difficulty in adapting the scope of these institutions to the tastes of the public. We have already said that the failure in such cases is due either to the incapacity of managers or the indifference of members. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that if the managers bestirred themselves a little more in the interest of their patrons, there would be less indifference on the part of the members. As things stand the managers seem to cater only to the novel reading public. The shelves of the institute are crowded with works of fiction in various degrees of dilapidation. Really standard works are in an alarming minority, while such a thing as a moderately fair set of books of reference is rare indeed. In this matter the libraries which have been longest established are the worst offenders. The scientific works and encyclopedias date any time from the year One; the really valuable works of this nature, containing the results of the latest researches, being to all appearances obstinately tabooed. In the department of current periodical literature things are somewhat better, the files and reading tables showing a very creditable display.

One of the most important features of the model Mechanics' Institute seems with us to be perseveringly ignored. The object of these institutions when first established was to extend the spread of knowledge, not only by placing within the reach of the public works containing the desirable kind of information, but also by illustrating such information by popular lectures and exhibitions. With these our institutes decline to meddle. The plea appears to be that people don't care for that sort of thing and it would only be a waste of time and money to attempt it. And yet there is no disguising the fact that people flock eagerly to hear such popular lecturers as Professor PEPPER, Dr. HAYES, and others. It is not to be supposed that an average audience cares one iota whether the man who is lecturing to them is hired to do so, or does it on his own account as a speculation. It is sufficient for our purpose to know that the lecturers who have visited this country during the last two years have been extensively patronized, and had they been brought among us by our city and town Mechanics' Institutes, they would have been equally well patronized. The argument that people don't care for popular lectures is an absurd one, false on the very face of it.

The truth of the matter is that, as a rule, Mechanics' Institutes are not managed in such a manner as to attain the object for which they are intended. In their present condition they are little better than circulating libraries. And yet with only a slight effort they could be made what they should be—institutions for the dissemination in a pleasant way of popular knowledge. A good library, containing the best novels, standard works, and a small selection of the most reliable works of reference; a librarian possessed of literary judgment and taste; and an established course of popular lectures for the long winter evenings, would do wonders in bringing up the status of many a decrepit institute. The public, finding proper provision made for them, would not be slow to respond; and the advantage would be found to work both ways.

#### THE WAR OF RACES.

The picture of the South is one of desolation. The cry *vœ victis* has had a dread meaning there. Not only is the country impoverished, not only are the best families ruined but disfranchisement on the one hand, and enfranchisement on the other, have long threatened and seem now about to bring on the fatal war of races. Ten years have nearly elapsed since the close of the civil war, and the South, so far from having recovered her vitality, is nearer the brink of irremediable catastrophe than ever. We had first the scenes of discord in Tennessee, Alabama and Mississippi. Then there was the utter prostration of the whites of South Carolina under the domination of the blacks. Next followed the disreputable conflict in Arkansas between Baxter and Brooks. And finally comes the fatal culmination in Louisiana,

"The purple testament of bleeding war."

The trouble in the South has therefore assumed the worst of all characters, that of chronic disorder, and the historical examples of Poland, Hungary, Ireland and Spain, to say nothing of Mexico and the South American republics, are there to show the extreme peril of that situation.

That the people of the South have a certain burden of blame to bear is certain. They were a proud, high-minded, sensitive people, upon whom the crush of Appomattox descended like a thunderbolt. It took them some time to rally to a sense of their forlorn condition. They kept aloof from the new state of things. They sullenly refused to take part not only in national affairs, but also in their State legislation. This period of inaction was very injurious, because it gave occasion to the inroads of the carpet-baggers. But it did not last long. Self-interest roused the Southern people at last, and they gradually came to bestow the keenest attention on their relations with the Federal Government. It is a curious coincidence that from that moment the symptoms of trouble began to manifest themselves. And herein the weight of reproach unmistakably falls upon the shoulders of the North—not the Northern people, but Northern politicians. So soon as the whites arose from their lethargy, the politicians of the North immediately imagined that the black man was in danger, and to protect him, all the dismal machinery of the Reconstruction Acts was brought to play. The untutored negro seized the bait, and thus became the tool of the intriguers. The placing of the franchise in the hands of the black man, however theoretically unwise, was an almost necessary consequence of the war, if not a logical deduction of the new reading of the Declaration of Independence. Its practical working, however, would have been divested of much peril had the negro elector been left strictly alone to follow the instincts of his common sense. But Northern

politicians took good care not to let the negro alone. The accession of over a million of votes was too great a temptation for the leaders of the Republican party. They have been manipulating these votes for the last six or seven years, with the bloody results which we have just been witnessing. And their work is not yet done. The Civil Rights Bill purposes giving the negro social, domestic and educational equality with the whites. What the masses in the Northern States would not grant the black man, is attempted to be forced upon the whites of the South. Add to this the armed interference of the Federal Government every time there is an outbreak in any of the Southern States. What the end of this deplorable condition of affairs may be it is impossible to forecast. That a peaceable solution is not near at hand is certain from the fact that a new Presidential election will soon be agitated, when the negro vote will again be required to sustain the carpet-baggers at the South and their abettors in the North.

The Post Office Department is perhaps the best abused of all the departments of the Government. Under whatever colour it is carried on, whether the Blues or the Reds have the working of the machine, the burthen of the "long-suffering public" is still a wail of complaint. If we are to believe the grumblers the Department must closely resemble the Major's clock in "Armada," which went through its daily routine it is true, but with much blundering and many ludicrous hitches. Just now the unfortunate Department is receiving its full share of revilings owing to the abolition of post-office accounts and the discontinuance of the sale of stamps within the precincts of the local offices. No doubt much inconvenience has resulted to the public from these innovations, especially the former. But it should not be forgotten that under the old system the inconvenience was just as great, not to the public, it is true, but to the public service, to the Department itself. Some queer revelations were made with respect to the manner in which the post-office accounts and the sale of stamps were carried on in certain offices where unexplained deficits occurred. By the abolition of these institutions the opportunity of much malpractice is removed; and we shall in future hear less of misappropriation of the revenues in the branch offices of the Department. The inconvenience resulting from the change will be more than compensated by the introduction of the house to house delivery, which, while on trial during the last few weeks in Montreal, has given the highest satisfaction, and for once in a while has called down the blessings of the householders—ladies especially—upon the much-abused Post Office authorities.

The home vexed question, the difficulty in obtaining servants, has been met, on paper, by a suggestion from Mr. D. D. Hay, General Immigration Agent for Toronto, which seems practicable enough. In a letter to the *Globe* this gentleman proposes that an Emigration Aid Society should be formed in that city, having special reference to the work of bringing out female servants. "I am assured," he says, "this may be secured if a proper organized effort is only made in the right direction. This may require that some money be raised and spent, but it will pay both to raise and spend money if so desirable an object can be accomplished. A plan may, moreover, be practicable by which money advanced may be partially if not entirely recouped. The suggestion is not, we believe, a new one, but we are not aware of any attempt having been made to carry it out. Should it receive a trial we shall be curious to see the result in view of the statements of the writer of an article published in another column, who complains of the scarcity of servants in London and other English cities, and himself suggests a remedy for the existing state of things. If female servants of every description are so difficult to obtain in London, whence Mr. HAY proposes to draw his supplies, what is to become of his scheme?"

The termination of the Northampton election is a singular instance of the inconsistency of human nature. Of the three candidates Mr. BRADLAUGH, the socialist agitator, came out at the tail of the poll, and his followers thereupon got up a riot. For years Mr. BRADLAUGH and his followers have been agitating for the introduction of the ballot as the only just method of conducting elections. The ballot was one of the very biggest planks in their very broad platform. The Northampton election was carried on by ballot, and the result proving adverse to their expectations, these unthinking philosophers rebelled against the very idol they had set up for worship. Travellers in heathen countries tell of similar instances where the idol gets badly used if it does not chime in with all its worshipper's requests. Human nature has not changed since Horace wondered why the big babies who cry for some fancy are not satisfied even when it is gratified.

## THE GILCHRIST SCHOLARSHIP, 1874.

The Gilchrist Scholarship for 1874 has been awarded to Mr. William John Alexander, a pupil of the Hamilton Collegiate Institute, Ontario. This scholarship was instituted by the Gilchrist Educational Trust for the benefit of youths residing in the Dominion of Canada who are desirous of prosecuting a further course of academical study in Great Britain. The scholarship, which is of the value of £100 stg per annum and tenable for three years, is annually awarded by competitive examinations commencing on the last Monday in June of each year and held simultaneously in Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, Fredericton, and Halifax. The clerk of the Senate of the University of London in announcing the result of the Gilchrist Scholarship held at Toronto on the 29 June last, remarks that "the candidate—(No. 814) Mr. W. J. Alexander of Hamilton—examined at Toronto has passed a most successful examination, having obtained a number of marks which places him next to the third candidate in the Honours Division of the English list of successful candidates—the highest place yet attained by a gentleman in the colonies. Mr. Alexander is a native of the city of Hamilton and was educated at the Hamilton Collegiate Institute.

## JUVENILE IMMIGRANTS.

The scene reproduced below by our artist was witnessed at early morning on the last day of September at the Express Hotel in Montreal. The previous night a party of some fifty children—most of them girls—arrived from Quebec where they had been landed from the SS. "Texas." The large number of the party were from London, and the whole had been brought out to this country under the charge of the Rev. F. Bowman Stephenson and Concord W. Thier, Esq., and a number of matrons.

The institution under the auspices of which these juvenile immigrants were sent out is "The Children's Home," established a few years ago for the purpose of training children for emigration to and life in the Dominion of Canada. It resembles in many respects Miss Bye's and Miss Macpherson's institutions, and like these has a Canadian branch establishment—at Hamilton, Ont.—in addition to the two parent homes in England. At these latter two hundred children are constantly under training, vacancies being filled up as soon as they occur. Indeed, admission to these homes is a boon eagerly sought after, but owing to the limited accommodation and resources of the institution—which is supported entirely by voluntary contributions—only a small frac-



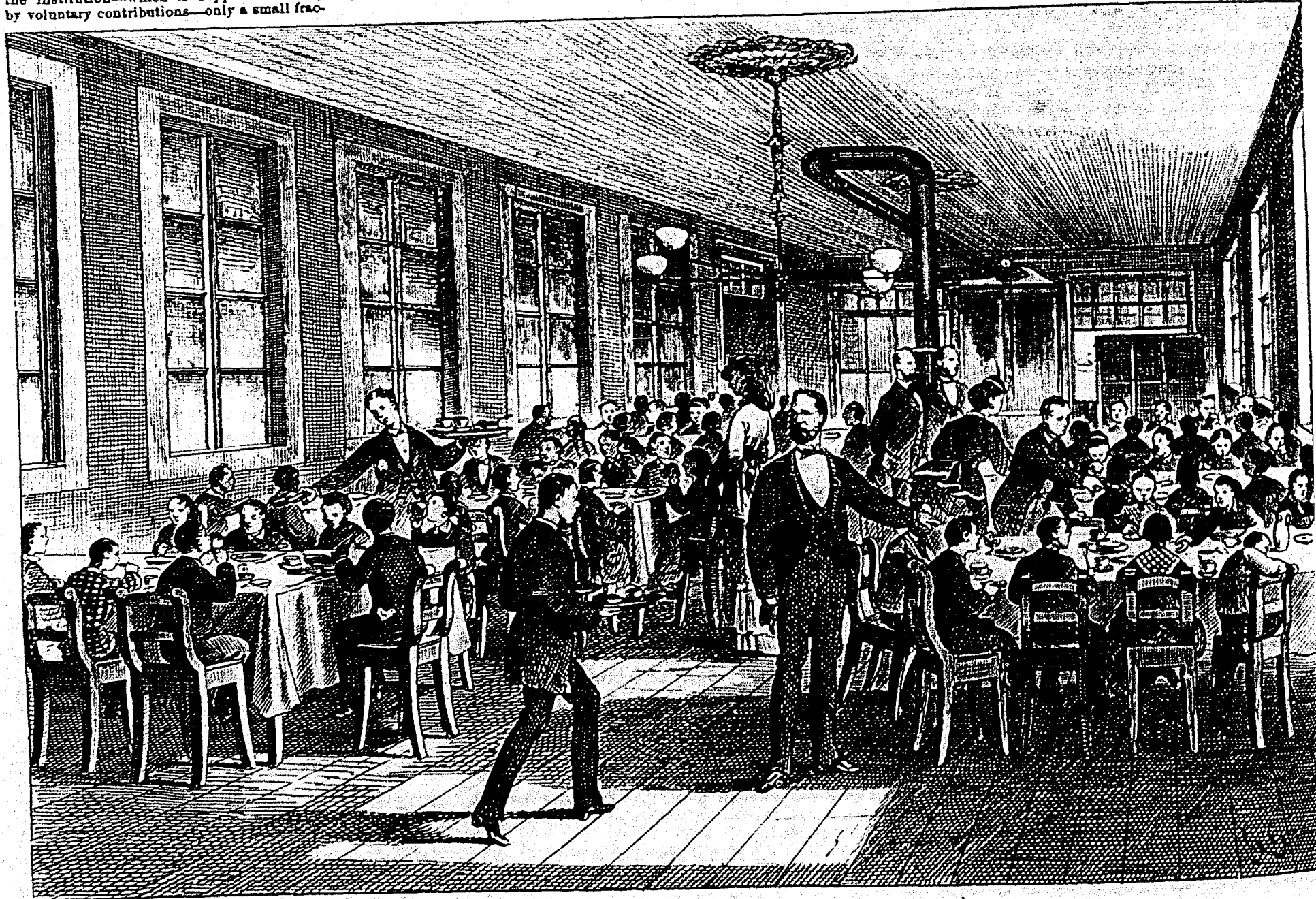
W. J. ALEXANDER, WINNER OF THE GILCHRIST SCHOLARSHIP, 1874.

tion of applicants can from time to time be admitted. Only last year an extension of work was achieved, the sum of \$50,000 having been expended in the purchase of buildings, etc. The Lancashire home has in connection with it a farm of one hundred acres, where the boys are trained for agricultural pursuits. On their arrival at the Canadian headquarters these enter the service of farmers, as occasion may present, which the girls obtain occupation as servants in the country families.

## M. GUIZOT.

On the initial page of this week's issue will be found an excellent portrait of M. Guizot, who died at his residence, Val Richer, near Lisieux, on the 12th ult.

François Pierre Guillaume Guizot, the historian and statesman, was born Oct. 4, 1787, at Nîmes. His family were Calvinists, and his father, who was an eminent advocate, suffered death on the guillotine during the Reign of Terror. Young Guizot and his mother fled to Geneva, where the former remained for eleven years a student at the Gymnasium and Academy. On leaving Geneva in 1806, he repaired to Languedoc, and thence, after a short sojourn, to Paris, where he purposed prosecuting the study of the law; but finding himself in straightened circumstances, he became private tutor in a Swiss family. In 1812 he married Mlle. Pauline de Meulan, a young lady of royalist and literary tendencies, who, through gratitude for the discreet assistance she had received through a long illness, from an unknown contributor—no other than Guizot—consented, notwithstanding her fourteen years' seniority, to become his wife. Her relations with the chief of the royalist party were soon destined to open a political career for her husband. Guizot's writings speedily won him a reputation, and he obtained from the Imperial Government a Professorship of Modern History at La Sorbonne. Upon the Bourbon restoration—an event for which he had earnestly longed—he was appointed to a subordinate official post. During the Hundred Days he retired with his royal master and other adherents to Ghent, but after Waterloo he resumed his position as Secretary-General at the Ministry of Public Instruction. The government, however, soon showed itself too bigoted for his Protestant principles, he retired when the "White Terror" was inaugurated, and from 1820 to 1830 he devoted himself to literature. After the July revolution he was elected as a deputy for Lisieux, in the Department of Calvados, and soon after accepted the post of Minister of Public Instruction. At first he



JUVENILE IMMIGRATION FROM "THE CHILDREN'S HOME." A HASTY MEAL EN ROUTE.—By G. GABOARD.

and M. Thiers were colleagues in office, but gradually an estrangement of views took place between them, and they became opponents. In 1839 M. Guizot was appointed Ambassador to London, and some eighteen months later he attained the height of his ambition, being called upon to form a cabinet. During the seven years which succeeded, the destinies of France and also the dynasty of her ruler were in Guizot's hands. He was never very popular among his countrymen; he was accused of truckling to foreign powers; he was disliked by the Emperor Nicholas, then the most powerful of European sovereigns, while the affair of the Spanish marriage, by which Louis Philippe sought to secure for the Duke de Montpensier the reversion to the Spanish throne, excited universal indignation, and indirectly contributed to the fall of the Orleanist monarchy. After the revolution of 1848 M. Guizot sought refuge in England, but returned after the *coup d'état* of 1851, and appealed for election to his old constituency. They, however, rejected him so decisively that he retired to the comparative leisure of private life at his country seat of Val Richer, near Lisieux. He only emerged from his seclusion in the discharge of his functions either as a member of the Academy or as a leader in the conferences of the Protestant Church. It was there that M. Thiers, while President of the Republic, in 1872, visited his old rival and colleague. In 1827 M. Guizot's first wife died, and, in obedience to her dying request, he married her niece, who only lived eight years after. His daughter, Madame de Witt, is well known for her literary achievements, and his son Guillaume followed a literary career with success.

In 1809 M. Guizot published his first regular work, an edition of Gerard's "French Synonyms," with a dissertation on the language. His "Lives of the French Poets," a translation of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," "The State of the Fine Arts in France," "Annals of Education," and smaller works followed. In his retirement, after 1825, he wrote "Memoirs Relative to the English Revolution" followed by a "History of the English Revolution," "Memoirs Relative to the History of France," and "Critical Notes and Essays upon Shakespeare." Since 1848 he added two more volumes to his "English Revolution," and published a host of additional works, essays, pamphlets, and lectures.

M. Guizot's political shortcomings, says an English writer, were very serious, and there was a stiffness and dogmatism about his temperament which caused the general public to withhold their sympathy from him, but he was a man of eminent intellectual gifts, and of sincere piety. He was exceptionally well versed in our language and literature, and was highly esteemed both socially and intellectually by many eminent Englishmen.

IN MEMORIAM.

The brass eagle Lectern, of which we give an illustration, is the gift of Mr. Henry Ogden Andrews, Q.C., of Montreal, and Mrs. Andrews, now residing in England, to the Church of St. John the Evangelist, in Dorchester Street, Montreal. An inscription in illuminated letters indicates that it is an offering in memory of their daughter, who died in England last year.

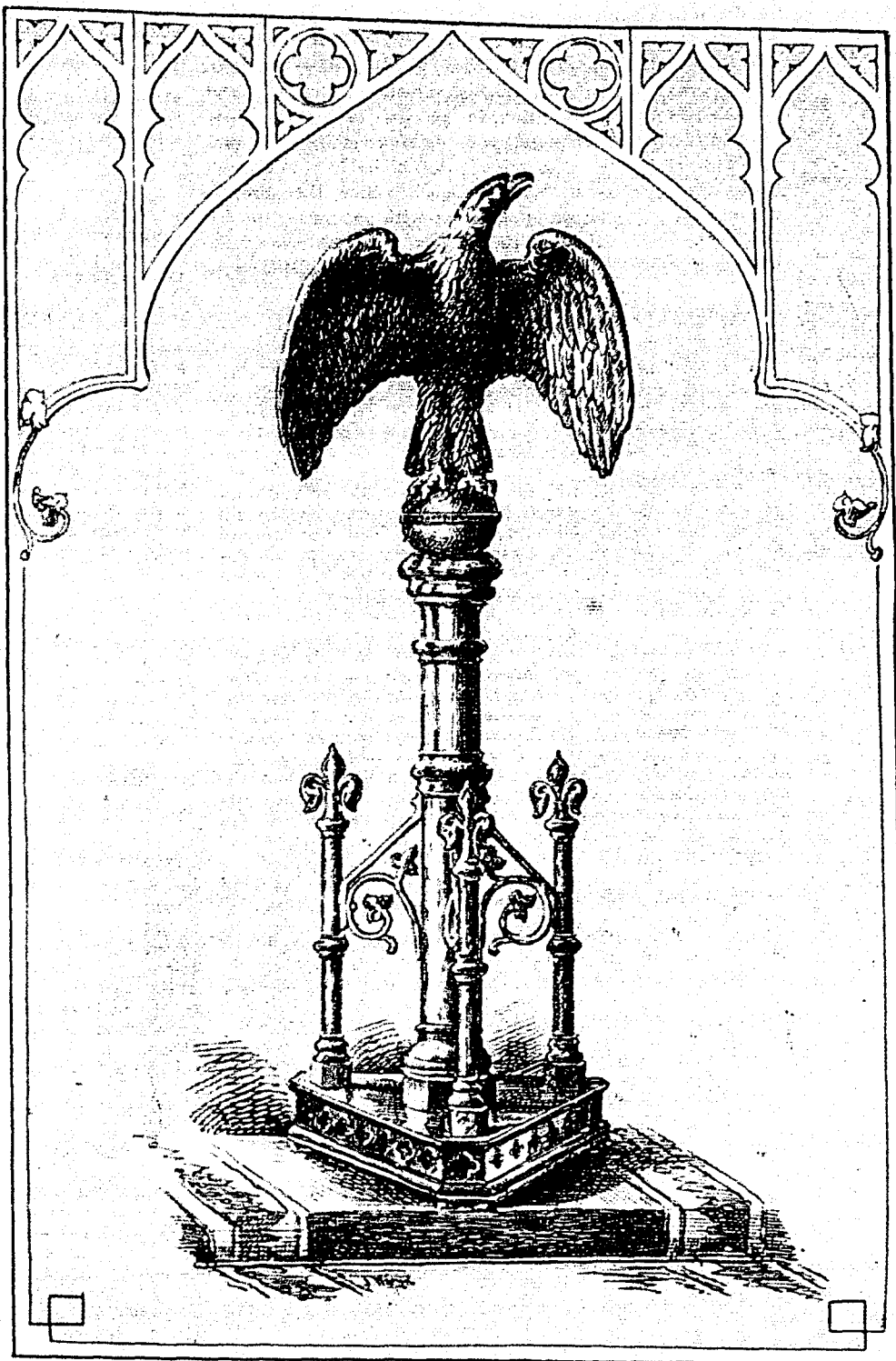
This splendid piece of brass-work, of immense weight and solidity, valued at one hundred pounds, is from the establishment of Messrs Cox & Co., of London. It is, we believe, the first of its kind imported for use in the Anglican Church in Canada; that in the English Cathedral in Montreal (a gift of Prebendary Ford, of Exeter, to the late Bishop Fulford) being a simple coped desk of oak, ornamented with a little appropriate carving at either side.

This Lectern, which is of solid brass, is cast in two portions—the pedestal, and the moulded eagle, which serves as a rest for the Bible. The pedestal is a single pillar standing on a tripod. The latter is further ornamented with buttresses surmounted with fleur de lis in wrought brass, the angles of which are filled in with hammered foliage of graceful mediæval design. The central pillar supports a polished sphere, round which runs a label bearing the legend "In Memory of our Daughter, June 3rd, 1873," in Lombardic characters. On this rests the eagle, with outspread wings, a most spirited casting—the plumage of which is carefully finished with the chisel. The head, slightly inclined on one side, and looking upward, gives the bird a wonderfully life-like and animated appearance. Nothing could well be more appropriate, since the eagle is generally understood to be the special symbol of the saint in whose name the Church is dedicated.

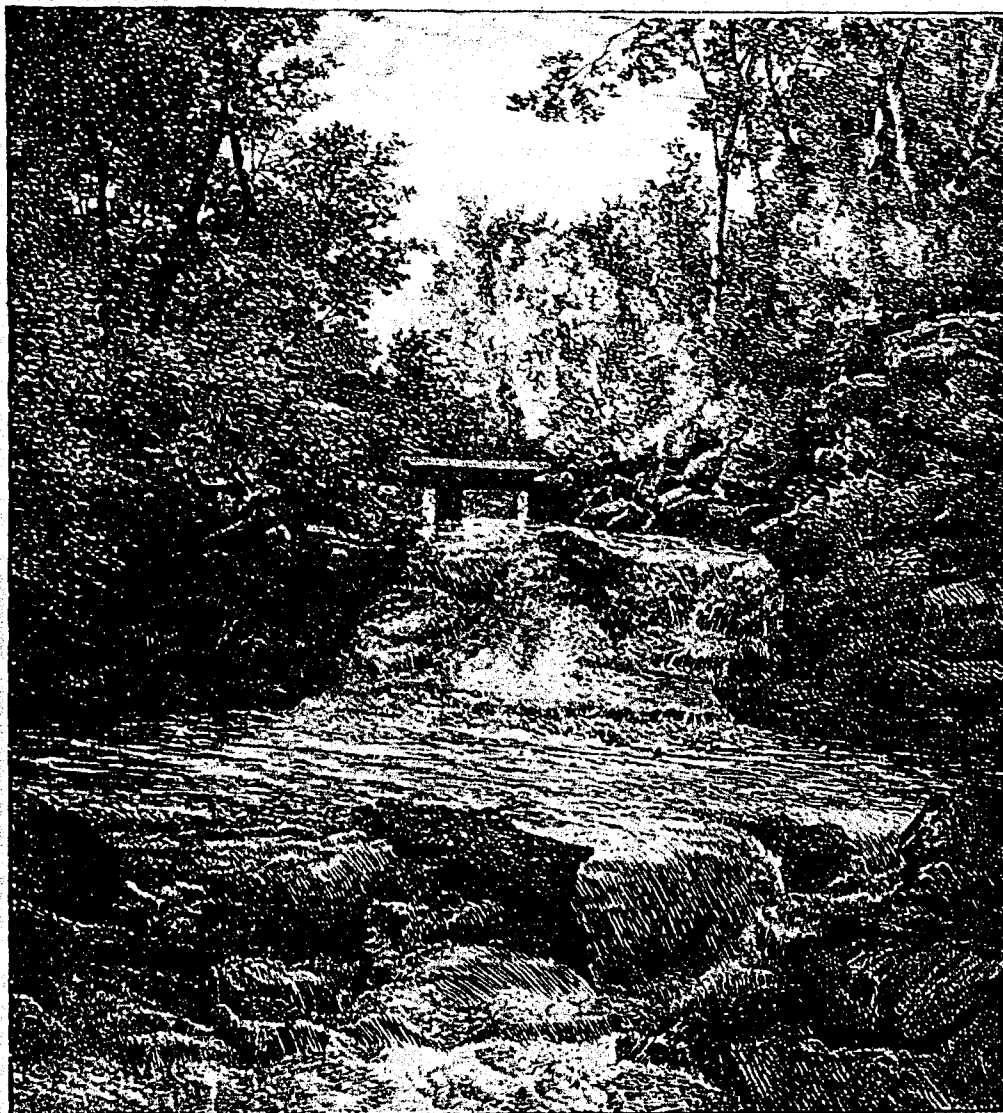
This costly gift, far too large for the present humble little building, has been acknowledged by a formal vote of the vestry, and will be placed in the projected new church.

THE SERVANT QUESTION: A NEW VIEW.

A writer in an English review throws out some practical but somewhat novel suggestions on the servant problem which will be read with interest by the host of those who have suffered—and what house-keeper has not?—



MEMORIAL LECTERN PRESENTED TO THE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST, MONTREAL.—BY J. WESTON.



FALLS OF THE RIVER CLYDE, HEAD OF LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG, P. Q.  
BY ALAN EDSON.

from the insufficiency and inefficiency of female "help."

It is becoming daily more manifest, says the writer, that we shall before long be forced to make some radical change in our domestic arrangements to meet the rapidly increasing want of servants. For a long time past good servants have been hard to find, and still harder to retain; but, in spite of ever-rising wages, the supply seems to be growing more and more unequal to the demand. Not only is it becoming difficult to get good servants, especially cooks; it is becoming difficult to get any at all, good, bad, or indifferent. On all hands one hears of persons being without cooks for weeks and even months together; and everything points in the direction of a diminishing supply. Even workhouse girls, whose character for apathy, ignorance, and indolence, saddens the hearts of those who have to deal with the class, and who used to be taken almost on sufferance, are now eagerly sought for in the dearth of trained servants, and the supply of these is unequal to the demand. The causes of this lack of servants are not far to seek. On the one hand, the number of persons employing servants has been rapidly growing of late years, a result brought about by the general increase and diffusion of wealth. And, on the other, numerous trades and occupations have been opening out for young women which have the special attractiveness of leaving the evenings and the Sundays free to themselves. And here we touch incidentally on one of the mainsprings of the dislike to service which evidently exists. It is the restraint, the absence of personal freedom, and the dullness of the routine. It is not the duties that are disliked; we do not believe it is true that women are getting, as some maintain, "above domestic duties," the dislike is rather to the conditions under which the duties are performed. One of the main characteristics of the present age is the love of individual liberty, the right and power to dispose of our time (when we are not at work) as we see fit, without leave taken or leave given. And the conditions of domestic service are in their nature opposed to the free play of this characteristic. We do not for one moment contend that, if we are to have servants living in the same house with us, for whose moral welfare we are, and must to a certain extent be, responsible, we can give them *carte blanche* to spend their evenings as they like, with no supervision of any kind. But things being as they are, there being this dearth of servants from the causes we have enumerated, and this dearth being certain to augment as time goes on rather than diminish, it is only wise to cast around us for some arrangement which shall make us independent of servants, and not allow ourselves to be left stranded some fine morning, and have to improvise new arrangements on the spot.

Our solution of the problem would be to abandon to a great extent the system of resident servants for the generality of persons of the middle-class. If we had no servants resident with us, a great deal of the work of our houses might be spared; and all the arrangements might be simplified. The work could even now be got through in much less time than is given to it, if it were arranged to be done within fixed hours instead of being spread over the twenty-four; and, if it were lessened in the manner proposed, a woman hired by the day or week, who came in for certain fixed hours, would be able to get through it in still less time, and at much less expense to the householder. For such work as this, which would not imply giving up a home, many women would be found eager, who, under present circumstances, are debarred from doing anything to increase the family income; and the number of persons available for the performance of domestic service would thus be at once enlarged. In addition to the non-resident servant or servants who would come in to assist, we would recommend that, in all houses whose construction would admit of it, there should be a resident responsible person, who would occupy the lower room or rooms built adjoining the house, and who in consideration of living rent-free would give a certain amount of service daily. There are many married women, or women with, say, one daughter, who would be glad thus to obtain a home and give work in exchange, without interfering with their husband's or daughter's avocations. By both these plans we should secure more permanent servants than we can get at present. We should be able to leave our houses shut up in charge of the resident couple whenever we wished to go away for a short time. In fact, we believe not only that we should save in money by getting rid of our resident servants, but that we should on the whole obtain better service, whilst both the out-door and the in-door servants, if we may so express ourselves, would not be shut out from family life.

It is generally imagined that the simile "He sleeps like a top," is taken from the momentary pause of a peg-top or humming-top when its rotatory motion is at the height. But no such thing; the word top is Italian. Topo in that language signifies a mouse; it is the generic name, and applied indiscriminately to the common mouse, field-mouse, and dormouse, from which the Italian proverb, "Ei dorme come un topo" is derived. Anglice, "He sleeps like a top."

## THE INTERIOR OF A NEWSPAPER OFFICE.

## II.—NIGHT WORK.

The work on a daily newspaper is done almost wholly at night. At least all the writing and the setting are. During the day the newspaper office is very quiet. In the forenoon hardly anybody turns up. At noon the members of the staff drop in, one after the other, to receive their orders. Then the local reporters saunter forth upon their afternoon tramps, to pick up "items" on the street, as the herborist does weeds by the wayside or lichens on grey walls. The stenographers go off to meetings. The commercial editor smells around the warehouses and the custom offices. The shipping editor wanders along the quays, improving his knowledge of rigging and bending occasionally to flich a pinch of sugar from the bung-hole of a hoghead. The financial editor looks in unconcernedly on broker's shops and the stock exchange. The political editor hobnobs with leading members of the "pairty" at the post-office corner, or in the suspicious neighbourhood of hotels. About the only man who remains in the office is the paragraphist or "scissors," and he is found in a corner of his den, near the murky, cob-webbed window, looking disconsolate, like Enceladus, under a mountain of exchanges.

Evening comes on and the scene suddenly alters. The old office is illuminated from top to bottom, and blazes forth like the beacon of light which it pretends to be. A cheerful hum of animation circles through its corridors. The click of printers' metal keeps time with the boom of the engines in the caverns. The "boys" come trooping in burdened with matter. Like the children of Israel, "going they went and wept, casting their seed, but coming they come with exultation, laden with golden grain." Hats are stuck on pegs, coats are flung on the backs of chairs, unsized paper is spread out, H. B. pencils are produced and away they go.

Reader, did you never see a newspaper man write? Then you never saw a lightning express train. The pencil fairly flies over the paper, scarcely touching it except at the foot of a page, or the close of an article, and then it comes down with a heavy scientific flourish of exultation. Pens are seldom or never used, because the dipping for ink is regarded as a serious loss of time. The journalist has to be in a hurry, for the printer's foreman is always down upon him, like the Scriptural lion seeking whom he may devour. So soon as one little slip of paper is covered, it is whipped away into the composing room and fed out to the greedy men, who are ever clamorous for "copy." Speed is essential to the newspaper writer, but it must be allied to correctness of statement and elegance of style. All the brilliant paragraphs which you admire, all the rhetorical sentences, all the epigrammatic sayings, all the sparkling anecdotes, must be struck off with the rapidity of the Virgilian arrow, which scattered gems of light while it whistled towards its goal, *signans in vias*. The journalist who writes an article, as Sam Weller wrote his valentine, with head bobbed on one side and tongue lolling out of his mouth, will never do. I have kept four printers going for two hours at a stretch and beat them at the end, by a length, during which interval I have mounted my chair, brandished the stump of my pencil, and, with the jubilation of Marmion, shouted victory!

The newspaper man is not only alert. He is generally cheerful. In the midst of a doleful, scientific composition, he will as likely as not hum "Champagne Charlie," or "The Girl I Left Behind Me." At the acme of a pathetic description, he will stop a brief moment to sharpen his pencil and indulge in a laugh that rings through the building. More than once I have heard the stenographer mutter humorous groans over the humbug of the "old duffer," whose speech he was writing out. And the newspaper writer smokes. He should not drink, but he has to enjoy either his cigar or his pipe. That keeps up his spirits, while it soothes his nerves.

Admirable is the combination of work thus performed in the four initial hours of the night. At eight, the paper may be said to be a blank sheet, if you except the standing advertisements. At twelve, its twenty-eight, thirty-two, or thirty-six columns are filled up, barring the space reserved to the latest despatches which come in at that hour. In that brief interval of time, many delicate brains have thought out, many deft hands have written down, and other skilful fingers have set in type, the voluminous matter which, by early morn, will be scattered far and wide, over city and country, by the wings of the giant presses. The world knows not of the magnitude of the labour, as it complacently reads the printed sheet at the breakfast table. It little reckons of the drain on fibre, nerve and muscle which the journal of its choice entails. But I will not moralize on this point, for the world is selfish, and none know it better than newspaper men.

Midnight sounds and the toil is pretty well over. The dramatic critic may come in from the theatre, humming an operatic bar in the corridor, or striking a tragic attitude at the threshold of his room, preparatory to praising or blasting the actor of the play, as his humour may dictate. But his task is soon over. Then hats and coats are donned, the gas is turned down, the last cigar is lighted, "good night, old fellow," is exchanged on all sides, and the weary men make off to their roost in the narrow streets up town. Silence reigns in the office, the printers close their forms quietly, and in the editorial rooms only the solemn night editor, mooning over his midnight despatches, sits, like Poe's raven, with "his shadow on the floor."

ALMA VIVA.

## THE NEW 'TE DEUM.'

We have received during the last fortnight several communications on the subject of our criticism of Dr. P. R. MacLagan's *Te Deum*. With one exception these were signed by amateurs or by persons without any musical knowledge who have been 'taken' by the composition in question on hearing it performed at church. Expressions of opinion coming from such quarters are, it is needless to say, not of a kind to obtain insertion in our columns. With so much notice, therefore, we dismiss them; and content ourselves with publishing the following communication on the subject from the pen of Dr. MacLagan, with a few notes in reply to his counter-criticism:—

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS:

DEAR SIR,—In your last issue I observed a review of the above composition, and whilst I earnestly desire honest and impartial criticism, I must say that I fear the reviewer has either allowed personal prejudice to bias his opinions, or is blissfully innocent as regards the science of music and harmony.

He says, "After reading the composition through, and pointing out a few of the most glaring mistakes, which slightly cultivated ears will detect on playing, etc." Now, the composition was written for the Cathedral Choir, and on its first performance took such a hold of the congregation that it was clamorously asked for Sunday after Sunday, and was published at the request and expense of some of the leading members of that congregation, (perhaps the most musical in the city), so that *their* ears, at least, were not offended at it. He indicates certain places where he says "mistakes" occur, but on looking over the score, I have failed to discover anything that is not in many of the works of Handel, Mendelssohn, and Beethoven. For instance he says, "on page 2, bars 11 and 12, modulation from D to A major"—if he will look again he will find *no modulation at all*, but a distinct change of key, and in several other places he mentions as if to mystify his readers that there are modulations from one key to another—well of course there are; did he ever see a composition without modulations?

The first bar page 4, "goes beyond his conception." I don't doubt it, in fact it seems plain to me that the whole work is of a like nature.

Now, sir, it is a very easy thing for any person to say that a composition abounds in errors, and to mystify non-musical readers with technical terms; but can he show the errors and correct them? What other way, for instance, would he resolve the chord G 7 but to C.

I would recommend your critic to consult the "theoretical works" he talks about, and he will find the following rule for the resolution of the chord of the seventh.

The Bass must ascend a 4th or descend a 5th to its Tonic.  
The 3rd must ascend a semitone to the 8th of its Tonic.  
The 7th must descend to the 3rd of its Tonic.

The octave must remain in its place, and become the 5th of its Tonic.

The 5th to descend one degree to the 8th of its Tonic.  
If the criticism of your reviewer be correct, my *Te Deum* must be the veriest rubbish that has ever been put before the public, and yet that rubbish is preferred by many musical people in all parts of Canada to the standard *Te Deums* of Whitfield, Nares, Smart, &c., which have hitherto taken the lead.

I am Sir,

Your obedient servant,

P. R. MACLAGAN, MUS. DOC.

We think it necessary to reply only to the three questions which the Doctor wants answered. In the first place we have no objection to his modulating from one key to another provided he does it nicely; but we do object to his jumping into open Fifths and Octaves the way he does in modulating from D major to A major, bar 11 to 12. On page 4, first bar, we object to the consecutive Octaves between Tenor and Bass A A to B B 1st and 2nd chords, 2nd and 3rd chords Octaves between Soprano and Tenor B B to C sharp and C. The C in the Soprano we suppose is a printers' mistake and should read C sharp. The Doctor has most likely been hunting up a 'theoretical work' to find the rule for the resolution of the chord of the G 7 to C, and has found the rule to be that the 7th must descend to the 3rd of its Tonic. But he has evidently overlooked the fact that the 7th from G is F, nor has he been able to see in his composition (no excuse for printers' mistake) that the 7th F has not been resolved to the 3rd of its Tonic E, according to the rule quoted in his letter. We think we have said more about the composition than it is worth. If the Doctor and his friends are not satisfied with our criticism they can submit the *Te Deum* to a committee of musicians, here, in Boston, or London, Eng., and let them decide upon the merits of the same.

Dr. J. BALL & Co., of New York, the proprietors of the Patent Improved Ivory and Lignum Vitæ Eye-Cups—advertisement found elsewhere—are making a special call for Agents to sell the above. They guarantee this business is to be the best paying business offered to Agents by any House. They write as follows, to all whom it may concern:—Please send your name immediately. First come, first served. Do not miss the opportunity of being first in the field. Remember the early bird is sure to catch the worms. Write by first mail. Do not delay; short letters preferred. We mean business. Great inducements and large profits offered to far ner during the Fall and Winter months.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

A number of the illustrations given in this issue are described at length on pages 244 and 245. Others are:—

## THE FALLS OF THE CLYDE,

at the head of Lake Memphremagog, where may be seen, when the water is high, a continuous fall for about a quarter of a mile, with a descent of between two and three hundred feet.

## THE ONTARIO PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION,

which opened at Toronto on the 22nd ult. and is very fully illustrated by our artist in the West. Full details of the meeting were published at the time and would be out of place in these columns.

## ARCHES AT THE QUEBEC BI-CENTENNIAL.

These arches, representative of the principal different styles of architecture which have prevailed since the Christian era, were erected by the City and religious Corporation of Quebec on the occasion of the recent bi-centennial celebration of the diocese. They were nine in number, and were put, in the order shown in the illustration, by the following:—1. The Archbishop; 2. Parish of St. Sauveur; 3. Mayor of Quebec; 4. Ladies of the General Hospital and Congregation of St. Roch's; 5. Ursulines; 6. Seminary of Quebec; 7. St. Patrick's Church; 8. Fabrique of St. Roch's; 9. Men of the Congregation of Our Lady of Quebec.

## "DEAD IN LINE"

is the work of a French painter, Laçon, which created a great sensation at this year's *Salon* in Paris. It represents a scene at Bazailles (one of the bloody fights during the war) on the evening of the 1st. September, 1870. The French troops were mown down by the German fire, and after the combat, which lasted thirteen hours, were found lying in rows, as they were drawn up in the defence of the village.

## BAZAINE ON HIS ESCAPE.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "A reporter of the *Figaro* has just interviewed Bazaine, and has obtained from that hero a narrative of his escape which in the main corresponds with the picturesque account published by Mme Bazaine. He declares that his wife and nephew did row the boat to the Island of St. Marguerite and take him off to the steamer, and that the story of the rope and the lucifer-matches is quite correct. What is most astonishing is to find the ex-Marshal coolly relating the part which Colonel Villette played in the affair—the colonel who before the court at Grasse had declared himself in perfect ignorance of the ex-Marshal's intentions. It was Colonel Villette who arranged the rope and who tossed it over the parapet the next morning to prevent the warders perceiving it, and, in fact, the aide-de-camp played a prominent part in the escape. The Commandant Doineau had not much to do with the escape, because Bazaine was able to get on board the steamer hired to take him off; but had the party been obliged to land at Cannes, then Doineau was to be ready with mules &c., to aid Bazaine to reach Italy. It seems to be more than imprudent on the part of the ex-Marshal to make these revelations, for both Colonel Villette and Doineau are in the hands of the Philistines; and then, as far as the Colonel is concerned, one regrets to find that he had not the boldness to speak the truth. The two young English ladies called 'Robe bleue' and 'Robe rose' had nothing to do with the escape, but might have been of service had the ex-Marshal been obliged to fly by land. The ex-Marshal was also indiscreet enough to hand to the reporter some letters written to him after his escape and congratulating him; also one to Mme. Bazaine from General de Castagny, who said among other touching things: 'He attempted the impossible, and with the aid of God, who knew he was innocent, he succeeded.' M. Louis Veullot also appears to have written to Bazaine. It is rather amusing to find how Mme. Bazaine twice outwitted M. Marchi, the civil Governor. She desired to know the depth of water at the foot of the terrace, and so she dropped a ring into the sea; the gallant M. Marchi and his nephew descended to look for it, and the latter was able to see that a boat could get close in. So as to learn what length of rope would be necessary for the descent, Mme. Bazaine got one of her children to cry for water in order to water her garden, and M. Marchi aided the girl to let down her watering pot into the sea by means of some string. In this way Mme. Bazaine ascertained the height of the terrace."

## CAPRICIOUS LUCCA.

A London musical paper says: "Lucca has always been an overpetted and spoiled child. In 1864, she suddenly, and without any reason, left London and returned to Berlin; and though matters were afterwards adjusted, Mme. Lucca was again absent from the London season of 1869. The years 1873 and 1874 found her again a defaulter, and this although the director of the Royal Italian Opera had an engagement signed by her in his pocket. The reason she assigned for staying away was that she was singing in America, and feared to face the unpleasant effects of a sea voyage, of which it is well known she has a great horror. She gave out that she intended to retire from public life; and that after the year 1874 she would renounce the stage forever. The disastrous season in the United States, where Lucca and Ilma di Murska became their own *impresarii*, and suffered the usual penalty of severe pecuniary loss, was the former a distaste for America, and a month or two ago she landed at Havre, safe from the myriads of English or German law. It is a curious fact that Lucca never appeared in the French capital in public. She has sung in private at the house of M. Auber, to whom she was introduced by her most intimate friend and patron, Meyerbeer, but to the French stage she is entirely unknown. Lucca is not by any means a perfect artiste, but with all classes she is extremely popular, and her familiar figure and bright and pleasant face have been greatly missed. It is very probable that she will sing again in London during the season of 1875; she has no special reason for not doing so; and as so many of the richest capitals are practically closed to her, she will, let us hope, avail herself of the opportunity."

## VIVE LA BAGATELLE!

In days of childish prattle  
With many a toy we play;  
And, oh, our penny rattle  
We shake it all the day.  
Sweet music is its sound,  
And pleasant is its spell,  
And never yet we found  
A toy we loved so well.  
Then while the world goes round  
Who would not have his rattle,  
And still in childish prattle  
Cry, "Vive la bagatelle!"

In love-sick youthful years we  
Love once, and love once more;  
And vow each time with tears we  
Have ne'er loved so before.  
We love Marie so sweet,  
We love sweet Isabel,  
Now Maud, now Marguerite;  
We love them all so well.  
Oh, while soft glances greet,  
And kind is any maiden,  
We still shall cry, love-laden,  
Our "Vive la bagatelle!"

In manhood's fiery battle  
Each plays a close-fought game,  
To make the guineas rattle,  
Or gain a passing fame.  
And still some conquest new  
Must please us with its spell,  
Till he the man who slew  
Lies near the man who fell.  
Ah me, you noisy crew!  
He sleeps through all the rattle,  
Whilst others in life's battle  
Shout "Vive la bagatelle!"

## SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

A medal was sold at St. Anne d'Auray, where Marshal MacMahon attended mass, with the following inscription, "Pax, Lux, Rex, Lex."

M. Guizot had one peculiarity—that of writing with a lead pencil instead of a pen; the latter was adopted only in cases when *noblesse oblige*. By-the-bye, he pronounced his name *Guizot*.

A ring has recently been presented to the Bishop of Briouc, with the motto "Qui me nomme me perd," alluding to his speech in which he says, "La France a besoin de silence."

A singular feature of the late M. Guizot's illness was that for three weeks he had lost his memory for a great part of the day. From noon till five it was quite perfect, especially if the conversation turned on his favourite study, the history of France, but when evening approached he fell into a kind of somnolence till noon the next day.

One of the funniest things in London life is the Barmaid Contest at Woolwich. It was apparently a difficult matter to carry out, but with tact it has brought about nothing but mirth and unalloyed good-nature, so that the contest has become an institution, and a well-ordered rivalry in attractiveness of manners and appearance. Twenty-six essay their blandishments, and she who gains the most voting-papers wins.

The King of Hanover is at Biarritz. It is rumoured that his Majesty is negotiating for the purchase of a property in the Bois de Boulogne. He remarks of his daughter, the Princess Frederica—a most accomplished lady—"I see better with her eyes than if I had my own." The King, though blind, is an excellent judge, not only of the shades of colours, but also of the correctness of the busts of those friends whom he knew before being afflicted with his calamity.

A gentleman at Scarborough, after waving his handkerchief for half an hour or more at an unknown lady whom he discovered at a distant point on the shore, was encouraged by a warm response to his signals to approach his charmer. Imagine his feelings when, on drawing nearer, he saw that it was his own dear wife whom he had left at the hotel but a short time before. "Why, how remarkable that we should have recognized each other at such a distance!" exclaimed both, in the same breath; and then they changed the subject.

The Bishop of Manchester, preaching on the subject of cremation, said that, "for his part, he did not see that cremation interfered with the resurrection doctrine. His body would crumble to dust, and it was enough for him to know that his personal identity throughout eternal ages rested with his Maker. A surgeon might cut off his finger, but he was there still, whatever physiologists said as to the change of the body. Eye had not seen or ear heard the things that was in store for us. To die was human, and to live was life eternal. All of them ought to try and live for the life to come."

Rather a good story is told respecting the Gloucester Festival, forcibly suggesting Talleyrand's advice to young diplomatists. A policeman was stationed at one of the doors of the cathedral, and instructed to let no one pass inwards without a ticket. Presently a lady appeared and attempted to pass, but was peremptorily stopped by the P.C. "Where is your ticket?" he asked. She replied that she had none. He rejoined that in that case she could not be admitted. "But I am one of the singers." "It's no use—you can't pass without a ticket." "But I am Titians." "I can't help it if you are." Woman's wit at last baffled the too faithful constable, for the great cantatrice presently swiftly brushed by him to his immense indignation. No one can take a run better than the great songstress.

The American newspapers print the following: Why should the bean keep ahead of all other vegetables? Because it has the pole.—*Lowell Courier*. The bean has the pole, but in the

vegetable race the cabbage is sure to come out a head.—*Advertiser*. Hold! Don't you know that the carrot was never beat?—*Herald*. It might not have been beat if it had not been pulled up suddenly. But, as the whole thing is likely to be run into the ground, we shall wait for something else to turn up.—*Boston Advertiser*. If this kind of thing goes on much longer, the whole vegetable kingdom will exclaim, "Lettuce alone."—*New Bedford Standard*. We should like to know what celery these fellows get for writing such pea-dantic puns.—*V. Y. Com. Advertiser*. We don't see why it should concern you.—*American Grocer*. These vegetable puns have become so numerous that one cannot make an oat of them without a rye face—it goes so against the grain.—*Boston Com. Bulletin*.

M. Guizot was in all things, except in an inordinately high estimate of his own staturcraft and political lucidity, a moderate man. He never smoked nor took snuff, nor ate between meals. He was sober in the use of stimulants. As old age increased he lost the austere exterior which gave him, in younger life, the air of a Cato. His private life was honourable and laborious. It was M. Guizot who preached to Frenchmen to enrich themselves. Yet he lived and died himself in almost crippled circumstances. He and his daughter and granddaughter worked together with their pens for the few luxuries they indulged in. He spoke English perfectly, and liked to show his mastery of our tongue when he had English guests. He ran from group to group, and visitor to visitor, saying something appropriate and pleasant to each. There were bright gleams of wit in his conversation which surprised new acquaintances. M. Guizot was not so graceful in his manners as M. Thiers, though in company he went to more trouble to please.

An official in the Bavarian Telegraph Office has invented a wonderful apparatus by which not alone autographs, but signs and even photographs, can be sent along the wires. The inventor is Herr Hencker, of Munich, and his "Electric-magnetic Copying Apparatus," as he calls it, has been already secured by a Frankfort banking firm. This apparatus, without the aid of a telegraphist, can transmit writing in different languages, signatures, portraits, plans, &c., to any distance with perfect resemblance to the original in all points. Among other exploits of this wonderful invention it telegraphed the opening speech of the Singers' Festival, which took place lately, as printed, surrounded by garlands of oak and laurel; also bills of exchange, government despatches in cipher, messages in Greek and Hebrew letters, an arrest warrant with portrait of the person "wanted," and a map as used by generals in time of war with the intended movements of the troops marked out upon it. An impression of the object, writing, drawing, &c., is taken in a prepared ink on a sort of silver paper, which is rolled on a revolving cylinder and forwarded to its destination without further visible aid.

A New York correspondent of the *Boston Journal* says: "There are men on the street with whom everything turns to gold that they touch. There are other men who are shrewd, talented, industrious, sober, who never get ahead in anything. We had an illustration of this bad luck in one of the heaviest wool dealers in New York. He began life cautiously, worked his way up and amassed a fortune. Three years ago he made his will. He had \$600,000 to distribute. Had he died then or gone out of business he would have been a rich man. His will was scarcely made before his troubles began. Everything went against him. Everybody that failed affected him. Loss followed loss. Wave after wave struck his craft. His losses were fearful and continuous. His partner he took into his store as a boy. When his property reached half a million he would have gone out of business, but he wanted to give the young man a fair start. The young man repaid his consideration and thoughtfulness by defrauding him on the right hand and on the left. Finding himself the victim of circumstances that he could not control he succumbed and passed away suddenly, leaving only a wreck behind."

An important painting by Rubens of "The Judgment of Solomon" will, it is announced, be put up to auction at the Hotel Drouet during the forthcoming season. That this picture should be "still in a good state of preservation" is remarkable, considering the sufferings it has undergone and the hair-breadth escapes it has had. In 1832, during the siege of Antwerp, "The Judgment of Solomon" (then in the Antwerp Museum) was struck by a projectile, and so badly wounded that a picture restorer demanded 1,500 francs for his attention to the case. After he had performed a cure, the restored Solomon was bought by M. Hercule Robert, a distinguished amateur, who possessed a fine gallery in Paris. But unfortunately Mr. Robert's hotel, which was situated at the angle of the Quai Saint-Paul and the Rue de l'Etoile, suffered greatly during the days of June 1848. No fewer than eleven cannon-balls were thrown into it, and one of them struck Rubens's painting exactly in the same place as the projectile at Antwerp. The second wound, however, was also skillfully healed, and Solomon is now reported to look as young and fresh as ever. The painter has depicted himself and his beautiful young wife, Helena Fourmont, in this work.

It is said that George II., when greatly offended by some remonstrances of his Prime Minister, Walpole, kicked him out of his Cabinet; and as his majesty had shown such passion before in the presence of several persons, Fielding took up the idea of printing in his journal, *Common Sense*, a "Disertation on Kicks," which is not wanting in many passages of clever satire. He remarks that, at the court of France, the sovereign would not disgrace himself by using personal violence. This is too complimentary. Fielding does not seem to have been aware that the French kings liked, on occasion, to indulge their temper in a way very similar to the true Briton. Louis XIII. declined to have noblemen for his gentlemen of the bedchamber, because he could not beat them as he liked, and gave a dozen hard blows to a valet who disputed with the pages the honour of precedence. His brother, Gaston d'Orleans, threw a gentleman into the canal at Fontainebleau because he had not shown him sufficient respect. Even Louis XIV., with all his magnificence, so far forgot himself as to raise his cane to the back of one of his servants; and on another occasion he threw the weapon out of the window, lest he should yield to the temptation of chastising Lauson.

The clever Louvois ran the same risk, and had it not been for the timely interference of Madame de Maintenon, would have suffered by the hand of his royal master.

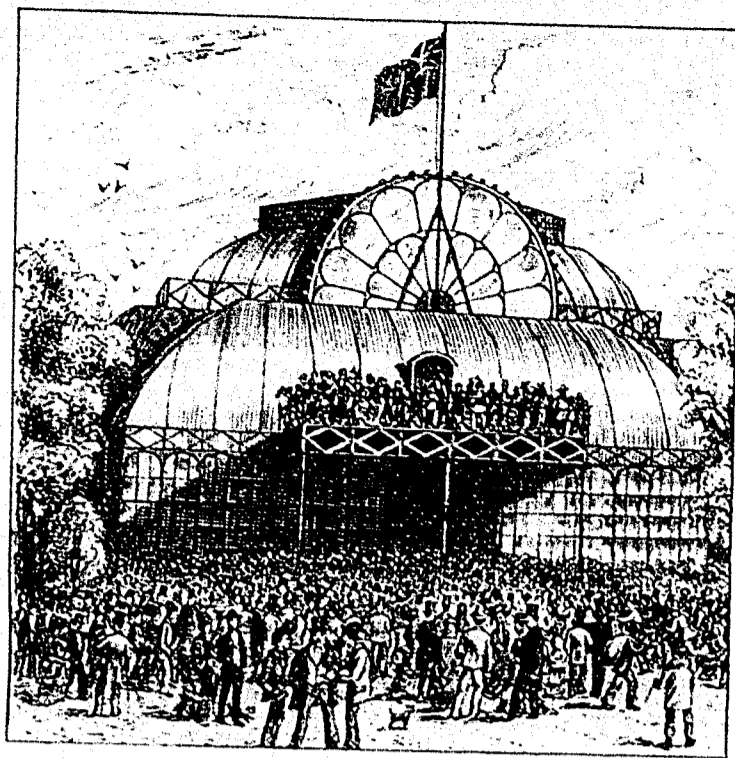
The watering season at Newport closes with a sensation, which may serve as the basis of such another opera as "The Bohemian Girl." A strolling band of Indians were encamped upon the beach, having in their company a little white girl named Charlotte Wyeth. Suddenly the girl disappeared, and all the cottagers who had become interested in her were surprised. The disappearance was explained the other day when an officer on board a Sound steamer bound to Providence recognized the waif in charge of a lady who stated she was taking her, at the request of Mr. Edward Walsh, of Newport, to a lady in Providence, who had promised to take care of her. The child was detained, and Mr. Walsh was taken into custody. He explained that in visiting the beach he had become interested in the child; that he found her barbarously treated by the Indians; and learning that she had been stolen by them and was willing and anxious to accept of his protection he had determined to adopt and provide for her until he should find her natural guardians. The disinterested and honourable motives of Walsh were so apparent that he was discharged, but the bumptious City Marshal, thinking doubtless that some reward would be offered for the child, has refused to allow her to remain in Walsh's custody. The young man is thoroughly interested in the waif, and is enthusiastically engaged in the endeavour to learn something of her parents.

A London correspondent of the *Chicago Journal* says: "It appears to be a fact that American mosquitoes are becoming an institution in England. I think that one of my chief comforts when I first came to this country arose from the fact that I was no more troubled with this detestable insect. During the last few years there have been frequent rumours that they have been recognized in various localities, but they appeared to disappear in each instance with the frost. This year during the 'silly season,' they are again announced, and the papers have discussed them pretty thoroughly. I have looked into the matter pretty carefully, and have come to the conclusion that they have not been and are not likely to become naturalized here. The only locality in which I hear of them this year is Westminster, and almost exclusively in or near a certain hotel much frequented by Americans. Now to my knowledge mosquitoes have been common in that hotel about this period every year for the last eight or ten years. They have never spread to any great distance, and have disappeared altogether as soon as cold weather set in. I have no doubt that a few stray ones have been brought over in the trunks of travelling Americans, and they have multiplied to some extent during the warm months. But I also believe that those we have this year are a new importation, and not the descendants of last year's race."

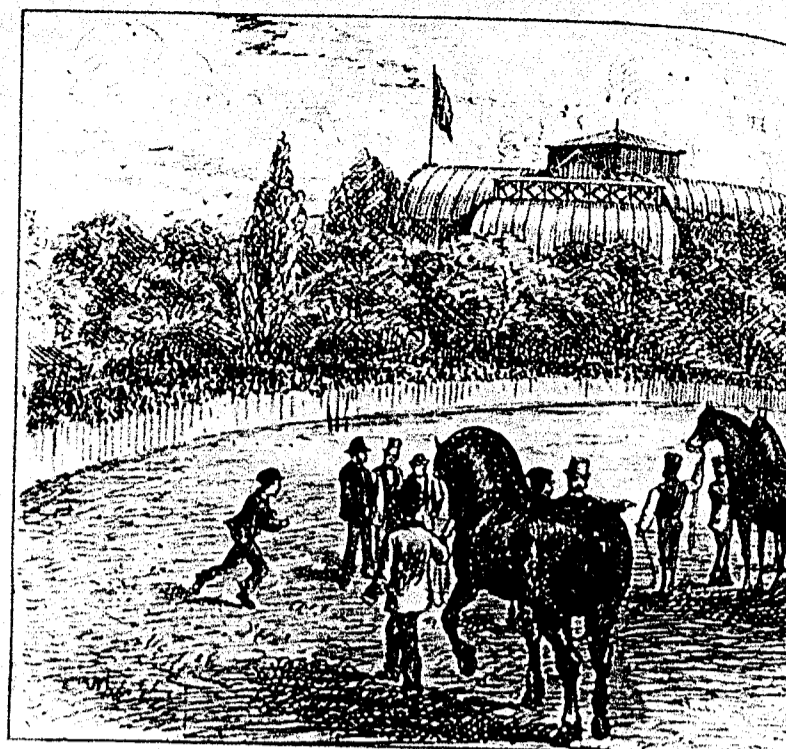
The *Saturday Review*, speaking of the proposed transformation of Soho square, London, says: "It is just 100 years since the fortunes of Mrs. Theresa Cornleys began to decline, and with them the glories of Soho square. Who remembers her now? Yet she was once a central figure in the fashionable world of London. Her house, now a pickle shop, was, crowded with princes, nobles, and fine ladies. Her ball-room, now a Romanist chapel, was the headquarters of extravagance and gorgeous apparel. It was at once of her masquerades that the beautiful daughter of a peer wore the costume of an Indian princess, three black girls bearing her train, a canopy held over her head by two negro boys, and her dress covered with jewels worth £100,000. It was at another that Adam, in flesh-coloured tights and an apron of fig-leaves, was to be seen in company with the Duchess of Bolton as Diana. Death, in a white shroud, bearing his own coffin and epitaph; Lady Augusta Stuart as a vestal; the Duke of Gloucester, in an old English habit, with a star on his cloak; and the Duke of Devonshire, 'who was very fine, but in no particular character'—all these and others passed through her rooms; yet before many years had gone by she was selling asses' milk at Knightsbridge, and in 1797 she died in the Fleet prison, forming schemes to the very last for retrieving her broken fortunes. Attempts were unsuccessfully made to keep up the festivities of Carlisle House, but Almack's drew away the great, and the square gradually declined in the world, from fashion to philosophy, from artists to tradesmen, from shops to hospitals, until at length its lowest depth seems to have been reached, and the beautifier of Leicester square has been summoned to the assistance of Soho."

The Tweed fishermen are a very independent set of fellows, very civil when not upset, with a certain pride in themselves and their calling, but quite sensible to the difference between good and scurvy treatment. Not a hundred years ago a gentleman well known on Tweedside was fishing with one of them, whom, for the sake of individuality, we will call Davie. Soon after starting, the gentleman killed a ten-pounder, and, greatly pleased, took out his flask and drank "to the fushe," and, without offering to Davie a sup, returned it to his pocket, blew out the feathers of the fly, and went to work again. The stream was heavy, but Davie never shirked it, and ere long "his gentleman" was in another. This was killed too, and out came the flask again. The gentleman, much delighted, laughed, slapped his thighs, prophesied a big day, drank "to the fushe" again, and put up his flask—all as a matter of course. But the deuce of a drop got Davie. Davie glowered on't. "He didna joost like the prospec'—it was no' the sort of thing he was used to at a'." However, he put off from the shore into the stream once more, bent to his work with desperation and a dry throttle, and again the lucky fisherman was in his third fish. A third time they got to shore, and a third time the fish was landed—a noble fifteen-pounder. Laughing, joking, chuckling in the highest glee, the angler again brought out the flask, again drank "to the fushe," and again, without passing it on, returned the bottle to its abiding-place. Davie rose from his seat. "I'm thinking we'll have an amazing day, Davie," said the gentleman. "I'm thinking ye wull," said Davie, dryly, as he stepped out of the boat and handled the chain. "Hallo! what are you about?" asked the gentleman in wonder, as Davie dragged the boat up and commenced locking the chain to the post. "Moan," said Davie, "ef ye drink by yersell, ye may fushe by yersell, and gang to the de'il for me!" and, putting the key in his pocket, he stalked off and left the astonished angler to his meditation.

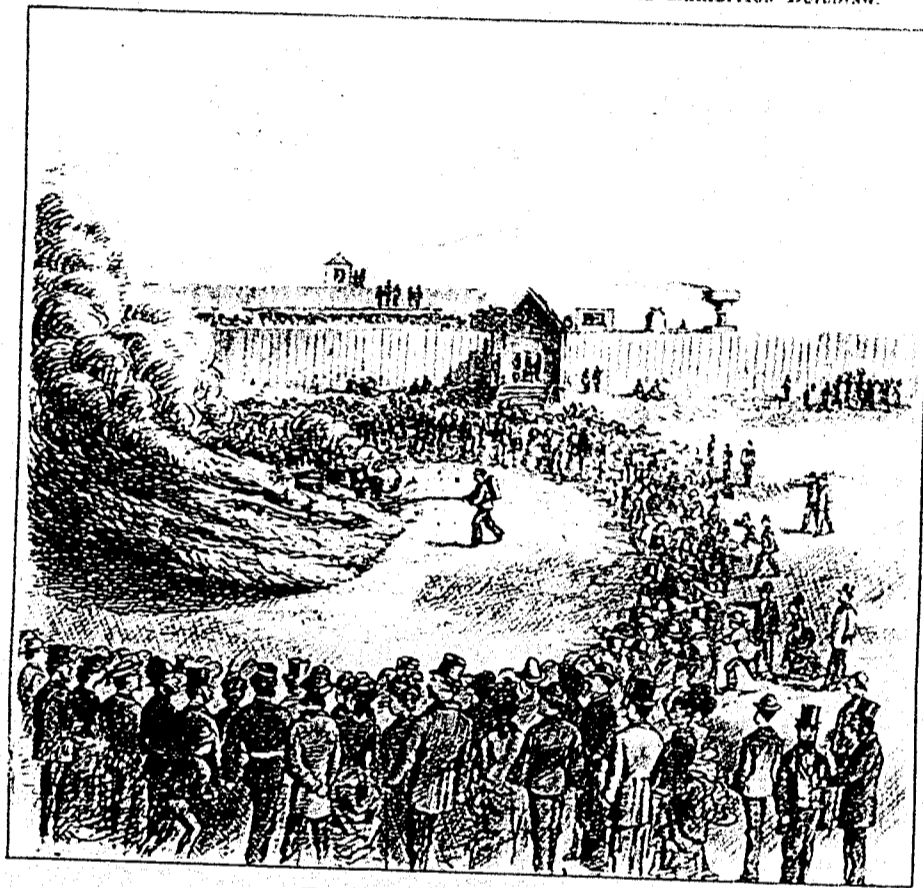




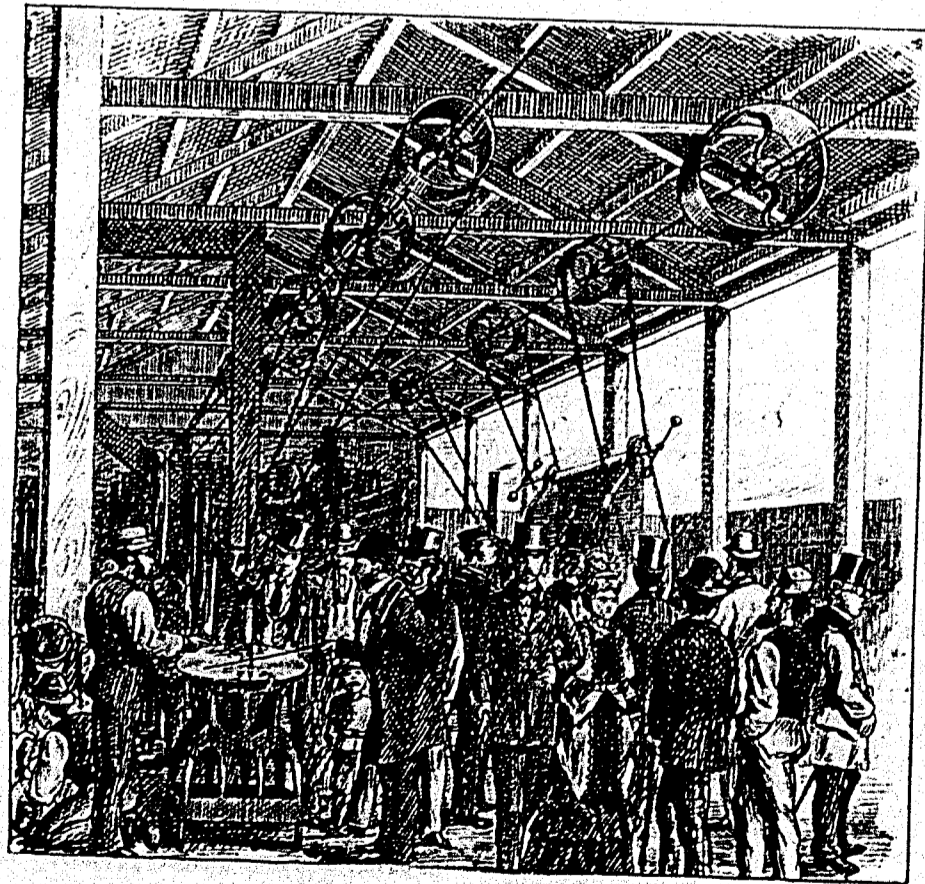
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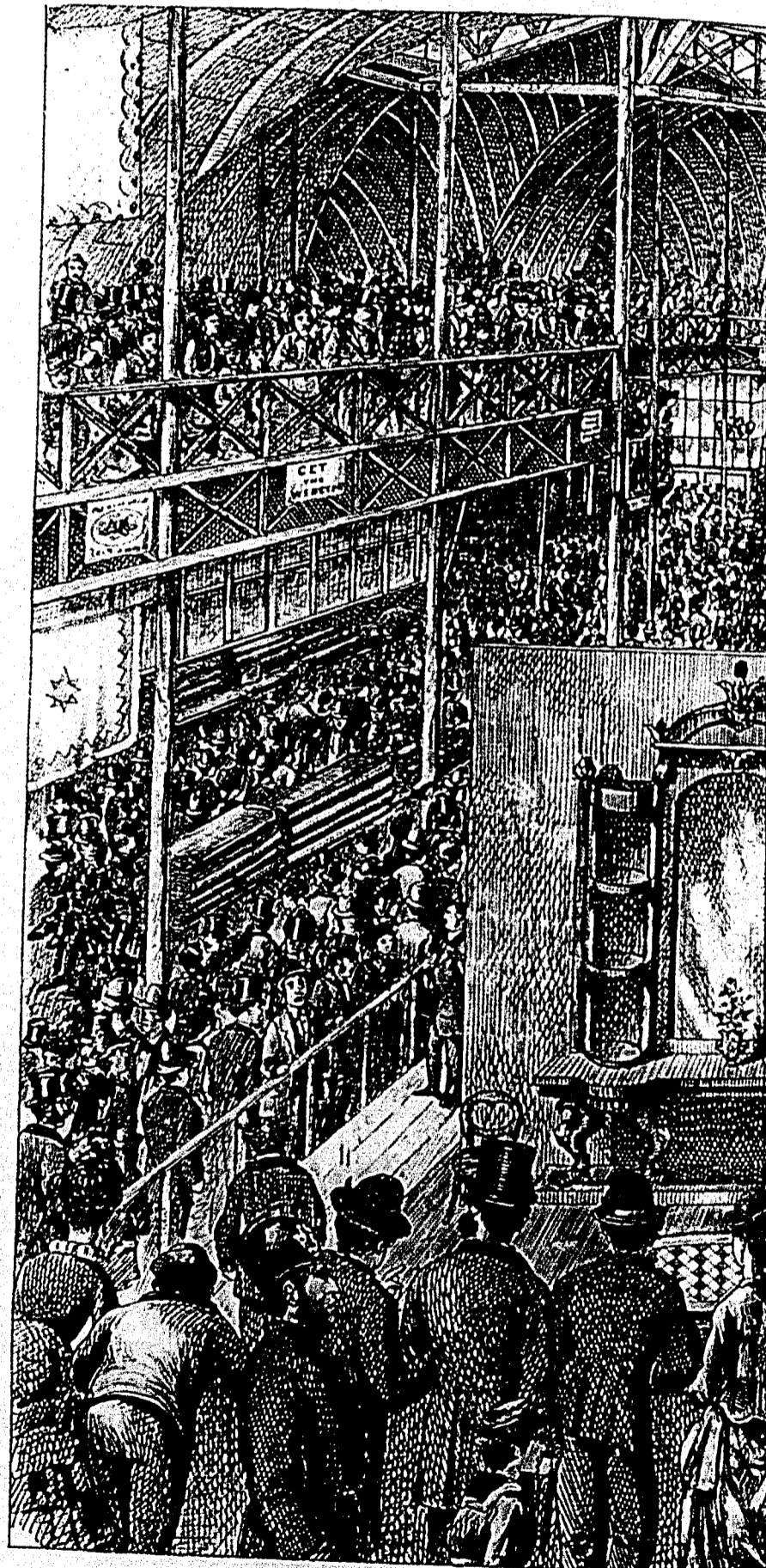
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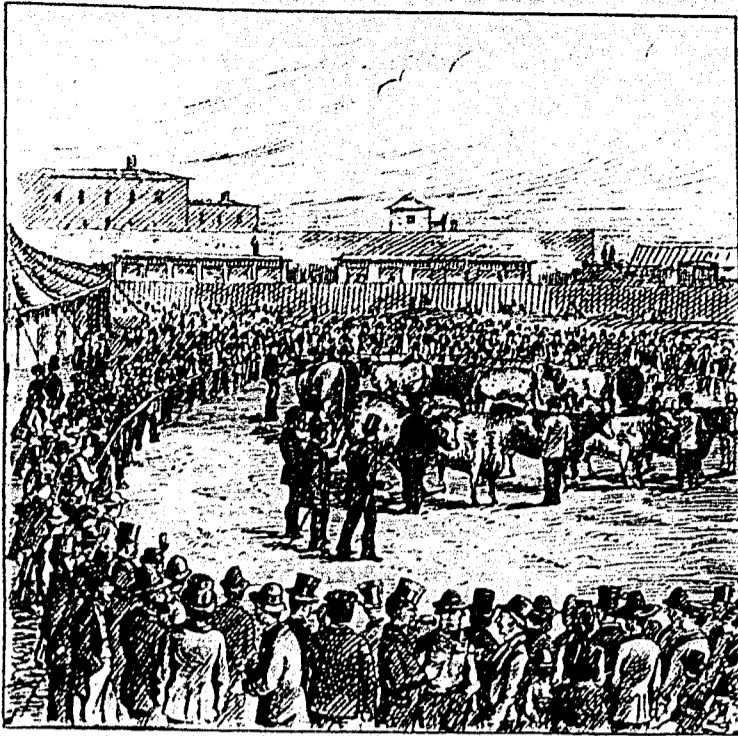
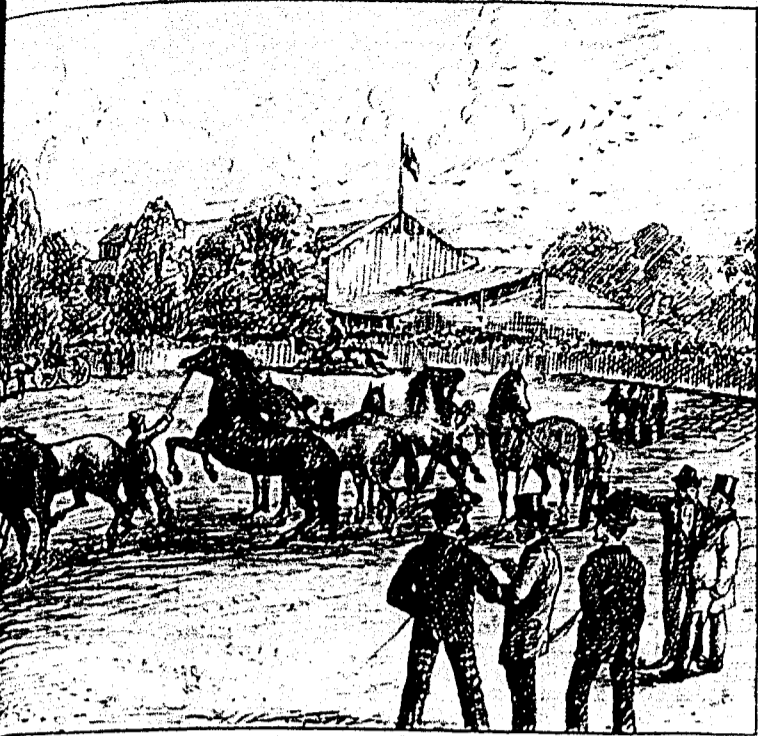
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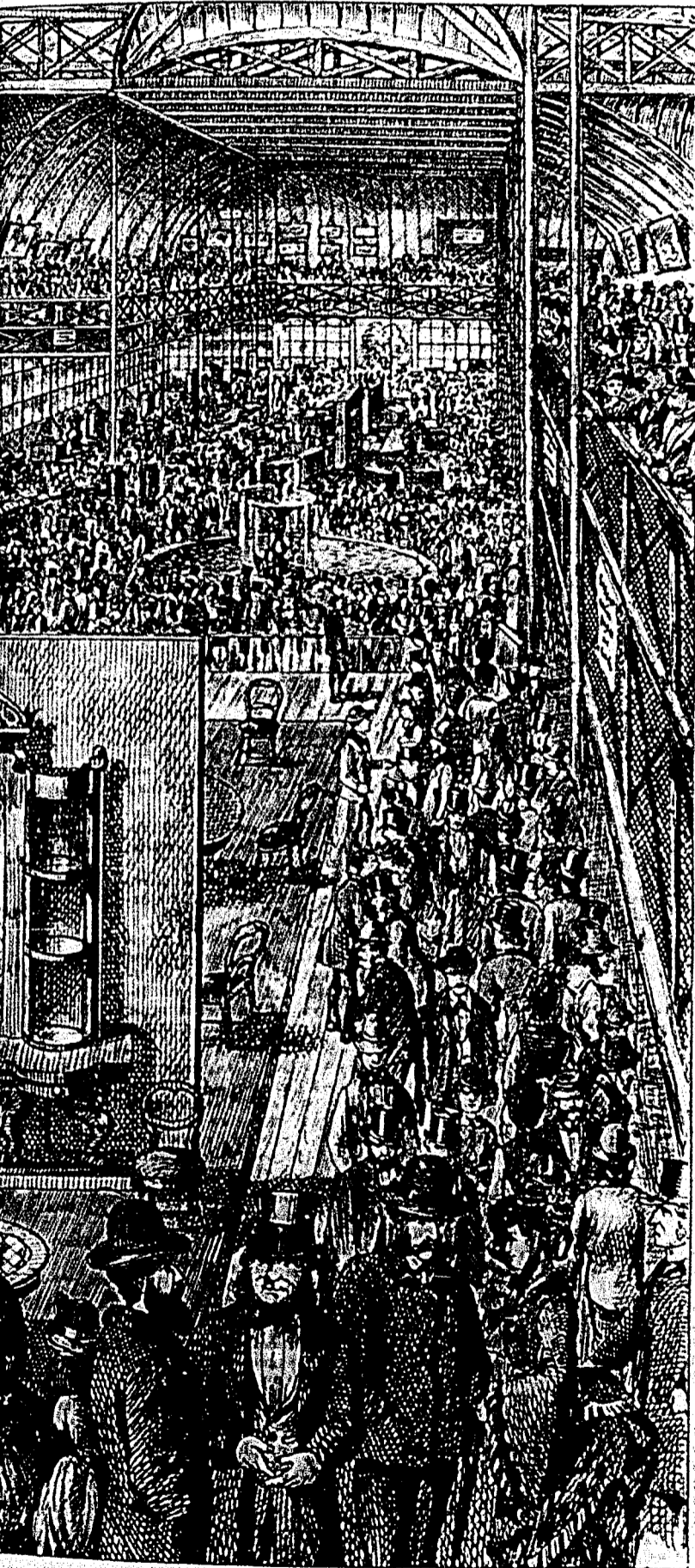
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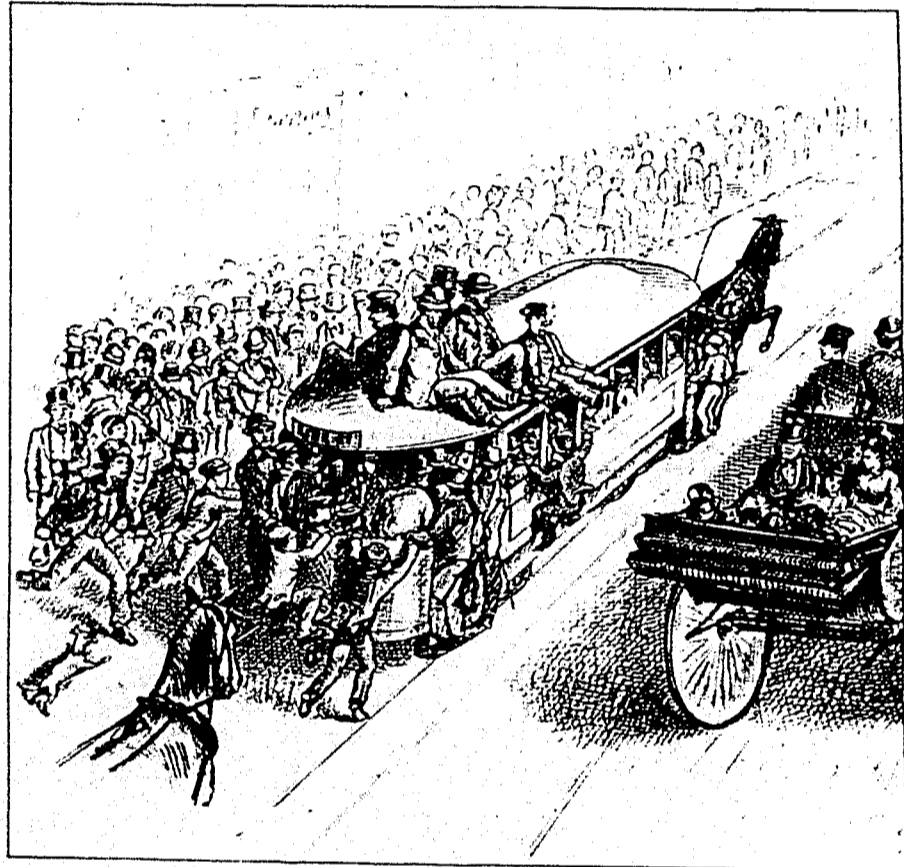
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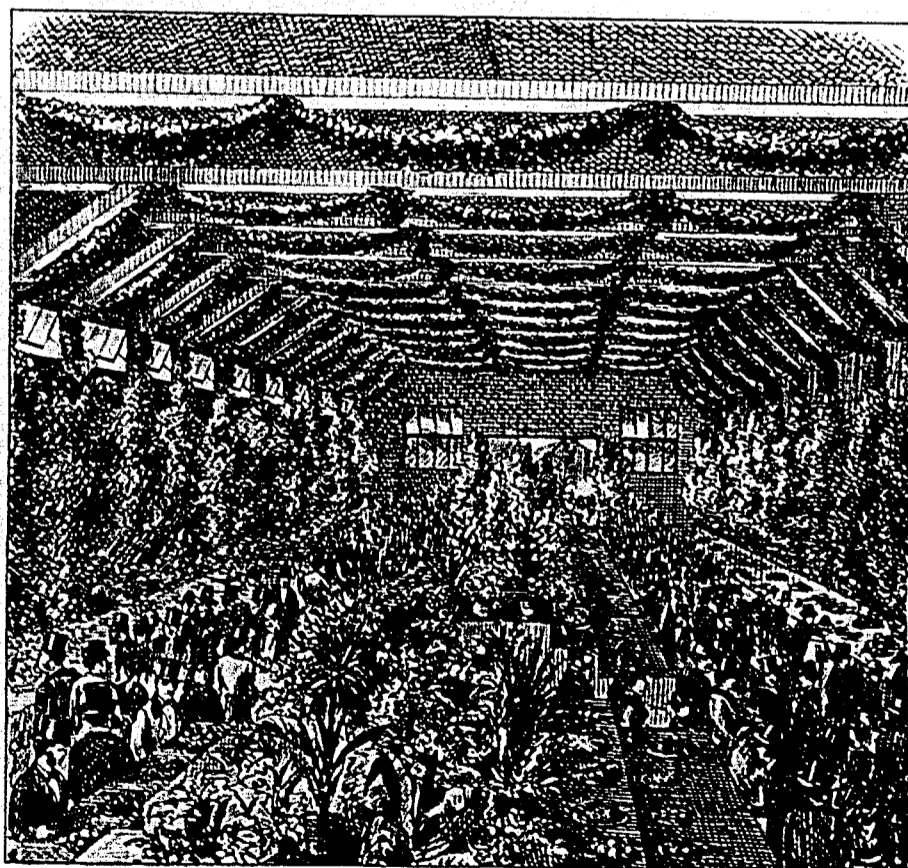
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THE AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

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## THE HOURS OF THE DAY.

If a man have the full control of his own time, he naturally desires so to map it out as to produce the greatest result with the least expenditure of vital force, and he will necessarily be guided very much by his own physical constitution and the nature of his occupations, whilst he will also seek to profit by the experience of others. The German student and professor, who we must all acknowledge produces more result from his labours than the *savant* of any other nationality, is usually an early riser and an early diner. He finds in the society of his family, with occasional simple festivities, sufficient relief from an absorbing study. But the number of hours that he works would be far too great for any more excitable brain. For a writer of fiction, a dramatist, poet, or journalist to devote himself to his study for as many hours as a German professor, would be to invite speedy paralysis or softening of the brain. Walter Scott tried it, you will remember, when he attempted the impossible task of clearing off his burden of debts. How he spoilt both his later works and the brain that had inspired so many charming pictures of life is plainly recorded in his life. Goethe's well-ordered brain produced his works without any undue strain upon his nervous powers. He was an early diner, and by no means indifferent to the pleasures of the table or the charms of female society. Shakespeare of course dined early, and probably divided his periods of composition and study by an afternoon devoted to amusement and repose. Dickens, we know, performed nearly all his literary labours between the hours of nine a. m. and one p. m. A distinguished man in another sphere, Von Moltke—one who has produced stupendous results from his powers of organization—is, we believe, an early diner, and devotes the hours of the afternoon to amusement and exercise. Bismarck is said to have done most of his work in the early morning hours. As to this early rising, there is no doubt that much work can be got through in the uninterrupted solitude of the early morning, but the stress on the brain is very great—as much so as in nightwork. Schiller was a nightworker, and wrote with the stars for his sole companions. Bulwer Lytton, again, always finished his work before luncheon. We are inclined to think that the daywork is, on the whole, the best, and that the feverish facility of an over-excited brain is more fatal to real success than the interruptions and casualties of daylight. After all, in these matters the best plan is to suit oneself, taking care that hereditary sloth does not unduly bias the choice; but we think that one of the conditions of keeping healthy is a substantial meal in the middle of the day. It is often inconvenient, it interrupts business, and is frequently neglected by active men; but nature is not to be denied, and punishes us in the end if we unduly keep her waiting for dinner. For our own part we have no fault to find with the arrangement of hours for meals now current in good society. One might object that they involve a perpetual state of cooking and eating, large staffs of servants, and a cost comparatively enormous. But these are considerations for those whom they concern—"our withers are unwrung." Dinners, too, are made too complicated, and instead of dishes and wines few in number and of choicest quality, a vast succession of indifferent eatables and drinkables is forced upon us. Otherwise the hours now fashionable are, in fact, but a return to the customs of our ancestors. With a substantial meal in the middle of the day, and another—call it what you will, dinner or supper—at eight or nine in the evening, the claims of appetite and digestion, and the calls of business or pleasure, may be best co-ordinated.

## ACID VS. ADIPOSITY.

Taken in moderation, there is no doubt that vinegar is beneficial, but in excess it impairs the digestive organs. Experiments on artificial digestion show that if the quantity of acid be diminished, digestion is retarded; if increased beyond a certain point, digestion is arrested. There is reason, therefore, in the vulgar notion—unhappily too often relied on—that vinegar helps to keep down any alarming adiposity, and that ladies who dread the disappearance of their graceful outlines in curves of plumpness expanding into "fat" may arrest so dreadful a result by liberal potations of vinegar, but they can only so arrest it at the far more dreadful expense of their health. The amount of acid which will keep them thin will destroy their digestive powers. Portal gives a case which should be a warning. "A few years ago a young lady in easy circumstances enjoyed good health; she was very plump, had a good appetite, and a complexion blooming with roses and lilies. She began to look upon her plumpness with suspicion, for her mother was very fat, and she was afraid of becoming like her. Accordingly she consulted a woman, who advised her to drink a glass of vinegar daily. The young lady followed the advice, and her plumpness diminished. She was delighted with the success of the experiment, and continued it for more than a month. She began to have a cough; but it was dry at its commencement, and was considered as a slight cold which would go off. Meantime, from dry it became moist, a slow fever came on, and a difficulty of breathing; her body became lean and wasted away, night sweats, swelling of the feet and of the legs succeeded, and a diarrhoea terminated her life." Therefore, young ladies, be bodily fat! Never pine for graceful slimness and romantic pallor; but if nature means you to be ruddy and rotund, accept it with a laughing grace, which will captivate more hearts than all the paleness of a circulating library.

## A PRIMA DONNA'S TOOTH.

Mme. Pauline Viardot, the ever-to-be-remembered *Fides* in Meyerbeer's "Prophete," had one of her incisive teeth in her upper jaw longer than the rest of her pearly jewels, which somewhat damaged the beautiful expression of her physiognomy. A few evenings before the production of the "Prophete," during one of the general rehearsals of that opera, Meyerbeer went into her room in the theatre, and advised her that he could not consent to let her sing *Fides*. "How so?" exclaimed the great artist, stupefied at such a dreadful revelation. "Am I wrong in the interpretation of any part of the role? If so, you should tell me, sir, and I will correct myself." "Madame, you are a perfect *Fides*, and I could not dream of any tragedian songstress to sing and play better than you," answered the maestro, "but—but—you cannot perform *Fides*—unless—" "Unless what?" quickly replied Pauline Viardot, bursting into tears. "Unless you submit to a painful surgical operation, and I guess you won't madame." "What do you mean, sir?" "Simply this, madame: you must have that overgrown tooth sawn to the level of the others." "Oh! sir, it

must be horrible. Surely I'll be dead before the excision is over." "Not at all, madame. I have just ordered the dentist of the Queen of Prussia to come to Paris for the express purpose of attending your operatic majesty, and you may rely upon his unsurpassed skill." As it was the *sine qua non* condition imposed by the hard-to-please maestro, Pauline Viardot made up her mind to confide her beautiful head to Herr Mullkeistrom, M.D., who first chloroformed her and with a magic dexterity removed at one the obnoxious bit of ivory. A few nights after that "terrible" trial Pauline Viardot won her crown of immortality in that *rolé* of *Fides* in which she will never be equalled. When the tremendous echoes of the enthusiastic applause and *rappels* had abated, and the artists were allowed to leave the stage, Giacomo Meyerbeer, trembling like a child with emotion, respectfully took *Fides*'s right wrist, to which he adjusted a diamond bracelet worth 30,000 francs, in the middle of which, and surrounded by rubies, stood the small piece of tooth that for so many years had been prominent in the great artist's features.

## GUIZOT'S HOME.

A correspondent of the *Arcadian*, writing of the late M. Guizot, says: "In 1836 he bought Val Richer. It had been in days of yore a Benedictine monastery. But during the great Revolution the church was demolished, and so were the cloisters. All that is left of the ancient structure is the abbot's house, a building dating back only to the beginning of the last century. It is, however, a fine edifice, and serves the Guizots as a home, having had many additions made to it within the past few years. The gardens are extensive, full of shrubberies and pleasant alleys, and the farm brings in a revenue of 5,000 francs. Over the principal entry one reads this Latin inscription: 'Omnium Recta Brevisissima,' and passing beneath it you enter the hall. Here the first thing to strike your attention is the grand staircase, the balustrade of which was carved out of an old pear tree by Mme. de Meulan, sister of the deceased. The next object is a great picture by P. Hote, representing Mohammed Ali Pacha, a gift from that potentate to the Marquis de Lavalette. A few Egyptian curiosities stand around, and several cases full of stuffed birds and beasts. The library is to the right. It is a large and handsome apartment, containing 8,000 volumes. There are really 25,000 books in the house; upstairs, near M. Guizot's room, are two book-shelves of great size filled with choice volumes, and in all the rooms are little cupboards with glass doors, containing well-selected books in many languages—for the Guizots are intellectual people, and read and write a great deal. In the library is a marble bust of M. Guizot when he was quite a young man. His face then was very handsome. It always was agreeable, but of late years the smallness of his features and his many wrinkles gave him a certain wizened look which was by no means conducive to the belief in his having ever been good-looking. On the opposite side of the house, facing the library, is the drawing-room. This apartment contains some notable works of art. First of all, the portrait of old Mme. Guizot, by Scheffer; then, two pictures of Louis Philippe and Marie Amalie, gifts from those sovereigns, by Winterhalter. The portrait of the Queen makes her quite beautiful, which she never was. Near these hang a portrait of Lord Aberdeen and another of Washington, for whom Guizot entertained a great enthusiasm. On the first floor is a long corridor with nine windows, and this contains several Italian pictures by the old masters, one especially fine by Michael Angelo, representing Moses. Here, also, was the famous "Pastorale" of Murillo, about which there has been so much said of late. At the end of this kind of gallery stands a statuette of Joan of Arc by the Princess of Orleans. It is the model of the famous statue executed by Louis Philippe's accomplished daughter for the market-place of Rouen, and was her gift to Guizot. The bed-chamber which was the scene of this illustrious man's last hours is on this floor. The bed is a little iron cot, and there is no carpet on the floor. Many book-shelves stand about in various parts of the room, and the walls are covered with portraits of all the family and those of the Duc de Broglie and Descazes; also two pictures by Vanloo and two marble medallions—one of Calvin and the other of Father Lacordaire. A fine picture of the Crucifixion also adorns the wall over the bed, and an excellent portrait of His Holiness Pius IX. hands beneath it."

## THE HOUSEKEEPER.

**Apple-Jelly.**—To every pound of apples add a pint of water, boil till all the goodness is extracted; then to every pint of juice add one pound of sugar: boil till reduced to half then add a packet of gelatine to each gallon and the juice of four lemons.

**Oyster Sausage.**—Chop a pint of oysters with a quarter pound of veal and a quarter pound of suet, some bread crumbs; season with salt and pepper; pound them in a mortar; make them into little cakes with an egg; flour and fry them dry. Serve hot.

**Something New in Sandwiches.**—Omit a thick slice of bread and toast it brown on either side; when cold it must be split and the meat then inserted, and the sandwich, instead of being dry, will retain all the moisture of fresh cut bread. A good lining for a sandwich is made with hard boiled eggs cut in slices, and chopped anchovies.

**Potato Snow.**—Boil some large white potatoes, free from specks, in their skins in salt and water till quite cooked; drain, dry, and peel them by the side of the fire. Put a hot dish on the fender, and rub the potatoes through a coarse sieve on to it. Let them fall lightly into the dish, and serve without again touching them, or the flakes will fall.

**Fig Pudding.**—Take a quarter of a pound of figs, pound them in a mortar and mix in gradually half pound of bread crumbs, and four ounces of best suet, minced very small; add four ounces of pounded loaf sugar, and mix the whole together with two eggs beaten up and a good teaspoonful of new milk. When all these ingredients are well mixed, fill in a mould and boil for four hours.

**Kidney Toast.**—Chop very fine some kidneys and a little of the surrounding fat; season with salt, pepper and a little lemon peel; warm this mixture with a little butter, then place on thin slices of toast, first beating up and adding one egg to the kidneys; place the toast in a dish with a little butter, brown them in an oven and serve very hot. This is a very appetizing little dish.

**Potted Cheese.**—Take 1 lb. good mild cheese, grate this into a mortar, or if very new it may be cut into thin slices, beat till quite smooth, with 1½ oz. of butter, season with pepper, salt, cayenne, a little mace, and made mustard, add a wineglass full of good port wine. When thoroughly mixed put into pots and cover with butter. As it does not keep very long, it is better not to make more at a time than the quantity named.

## GROTESQUES.

No man can read about all these burglaries without a determination to have his wife sleep on the front side of the bed.

"Go for it while it's hot!" was the exhortation of a rural youth to his lady-love, as he handed her a foaming glass of lemonade.

A lazy fellow, lying on the cliffs at a favourite sea-side resort, was heard to say: "Oh, how I do wish that this was called work, and well paid!"

A Milwaukee paper says: "What is wanted in Kansas is more telegraph poles, or stronger ones. The average pole holds only about four horse thieves comfortably."

A Southern gentleman in a Washington hotel told the negro servant in attendance that he might retire: "Scuse me, sah," explained Sambo, "but I 'se 'sponsible for de spoons."

Two old friends met. "John, my boy, it's forty years, my friend, since we were boys together." "Is it? Well, don't speak so loud; there's that young widow in the next room."

One of the cooks at Long Branch has invented a dish which he calls "cucumber toast." It is so good that when one has eaten a plate of it he is not likely to want anything else for a week.

Said a Detroit lady to a small boy whom she found crying in the street the other day: "Will you stop crying if I give you a penny?" "No," said he, "but if you'll make it two cents I'll stop if it kills me."

Tender-hearted persons who have read of the fierce raids of Texan steers through the streets of St. Louis will be pleased to learn from the market reports that "there is a better feeling in Texas cattle."

A Western man set fire to the prairie for fun, but after he had run seven miles and climbed a tree, with his pants about all burned off, he concluded the sport was a little too violent exercise to be indulged in oftener than once in a lifetime.

"You will be pleased with my daughter as a pupil, I feel sure," a lady lately remarked to a well-known professor, whose services she had just engaged; "she is exceedingly clever, and has such a nice heavy touch for sacred music."

A printer, meddling with the verdict of a coroner's jury, struck out a comma after the word "apoplexy," making the sentence read thus: "Deceased came to his death by excessive drinking, producing apoplexy in the minds of the jury."

If the time ever comes for the explanation of the mysteries of this world, we shall be glad to know why the young man who remarks on leaving church, "I can preach a better sermon than that myself," is content to wear out his life over a counter at \$50 a month.

An amiable citizen of Burlington called to see another, who was dangerously ill. Attracted by a festive pair of boots in the room of the invalid, the visitor tried them on, when turning to the sick man with much sympathy, he remarked: "Supposing the worst to happen, I'll take these boots."

Mark Twain says he has just received a letter from one of "fellow-savages in the Sandwich Islands." It appears to be a most interesting epistle. One passage runs: "A certain legislator was very much put out on account of the recent riot. He was put out of a two-storey window."

The following interesting little dialogue was overheard at a ball one evening during last season between a young man and his partner who had some difficulty in opening a conversation: "I am very warm," remarked the young lady. "Do you wear flannel?" asked her cavalier, with tender interest.

A youth asked permission of his mother to go to a ball. She told him it was a bad place for little boys. "Why, mother, didn't you and father go to balls when you were young?" "Yes, but we have seen the folly of it," said the mother. "Well, mother," exclaimed the son, "I want to see the folly of it too."

At a Dublin Mansion House dinner one of the livery servants went up to a gentleman who was carving a joint of beef, and said: "I'll trouble you, if you please, for a slice for my master." "Certainly; how does your master like it?" "Bedad!" cried the varlet, "how can I tell ye how he loikes it until he has tasted a bit?"

Brief colloquy in Texas between a tourist and a native: "My friend, why is it everybody in this country thinks it necessary to carry one or two revolvers?" "Well, stranger," said the Texan, "you mought travel around a good long time and not want a weapon, but when you do want a pistol in this country you want it bad."

A Western paper tells how "Mr. Rlm King, with a Colt's revolver, killed a wild turkey which weighed twenty-eight pounds, on the top of a tree one hundred and fifty yards distant." A good-sized turkey, certainly; but that Mr. King should have taken the trouble to weigh it on the top of a tree, at that particular distance, is a little curious.

The superintendent of a Sunday-school was catechizing a number of scholars, varying the usual form by beginning at the end of the catechism. After asking what were the pre-requisites of holy communion and confirmation, and receiving satisfactory replies, he asked, "And now, boys, tell me what must precede baptism." Whereupon a lively urchin at once shouted out, "A baby, sir."

Rossini had a favourite provision merchant. One day the latter rather bashfully said to Rossini, "I have for a long time wanted to ask you a favour." "Name it," said the maestro. "It is," replied the merchant, "that you will give me your photograph, with a few words under it." "Willingly," responded Rossini, and he took a photograph from his pocket-book, and wrote under it, "To the friend of my stomach."

A gentleman whose nationality will become apparent in the sequel, and whose profession was the driving of vehicles, being desirous of conciliating a passenger and excusing the stubbornness of his quadruped, remarked: "He has quare ways, yer anner. What wud ye think av a baste that wud do the like av this? Wan day he swalled a half a soverin, an' all we could get him to give up was sivin-an'-six, all through conthrairiness."

Speaking of tenpins, a correspondent says: "You see, while a man chooses a ball he can handle with a graceful swing of his right arm, the girls are bound to select the biggest one they can find. 'Toting' it to the starting place, they go on a waddling run half way down the alley, and then let go their burden with a spiteful shove, give a sigh of relief, straighten up and walk back with a dignified and unconcerned air, as if they didn't care where that ball went or whether it knocked down any pins or not."

A Scotsman is always afraid of expressing unqualified praise. If you remark that "It's a good day," the usual reply is, "Atweel, sir, I've seen war." If you say that his wife is an excellent woman, he returns, "She's no a bad body." A buxom lass, smartly dressed, is "No sae very unpurposeelike." The richest and rarest viands are "No sae bad." The best acting and the best singing are designated as "No bad." A man noted for his benevolence is "No the warst man i' the worl." And should anyone make a remark, however novel, that squares with a Scotsman's ideas, he will at once say, "That's jist what I've often thoocht!"

## ABOUT LORD RIPON.

M. D. Conway, in one of his *Commercial* letters, says of this latest convert to the Catholic Church, that he did not mean, probably, that his conversion should be such a severe reflection on any particular sections of the church as it has proved. Many years ago his father had a correspondence with one or two Catholic prelates, in which there was manifested the late Marquis's strong desire for the unity of Christendom in general, and the reunion of the Roman and Anglican Churches in particular, but that episode in the Ripon family history was forgotten during the rationalistic phases of its present representative. The present marquis about six months ago set about writing a pamphlet in defence of Freemasonry against the hostility of Romanism. After six months of reading his paper lay still blank before him, or if it contained anything it was the letter of resignation of the position of Grand Master. For the marquis has been converted by study to the side he had set himself to refute. He did not have any consultation with any Catholic, neither Manning nor Capel. He came to the Oratory at Kensington last week, and asked to see one of the fathers. His name and rank were entirely unknown until he had entered them in the registry of that establishment. He then attended mass, partook of the communion for the first time last Sunday, and on the following day was received formally into the Church. His nearest friends seem to have been unaware that he contemplated this step. The marchioness is still a member of the Church of England, and no one knows whether she will follow her husband or not. While the conversion of the marquis would thus appear to have been the result of antiquarian reading, it nevertheless has a bearing upon current controversies to which must be attributed much of the perturbation it has caused. It is a sort of reflection upon the hard Evangelicism in which he was brought up, and upon the Broad Church to which he had gone. The rationalist wing is tainted by the charge that it leads either to infidelity, like that of Voysey, Fenwick, Cox, Wyld, and other clergymen who have lately abjured Christianity, or, if not, it carries men so near to the abyss that, affrighted, they rush to the other extreme. The Broad Church resents being made to bear the burden of a conversion which they attribute to the marquis's never having got over his disgust for the hard dogmatism and vulgarity of the evangelical or puritanical system under which he groaned in early life. And both of these wings of the Church are stung by the triumphant claim of the Ritualists that it is one of the first fruits of Disraeli's policy of "putting down Ritualism."

## SPANISH WORKS OF ART.

A writer in the *Boston Journal* says: "Several of the greatest painters of the seventeenth century, the period of the highest development of the Spanish school, are represented by important works in the Montpensier collection, and one, Murillo, who stands second only to Velasquez in the ranks of Spanish artists, by a masterpiece valued at \$100,000. This is 'La Vierge aux Linges,' so called from the swaddling clothes upon which the infant Christ lies. Painted for the Count of Aquila, it remained in his family at Seville until 1840, when it was bought by Baron Taylor for the Spanish gallery of King Louis Philippe at the Louvre. After the death of the king it was purchased by the Duke of Montpensier, who brought it back to Seville. Lady Herbert refers to it in her 'Impressions of Spain' as one of "two most exquisite Murillos" which she saw in the gallery of San Telmo. Another of the greatest Spanish masters, Francisco de Zurbaran, whom Sir William Sterling Maxwell characterizes as the 'peculiar painter of monks, as Raphael of maidens and Ribera of martyrdoms,' and whom Philip IV. called 'painter to the king and king of painters,' contributes five pictures. One of these is a praying monk, which we remember to have seen in the Spanish gallery at the Louvre many years ago, and which has always remained present to us a type of the powerful effect in the management of light and shade. The other four pictures by this Spanish Carravaggio formed, with two smaller pieces now in Berlin, the great altar-piece of the famous Carthusian convent at Cadiz. They hung in the Louvre until 1849, and were bought in London in the following year by the Duke of Montpensier. Their subjects are the Annunciation, the Adoration of the Shepherds, the Adoration of the Magi, and the Circumcision, and they are valued by the Duke at the aggregate sum of \$120,000."

## A COSTUME TO KEEP AFLOAT.

A Paris correspondent says: "An ingenious philanthropist of this city has just invented a new apparatus for assisting shipwrecked persons in maintaining themselves above water. The public trial of this apparatus took place a few days ago, and proved entirely successful. Two river steamboats were provided by the smiling, enthusiastic, white-headed philanthropist, and conveyed a numerous company of friends, people connected with the press, the clubs, the army and navy, and a sprinkling of members of the Legislative Assembly, to the Billancourt Basin, just beyond Asnières. The new apparatus consists of a costume, called by the inventor the 'Natator;' it goes from the neck to the knees, fitting close to the body, but susceptible of being worn over other clothing, if time be wanting for divesting oneself of one's ordinary apparel. From the armpits to the hips the thing is double, forming the case of an india-rubber tube that winds round and round the body. The upper end of this tube has a brass stopcock, through which the wearer blows in air with his lips, the process requiring only a few seconds, and the volume of air thus introduced amply sufficing to prevent the heaviest people from sinking. If it be desired to dive, the wearer lets out the air by merely opening the stopcock. The 'Natator' will thus serve to keep the shipwrecked from sinking, and enable the heroic preservers of human life to reach those who, though kept afloat by it, are unable to swim. The wearers of the 'Natator,' some of whom wore it under their clothes, some over them, while others had undressed and wore nothing else, floated about the steamers for an hour, now seeming to stand erect in the water, now lying upon it, some smoking a cigar, others reading a newspaper or eating biscuits and sandwiches from a little waterproof bag attached to the costume, laughing, talking, and apparently enjoying their novel position. A shower happening to come, one of the swimmers opened and hoisted an umbrella, under which he continued his watery promenade, to the great amusement of the spectators."

## FORREST'S LEGACY.

The *St. Louis Republican* says, in speaking of the estate of the late Edwin Forrest: "We hear now that it has been found almost impracticable to carry out successfully the wishes of the deceased actor; in fact it appears that the settlement of his estate—except that part which was arranged with the widow—has degenerated into a disgraceful scramble for the crumbs. Mr. Forrest had two female servants, sisters, who had been with him for years, acting the housekeepers. He is said to have regarded them highly, and they were faithful to him, and weak recipients of his well-known petulance. He is said to have forgotten them in his will, and they are discontented. His business manager has served him truly for years, but unfortunately at some time or other had lost \$3,000 of the actor's money, and instead of finding a friendly bequest, found a charge against him for the amount which he had lost. One of the executors offered the women a week's salary each if they would leave the house, but they became indignant and left, refusing anything. The executor, however, has not been so fortunate in the case of McArdle, the business manager. McArdle refuses to move, and what is more, Mr. Dan Dougherty, the executor, does not seem to have any power to stir him. Very queer doings are said to be going on in the late tragedian's house, which have moved people in the City of Brotherly Love to doubt the existence of ghosts, as, if departed spirits are suffered to revisit the glimpses of the moon, the spirit of the great Lear would certainly, they think, call in at the corner of Broad and Master and leer at the obnoxious McArdle in a manner they would remind him forcibly of his latter end. Mr. Dougherty has been offered \$120,000 for the property, but there appears to be an objection on the part of McArdle to the delivery of the same. This is, to say the least, remarkably strange. How McArdle can retain possession of part of an estate without any claim to it passeth understanding of the law, and we come to the conclusion that McArdle had a hold in some way which he will force Dan Dougherty sooner or later to compromise. In any other view, it is simply a crowbar and a policeman, and exit McArdle via the calaboose. This is not all. The books that Forrest collected with so much care and money, and which he prized or affected to prize so fondly, are musty and dust-worn. The house which he furnished so perfectly, under the management of McArdle for three years, is said to be growing shabby and haunted, as it were, with a curse; and all because in attempting to make his will flaw-tight Forrest left a hole in it that a four-horse team might be driven through."

## PARIS MODES.

A Parisian correspondent writes: "Among the dresses which I have recently seen was a charming ball dress of the very palest shade of silvery green. The skirt was made perfectly plain, and falling in large plaits behind; the apron overskirt was of silk of the most delicate shade of pink, and was met by a series of flounces of the green silk, continuing to the bottom of the dress in front. The front of the skirt was divided from the back by a row of waved flounces of the pink silk, shaded by plaitings of tulle. The high corsage of the dress was cut open on a V shape in front, and bordered with folds of the pink silk and plaitings of tulle; the half-short sleeves were formed of alternate puffs of green silk and of tulle, and were finished with folds of pink silk and broad plaitings of tulle. The low corsage was pointed before and behind; it was made to button up the back, and was trimmed like the high waist, only with the addition of a single spray of white hyacinth in front of the corsage and one behind as well. The head-dress to be worn with this lovely toilet was a bow of splendid pink and green ribbon, with a white hyacinth in the centre. A very handsome and effective walking dress was composed of an apron overskirt of black velvet, embroidered round the edge with a broad border of vine leaves in jet, and finished with a heavy fringe of sewing silk and jet; it was closed behind by an enormous bow of black velvet, with long, broad ends. The bottom of the underskirt was covered with broad, plaited flounces, formed of alternate divisions of silk and velvet. The corsage was a jacket of black velvet, embroidered all over with jet leaves, and with silk sleeves, finished at the wrist with broad cuffs of embroidered velvet. The out-door garment to be worn with this dress was short, only half fitting and with wide sleeves. It was of velvet, embroidered with small leaves like the jacket, and with a broad border of leaves to match the overskirt. I was shown a jacket of the new material called matelasse, a rich satin, stamped to imitate quilting. It was half-fitting, was very long, and cut square in front, and behind it was quite short and formed a plaited basque. It was bordered with a rich feather trimming."

## CARLYLE IN SCOTLAND.

Although the celebrated author has passed the allotted span of "threescore years and ten" by nine years, he looks hale and wonderfully fresh. Without doubt his good health and long life are owing in great measure to his simple and regular habits. A glimpse of the manner in which he spends his time may not be uninteresting. Early in the morning, before most people are astir, he may be seen walking briskly along the shore in the direction of the picturesque ruins of Seafeld Tower (distant from Kirkcaldy about a mile and a half), for the purpose of having a bathe. On other mornings, to diversify this, he walks inland along one of the country roads, beautiful at present by the autumnal tints. After breakfast, for which he has been thoroughly appetized by his walk, is his smoking time, and armed with a long clay pipe, he saunters through the beautifully laid out grounds of St. Brycedale, and indulges in the weed. A most inveterate smoker Mr. Carlyle is, and has been since he was here, sixty years ago. He is then driven to some object of interest in the locality, as for example the Lothrie Water-works, near Leslie or Leven. This, on wet days, is varied by a visit to the Kirkcaldy Fine Art Exhibition, now on view. After a sleep and dinner, the evening is spent in reading or talking. Although he is thoroughly averse to company of any sort, a privileged few have had the honour and pleasure of a talk with Mr. Carlyle. I use the word pleasure advisedly, for, when in the humour, he talks a great deal and most delightfully.

His mien is decidedly peculiar, for he adopts the sensible plan of putting comfort before appearance. In common he wears a felt or straw hat, with a brim of unusual dimensions, a light great coat reaching to his feet, and the costume is completed by a comfortable pair of slippers.

## MY DARLING.

She dwells beside the village green;  
Scarce eighteen summers hath she seen,  
Yet Flora Lysaght long hath been  
My chosen darling.

Though other maidens be more fair,  
More gaily dressed, more debonaire,  
None are so sweet, beyond compare,  
As my own darling.

She hath a kind and homely way  
Of saying all she hath to say;  
She doeth good wher'er she may;  
She is my darling.

To cherish her be all my care,  
And all my thought her task to share;  
And this shall be my daily prayer,  
"God bless my darling!"

## NINETY-THREE.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

## PART THE THIRD.

IN VENDÉE.

## BOOK THE FOURTH.

IN DÆMONS DENS.

## II.—FROM THE DOOR OF STONE TO THE DOOR OF IRON.

A whole army distracted by the impossibility of giving aid; four thousand men unable to succour three children; such was the situation.

Not even a ladder to be had; that sent from Javené had not arrived. The flaming space widened like a crater that opens. To attempt the staying of the fire by means of the half-dried brook would have been mad folly—like flinging a glass of water on a volcano.

Cimourdain, Guéchamp, and Radoub had descended into the ravine; Gauvain remounted to the room in the second story of the tower, where were the stone that turned, the secret passage, and the iron door leading into the library. It was there that the sulphur match had been lighted by Imánus; it was there that the conflagration had started.

Gauvain took with him twenty sappers. There was no possible resource except to break open the iron door—its fastenings were terribly secure.

They began by blows with axes. The axes broke. A sapper said: "Steel snaps like glass against that iron."

The door was made of double sheets of wrought iron, bolted together; each sheet three fingers in thickness.

They took iron bars and tried to shake the door beneath their blows; the bars broke "like matches!" said one of the sappers.

Gauvain murmured gloomily: "Nothing but a ball could open that door. If we could only get a cannon up here!"

"But how to do it!" answered the sapper.

There was an overwhelming moment. Those powerless arms ceased their efforts. Mute, conquered, dismayed, these men stood staring at the immovable door. A red reflection crept from beneath it. Behind, the conflagration was each instant increasing.

The frightful corpse of Imánus lay on the floor—a demoniac victor. Only a few moments more and the whole bridge-castle might fall in. What could be done? There was not a hope left.

Gauvain, with his eyes fixed on the turning-stone and the secret passage, cried furiously, "It was by that the Marquis de Lantenac escaped."

"And returns," said a voice.

The face of a white-haired man appeared in the stone frame of the secret opening. It was the marquis!

Many years had passed since Gauvain had seen that face so near. He recoiled. The rest stood petrified with astonishment.

The marquis held a large key in his hand; he cast a haughty glance upon the sappers standing before him, walked straight to the iron door, bent beneath the arch, and put the key in the lock. The iron creaked; the door opened revealing a gulf of flame—the marquis entered it. He entered with a firm step—his head erect. The lookers-on followed him with their eyes.

The marquis had scarcely moved half a dozen paces down the blazing hall when the floor, undermined by the fire, gave way beneath his feet and opened a precipice between him and the door. He did not even turn his head—he walked steadily on. He disappeared in the smoke. Nothing more could be seen.

Had he been able to advance farther? Had a new slough of fire opened beneath his feet? Had he only succeeded in destroying himself? They could not tell. They had before them only a wall of smoke and flame. The marquis was beyond that, living or dead.

## III.—THE CHILDREN WAKE.

The little ones at last opened their eyes.

The conflagration had not yet entered the library, but it cast a rosy glow across the ceiling. The children had never seen an aurora like that; they watched it. George te was in ecstasies. The conflagration unfurled all its splendours; the black hydra and the scarlet dragon appeared amid the wreathing smoke in awful darkness and gorgeous vermilion. Long streaks of flame shot far out and illuminated the shadows, like opposing comets pursuing one another. Fire is recklessly prodigal of its treasures; its furnaces are filled with gems which it flings to the winds; it is not without reason that charcoal is identical with the diamond.

Fissures had opened in the wall of the upper story through which the embers poured like cascades of jewels; the heaps of straw and rats burning in the granary began to stream out of the windows in an avalanche of golden rain; the rats turning to amethysts and the straw to carbuncles.

"Pretty!" said Georgette.

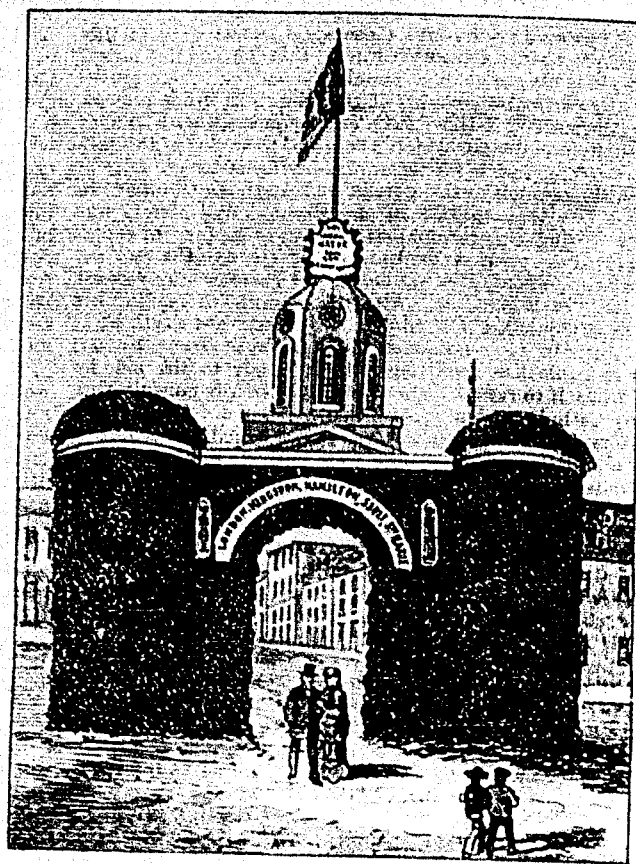
They all three raised themselves.



CATACOMBS



LATIN.



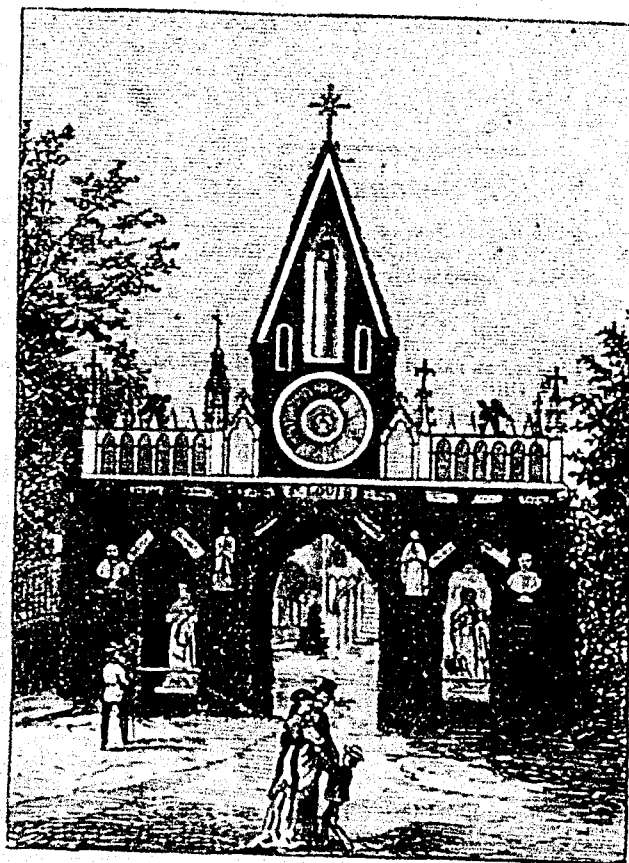
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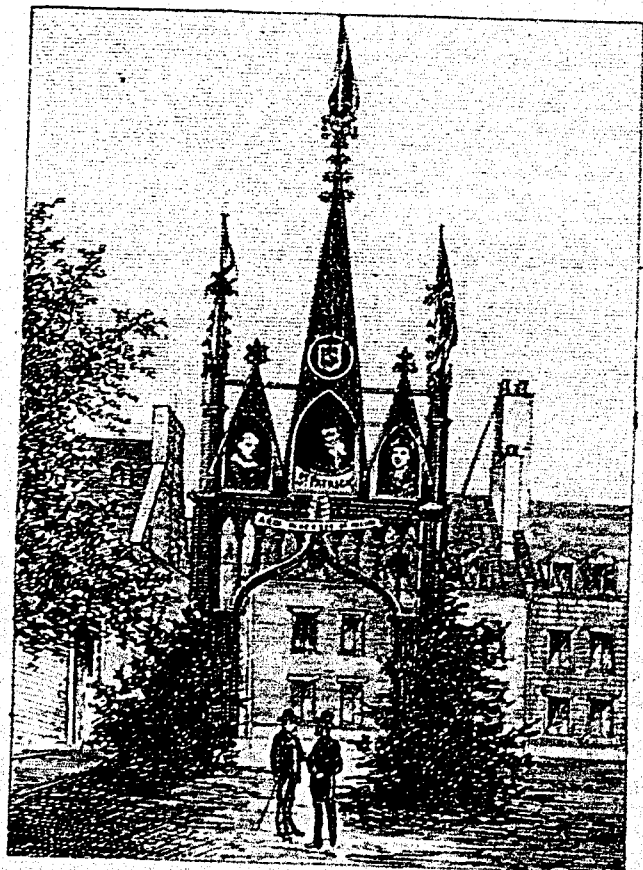
ROMAN.



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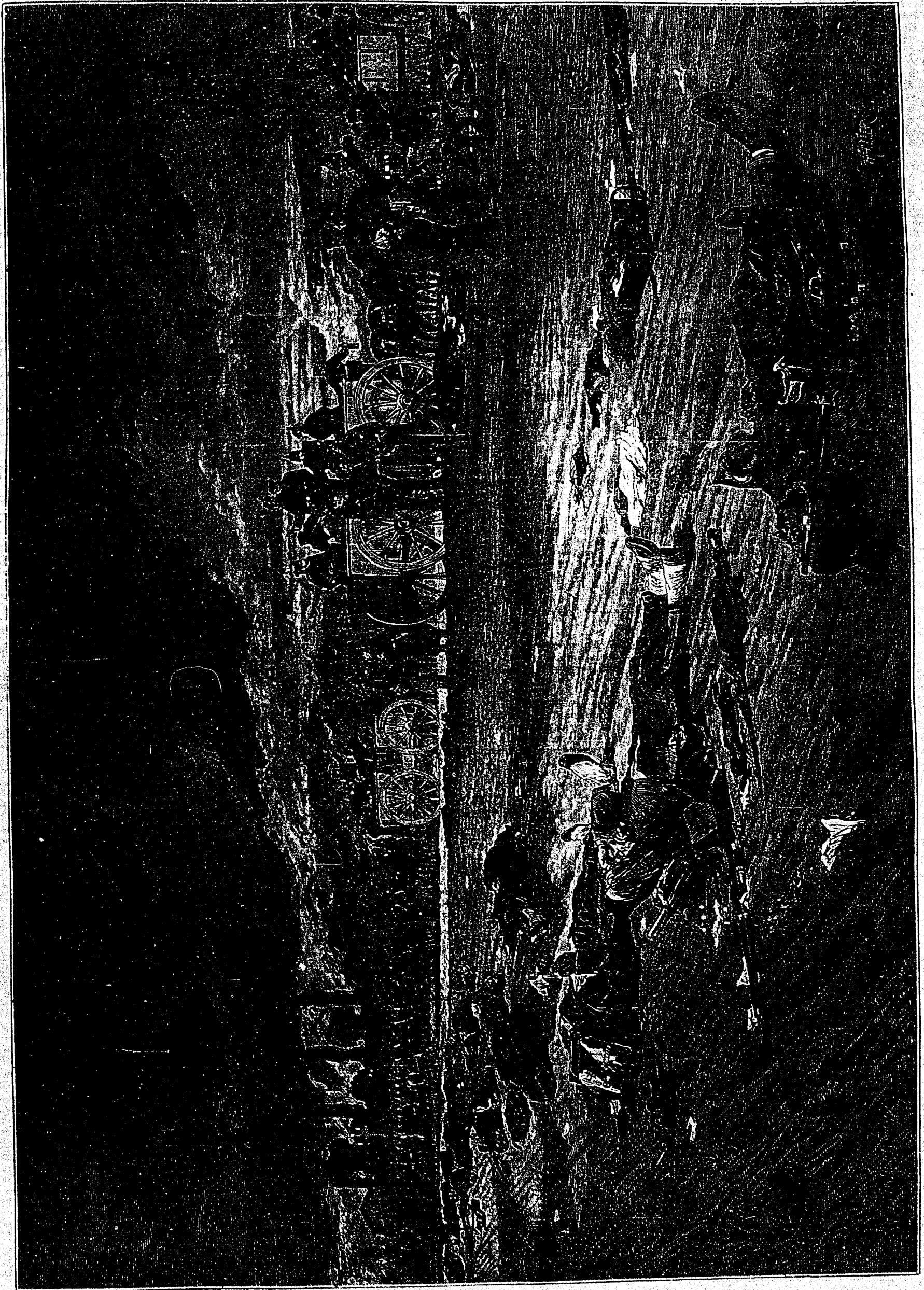


RENAISSANCE.



CLASSIC.

ARCHES ERECTED FOR THE BI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT QUEBEC.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY L. P. VALLÉE, QUEBEC.



"DEAD IN LINE." AFTER THE FIGHT AT BAZEILLES, SEPT. 1, 1870.—BY M. LANSON

"Ah!" cried the mother. "They have woken!" René-Jean got up, then Gros-Alain, and Georgette followed René-Jean stretched his arms towards the window, and said, "I am warm."  
"Me warm," cooed Georgette.  
The mother shrieked: "My children! René! Alain! Georgette!"

The little ones looked about. They strove to comprehend. When men are frightened, children are only curious. He who is easily astonished is difficult to alarm; ignorance is intrepidity. Children have so little claim to purgatory that if they saw it they would look at it in pleased wonder!

The mother repeated, "René! Alain! Georgette!" René-Jean turned his head; that voice roused him from his reverie. Children have short memories, but their recollections are swift; the whole past is yesterday to them. René-Jean saw his mother, found that perfectly natural, and feeling a vague want of support in the midst of those strange surroundings, he called, "Mamma!"

"Mamma!" said Gros-Alain.  
"M'ma!" said Georgette.  
And she held out her little arms.  
"My children!" shrieked the mother.  
All three went close to the window-ledge; fortunately the fire was not on that side.

"I am too warm," said René-Jean. He added, "It burns." Then his eyes sought the mother. "Come here, mamma!" he cried.

"Tum, m'ma," repeated Georgette.  
The mother, with her hair streaming about her face, her garments torn, her feet and hands bleeding, let herself roll from bush to bush down into the ravine. Cimourdain and Guéchamp were there, as powerless as Gauvain was above. The soldiers, desperate at being able to do nothing, swarmed about. The heat was insupportable, but nobody felt it. They looked at the bridge—the height of the arches—the different stories of the castle—the inaccessible windows. Help to be of any avail must come at once. Three stories to climb. No way of doing it.

Radoub, wounded, with a sabre-cut on his shoulder and one ear torn off, rushed forward dripping with sweat and blood. He saw Michelle Fléchar.

"Hallo!" cried he. "The woman that was shot! So you have come to life again?"

"My children!" groaned the mother.

"You are right," answered Radoub; "we have no time to busy ourselves about ghosts."

He attempted to climb the bridge, but in vain; he dug his nails in between the stones and clung there for a few seconds, but the layers were as smoothly joined as if the wall had been new—Radoub fell back. The conflagration swept on each instant, growing more terrible. They could see the heads of the three children framed in the red light of the window. In his frenzy Radoub shook his clenched hand at the sky, and shouted, "Is there no mercy yonder!"

The mother, on her knees, clung to one of the piers crying, "Mercy, mercy!"

The hollow sound of cracking timbers rose above the roar of the flames. The panes of glass in the bookcases of the library cracked and fell with a crash. It was evident that the timber work had given way. Human strength could do nothing. Another moment and the whole would fall. The soldiers only waited for the final catastrophe. They could hear the little voices repeat, "Mamma! mamma!"

The whole crowd was paralysed with horror. Suddenly, at the casement near that where the children stood, a tall form appeared against the crimson background of the flames.

Every head was raised—every eye fixed. A man was above there—a man in the library—in the furnace. The face showed black against the flames, but they could see the white hair—they recognized the Marquis de Lantenac. He disappeared, then appeared again.

The indomitable old man stood in the window showing out an enormous ladder. It was the escape-ladder deposited in the library—he had seen it lying upon the floor and dragged it to the window. He held it by one end—with the marvellous agility of an athlete he slipped it out of the casement and slid it along the wall down into the ravine.

Radoub folded his arms about the ladder as it descended within his reach, crying, "Long live the Republic!"

The marquis shouted, "Long live the King!"

Radoub muttered, "You may cry what you like, and talk nonsense if you please;—but you are an angel of mercy all the same."

The ladder was safely grounded, and a communication established between the burning floor and the ground. Twenty men rushed up, Radoub at their head, and in the twinkling of an eye they were hanging to the rungs from the top to the bottom, making a human ladder. Radoub, on the topmost rung, touched the window. He had his face turned toward the conflagration. The little army scattered among the heath and along the sides of the ravine pressed forward, overcome by contending emotions, upon the plateau, into the ravine, out on the platform of the tower.

The marquis disappeared again, then reappeared bearing a child in his arms. There was a tremendous clapping of hands.

The marquis had seized the first little one that he found within reach. It was Gros-Alain.

Gros-Alain cried, "I am afraid."

The marquis gave the boy to Radoub; Radoub passed him on to the soldier behind, who passed him to another, and just as Gros-Alain, greatly frightened and sobbing loudly, was given from hand to hand to the bottom of the ladder, the marquis, who had been absent for a moment, returned to the window with René-Jean, who struggled and wept and beat Radoub with his little fists as the marquis passed him on to the sergeant.

The marquis went back into the chamber that was now filled with flames. Georgette was there alone. He went up to her. She smiled. This man of granite felt his eyelids grow moist. He asked, "What is your name?"

"Georgette," she said.

He took her in his arms; she was still smiling, and, at the instant he handed her to Radoub, that conscience so lofty and yet so darkened was dazzled by the beauty of innocence; the old man kissed the child.

"It is the little girl!" said the soldiers; and Georgette in her turn descended from arm to arm till she reached the ground, amid cries of exultation. They clapped their hands; they leaped; the old grenadiers sobbed, and she smiled at them.

The mother stood at the foot of the ladder breathless, mad, intoxicated by this change—flung, without a pause, from hell into paradise. Excess of joy lacerates the heart in its own way. She extended her arms; she received first Gros-Alain, then René-Jean, then Georgette. She covered them with frantic kisses, then burst into a wild laugh, and fainted.

A great cry rose: "They are all saved!"

All were indeed saved, except the old man.

But no one thought of him—not even he himself, perhaps. He remained for a few instants leaning against the window-ledge lost in a reverie, as if he wished to leave the gulf of flames time to make a decision. Then, without the least haste, slowly indeed and proudly, he stepped over the window-sill, and erect, upright, his shoulders against the rungs, having the conflagration at his back, the depth before him, he began to descend the ladder in silence with the majesty of a phantom. The men who were on the ladder sprang off; every witness shuddered; around this man thus descending from that height there was a sacred horror as about a vision. But he plunged calmly into the darkness before him; they recoiled, he drew nearer them; the marble pallor of his face showed no emotion; his haughty eyes were calm and cold; at each step he made toward those men whose wondering eyes gazed upon him out of the darkness, he seemed to tower higher, the ladder shook and echoed under his firm tread—one might have thought him the statue of the commandatore descending anew into his sepulchre.

As the marquis reached the ground, and his foot left the last rung and planted itself on the earth, a hand seized his shoulder. He turned about.

"I arrest you," said Cimourdain.

"I approve of what you do," said Lantenac.

## BOOK THE FIFTH.

### THE COMBAT AFTER THE VICTORY.

#### I.—LANTENAC TAKEN.

The marquis had indeed descended into the tomb. He was led away.

The crypt dungeon of the ground-floor of La Tourgue was at once opened under Cimourdain's lynx-eyed superintendence. A lamp was placed within, a jug of water and a loaf of regulation bread; a bundle of straw was flung on the ground, and in less than a quarter of an hour from the instant when the priest's hand seized Lantenac, the door of the dungeon closed upon him.

This done, Cimourdain went to find Gauvain; at that instant eleven o'clock sounded from the distant church-clock of Parigüé. Cimourdain said to his former pupil, "I am going to convoke a court-martial; you will not be there. You are a Gauvain, and Lantenac is a Gauvain. You are too near a kinsman to be his judge; I blame Egalité for having voted upon Capet's sentence. The court-martial will be composed of three judges: an officer, Captain Guéchamp; a non-commissioned officer, Sergeant Radoub, and myself—I shall preside. But none of this concerns you any longer. We will conform to the decree of the Convention; we will confine ourselves to proving the identity of the ci-devant Marquis de Lantenac. To-morrow the court-martial—the day after to-morrow the guillotine. Vendée is dead."

Gauvain did not answer a word, and Cimourdain, preoccupied by the closing task which remained for him to fulfil, left the young man alone. Cimourdain had to decide upon the hour and choose the place. He had, like Lequinio at Granulle, like Tallien at Bordeaux, like Châlier at Lyons, like Saint-Just at Strasburg, the habit of assisting personally at executions; it was considered a good example for the judge to come and see the headsman do his work—a custom borrowed by the Terror of '93 from the Parliaments of France and the Inquisition of Spain.

Gauvain also was preoccupied.

A cold wind moaned up from the forest; Gauvain left Guéchamp to give the necessary orders, went to his tent in the meadow which stretched along the edge of the wood at the foot of La Tourgue, took his hooded cloak, and enveloped himself therein. This cloak was bordered with the simple galoon which, according to the Republican custom, chary of ornament, designated the commander-in-chief. He began to walk about in this bloody field where the attack had commenced. He was alone there. The fire still continued, but no one any longer paid attention to it. Radoub was beside the children and their mother, almost as maternal as she. The bridge-castle was nearly consumed—the sappers hastened the destruction. The soldiers were digging trenches in order to bury the dead; the wounded were being cared for; the retrade had been demolished; the chambers and stairs dis-numbered of the dead; the soldiers were cleansing the scene of carnage, sweeping away the terrible rubbish of the victory; with true military rapidity setting everything in order after the battle. Gauvain saw nothing of all this.

So profound was his reverie that he scarcely cast a glance toward the guard about the tower, doubled by the orders of Cimourdain.

He could make out the breach through the darkness, perhaps two hundred feet away from the corner of the field where he had taken refuge. He could see the black opening. It was there the attack had commenced three hours before; it was by this dark gap that he—Gauvain—had penetrated into the tower; there was the ground floor where the retrade had stood; it was on that same floor that the door of the marquis' prison opened. The guard at the breach watched this dungeon.

While his eyes were absently fixed upon the heath, in his ear rang confusedly, like the echo of a knell, these words: "To-morrow the court martial; the day after to-morrow the guillotine."

The conflagration, which had been isolated, and upon which the sappers had thrown all the water that could be procured, did not die away without resistance; it still cast out intermittent flames. At moments the cracking of the ceilings could be heard, and the crash, one upon another, of the different stories as they fell in a common ruin; then a whirlwind of sparks would fly through the air, as if a gigantic torch had been shaken; a glare like lightning illuminated the farthest verge of the horizon, and the shadow of La Tourgue, growing suddenly colossal, spread out to the edge of the forest. Gauvain walked slowly back and forth amid the gloom in front of the breach. At intervals he clasped his two hands at the back of his head, covered with his soldier's hood. He was thinking.

#### II.—GAUVAIN'S SELF-QUESTIONING.

His reverie was fathomless. A seemingly impossible change had taken place.

The Marquis de Lantenac had been transformed. Gauvain had been a witness of this transformation. He could never have believed that such a state of affairs would arrive from any complication of events whatever they might be. Never could he have imagined, even in a dream, that anything similar would be possible.

The unexpected—that inexplicable power which plays with man at will—had seized Gauvain, and held him fast. He had before him the impossible transformed into a reality, visible, palpable, inevitable, inexorable. What did he think of it—he, Gauvain?

There was no chance of evasion; the decision must be made. A question was put to him; he could not avoid it. Put by whom? By events.

And not alone by events. For when events, which are mutable, address a question to our souls, Justice, which is unchangeable, summons us to reply.

Above the cloud which casts its shadow upon us is the star that sends its light toward us. We can no more escape from the light than from the shadow.

Gauvain was undergoing an interrogatory. He had been arraigned before a judge. Before a terrible judge. His conscience.

Gauvain felt every power of his soul vacillate. His most solid resolutions, his most piously uttered promises, his most irrevocable decisions, all tottered in this terrible overthrow and burial of his will. These are moral earthquakes. The more he reflected upon that which he had lately seen, the more confused he became.

Gauvain, Republican, believed himself, and was, just. A higher justice had revealed itself. Beyond the justice of revolutions is that of humanity.

What had happened could not be eluded; the case was grave; Gauvain made part of it; he could not withdraw himself, and, although Cimourdain had said, "It concerns you no further," he felt within his soul that pang which a tree may feel when torn up by its roots.

Every man has a basis; a disturbance of this base causes a profound trouble—it was what Gauvain now felt. He pressed his head between his two hands, searching for the truth. To state clearly a situation like his is not easy; nothing could be more painful; he had before him the formidable figures which he must sum up into a total; to judge a human destiny by mathematical rules—his head whirled. He tried; he endeavoured to consider the matter; he forced himself to collect his ideas, to discipline the resistance which he felt within himself, and to recapitulate the facts. He set them all before his mind.

To whom has it not happened to make such a report, and to interrogate himself in some supreme circumstances upon the route which must be followed, whether to advance or retreat?

Gauvain had just been witness of a miracle. Before the earthly combat had fairly ended, there came a celestial struggle. The conflict of good against evil. A heart of adamant had been conquered.

Given the man, with all the evil that he had within him, violence, error, blindness, unwholesome obstinacy, pride, egotism—Gauvain had just witnessed a miracle. The victory of humanity over the man. Humanity had conquered the inhuman. And by what means? In what manner? How had it been able to overthrow that colossus of rage and hatred? What arms had it employed? What implement of war? The cradle!

Gauvain had been dazzled. In the midst of social war, in the very acme of all hatreds and all vengeance, at the darkest and most furious moment of the tumult, at the hour when crime gave all its fires and hate all its blackness, at that instant of conflict when every sentiment becomes a projectile, when the mêlée is so fierce that one no longer knows what is justice, honesty, or truth, suddenly the Unknown—mysterious warner of souls—darted the grand rays of eternal truth resplendent across human light and darkness.

Above that dark duel between the false and the relatively true, there, in the depths, the face of truth itself suddenly appeared. At a moment the face of the feeble had interposed.

He had seen three poor creatures, almost new-born, unreasoning, abandoned, orphaned, unaided, lisping, smiling, having against them civil war, retaliation, the horrible logic of reprisals, murder, carnage, fratricide, rage, hatred, all the Gorgons, triumph against those powers. He had seen the defeat and extinction of a horrible conflagration kindled to commit a crime; he had seen atrocious plots disconcerted and brought to nought; he had seen ancient feudal ferocity, inexorable disdain, the professed experiences of the necessities of war, the reasons of State, all the arrogant resolves of a savage old age, vanish before the clear gaze of those who had not yet lived, and this was natural, for he who has not yet lived has done no evil; he is justice, truth, purity; and the highest angels of heaven hover about souls of little children.

A useful spectacle, a counsel, a lesson. The maddened, merciless combatants, in face of all the projects, all the outrages of war, fanaticism, assassination, revenge kindling the faggots, death coming torch in hand, had suddenly seen all powerful Innocence raise itself above this enormous legion of crimes. And Innocence had conquered.

One could say: No, civil war does not exist; barbarism does not exist; hatred does not exist; crime does not exist; darkness does not exist. To scatter these spectres it only needed that divine aurora—Innocence.

Never in any conflict had Satan and God been more plainly visible. This conflict had a human conscience for its arena. The conscience of Lantenac.

Now the battle began again, more desperate, more decisive still, perhaps, in another conscience. The conscience of Gauvain.

What a battle-ground is the soul of man! We are given up to those gods, those monsters, those giants—our thoughts. Often these terrible belligerents trample our very souls down in their mad conflict.

Gauvain meditated.  
The Marquis de Lantenac, surrounded, doomed, condemned, outlawed, shut in like the wild beast of the circus, held like a nail in the pincers, enclosed in his refuge now made his prison, bound on every side by a wall of iron and fire, had succeeded in stealing away. He had performed a miracle in escaping. He had accomplished that masterpiece—the most difficult of all in such a war—flight. He had again taken possession of the forest to entrench himself therein—of the district to fight

there—of the shadow to disappear within it. He had once more become the formidable, the dangerous wanderer—the captain of the invincibles—the chief of the underground forces—the master of the woods. Gauvain had the victory, but Lantenac had his liberty. Henceforth Lantenac had safety before him, limitless freedom, an inexhaustible choice of asylums. He was not to be seen, unapproachable, inaccessible. The lion had been taken in the snare, and had broken through. Well, he had re-entered it.

The Marquis de Lantenac had voluntarily, spontaneously, by his own free act, left the forest, the shadow, security, liberty, to return to that horrible peril; intrepid when Gauvain saw him the first time plunge into the conflagration at the risk of being engulfed therein; intrepid a second time, when he descended that ladder which delivered him to his enemies—a ladder of escape to others, of perdition to himself.

And why had he thus acted? To save three children. And now what was it they were about to do to this man? Guillotine him.

Had these three children been his own? No. Of his family? No. For three little beggars—chance children, foundlings, unknown, ragged, barefooted—this noble, this prince, this old man, free, safe, triumphant—for evasion is a triumph—had risked all, compromised all, lost all; and at the same time he restored the babes, had proudly brought his own head; and this head, hitherto terrible, but now august, he offered to his foes. And what were they about to do? Accept the sacrifice.

The Marquis de Lantenac had had the choice between the life of others and his own; in this superb option he had chosen death. And it was to be granted him. He was to be killed. What a reward for heroism! Respond to a generous act by a barbarous one! What a degrading of the Revolution! What a lowering of the Republic!

As this man of prejudice and servitude, suddenly transformed, returned into the circle of humanity, the men who strove for deliverance and freedom elected to cling to the horrors of civil war, to the routine of blood, to fratricide! The divine law of forgiveness, abnegation, redemption, sacrifice, existed for the combatants of error, and did not exist for the soldiers of truth!

What! Not to make a struggle in magnanimity? Resign themselves to this defeat? They, the stronger, to show themselves the weaker? They, victorious, to become assassins, and cause it to be said that there were those on the side of Monarchy who saved children, and those on the side of the Republic who slew old men!

The world would see this great soldier, this powerful old man of eighty, this disarmed warrior, stolen rather than captured, seized in the performance of a good action, seized by his own permission with the sweat of a noble devotion still upon his brow, mount the steps of the scaffold as he would mount to the grandeur of an apotheosis! Would they lay beneath the knife that head about which would circle, as suppliants, the souls of the three little angels he had saved! And before this punishment—infamous for the butchers—a smile would be seen on the face of that man, and the blush of shame on the face of the Republic! And this would be accomplished in the presence of Gauvain, the chief! And he who might hinder this would abstain. He would rest content under that haughty absolution; "This concerns thee no longer." And he was not even to say to himself that in such a case abdication of authority was complicity! He was not to perceive that, of two men engaged in an action so hideous, he who permits the thing is worse than the man who does the work, because he is the coward!

But this death—had he not threatened it! Had not he, Gauvain, the merciful, declared that Lantenac should have no mercy, that he would himself deliver that Lantenac to Cimourdain? That head—he owed it. Well, he would pay the debt. So be it. But was this, indeed, the same head?

Hitherto, Gauvain had seen in Lantenac only the barbarous warrior, the fanatic of royalty and feudalism, the slaughterer of prisoners, an assassin whom war had let loose, a man of blood. That man he had not feared; he had proscribed that proscription; the implacable would have found him inexorable. Nothing more simple; the road was marked out and terribly plain to follow; everything foreseen; he would kill those who killed; the path of horror was clear and straight. Unexpectedly that straight line had been broken; a sudden turn in the way revealed a new horizon; a metamorphosis had taken place. An unknown Lantenac entered upon the scene. A hero sprung up from the monster; more than a hero—a man. More than a soul—a heart. It was no longer a murderer that Gauvain had before him, but a saviour. Gauvain was flung to the earth by a flood of celestial radiance. Lantenac had struck him with the thunderbolt of generosity.

And Lantenac transformed could not transform Gauvain!

What! Was this stroke of light to produce no counter-stroke? Was the man of the Past to push on in front, and the man of the Future to fall back? Was the man of barbarism and superstition suddenly to unfold angel pinions, and soar aloft, to watch the man of the ideal crawl beneath him in the mire and the night? Gauvain to lie wallowing in the blood-stained rut of the Past, while Lantenac rose to a new existence in the sublime Future?

This blood which he was about to spill—for to let it be spilled was to spill it himself—was not this his blood, his, Gauvain's? His grandfather was dead, but his great-uncle lived, and this great-uncle was the Marquis de Lantenac. Would not that ancestor who had gone to the grave rise to prevent his brother from being forced into it? Would he not command his grandson henceforth to respect that crown of white hair become pure as his own angelic halo? Did not a spectre loom with indignant eyes between him, Gauvain, and Lantenac?

Was, then, the aim of the Revolution to denaturalize man? Had it been born to break the ties of family and to stifle the instincts of humanity? Far from it. It was to affirm these glorious realities, not to deny them, that '89 had risen. To overturn the bastilles was to deliver humanity; to abolish feudalism was to found families. The author being the point from whence authority sets out, and authority being included in the author, there can be no other authority than paternity; hence the legitimacy of the queen-bee who creates her people, and who, being mother, is queen; hence the absurdity of the king-men, who, not being father, cannot be master. Hence the suppression of the king; hence the Republic that comes from all this. Family, humanity, revolution. Revolution is the accession of the people, and at the bottom the People is Man.

The thing to decide was whether, when Lantenac returned into humanity Gauvain should go back to his family. The

thing to decide was whether the uncle and nephew should meet again in a higher light, or whether the nephew's recoil should reply to the uncle's progress.

The questions in this pathetic debate between Gauvain and his conscience had resolved itself into this, and the answer seemed to come of itself—he must save Lantenac. Yes, but France?

Here the dizzying problem suddenly changed its face. What! France at bay? France betrayed, flung open, dismantled? Having no longer a moat Germany would cross the Rhine; no longer a wall, Italy would leap the Alps and Spain the Pyrenees. There would remain for France that great abyss, the ocean. She had for her the gulf. She could back herself against it, and giantess, supported by the entire sea, could combat the whole earth. A position, after all, impregnable. Yet no; this position would fail her. The ocean no longer belonged to her. In this ocean was England. True, England was at a loss how to cross it. Well, a man would fling her a bridge; a man would extend his hand to her; a man would go to Pitt, to Craig, to Cornwallis, to Dundas, to the pirates, and say, "Come!" A man would cry, "England seize France!" And this man was the Marquis de Lantenac.

This man was now held fast. After three months of chase, of pursuit, of frenzy, he had at last been taken. The hand of the Revolution had just closed upon the accursed one; the clenched fist of '93 had seized this royalist murderer by the throat. Through that mysterious premeditation from on high which mixes itself in human affairs, it was in the dungeon belonging to his family that this parricide awaited his punishment. The feudal lord was in the feudal oubliette. The stones of his own castle rose against him and shut him in, and he who had sought to betray his country had been betrayed by his own dwelling. God had visibly arranged all this; the hour had sounded; the Revolution had taken prisoner this public enemy; he could no longer fight, he could no longer struggle, he could no longer harm; in this Vendée, which owned so many arms, his was the sole brain; with his extinction civil war will be extinct. He was held fast; tragic and fortunate conclusion. After so many massacres, so much carnage, he was a captive. This man, who had slain so mercilessly, it was his turn to die. And if some one should be found to save him?

Cimourdain, that is to say, '93, held Lantenac, that is to say, Monarchy, and could any one be found to snatch its prey from that hand of bronze? Lantenac, the man in whom concentrated that sheaf of scourges called the Past—the Marquis de Lantenac was in the tomb—the heavy eternal door had closed upon him—would some one come from without to draw back the bolt? This social malefactor was dead, and with him died revolt, fratricidal contest, bestial war; and would anyone be found to resuscitate him? Oh, how that death's head would grin! That spectre would say: "It is well; I live again—the idiots!"

How he would once more set himself at his hideous work; how joyously and implacably this Lantenac would plunge anew into the gulf of war and hatred, and on the morrow would again be seen houses burning, prisoners massacred, the wounded slain, women shot.

But after all, did not Gauvain exaggerate this action which had fascinated him? Three children were lost; Lantenac saved them. But who had flung them into that peril? Was it not Lantenac? Who had set those three cradles in the heart of the conflagration? Was it not Imánus? Who was Imánus? The lieutenant of the marquis. The one responsible is the chief. Hence the incendiary and the assassin was Lantenac. What had he done so admirable? He had not persisted—that was all. After having conceived the crime he had recoiled before it. He had become horrified at himself. That mother's cry had awakened in him those remains of human mercy which exist in all souls, even the most hardened. At this cry he had returned upon his steps. Out of the night where he had buried himself he hastened toward the day. After having brought about the crime, he caused its defeat. His whole merit consisted in this—not to have been a monster to the end. And in return for so little, to restore him all! To give him freedom, the fields, the plains, air, day; restore to him the forest which he would employ to shelter his bandits; restore him liberty, which he would use to bring about slavery; restore life, which he would devote to death.

As for trying to come to an agreement with him, attempting to treat with that arrogant soul, propose his deliverance under certain conditions, demand if he would consent, were his life spared, henceforth to abstain from all hostilities and all revolt—what an error such an offer would be—what an advantage it would give him—what scorn would the proposer hurl against himself—how he would baffle the questioner by his answer—"Keep such shame for yourself—kill me!"

There was, in short, nothing to do with this man but to slay or set him free. He stood upon a pinnacle. He was ever ready to soar or to plunge down. To himself he was both an eagle and a precipice. Marvellous soul! To slay him? What anxiety! To set him free? What a responsibility!

Lantenac saved, all would begin anew with Vendée, like a struggle with a hydra whose heads had been spared. In the twinkling of an eye, with the rapidity of a meteor, the flame extinguished by this man's disappearance would blaze up again. Lantenac would never rest until he had carried out that execrable plan of flinging, like the cover of a tomb, Monarchy upon the Republic, and England upon France. To save Lantenac was to sacrifice France. Life to Lantenac was death to a host of innocent beings—men, women, children, caught anew in that domestic war; it was the landing of the English, the retreat of the Revolution; it was the sacking of the villages, the rending of the people, the mangling of Brittany; it was flinging the prey back into the tiger's claw. And Gauvain, in the midst of uncertain gleams and rays of introverted light beheld vaguely rise upon his reverie this problem, which stood before him—the setting the tiger at liberty.

And then the quest reappeared under its first aspect; the stone of Sisyphus, which is no other than the combat of man with himself, fell back—Was Lantenac that tiger?

Perhaps he had been, but was he still? Gauvain was dizzy beneath the whirl and conflict in his soul; his thoughts turned and circled upon themselves with snake-like swiftness. After the closest examination could anyone deny Lantenac's devotion, his stoical self-abnegation, his superb disinterestedness? What! To prove his humanity in the presence of the open jaws of civil war! What! In the contest of inferior truths to bring the highest truths of all! What! To prove that above royalties, beyond revolutions, above earthly questions, is the grand tenderness of the human soul, the recognition of the protection due to the feeble from the strong, the

safety due to those who are perishing from those who are saved, the paternity due to all little children from all old men. To prove these magnificent truths by giving up his life! To be a general, and renounce strategy, battle, revenge! What! To be a royalist, and to take a balance and put in one scale the king of France, a monarchy of fifteen centuries, old laws to re-establish, ancient society to restore, and in the other, three little unknown peasants, and to find the king, the throne, the sceptre, and fifteen centuries of monarchy too light to weigh against these three innocent creatures. And then—was all that nothing? What! Could he who had done this remain a tiger? Ought he to be treated like a wild beast? No, no, no! The man who had just illuminated the abyss of civil war by the light of a divine action was not a monster. The sword-bearer was metamorphosed into the angel of light. The infernal Satan had again become the celestial Lucifer. Lantenac had atoned for all his barbarities by one act of sacrifice; in losing himself materially he had saved himself morally; he had become innocent again; he had signed his own pardon. Does not the right of self-forgiveness exist? From this time he was to be venerated.

### III.—THE COMMANDANT'S HOOD.

It was, after all, with Duty that these victors had to deal. Duty came forth—stern to Cimourdain's eyes—terrible to those of Gauvain. Simple before the one; complex, diverse, tortuous, before the other.

Midnight sounded; then one o'clock.

Without being conscious of it, Gauvain had gradually approached the entrance to the breach. The expiring conflagration only flung out intermittent gleams. The plateau on the other side of the tower caught the reflexion and became visible for an instant, then disappeared from view as the smoke swept over the flames. This glare, reviving in jets and cut by sudden shadows, threw objects out of proportion and made the sentinels look like phantoms. Lost in his reverie, Gauvain mechanically watched the strife between the flame and smoke. These appearances and disappearances of the light before his eyes had a strange, subtle analogy with the revelation and concealment of the truth in his soul.

Suddenly, between two clouds of smoke, a long streak of flame shot out from the decreasing furnace, lit up vividly the summit of the plateau, and brought out the shadow of a waggon against the vermilion background.

Gauvain stared at this waggon; it was surrounded by horsemen wearing gendarmes' hats. It seemed to him the waggon which he had looked at through Guéchamp's glass several hours before, when the sun was setting and the waggon away off on the verge of the horizon. Some men were mounted on the cart and appeared to be unloading it. That which they took off seemed to be heavy, and now and then gave out the sound of the clanking iron. It would have been difficult to tell what it was; it looked like beams for a framework. Two of the men lifted between them and set upon the ground a box, which, as well as he could judge by the shape, contained a triangular object.

The streak of the light faded; all was again buried in darkness. Gauvain stood with fixed eyes lost in thought upon that which the darkness hid.

Lanterns were lighted; men came and went on the plateau; but the forms of those moving about were confused, and, moreover, Gauvain was below and on the other side of the ravine, and therefore could see little of what was passing. Voices spoke, but he could not catch the words. Now and then came a sound like the shock of timbers striking together. He could hear also a strange metallic creaking, like the sharpening of a scythe.

Two o'clock struck.

(To be continued.)

### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

M. Thiers is endeavouring to create a feeling of sympathy abroad for the French Republic.

A despatch to the London *Globe* from Shanghai says war has been declared between China and Japan.

All the delegates to the International Congress at Berne have signed the Postal Convention, except those from France.

Orders have been issued for the commencement of criminal proceedings against members of the White League in Louisiana.

At a large mass meeting held at Buffalo last week, the adoption of the proposed Reciprocity Treaty was most strongly opposed.

The idea is gaining favour in Denmark of submitting the Schleswig-Holstein difficulty to the arbitration of the Queen of England.

The inhabitants of Turkestan are plundering tribes friendly to Russia, which it is expected will cause the armed intervention of the latter country.

It is rumoured that another French man-of-war is to be stationed off the coast, at the disposal of the Pope, in place of the "Orenoque," which was fatally withdrawn from Civita Vecchia.

At the Annual Convention of the Wool Manufacturers of the United States, held at New York last week, a resolution was adopted unanimously opposing the ratification of the Reciprocity Treaty with Canada.

The management of the Direct Cable Company have decided to abandon about thirty miles of the lost cable, and effect a splice at a more favourable point. About 1,100 miles of cable have been laid so far.

The Buenos Ayres insurrection is becoming still more serious. The vanguard of the rebel forces is at the gates of the capital. Residents are leaving the city in the greatest alarm, and all merchant vessels are provided with convoys.

Mr. Bradlaugh came out at the bottom of the poll at the election at Northampton. After the election, a disappointed mob of his supporters made such a disturbance that the Riot Act had to be read and the military called out.

The French Minister to Spain tells M. Sagasta that the sentiments of France are opposed to the Carlists and in sympathy with the Government. The French Government has announced its intention of taking measures to prevent the shipment of contraband of war across the Spanish Frontier.

It is now authoritatively stated that the documents detained by Count Von Arnim are State papers. Heavy bail has been refused for the prisoner, and it is likely he will shortly be arraigned before the Criminal Court in Berlin. A special to the *Pall Mall Gazette* from that city, says the Emperor William has desired that no stone shall be left unturned in order to recover the stolen papers.



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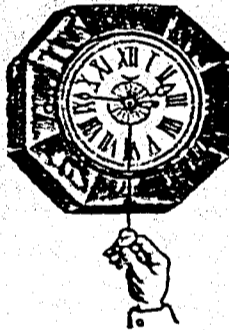
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