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Montreal Free Press Wholesale News

Vol. XII.—No. 14.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1875.

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



A PLEA FOR GOVERNMENT BANK INSPECTION.

Yes, our money was all there, and to day we are beggars! We trusted the official returns, but they are a delusion. It is high time the Banks were placed in earnest under direct Government Inspection. It will save many old men and helpless women from ruin and misery, and will protect public property from the grasp of incompetence and rascality. We must get up petitions!

THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY issue the following periodicals, to all of which subscriptions are payable in advance:—THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, \$4.00 per annum; THE CANADIAN PATENT OFFICE RECORD AND MECHANICS' MAGAZINE, \$2.00 per annum; L'OPINION PUBLIQUE, \$3.00 per annum.

All remittances and business communications to be addressed to G. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

All correspondence of the Papers, literary contributions, and sketches to be addressed to "The Editor, The Burland-Desbarats Company, Montreal."

When an answer is required stamps for return postage must be enclosed.

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City subscribers are requested to report at once to this office, either personally or by postal card, any irregularity in the delivery of their papers.

In the next number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, we shall publish a number of sketches fully illustrating the

ONTARIO PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION,
held at Ottawa last week.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Oct. 2nd, 1875.

OUR CHROMO.

In reply to frequent inquiries from our friends, by letter and otherwise, concerning the Chromo which we promised them in the course of the summer, we have to say that the work is progressing satisfactorily and will be ready for delivery at the latest, by Christmas. To those who may wonder at this delay we shall remark that it is not a mere colored print that we are preparing for them, but a real Chromo, a genuine work of art which, in both design and execution, will be worthy of a rich frame and a conspicuous place on the walls of any drawing room. To complete such a picture requires time, care and considerable outlay. The picture has already been two months in hand and is being proceeded with as expeditiously as a due regard for excellence of finish will warrant. Our friends may rely upon a Presentation Plate such as has never been surpassed in Canada.

We shall take this occasion to urge all our subscribers who are yet in arrears to settle their accounts as speedily as possible, offering as a further and final inducement, that every one who does so and pays a year's subscription in advance will be entitled to our beautiful Chromo. The offer is a rare one. Let all take advantage of it.

CANADIAN SCIENCE.

We published some months ago, in the columns of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, a detailed account of the march of the North West Mounted Police from Dufferin to the Forks of the Saskatchewan. That narrative, accompanied by copious illustrations, was well received as affording much new information on the comparatively unknown regions of which it treated. To-day we are pleased to announce the publication of another work relating to almost the same route, but dealing exclusively with the geology, the flora and fauna observable along its whole extent. The book is the production of Mr. GEORGE MERCER DAWSON, Assoc. R. S. M., F. G. S., Geologist and Botanist to the British North American Boundary Commission. It is in every sense creditable to its author and ranks as a most important contribution to Canadian Science.

The explorations of Mr. DAWSON comprise the region in the vicinity of the Forty Ninth Parallel, from the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains, a section over 800 miles in length which has heretofore been geologically touched upon at a few points only, and in the vicinity of which a space of over 300 miles in longitude has—until the present researches—remained geographically unknown.

Mr. DAWSON begins his work by describing with the greatest fullness and accuracy, the Eastern and Western boundaries of this region, its slope, its three prairie levels, its southern and northern transverse watersheds, the areas drained by the different watersheds and the area of the plains themselves. This is preliminary to his minute description of the geology of the region.

Setting out from the Lake of the Woods, at the West end, he gives us a study of all the principal rocks, which are generally Laurentian in character as far as North Island, where he encountered an area of much-altered Huronian quite different from the typical Laurentian of other parts of the Lake. In the vicinity of Rat Portage, on the Winnipeg river, there is a junction of the Huronian and Laurentian series.

Our author next proceeds to an examination of the structure of the Rocky Mountains in the vicinity of the 49th Parallel. This portion of his work is very exhaustive and satisfactory, but it is so technical that it is impossible for us to summarize it within the brief space allotted to us. We should have liked, however, a more definite generic characterization of the rocks of this section, such as other geologists have given for other portions of the Rocky Mountains. Returning eastward to Pembina, Mr. DAWSON describes the Cretaceous and Tertiary rocks from the Pembina Escarpment to Wood Mountain and thence to the Rocky Mountains. This inquiry extends over several chapters and forms almost a main part of the volume. For the scientific student it is of the most curious interest and we make no doubt that it will aid in throwing much light on the geological characteristics of this continent.

A considerable space is also devoted to glacial phenomena and superficial deposits, and the character of the Red River Valley is fully explained.

The work concludes with two chapters on the capabilities of the region with reference to settlement and are, therefore, of the widest general interest. The future of the North West and its climate are amply discussed. A thorough inquiry into the grasshopper is made, confirming much of what has appeared on this subject in our own columns. In regard to the supply of wood in the North West, Mr. DAWSON enters into the causes tending to the destruction of forests, into the reasons why the prairies are mostly treeless and into the dryness of the soil and atmosphere, and winds up by presenting a scheme for the planting and preservation of trees.

This valuable work is supplemented by four important appendices—on the Plants, collected by the author, from the Lignite Tertiary Deposits, near the Forty Ninth Parallel; on the Vertebrate Fossils from the Fort Union Group of Milk River; on the nature and distances of the dykes and veins observed at the Lake of the Woods; on the Butterflies and Orthoptera, the Land and Fresh Water Molluscs and the Plants collected by Mr. DAWSON from the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains.

FRENCH IRRECONCILABLES.

While on the one hand, we learn with satisfaction that M. THIERS and M. GAMBETTA have agreed upon a common platform of action for the consolidation of the French Republic, we are informed, on the other, that M. LOUIS BLANC, has definitively broken away from the Left and set up an extreme party of his own, which has been named the Irreconcilable. M. BLANC is too enlightened a statesman and too ardent a patriot to have taken so serious a step without cause, and we are not surprised that he should, in self justification, have published a statement of the reasons which impelled his action. He declares that he and his friends did not refrain from voting the Constitution of the 25th of February merely for the sake of principle, but also on practical grounds. That the present Assembly was not at all convoked for the purpose of fram-

ing a Constitution, and had consequently no right to undertake the task, to the exclusion of the nation, was indeed a doctrine which they had invariably proclaimed, and after having declared over and over again that they would never be brought to forego their strong conviction on the subject, they deemed it incumbent on them not to forego it. But this was not the only reason which led them to take the course alluded to. They thought it was as little practical to expect the establishment of a Republic from a Monarchical and Clerical majority as it would be to expect peaches from an apple tree. They foresaw and foretold that such an Assembly would invest the President of the Republic with even more than kingly power; that the Senate instituted by such an Assembly would be one in which the Jesuits and the Bonapartists could hardly fail to have their own way; that the Executive and the Senate, backed by the army, would be enabled to override, or, in case of continued opposition, to expel the representatives of the people, at the risk of a revolution; that the task of conducting the Government of France, under the title of a Republic, would be intrusted to men who held the Republic in abhorrence, and that they would adopt reactionary measures which, being ascribed to the Republic by uninstructed minds, would only serve to make it odious to the people.

M. BLANC holds that every one of these predictions has been fulfilled. There, of course, he lays himself upon to contradiction, but it is not our purpose to discuss that phase of the subject. We prefer to rehearse the whole of M. BLANC'S apology. He declares that to the policy of compromise his friends and himself have no objection whatever; but they do object to that sort of compromise which consists in granting all and receiving nothing. He adds that he always sympathized with the motives of those among his friends who took a different view of the situation. There was a disinterested self-denying conduct. The exaggerated rumours that were spread respecting the imminent triumph of the Empire were, in his opinion, a snare cleverly laid for them by the Orleanist party; but their impatient desire to check Bonapartism at any price proceeded, beyond doubt, from a patriotic, praiseworthy feeling. He does not think they hit on the best means to put an end to that provisional state of things which had grown insufferable; but it was natural that they should attempt to do away with it in the way which seemed to them the easiest.

As for the promises, on the strength of which they voted a Constitution, so little concordant with their political creed, M. BLANC holds that they have proved so many delusions; no Liberal Cabinet has been formed; the Bonapartist functionaries have not been dismissed; the state of siege has not been raised; the mind has not ceased to be at the mercy of the sword; while those very members of the Right Centre by whom the Constitution was framed seem determined to substitute the *scrutin d'arrondissement* for the *scrutin de liste*—a most Anti-Republican scheme. It will be remembered that, only a few days ago, the cabinet of M. BUFFET have determined to insist upon this substitution, staking their existence upon it, and thus, in that point at least, realising M. BLANC'S apprehensions.

That gentleman is, however, resigned to make the best of things as they are. Accordingly, he says, the Republicans must stand closely united, but their union ought to rest on a perfect community of ideas and feelings. It is high time for them to guard against those artificial combinations into which divergent parties cannot enter without mental reservation and hidden thoughts. The Democratic principles which the Constitution of the 25th of February was meant to veil must be brought again to light and embodied in a programme to be presented for acceptance to the candidates in the forthcoming elections, so that those only should be elected who, by accepting it, will pledge themselves to serve a Republic truly Conservative—that is progressive.

INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION.

Our latest British exchanges bring us the text of a remarkable discourse on this important subject published by Mr. HENRY RICHARD, M. P. We have no doubt that a brief summary of it will be interesting to our readers. After answering all the objections which have been urged against the principle of Arbitration, the author very appositely invokes the remark of CICERO that there are two kinds of contention, one by force, and one by reason, the one for men and the other for brutes. The evils of war make men stand astonished at the moral perversion which the world must have undergone when nations preferred the settlement of their disputes rather than consent to plead before an Arbitration Court. It might startle some, but the word honour should be taken from the vocabulary, and should give place to right. The pretext that the decision of the arbitrators might be against evidence and unjust, and that the judges might give the verdict against a rival Power whom they wished to humiliate, is met by the reply that twenty references have been made during the last few years, and there has never been a whisper of suspicion from any quarter as to the judgment delivered by any of these Powers. It is not necessary, however, that the arbitrator should be a Sovereign Prince. In the Italian Republics Doctors of Law were often appealed to for adjudication, and in modern times commercial corporations, such as the Senate of Hamburg, were requested to decide upon matters in which commercial interests were involved. Mr. RICHARD also refutes the plea that trial by wage of battle always issues in the triumph of justice; that victory is always on the side of right. Who could doubt that the judgment of a high court would be adhered to when it was delivered in the face of the whole world? A judgment so delivered is a security as strong as it is possible to obtain in human affairs. Vattel was of opinion that it was more likely the claims of justice would be overpowered by an appeal to the sword than mistaken by arbitration. As a foundation for a high court there must be a system of law on which it can be based. The codification of international law is not at present in a satisfactory state. But if the voice of law has been drowned in the roar of cannon, it is a subject for rejoicing that jurists are now endeavouring to improve the state of the law. It should be remembered that International Law took its rise in the horror of war. Albericus, Gentilis, and Grotius, the founders of the system, have distinctly avowed this. The unity and consolidation of the law of nations is an indispensable preliminary of the jurisdiction of an international tribunal.

TO THE BUSINESS COMMUNITY.

Permit us to call your attention to the advantages of publicity offered by the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS to advertisers, especially Merchants, Manufacturers, Hotel-keepers, Railway and Steamship Companies, Professional men, and others, desirous of reaching the best classes of the community in every part of the Dominion. It has other points to recommend it besides its large and wide-spread circulation. In the first place, it is a family paper, taken home, read from beginning to end, and kept on the parlor table throughout the week, and then put by, and finally bound; not, as befalls the daily paper, torn up, after a rapid perusal of telegraphic news. The children con over the pictures, read the stories and the funny column, and finally meander among the advertisements and call their parents' attention to those that suit them. The ladies peruse it from end to end, dwelling especially on the fashions and the ladies' column, then naturally turn to the advertising pages to know where to buy the materials for their dresses, or the other ingredients of the toilet. The men read the leading articles, the stories, the paragraphs, study the cartoons and other pictures, night after night, and while sipping their tea, or enjoying

their Havana, pore over the advertisements, and make up their mind to go next day and buy that fur coat, that hall-stove, or that superexcellent sherry. Then again the limited space reserved to advertisements being less than one-fifth of the paper, secures to each advertisement greater attention, whilst most papers devote one-half or two-thirds of their available space to advertisements, which are mostly doomed to oblivion in the great mass. Also, the very low price charged, being much less than several weekly newspapers in Canada, and far lower than any illustrated paper in the United States, where the prices are from ten to forty times higher than ours, without an equivalent difference in circulation. And finally, remember that, while serving your own interest in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, you contribute to the support and improvement of this national enterprise, and consequently to the work of progress and education effected by the spread of art and literature.

At the meeting of the Institute for the Codification of International Law, lately held at the Hague, the report of the committee appointed to study the question of collisions at sea, was read. The committee recommended the adoption by all nations of a stringent rule of the road; where practicable, prescribed routes, and uniformity in the laws of navigation. Each country should be responsible for the rules of navigation in its internal waters, so as to ensure the safety of vessels sailing therein, such rules to be conformable with those that are international. There should be adopted a universal international code of signals. In case of collisions at sea, it should be the rule that the colliding ships should stay by and help each other, so far as is consistent with the safety of life of those on board. The name and port of each vessel should be furnished at the time if practicable, if not, at the first port made. Finally, when proceedings are taken against a ship in a foreign port in reference to collisions, notice should be given to the commercial representative of the country to which such ship belongs; and the committee also recommended that the Government of such country shall have the power of appointing an assessor to advise with the judge on the trial, though without the power of deciding.

Professor BIRKBECK, of Cambridge, has published his views on "The Principle of Non-Intervention." He holds that through ignorance of the principles of International Law, the popular signification of the word is widely different from that which it possesses as a legal maxim, and to define the principles of law as bearing upon the subject is the purpose of his paper. According to him, the right of independence has been laid down so as to enjoin the observance of absolute neutrality, and to preclude, in case a war has broken out between two independent States, the right of a third to interfere in the dispute; but there is no such principle in International Law which affirms that there is an essential difference between the right interference with the internal affairs of other States, and interference when two nations are engaged in a dispute or hostilities between themselves. To interfere in the latter case cannot be declared unlawful. Like property, power has its duties as well as its advantages, and ought, in hatred of oppression and love of justice, to be exercised if occasion requires. If it were conceded that war in self-defence is lawful, it is difficult to understand those who say that war in defence of a neighbour is unlawful.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

GOVERNMENT BANK INSPECTION.

Our cartoon this week reflects strongly the popular feeling in regard to the Banks of the country. Recent events in this city are of so startling and disastrous a nature, and the apprehensions of still further disasters are so rife, that

it is quite natural the public should call for a thorough inspection of Banks, made by a responsible Government Officer. Not mere perfunctory duties are demanded, but constant, rigid supervision which shall provide against all eventualities.

DOMINION PROHIBITORY CONVENTION.

In another column biographies of the leaders of this movement will be found, accompanying their portraits. We give in addition a number of sketches illustrative of the proceedings of the great Convention held in this city last week, and full accounts of which have appeared in all the papers of the country.

THE YOUNG MARAUDERS.

The reproduction of a magnificent steel engraving, suited to this season of the year when poachers and marauders, young and old, infest the preserves, orchards, and inclosed grounds of the privileged few whose trees are laden with fruit.

EUROPEAN PICTORIAL VIEWS.

The TOMB OF CHATEAUBRIAND, at St. Malo, is one of the wildest and most picturesque spots on the coast of France, overlooking that sea which the prose-poet loved so well and described so admirably. SEO D'URGEL represents the scene of the last engagement between the Alfonsists and the Carlists. The former carried the town, took many prisoners and secured a position in the North-East which effectually cripples the cause of Don Carlos in that quarter. We give, besides, two views of the grand factories of Britain, the CYCLOPS WORKS, Sheffield, rolling a 14 inch iron armour plate, and producing Bessemer steel.

TWO VIEWS OF SARNIA.

Sarnia is the chief town of the County of Lambton, and is situated at the head of the river St. Claire, at its junction with Lake Huron. It is the terminus of a branch of the Great Western Railway. The Grand Trunk has a terminus at Point Edward, a short distance from the town. Opposite is the city of Port Huron, in Michigan, with which place it connects by steam-ferry. Sarnia is a town of considerable manufacturing enterprise and possesses an excellent harbor. Its population is fully 5,000.

WASHINGTON AND ANDRE.

The following account of an interview with persons who had seen both General Washington and Major Andre is published in an exchange without anything to indicate its authorship. Many years ago I made my first visit to Washington's headquarters at old Tappan town, about a mile from the old "seventy-six house." This ancient edifice was more than 120 years old, and although built of stone seemed almost tottering to its fall. It had four roofs, one on top of the other, and from the first lower layer of cedar shingles I selected powder specimens which pulled out easily, and have them now among my revolutionary relics. I entered with my friend whose guest I was at this time, and who was a resident in the immediate neighborhood. We were courteously welcomed by its then occupants, two elderly ladies, who were born in the house. Nothing could be in more perfect keeping with the mansion than these two venerable women. Their name was Ver Bruyck; and I was more interested in them because I had recently become acquainted in New York with a relative of theirs of the same name, a promising young painter who was fast increasing his reputation as a very natural artist and a keen observer of the picturesque. One of his most admired sketches I soon saw was a most life-like picture of this same old house. One of the two ladies was over eighty years old, and her sister seventy-five. They were very lively for persons so aged, and very obligingly communicative.

"Did you ever see General Washington?"
"Oh, yes—many and many a time," she answered, "in this very room. He often used to hold me in his lap. I remember it just as well as if it was but yesterday; he was a lovely man, George Washington. And here," she continued, going to and opening a wide cupboard, "he used to keep his things. These blue and white chiney cups and sasses he used to drink out of; and here's the very bowl he used to make his wine sangaree into; and they used to pass it round from one officer to another when they'd come to see him; and they helped themselves. He had seen a good deal of company, General Washington did."

"Did you ever see Major Andre?" I asked.
"Oh, yes—more'n fifty times. He was a beautiful man. He kissed me twice. I was a little girl then. I saw him the very morning they took him on to the top of the hill to hang him. The day before in the morning I took him some handsome ripe peaches. He thanked me so kind, and broke one of 'em and put it into his mouth and tasted of it; but somehow he didn't seem to have no appetite."

I asked how General Washington seemed to feel on the occasion.

"Oh, he must have felt dreadful! He walked backwards, and for'ards all the morning in this very room; and I've heard Pop Blauvelt say that he had never seen him feel so bad afore. He kept looking at his watch every now and then and was uneasy until the time had come and Major Andre was hung. I seen Major Andre myself, when he was swingin' in the air; and I saw him when he was dug up and took away; so did you, Polly, didn't you?"

HOGG, THE SCOTCH POET.

James Hogg sprang from the very humblest walk of life. His father was a shepherd, and he himself passed his entire youth and early manhood in tending sheep and herding cattle on the hills and valleys of his native district. Of schooling he enjoyed but little, for he was but seven years of age when he was apprenticed. Nature was his school-house; the pastoral valleys, the lovely streams, the flowers on the hillside, the rocks, and the rills, and the reflections cast on the water by the mountains and the sky, were the books from which he learned to sing the songs which have made his name deathless. He was ill-clad, and ill-fed. His only companions the four-footed beasts he tended, over whom he watched by day, and among whom he slept by night. The blue sky was often his mantle, the dewy grass his pillow; but there was a spirit within him that neither hardship nor poverty could still—a resistless genius, that was to carry his name down side by side with his great countryman, the humble ploughman, Burns. While his flock was browsing by the hillside his mind was revelling in the realms of fancy.

He is essentially the poet of nature. His subjects are all drawn from her midst. His mind was imbued with all the wild and gentle superstitions of his native glens. Brownies and kelpies were to him as real personages. Wilson calls him "the poet-laureate of the court of Faery" and Professor Aytoun said of him, "Who is there who has not heard of the Ettrick Shepherd—of him whose inspiration descended as lightly as the breeze that blows along the mountain sides—who saw among the lonely and sequestered glens of the south, from eyelids touched with fairy ointment, such visions as are vouchsafed to the minstrel alone—the dream of sweet Kilmeny, too spiritual for the taint of earth."

Hogg claims to have been born on the twenty-fifth of January, 1772, the anniversary of Burns' birthday; but the parish register gives the date of his birth as the ninth of December, 1770. Hogg loved to be likened to his greater countryman, and this led him likely to post-date his birth. He came from a race of shepherds. He was the youngest of four sons. His mother, Margaret Laidlaw, was a pious, though uneducated woman, but with a mind stored with border-ballads, which she poured into the ears of her son, who drank his first inspiration from this humble source. He commenced the composition of songs and ballads in 1796: in 1801 appeared the first of his published productions, "The Patriot Lay of Donald McDonald," which soon became a general favourite, was set to music, and sang far and wide before the name of the author was known. It was about this time that he became acquainted with Scott, who was then collecting materials for his "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," and Hogg made a number of contributions to it. This acquaintance with Scott was of great benefit to him. It led to a life-long intimacy, although now and then ruffled by little quarrels, for Hogg was a man of rather irritable disposition and somewhat irregular habits; but the great "magician" always overlooked those little differences and magnanimously forgave them. Hogg, despite his irregularities, was a man of kindly and noble nature. In one of his "Lay Sermons" he says, "I have never intentionally done evil to any living soul; and knowing how little power I had to do good to others, I never missed an opportunity that came within the reach of my capacity to do it."

Lockhart tells an interesting anecdote of Hogg's first visit to Scott's residence. Shortly after the first meeting of the two poets, Hogg came to Edinburgh with a flock of sheep for sale. Scott invited him to dinner. He went, and when he entered the drawing-room he found Mrs. Scott, who was then in ill health, reclining on a sofa. The shepherd, after being presented, and making his best bow, forthwith took possession of another sofa placed opposite hers, and stretched himself at full length upon it; for, as he said afterwards, "I thought I could never do wrong to copy the lady of the house." He was dressed "precisely as any ordinary herdsman attends cattle to the market," and his hands and shoes bore unmistakable evidence of his vocation. As will be readily supposed, the lady of the house did not observe with perfect equanimity the destruction of her chintz-covered furniture; but of this Hogg remarked nothing—dined heartily, and drank freely, and afforded plenty of merriment for the company (which was a rather large one), by jest, anecdote, and song. As the liquor operated he grew familiar; from "Mr. Scott," he advanced to "Sherra," thence to "Scott," "Walter," and "Wattie," until at supper he fairly convulsed the whole party by addressing Mrs. Scott as "Charlotte."

Scott assisted him in getting subscribers for his "Mountain Bard" and his work on sheep, entitled "The Shepherd's Guide." On the profits of these two books, some three hundred pounds, he went into an unprofitable farming speculation, and found himself as poor as ever. Disappointed, chagrined, he wrapped his plaid about him and went to Edinburgh to become a professional man of letters. His first enterprise was the publication of periodical called "The Spy." It lingered a twelvemonth, and expired. Now his literary life began in earnest. He made many friends; they encouraged him, and in 1813 appeared his best work, "The Queen's Wake." This poem was by far the best production of its author, and deserved to rank with the first publications of the time. It was immediately

successful. Hogg became a celebrity. He was the "lion" of the hour: no party, no literary gathering was complete without the rustic form of the Ettrick Shepherd.

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA.

An India correspondent of the London Times writes: A sketch of the proposed arrangements for the Prince of Wales's Indian journey, which differs in some respects from the programme previously announced, has appeared in a recent number of the Pioneer. The Prince, we are told, will arrive at Bombay on or about the 9th of November, and will then be the guest of Sir Philip Wodehouse. Lord Northbrook will go to Bombay in time to welcome the royal visitor, but will occupy a separate house; and several native princes, including the young Guikwar, will assemble at the capital of the Western Presidency, and will there be introduced to his Royal Highness. After a stay in Bombay of eight or ten days the Prince will re-embark, and will proceed down the coast to Beypore, Lord Northbrook in the meanwhile returning to Calcutta. From Beypore the party will proceed by rail to Coimbatore, and thence across country to the Neelgherries, Seringapatam, and Bangalore. Madras will be reached on the 6th of December, and will be left again on the 8th. At Tuticorin the Prince will embark on the 10th for Ceylon, and will probably arrive at Colombo next day. His stay at Ceylon will necessarily be very short—not much more than a week—as he is due at Calcutta on the 23rd. His Royal Highness will spend Christmas and New Year's Day in the capital, and will set out for the Northwest on the 3rd of January. Taking probably Benares, Cawnpore, and Lucknow on the way, he will get to Delhi between the 11th and 16th. The business of the Camp of Exercise will occupy about ten days, after which the Prince will go on to Umritsar and Lahore, returning to Agra about the 6th or 7th of February. A shooting expedition in the Serai will begin about the 14th and last for three weeks. On its conclusion the Prince will go to Bombay, where he will embark for England about the middle of March.

A STATUE OF SAPPHO.

A Rome correspondent writes: Among the statues to be sent from Rome to the Philadelphia Exposition is a Sappho, the work of Mne. Adelaide Marion, daughter and pupil of Plandiani, a distinguished sculptor of Milan. The unhappy poetess, whose unrequited love has urged her to this desperate step, is represented in the moment when, having ascended the rock of Leucate, she is meditating on the great unknown future, which her own act is about to make a present certainty. She stands on the brink of the precipice, her body inclined forward, her left hand resting upon a trunk of laurel, her right pressed upon her bosom, trying to still the wild tumult within. The lyre, at first, is not seen, but on a closer inspection it is found lying on the ground behind the figure, having been thrown there as of no further use. The face is full of great sweetness, but in it is seen the desperate resolve which impels to the deed. She does not seek death in that moment of frenzied exaltation which sometimes makes the suicide lose all consciousness of himself and of his deed; but she meditates upon it with the calm resolve of one who has determined to seek it as the only relief for her sufferings.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

The police at Madrid have discovered several secret repositories of arms and ammunition, which are supposed to be intended for a Socialist rising. It has been decided that the Prince of Wales will embark on the Serapis for India at Brindisi, a sea-port in Southern Italy. Both Turkish and Servian troops are concentrating on the Bosnian and Servian frontier. It is believed in Madrid that the demands of the Papal Nuncio will be withdrawn. The Government have shown a firm though conciliatory tone in refusing to accept them. It is now denied that the Orleans Princes have renounced their claim to the French throne and declared in favour of the Republic. The steamer Tigress, that rescued the survivors of the Polar Arctic expedition, was wrecked last Friday week near the Magdalen Islands. In a pastoral published by the Roman Catholic Bishops who lately met at Mayoath, Ireland, the control of education by the State is strongly condemned. Despatches from Turkey state that the insurgents have again proved victorious. The Porte is prepared to institute certain reforms in Bosnia and Herzegovina, whether the Consular negotiations are successful or not. The French Prince Imperial is to make a tour round the world. The top crop in England has been very much damaged by recent rains. An early reply to the Papal Nuncio's note to the Spanish Government is promised by the Ministerial journals. Fifteen hundred Ural Cossacks have been banished by the Russian Government for opposition to the new military law. The Sublime Porte has refused to make any concessions till the insurgents have tendered complete submission, and the latter in turn refuse to suspend hostilities till such concessions are guaranteed by the great Powers. A manifest has been addressed by a number of fugitive Herzegovinians to the Consular Commission, refusing the mediation of the Powers, and demanding complete liberation from the Ottoman domination. The Artists have abandoned the bombardment of Guetaria. Secretary Delano has placed his resignation in the hands of the President, to take effect early in October. The international rifle match shot at Creedmore on Saturday, between the Canadian and American eight, was won by the latter by 25 points. The departure of H. M. S. Serapis, in which the Prince of Wales is to sail for India, has been postponed on account of an unsatisfactory trial trip.



DOMINION PROHIBITORY CONVENTION.

1 and 2. Bands of Hope singing at Mass Meeting in Victoria Hall.—3. Meeting of convention in Association Hall.—4. A strong argument in favor of Prohibition presented to Parliament.—5. Strong arguments in favor of Prohibition presented to our Artist.—6. Boys distributing chairs at Mass Meeting.—7. Coming home from Victoria Hall.—8. The Progress of Temperance.

DOMINION PROHIBITORY CONVENTION.



GEORGE W. ROSS, M. P.
Profrater and Champion of Prohibition.



HON. ALEX. VIDAL, SENATOR.
President of the Convention.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY NOTMAN.

GEORGE W. ROSS, M. P.

George W. Ross was born on September 15th, 1810, in the County of Middlesex. He is descended from Scotch parents who emigrated to Canada and settled in the above County in 1835. Mr. Ross was educated in the Common Schools of Ontario, and afterwards at the Normal School, Toronto. Though a public school teacher for ten years, he felt so circumscribed by the narrow limits of his duties that he sought an opportunity to obtain a wider sphere. Accordingly he undertook the publication of the *Strathroy Age*, in 1867, which he published for some time with considerable success. Afterwards he published the *Seaford Express*, in company with Mr. Linton, now a member of the Manitoba Local Legislature. Mr. Ross is now one of the publishers and proprietors of the *Ontario Teacher*, a monthly issued in the interests of the teachers of that Province. Mr. Ross is a politician of liberal principles. In the General Elections of 1872, he contested West Middlesex with Mr. A. P. McDonald, one of the contractors on the Intercolonial Railway. After a severe contest, Mr. Ross was elected by a majority of 50. On the dissolution of Parliament, after the disclosures known as the Pacific Scandal, he was elected by acclamation. Both inside and outside Parliament he has been a warm advocate of Prohibition. For two years he was Chief Executive Officer of the Sons of Temperance of Ontario, and has been Chairman, for two sessions, of the Prohibition Committee of the House of Commons. By his advocacy of Prohibition much attention has been given to legislation in this matter. The Convention, in Montreal, held during the past week, was called through his instrumentality.

HON. MALCOLM CAMERON.

This veteran was born at Three Rivers, in 1808, and engaged in mercantile affairs for many years. He has been most prominently identified with the Temperance movement as a leader since 1832, and has filled the position of Chief of the Social Circle, Grand Worthy Patriarch of the Sons of Temperance, M. W. G. Chief of the Good Templars, Vice-President of the Ontario League, and President of the Ontario and Quebec League. He declined the Inspector-Generalship



HON. MALCOLM CAMERON, M. P.
An old-time advocate of Temperance and Peace.

in 1841, but became Inspector of Revenue during the administration of Sir Charles Bagot. He was member of the Executive Council from March 1848 to February 1850, in the Lafontaine-Baldwin administration, and from October 1851 to September 1854, in the Hincks-Morin Government, filling successively the offices of Assistant-Commissioner of Public Works, President of the Council, Minister of Agriculture, Postmaster-General and Member of the Board of Railway Commissioners. He was also a Government Director of the Grand Trunk Railway, then under construction. He visited British Columbia in 1862, and was appointed a delegate to proceed to England to secure self-government for that colony, a mission in which he was completely successful. He held the office of Queen's Printer from 1863 to 1869. He sat for Lanark, in the Upper Canada Assembly, from 1836 until the Union of Upper and Lower Canada; and for the same seat, in the Canada Assembly, from the Union till 1848; for Kent, from 1848 till 1851; for Huron, from 1851 till 1854; for Lambton, from 1855 till 1860, when he resigned and was returned to represent St. Clair Division in the Legislative Council till 1863. He was first returned to the House of Commons for South Ontario at the last general elections.

HON. ALEXANDER VIDAL.

The family of the distinguished Senator was originally from Spain, and removed to England in the 17th Century. He is the eldest surviving son of the late Captain E. E. Vidal, R. N. He was born in Berkshire, England, in 1819, and educated at the Royal Mathematical School, Christ's Hospital, London. He accompanied his father to Canada in 1834 and settled in Sarnia in the following year. He is a P. L. S. and practiced his profession from 1843 to 1852; is Lieut.-Col. Lambton Reserve Militia, County Treasurer of Lambton and President Y. M. C. Association, Sarnia. He was engaged in the Banking business for many years till 1875, when he retired. He sat for the St. Clair Division in the Legislative Council of Canada from September, 1863 till the Union. He was called to the Senate in January 1873. Mr. Vidal has championed the cause of Temperance in the Senate, and was Chairman of the Prohibition Convention which met in Montreal last week.

THE CLOUD-STAR.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

Far up within the tranquil sky,
Far up it shone;
Floating how gently, silently,
Floating alone!

A sunbeam touched its loftier side
With deepening light;
Then to its inmost soul did glide
Divinely bright.

The cloud transfused to a star.
Through all its frame
Throbbed in the fervent heavens afar
One pulse of flame!

One pulse of flame which inward turned
And slowly fed
On its own heart, that burned and burned,
Till almost dead.

The cloud, still imaged as a star,
Waned up the sky;
Waned slowly, pallid, ghost-like, far,
Wholly to die!

But die so grandly in the sun—
The noonfire's breath—
Methinks the glorious death it won,
Life! life! not death!

Meanwhile a million insect things
Crawl on below,
And gaudy worms on fluttering wings
Flit to and fro!

Blind to that cloud, which grown a star,
Divinely bright,
Waned in the deepening heavens afar
Till lost in light!

THE PAINTER'S MODEL.

A TALE.

"May I come in?"
"Yes, come in."

And the painter, forgetting his visitor already, stepped back a pace or two to gaze at the work on his easel. It was a sunny bit of landscape in early morning, while the dew was still on the grass, and the birds were in jubilant song on every bough and branch. You could fancy as you gazed that you heard the sound of running waters, and saw the tall tree-tops sway softly in the summer wind.

A little maiden stood at the edge of the river, amongst the long sheaves of water-grass, dabbling her bare feet in the cool, limpid tide. Her face was turned full towards you; "the light that never was on sea or land" throwing a wonderful radiance over its still beauty.

And this other little maiden, peering over the artist's shoulder, said softly, in smiling wonder, and with a pride that showed his art glorified her in her own thoughts. "That is me again. Always me!"

But though he used her beauty lavishly—unmercifully, it may be—to adorn his canvas, he had evidently no other feeling towards her, for he did not notice her, in any way. She did not seem disappointed as she drew back and seated herself on a chair behind, wrapt and absorbed, as if some spell were on her she was too glad, in her tranquil fashion, to break.

She watched every movement of his pencil with intelligent sympathy, and such supreme interest, that her slight fingers moved mechanically as his moved, and each gesture of hers was a copy of his.

For two hours he worked on steadily, unconscious of the girl's existence even, much more of her presence. The window was open to the ground, and as the buzz of the bees grew fainter, and the sultry summer afternoon began to fade and soften into twilight, the sunset clouds took strange shapes, mimicking a battle field, and casting their golden spears prone into the olive shadow of the old elm.

The birds, coming home weary to rest, rustled the boughs, and the rooks, swaying in their tall nests, cawed drowsily, as if they were bidding each other good night, or perhaps, repeating their evening prayer, but half awake.

The painter took one lingering, dissatisfied look at his work, and then, throwing down his pencil, leapt through the casement and disappeared.

The girl rose then, covered the canvas with a reverent hand, and moved silently here and there, putting a little order at the end of the day's work, but so judiciously that the painter would miss nothing that he wanted on the morrow.

Finally, she shut down the window and went out, closing the door carefully behind her.

Lingering on the garden path, the roses over the porch scattering their faded leaves amongst her hair, she glanced wistfully down the lane. She could see the painter standing midway, bareheaded and contemplative, his stalwart, untidy figure looking like a blot in the golden perspective.

There was a wonderful hush in the air, a strange silence and calm, broken, at intervals only, by the homely sounds from the farm-yard near. A cow lowed; a young colt, frisking in the meadow, gave a joyful neigh; a hen, cooped up with its brood, resented the intrusive beak of some dissipated duck returning late from a party of pleasure on the lake-pond; then the barn-door slammed, and the old cock at roost on the beam set up a crow, thinking he had miscalculated the time, and it must be already dawn. Leah seemed to listen, and see too, as she stood there; but every sense she had was absorbed in wondering how—if her ambition were not unholy—she might so comport herself as to win the heart she craved for, and weave her love into the fabric of his daily life. That the painter was a sceptic, and egotist for his heart's sake, it was not in her tender, timid, trusting woman's nature to divine. She loved him, and yet by her love he became

so grand, and good, that it was almost a shame in her to aspire to his height.

A mist stole across the sunset, creeping up from the valley, and effaced all the glory.

Day and night
Were standing in each other's light.

Then Leah went in, and sat in the cool calm of the great oaken hall, waiting for his steps, that she might be there ready to minister to him directly he came.

He was an ungoverned soul, this painter, recognising no laws but those fancy or inclination suggested to him at the moment. He had odd fits of restlessness occasionally, when he would wander about all night, and poor Leah, still keeping watch, would almost faint with weariness.

But when he came, at last, long after day-break, his clothes rent, his hair in a wild tangle, and all wet with dew, she had a smile for him, and a soft little murmur of welcome, though he never saw or heard.

To-night his mood was more reasonable, or the heat of the past day had tired him, for the clock was striking ten when he opened the door, and stumbled against Leah as she ran forward to meet him.

"I am so glad you have come!" she said, brightly, in a voice that would be heard, for the surprise made her bold. "But, please, hush; mother is asleep."

"She is always asleep," he answered testily.

"What a blessed thing, isn't it?—I mean for her!" said the girl, in her tender ignorance; "she suffers so much when she is awake. You will have some supper now?"

"No!" shortly and abstractedly.

"Oh, Mr. Cartwright!"

There was so much disappointment and pain in her voice, that it brought to him a transient gleam of comprehension.

"You must not mind me, Leah," he observed.

"I am a thorough Bohemian. I never had any one to care a snap of the finger about me yet; and I like it better so, for it makes me independent. My mother died when I was born; my father went mad—some say of grief, but I should think that was doubtful. I was brought up on cuffs and hard fare, and they agreed with me, somehow. Folks called me a young savage and, of course, I was. Nature was my only friend then; she is my only friend still. I learnt to paint out of sheer gratitude to her, and not for fame or money, and I want no sympathy but hers. So don't trouble about me, child; if I am left alone, I shall do very well."

"Not if you won't eat," she said, pitifully.

"I do eat when I have time, but I have none to-night. I have a thought in my head I want to dream out."

He passed her quickly, but stopped on the bottom steps to the stairs to add, "I wish they would ring the neck of that confounded old Cochin, yonder; he'd wake the very dead!"

"I'll tell Mrs. Rumbold he disturbs you, shall I?"

"Bother Mrs. Rumbold; she is the worst of the two!" said the painter, discontentedly, as he sprang up the stairs two steps at a time, and vanished into the darkness of the passage beyond.

He never asked for a candle, fortunately, or there would have been a chance of their all being burnt in their beds. Poor Leah would have had another anxiety in addition to those that already oppressed her. To nurse a sick mother, and eke out their scant means in such a way that the invalid should never guess how poor they really were, was surely enough thought for this childwoman of sixteen, without another care added.

And then this love, which was nothing but anguish and longing, brought her no rest. It was only the change from one bitterness to another at best, for it had no leven of hope, even though it had pauses in pain.

For three days the artist shut himself away in his room, and could not be seen, or even heard. Leah carried him food to the door, and left it there, and sometimes it was taken in, sometimes untouched, whilst the man worked out his thoughts without her, and had not heard enough to be grateful for the gentle observances that kept him from fainting over his task.

On the afternoon of the fourth day, Leah went boldly to his door, and knocked; and, lo! a grim, stubborn face showed itself in answer.

"May I come in?"

This with a look of supplication backing the prayer of her lips.

His gesture of denial was almost fierce.

"But you do always let me in!" she urged.

"I may want you to-morrow, and then I'll call you. I won't have you until I do want you that's certain!"

The supreme egotism of this speech never seemed to strike Leah as she moved slowly away.

He would want her to-morrow, perhaps. Leah picked up the crumbs of comfort he had thrown at her gratefully, and hugged them to her breast. She had been banished three whole days, but to-morrow would repay her, if she were patient.

She went up to her mother's room, and sat down beside the bed—a tender, soft light on her young face, as if, with all its sadness, love was still sweet, because it was love.

Mrs. Burt had known better days, and she could not forget them. She was querulous, discontented, and sensitive; and, it is to be feared, Leah had a sorry time with her. She was always picturing slights that were never intended, and grumbling at her neighbours, who were quite willing to please her, if they knew the way. She had no idea of her daughter's daily sacrifices, her self-abnegation, her woful, loving devices to hide

their poverty; for they had very little to live upon, and the invalid was so exacting. Leah denied herself hourly, not luxuries, but actual necessities, and Mrs. Burt still complained.

The worst of it was that the latter would not accept her position. She was still hampered by her pride, and thought it bitterly hard they should have only one servant, when this one servant was a terrible difficulty, so far as Leah was concerned, and embarrassed her cruelly in a hundred different ways, for Jane was very healthy and very ignorant. She could see no difference between economy and meanness, and, having been brought up in the workhouse, was, of course, particular about her fare.

So that often she dined off meat, and Leah off bread; whilst Mrs. Burt had her chicken-broth, and grumbled because her sherry was not champagne. The lodger was never mentioned before the invalid. She disapproved of him strongly. She had never been accustomed to anything of the kind; Leah would have her own way. It could not be necessary, she was sure, for her husband had been considered a very good match when she married him; and though he had certainly been extravagant—it was no use to deny that—still Leah ought to respect her father's memory, and not blazon their change of fortune.

The artist did not pay his rent regularly—how could a man with his genius be expected to remember such things?—and poor Leah felt sometimes as if the burden of life were too heavy for her; but she was very brave, too, and looked forward to brighter days, with the hopefulness that was a part of her youth.

To-morrow came at last! Leah had lain awake in the cold calm of the night to wait for it, and the dawning day was like a blessing to her. She had expected to be summoned early; but the hours passed away, and the painter gave no sign. It was nearly three o'clock, when, as she sat listening in the hall, she heard his sudden stride in the room overhead. The door opened, and he called impatiently down the stairs.

"Leah, be quick!"

She reached him in a moment.

"Here I am!" she responded, breathlessly.

"Do you want me now?"

"Yes, yes," he said, in his irritable way; "of course! Have you a white dress anywhere?"

"Yes; shall I put in on it?"

"Only make haste!"

She was gone almost before he had done speaking, and love lent her wings; for it was wonderful how soon she returned to him, the soft, pale folds of the gown clinging close to her slender, shapely limbs, and lending a new grace to her maidenly beauty.

He put out his large hand as she stood, like a supplicant, at the door, and drew her in, contemplating her critically, as she bent trembling before him.

"You will do!" he said, at last; and lifting her up in his strong arms, he laid her, not ungently, on to a kind of impromptu stretcher, which he had covered with his coat.

"Now close your eyes," he said, "and keep quite still."

"Am I dead?" she asked with a faint shudder.

"You died just an hour ago."

"Only in the picture?"

"Where else?" he answered, disdainfully.

"Don't be foolish, child!"

"Oh, I see!" and she sighed. "I am glad you had me, too, though it does feel so strange. Shall I have to stay here long?"

"Not if you keep quite quiet. But you women are so unmanageable—you will talk."

Leah shut her lips fast together, and was mute directly.

At first, her spirit rebelled against this forced quietude, and her limbs twitched, her eyelids twinkled, the colour came and went in her face, and the life grew buoyant within her, out of pure contradiction. Then she tried to realize herself as actually dead, just to solemnize her mood, but found that the horror of the thought had a strange fascination of its own, dwelling with her persistently, even when she was eager to be rid of it again.

What was death? Was it to stifle down there, under ground, in the coldness and darkness, forever? Or was it to leave the infinities of the flesh behind you, and pass in spirit through the golden gates that lead to a land where all hope is fruition, and faith grows to knowledge suddenly?

If so, there was nothing to fear, only that life was sweet, and had mysteries enough to satisfy her at sixteen.

It was a drowsy afternoon, although the air was beginning to cool. Every now and then a breath came through the window, laden with honeysuckle and mignonette, or the fainter perfume of the roses, and the hum of the bees made monotonous music everywhere.

Leah just peeped once, and saw the boughs waving very softly, and rustling their leaves, as if they were whispering together.

The "immemorial elms" were flecked with sunshine, and in the purple distance a flight of birds made little specks of shadow; whilst the church steeple looked like a spear pointed menacingly at the sky, as it rose out of the black shade of the old yews.

But everything was growing blurred and indistinct to her by this time, and her eyelid felt so heavy that they fell of themselves, leaving a dark pencilled fringe on her fair white cheek.

When she awoke, the mists of evening were everywhere; and she felt strangely faint and benumbed. The painter had used his model after

the ordinary merciless fashion, and having painted as long as he could see, had started off for his evening's ramble without a single thought of her though her patience merited this much of reward.
(To be concluded in our next).

LITERARY.

PROF. MOSES COIT TYLER of Michigan University is preparing a survey of American literature.

MR. JOAQUIN MILLER's new poem, "The Ship of the Desert," is promised for American publication this month.

It is stated that Mr. John Bright is compiling an autobiography. If so, the work will be the most interesting of its class.

MISS SUSAN WARNER, author of "The Wide, Wide World," and "Queechy," has nearly completed her new novel, "Wych Hazel."

In a few weeks will appear "Poetic Localities of Cambridge," containing views of scenes and places in the old city by the Charles, made famous by the poets—Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, &c.

DISRAELI is reported to have recently said that he owed what literary reputation he had largely to the people of the United States, and that he had for them the kindest feelings.

The monument to Edgar A. Poe, in Baltimore, will be dedicated early next month. Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, Holmes and Saxe have been invited to assist.

A NEW pamphlet by Mr. Gladstone is spoken of. It is on a great social reform. The supply of information has been got at the East-End of London, at the original source, by the great writer himself.

OCTAVE FEUILLET conceives his "ideas" while fishing in some sylvan stream—a sport to which he is addicted. In forming his plots and situations he puts an end to the romance of many a poor young fish.

A PAPER on the "Latest Stuarts," which recently appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, is said to have been written by the Queen of Holland. Her Majesty's literary taste is well known and recognised in the Netherlands.

The King of Bavaria is just now hard at work on a book which he is writing, a history of the reigns of Louis XIV., XV., and XVI. The object of his visit was to see the splendid old Cathedral at Rheims. The King has just entered his 31st year.

VICTOR HUGO has a collection of objects of literary interest which includes the pen with which Dumas wrote "Monte Christo;" Lamartine's "Les Confidences;" George Sand's "Consuelo;" and he himself, "Les Miserables."

The old librarian of the University of Virginia who was there when Edgar A. Poe was a student, denies the tradition that he was expelled. He used to be a pretty wild fellow, but he also did well in the ancient languages and took several prizes.

SIR RICHARD HANSON, Chief-Justice of South Australia, the author of "The Jesus of History," published anonymously in 1869, has a new work in press entitled, "The Apostle Paul and the Preaching of Christianity, to the Fall of Jerusalem."

The letters of Michael Angelo, edited by Signor Milanese, and a "Bibliography of Michael Angelo," edited by Count Passerini, were to be published at Florence on the 14th of September as a feature of the third day of the Michael Angelo fêtes.

MESSRS. ROBERTS BROTHERS have in preparation a new book by Miss Alcott, entitled "Eight Cousins." It is one of the "Little Women" series. This firm has also nearly ready the translation of Mme. Recamier's memoirs.

The great holiday feature will be "Mabel Martin," an old poem, rewritten and much enlarged, by Mr. Whittier. The volume will be uniform with "Hanging of the Crane," the illustrations being by the same artists and of the same high order.

"THE Satchel Series, Volume I," contains seven stories and poems by Miss Braddon, Wilkie Collins, Owen Meredith, M. Quaid, and others. They are all interesting and readable, and are well calculated to beguile the time during railway or steamboat travel.

MR. LONGFELLOW's new volume is to be entitled "The Masque of Pandora, and other Poems." The title poem is fresh, having never appeared in print before. The remainder of the volume will comprise several already published productions. It will appear, probably, in October.

A "Vest-Pocket Series" will soon be published by Osgood & Co., containing some of the most notable brief works of great authors. The books will be illustrated, and among the first issues will be Whittier's "Snow-bound," Longfellow's "Evangeline," essays by Emerson, &c.

M. E. RENAN will publish in the beginning of the winter the two final volumes of his work on the "Early History of Christianity," of which the "Vie de Jésus," "Les Apôtres," "Saint Paul," and "L'Antichrist" have formed portions. M. Renan has also in the press a volume of miscellanies.

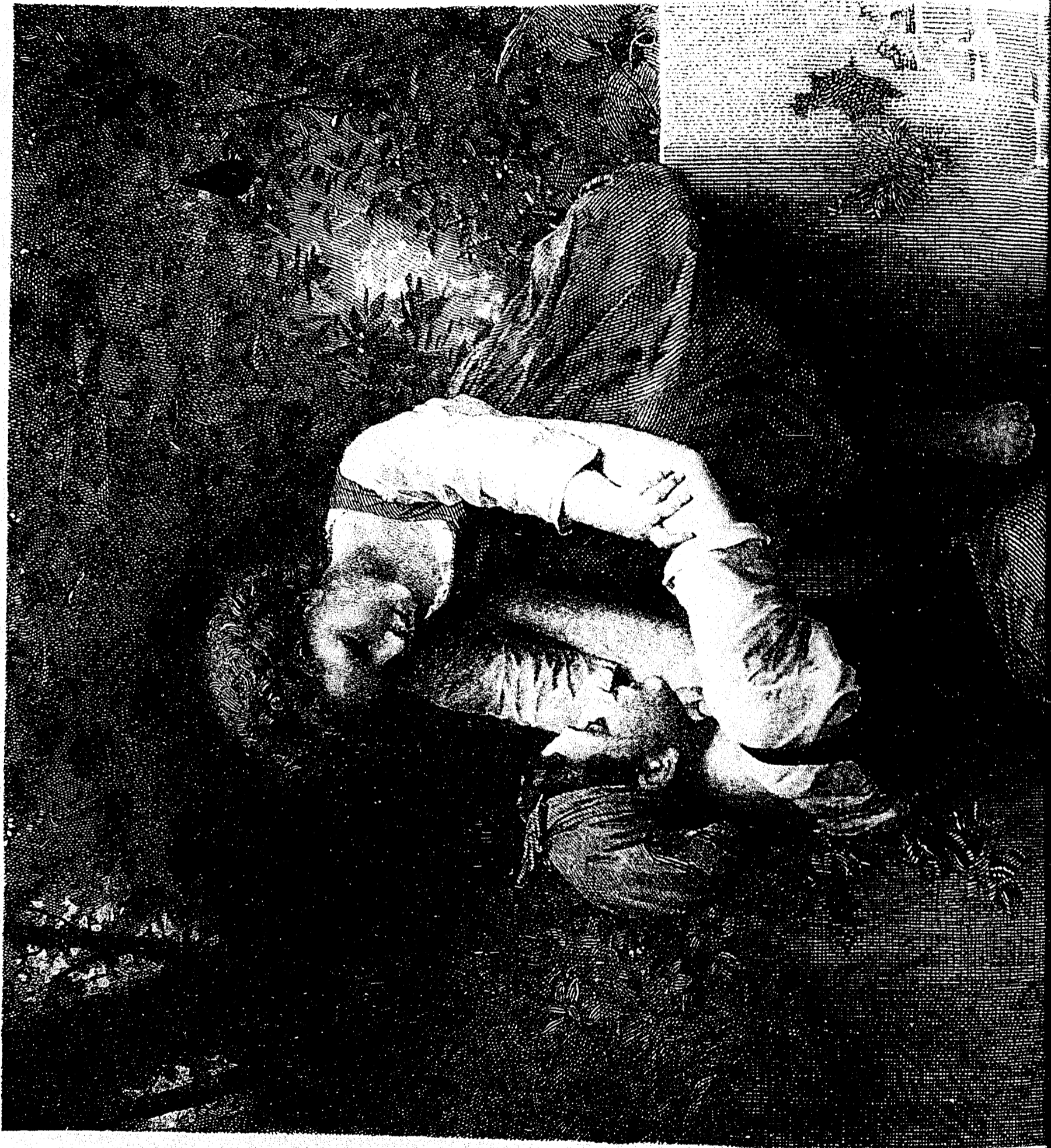
A NEW edition of Hawthorne's works, printed entirely from new plates and to be comprised in twenty-one volumes uniform in style with the now famous "Little Classics," is soon to be presented to the public. The initial volumes, containing the "Scarlet Letter" and the "House of Seven Gables," will appear immediately.

AMONG other new books soon to be published are Violet de Duc's "Discourses on Architecture," in one large octavo volume; Bayard Taylor's new volume of poems, entitled "Home Pastorals;" "Famous Painters and Paintings," illustrated, by Mrs. J. H. Siedel; an "Art Romance," by Harriet Mosmer, the sculptress; and a new book by Bret Hart.

THE English critics complain that Carlyle is played out. In his latest book on the early Kings of Norway they accuse him of dealing out trifling "commonplaces in his usual knotty style; commonplaces, moreover, gathered by him at second-hand, as he is unacquainted with the language of the early Northmen whom he writes about and had to get his material from German translations.

M. PAUL FEVAL made a long and able oration in behalf of the Société des Gens des Lettres on the recent occasion of the inauguration of Chateaubriand's statue at St. Malo. M. Feval said that Chateaubriand's love for his native country, Brittany, prompted him to be buried on the rock, the Grand Bé, overlooking the sea. "A yearning for the maternal nest," said M. Feval, "never left the Breton swan who sang far from Brittany."

M. STEPHANE MAILLARMÉ is editing "Vathek," the *chef-d'œuvre* of Beckford, in the original French text, page for page and line for line, as it first appeared in Paris in 1788. It will be an *édition de luxe*, printed in Elzevirian type, on special paper, the copies numbered and signed, and preceded by a preface by the editor. The interest attaching to this celebrated work will still be strong enough to attract many to make an acquaintance with it in the original language and form, and the promised reprint will restore to French literature a memorable and most curious book.





CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, 25th OCTOBER, 1876.

THE YOUNG MARAUDERS.



ST. MALO.—CHATEAUBRAND'S TOMB.



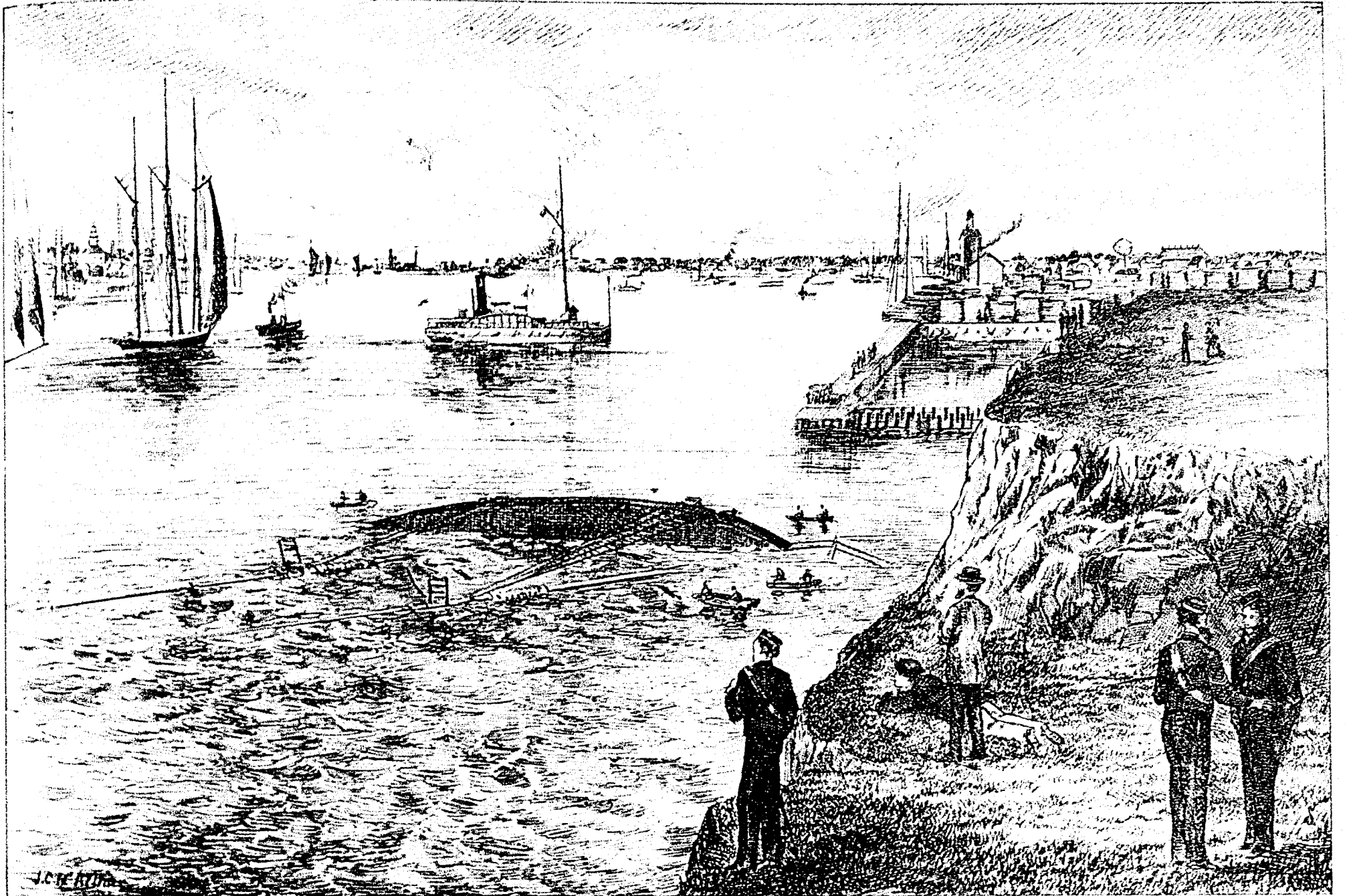
SPAIN.—SEG D'UROPE AND NEIGHBORHOOD.



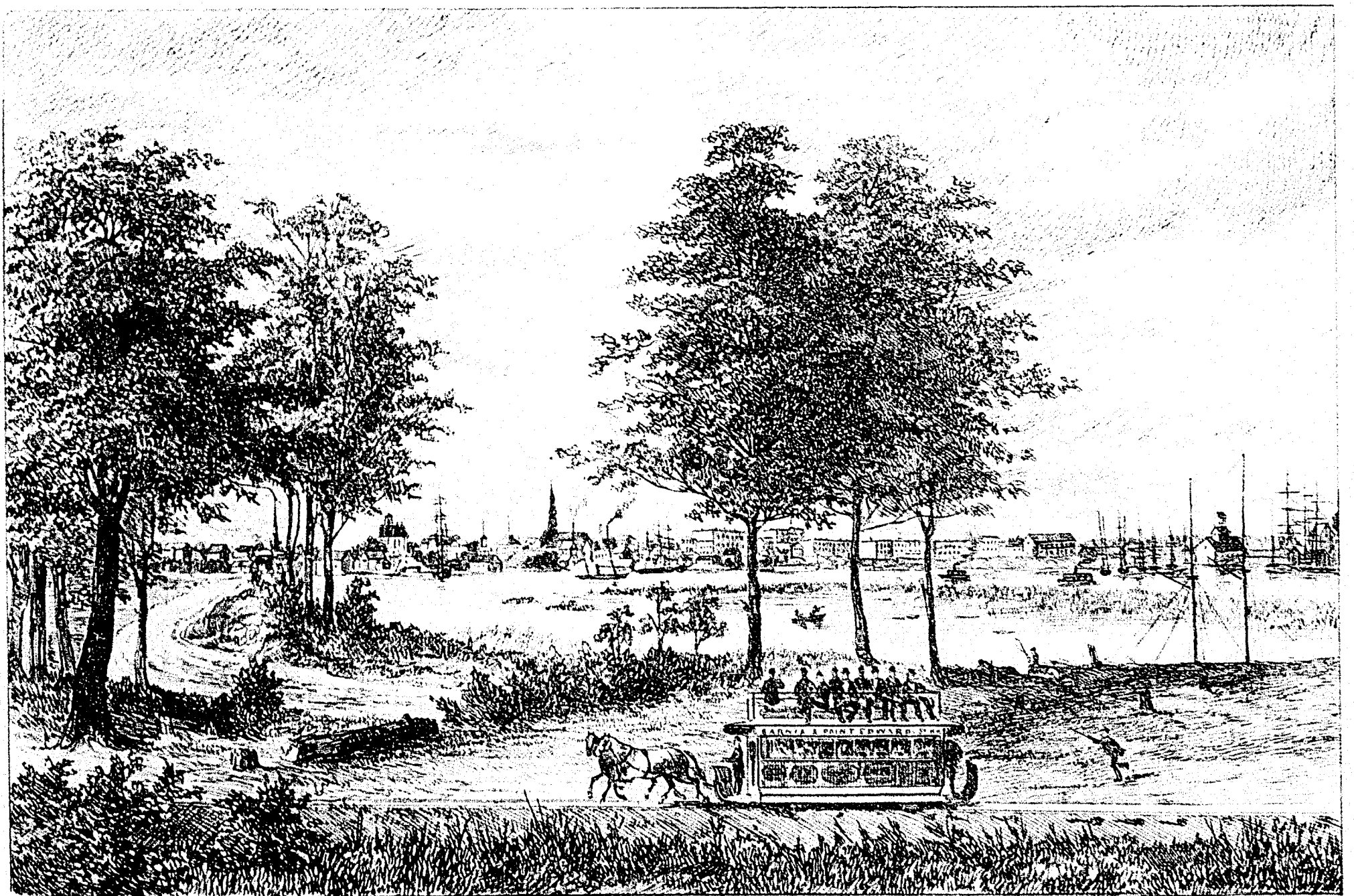
CYCLOS WORKS, SHEFFIELD.—ROLLING A 14 INCH IRON ARMOUR PLATE. EUROPEAN PICTORIAL NEWS.



THE DECEASED OFFER PROSEC AT THE CYCLOS WORKS.



SARNIA BAY, LOOKING NORTH.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. C. McARTHUR.



SARNIA:—FROM THE POINT, LOOKING SOUTH.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. C. McARTHUR.

PAPER HANGING
 WINDOW SHADES, WIRE
 SCREENS, BANNERS, RUSTIC
 BLINDS and SCENERY.
GEO. C. DEZOUCHE,
 351 NOTRE DAME STREET.
 12-13-188.

GRAVEL ROOFING.
R. ALEXANDER,
 41 ST. ANTOINE ST.,
 MONTREAL.
 12-10-21-22-23

NOTICE.

Application will be made at the next Session of the Legislature for the passing of an Act to authorise JOHN HENRY PELLY SIMPSON to sell and convey certain Real Estate in this Province, being three Islands in the River St. Lawrence above Laclaire known as "LES ISLES D'ORVAL," notwithstanding the substitution affecting the said Islands contained in the last Will and Testament of the late SIR GEORGE SIMPSON.
 Montreal, 8th Sept., 1875. 12-12-2-23.

SIGNOR J. HAZAZER'S
ACADEMY OF DANCING & DEPORTMENT.
 re-opens for reception of pupils Friday evening, Sept. 3rd. Opening Party, Wednesday Evening, September 22nd. Signor Hazazer's Grand Bal Masqué, Fancy and Citizens' Ball, Victoria Skating Rink, Thursday, October 14th. Tickets, \$2.00, including a Gentleman and two Ladies. Gentlemen's Single Tickets, \$1.50. Ladies Single Tickets, 50 cents.
 Fancy Dresses, Masks and Dominoes, can be had at 924 St. Catherine Street. Tickets to be had at Music Stores. Private Class on Thursday Evening, October 7th. Old Clothes Party on Friday Evening, October 22nd. For Circulars, address Box 720 P. O. 12-11-7-12-2

ARMY EQUIPMENTS, CANADIAN PATENT FOR SALE. Adopted by U. S. Army used by Sportsmen, Travellers, Porters, &c.
 Lieut. G. H. PALMER, U. S. Army,
 12-8-10-183 Nashville, Tennessee.

THE FOLLOWING
 IS AN
EXTRACT FROM A LETTER
 dated 15th May, 1872, from an old inhabitant of Hoxingham, near Warrminster, Wilts. —
 "I must also beg to say that your Pills are an excellent medicine for me, and I certainly do enjoy good health, sound sleep and a good appetite, this is owing to taking your pills. I am 75 years old."
 Remaining, Gentlemen,
 Yours very respectfully,
 L. S.
NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS, LONDON.
 12-6-26-185-222.

T. REEVES & CO., 687 Craig St.
 B. L. Shells loaded on short notice. 12-6-13-190.

I. L. BANCS & CO.,
 783 CRAIG ST., MONTREAL,
 MANUFACTURERS OF
FELT AND GRAVEL ROOFING.
 Gravel Roofs repaired at short Notice.
 Prepared Roofing Felt, Roofing Composition, Gravel, Wood Varnish for Painting Shingles. 11-7-52-24.

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GASALIERS
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H. T. HARTLEY,
 P. O. Box 313. No. 22 St. John Street, Montreal.
 Fees contingent on success. 12-4-52-125-65.

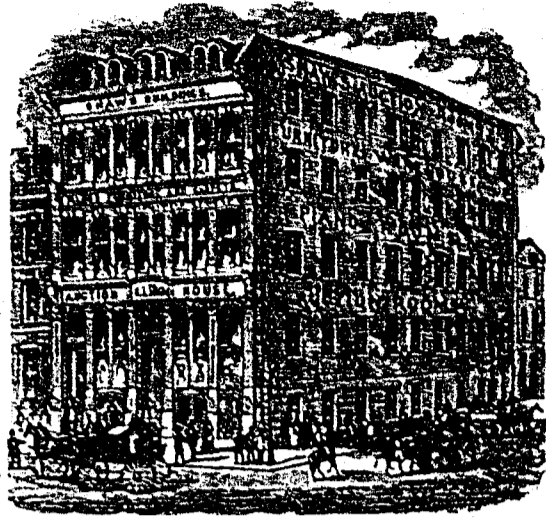
NOTICE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.
 THE undersigned has this day admitted MR. ANDREW YOUNG AND MR. JAMES MATTINSON, JR., as co-partners in his business, which will be carried on under the style and firm of MATTINSON, YOUNG & CO. All outstanding accounts will be settled by the new firm.
JAMES MATTINSON
 May 1st, 1875.

With reference to the above, the undersigned beg to state that they have fitted up the large and commodious premises, No. 577 CRAIG STREET, as a manufactory, where, with increased facilities, they will be prepared to meet all commands at the shortest notice.
MATTINSON, YOUNG & CO.
 Plumbers, Steam and Gas Fitters, Copper-smiths, &c.
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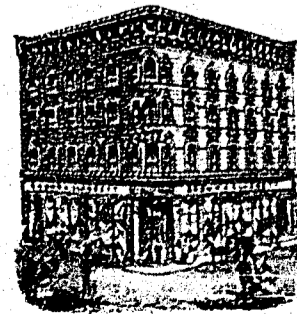
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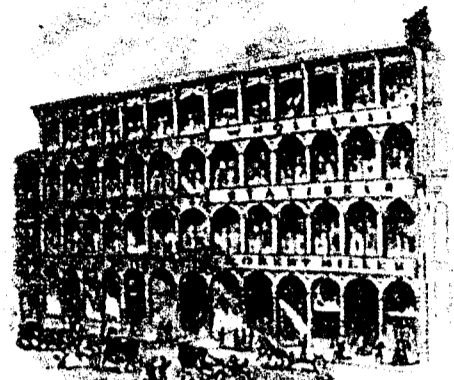
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