

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

Montreal Free Press

Vol. X.—No. 8.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1874.

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

RECIPROCITY AND MANUFACTURES.

It is bad policy to strive to belittle the meeting of manufacturers which took place last week in Hamilton. The numerical size of the assembly is a minor consideration. Its representative character is what we must look at. It is not necessary to regard it as an expression of the opinion of all the manufacturers of the Dominion, but quite sufficient, for all practical purposes, that it embodies the views of an important section of the manufacturers of the Dominion. As such, the meeting was highly important. The men who attended it hold large and varied interests in the country and are quite competent to discuss these in all their bearings. That they, after a full debate, marred by no partisan feeling, should have condemned the proposed Reciprocity Treaty, as at present drafted, is a fact which cannot be overlooked and which no amount of partisan newspaper criticism can counteract. If Mr. Brown imagines that he can, by a stroke of his pen, force his free-trade ideas upon the people of Canada, as he has endeavoured to do in the Treaty, he will find himself mistaken. On the other hand, if certain manufacturers hope to use their opposition to the Treaty, so far as to have their theories of Prohibition enforced, they will likewise soon discover their error. Moderate protection is the golden mean which the necessities of the country require and which the voice of the people will insist upon having. That is the *conditio sine qua non* of the progress of a young nation such as ours. That is especially essential in the case of Canada, placed by its geographical position in the neighbourhood of a great overshadowing country. Mainly because the proposed Treaty eliminates this condition, it cannot be acceptable to the manufacturers of the Dominion. A paper of this city makes light of the Hamilton meeting by saying that the Treaty will pass in spite of it, because it is favourable to the two major interests of the country—the agricultural and the lumbering. That is one of these sweeping generalizations which are often accepted without being proved. It is by no means a clear case that the agriculturists of Canada unanimously desire reciprocity and it is well known that the lumber trade will flourish, as it has flourished, whether the Treaty be enforced or not. Thus these the advantages to these two interests cannot be taken as off-set to alleged disadvantages likely to accrue to the other interest of the Dominion through the Treaty. We trust that the good example set by the Dominion Board of Trade at St. John, the Hamilton Board of Trade and the manufacturers meeting at Hamilton, in banishing politics from the consideration of the Treaty, will continue to be imitated, and that the opposite example set by papers, of both the leading parties, will be carefully eschewed. Otherwise, we make this prediction and publish it as a warning. If the proposed Reciprocity Treaty be made a party question, it will be carried through Parliament, by the Government majority, without a single change or modification.

We have reason to know that neither Mr. Brown nor the Government is disposed to alter a single clause in the Treaty. The only hope is that they will be found to do so by the absolute pressure of public opinion as expressed in the views of the most responsible classes, utterly irrespective of party. After all, the measure is one with which as such, politicians have nothing whatever to do, and from which they ought to be made to keep aloof. We repeat that it would be a thousand pities if they were allowed to use it for their own personal and selfish ends, perfectly regardless of the greater good of the greater number. Another possible source of comfort is that the United States Congress may make modifications in the Draft, thus setting an example which may shame our public men into imitation.



STATUE OF JACQUES CARTIER, TO BE PRESENTED TO THE CITY OF MONTREAL BY THE FRENCH SCULPTOR, M. ROBERT.

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

THE DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY;
 Montreal; Publishers.

SUBSCRIPTIONS PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

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

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

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

Canadian Illustrated News.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1874.

EMIGRATION TO CANADA.

Since the commencement of the agricultural labourers' lock-out, and the consequent increase in the tide of emigration to the United States and the colonies, the English journals have been more than usually bitter upon the emigration question. It would seem, if one were to take their utterances as gospel, that the man who seeks to better his condition by removing to a new world, where all the chances of success are in his favour, is guilty of a heinous crime. Such a one, we are given to understand, is not only a victim to unreasonable discontent; he displays a glaring want of patriotism towards a country that never yielded him anything but hardships, and gross ingratitude to employers who have always done their best to keep him down. The leader of the new anti emigration movement is, of course, the *Times*. And the particular victim singled out as a mark for the bolts of the Thunderer is, as was only to be expected, the Dominion of Canada. So little is known in England of this country, as compared with the other colonies, that it is a perfectly safe game for the *Times* to vent its displeasure upon Canada, and air its ignorance on subjects connected therewith. Naturally we in the Dominion are fully aware that the attacks in the *Times* are doing considerable injury to the cause of Canadian emigration. Nor are the United States emigration agents by any means blind to the fact. No doubt they fully appreciate the patriotism displayed by the *Times* in warning intending emigrants against an English colony, and they are not slow in using the expressions of the *Times* to induce such people to cast off their allegiance and throw in their lot with the United States.

The latest tirade in which the *Times* indulges in depreciation of Canada as a field for emigration comes to us in the form of a letter which appears over the signature, "A Bohemian." And a remarkable letter it is in its way. An old proverb tells us that we must go abroad to get news of home. Certainly "A Bohemian's" communication contains much that will be news to Canadians, and to all those who are in the least degree acquainted with Canadian affairs. We do not suppose that the editor of the *Times* took the trouble to ascertain if his correspondent's information was correct. This would be too much to expect. The fact is, that journal has so frequently been caught tripping in laying down the law concerning Canada that its policy now appears to be to endeavour to show that after all the country is such a miserable place that it is really not worth while to know anything at all about it. A very comfortable theory indeed, but hardly one which does credit to the leading journal of Europe.

But to return to "A Bohemian's" veracious statements. He says:—

"I found that manual labour was the only thing that could succeed in Canada, and this would never bring wealth without money in the first instance to back it; that, though the wages given at harvest-time were more than double those given to our agricultural labourers in England, yet the employment was only open half the year or less; and that there was quite as much suffering and want in this colony as there was in the mother country; indeed, half the agricultural labourers who emigrate to Canada would give all they possess to return again. A few, but a very few indeed, have succeeded in getting land and flocks and herds of their own; but the vast majority of Canadian emigrants are merely hewers of wood and drawers of water. The men who are prosperous are blacksmiths, carpenters, and a few other skilled mechanics, together with healthy agriculturists, who have taken with them means enough to exist for twelve months or more without realising anything; in this time they can clear plots of land which will produce sufficient for the consumption of a family."

With all due respect for the writer's, no doubt superior, knowledge of Canada and Canadians, we beg most emphatically to deny the truth of his assertions in the paragraph we have quoted. Manual labour is not the only thing that can succeed in Canada. And it has been

known to succeed, and that in not a few isolated cases, without money in the first instance to back it. There is by no means "quite as much suffering and want in this colony as there is in the mother country." And we have yet to meet the agricultural labourers who would give half they possess to return again. It is very evident that "A Bohemian" is unacquainted with the biographies of our great public men. Let him read these and he will find that scores, hundreds of them have reached the top of the ladder who began the ascent without a copper in their pockets. Take the wealthiest men in our cities, the most prosperous farmers in the country—what were they when they began life? They did not come into the world with silver spoons in their mouths. They earned all they are worth by hard, honest labour, such as "A Bohemian" and pessimists of his class would shrink from in dismay. As to the statement that "the vast majority of Canadian emigrants are merely hewers of wood and drawers of water," it is so patently absurd to all who know the truth as to need no contradiction whatever. But even were such the case, we should like to ask "A Bohemian" what is the condition of the agricultural labourer in England? By all accounts he is something even lower than a mere hewer of wood and drawer of water.

Again, this admirably-informed writer tells his readers that "all who emigrate to America or British Colonies must expect to bear great hardships. They have to contend against the wily selfishness of those around them; they find very little sympathy in trouble or distress, and there is no provision for them if they fall into helpless poverty." This explains the tone of "A Bohemian's" letter. Like a very Bohemian he appears to labour under a constitutional distaste for hard work. According to his theory Canadians and Canadian emigrants who have made a position here by their own efforts should now turn to and prepare the way for new comers. We should set to work to clear the land, put in the seed, build farm-houses and stock them, and let a lot of lazy vagabonds come over to enjoy the fruits of our labours. This, however, is precisely the class we in this country wish to avoid. We want men who are willing and able to face their fair share of hardship. Such may rest assured that the end will crown their labour, and that in the meantime they will have nothing to fear from "the wily selfishness of those around them," and the other imaginary ills that "A Bohemian" conjures up to deter the faint-hearted from seeking to better their condition in a new, and, to them, unknown world. They may depend upon it that they will meet with far more assistance, far more sympathy, and far more success in this country than they ever dreamt of in the old.

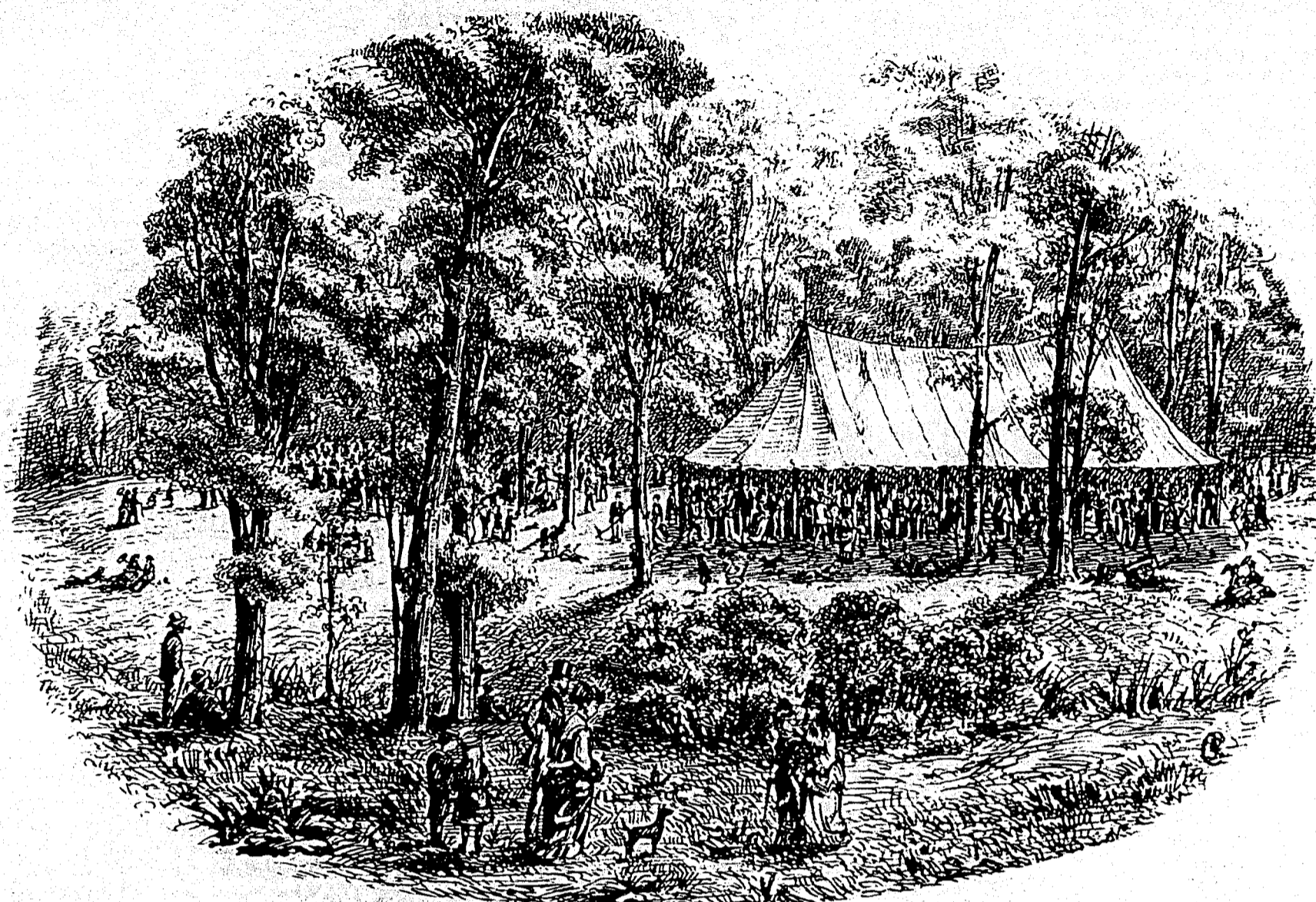
We stated at the outset that the effect of the persistent endeavours of the *Times* to paint Canada in the most sombre of colours could only be to place the game in the hands of the United States emigration agents. The *Times* was, if we remember right, exceedingly indignant at the failure of a certain South American emigration scheme which turned out to be a complete fraud, owing to the misrepresentations of the agents. In the following extract from a letter written by a Roman Catholic priest in New York to a *confrère* in Ireland, we have a pretty *exposé* of the kind of fraud to which the *Times* indirectly lends itself:—

"I entreat you to warn the people of your parish against attempting at the present time to emigrate to this country. At the present moment there are in this city alone thousands and thousands of able-bodied men standing idle and actually starving; nor can they get a stroke of work to do. What is true of New York is true of every large city all over the Union. Public works have been suspended; there are no roads in construction at the present time anywhere; no canals, nothing which can give employment to large gangs of labourers, owing to the extravagant freights charged by the railway monopolists. For grain and farm produce farmers raise only as much as suffice for domestic consumption, and, not being able to afford it, employ no hands. Hence provisions are dear in this city—everything at the present moment is going to the dogs in this country—the result of wild extravagance begun during the war—the result of failures, of want of confidence in any speculation or speculators, and the result, too, of the strikes which labour unions and trade unions have so frequently made during the past three years. Where five years ago there used to be any amount of building and digging nothing is now done. Everything is at a standstill. For one situation, or for the work of one man, there are thousands of applicants, and this is true not only with regard to male labourers, but also with regard to female. Female servants who have never been out of employment before are now looking in vain for places. The offices are filled with applicants and no chance of hire. How long this state of things may last I cannot tell, but I deem that it is the beginning of evils, and that this country is likely to undergo a phase of misery the like of which no pen can tell. Warn the people, and let them know the truth. There are thousands this moment in this city who, had they means, would gladly return to Ireland. These men are willing to work, but no work can be had, for there is no work in operation. If they still persist in leaving, let them try Canada rather than the States, for if they come here they will only add to the aggregate misery which hews down the poor at present—no work! no work! no work! There is as much beggary to-day in New York as in any city in Ireland; as much destitution; and they who are reduced to this state are in general emigrants."

After all is said and done the one incontrovertible fact remains, that, notwithstanding the croakings of "A Bohemian" and his tribe, immigrants will come to Canada, and, once settled, are well content to stay. A better argument in favour of the Dominion as a field for emigration does not exist. Were the country and the people such as the writer in the *Times* describes them, it would speedily become known, and the result would be a rapid falling-off in the tide of emigration. As it is, our emigration statistics show a constantly-increasing influx, while in the States immigration is fast falling off, and in some districts the people are even removing to Canada. This surely should be a sufficient answer to the forebodings of the prophets of the "Bohemian" stripe, and sufficient encouragement to those who are hesitating, half-willing, half-afraid to try their fortune in the Dominion.

The discussions provoked by the Draft Reciprocity Treaty have brought the lumbering interest of the country into the foreground, and the convention of lumbermen recently held in Ottawa has thrown light upon the importance of this leading branch of trade. From papers read at that Convention, we learn that the suicidal process of denudation has stripped the whole of the New England States of their forests, with the single exception of Maine, and even there, there is the best authority for stating that five hundred millions of feet, inch measure, or about a third of one year's production of Canada, would exhaust every foot of timber in that State. Of the Middle States, Pennsylvania is the only one which has retained something of its woods; but there also three years' stocking, at five hundred millions per year, would entirely exhaust the pine timber now standing. In the North and North-West, Michigan stands at the head of the pine-producing States, its area being three and a half millions of acres. But as from two hundred and fifty to three hundred thousand acres are stripped annually, the supply of this State will be entirely used up in twelve or fourteen years. Wisconsin and Minnesota have together about as much pine timber as Michigan, but they, too, are rapidly stripping their territory, while the cost of transportation effectually excludes them from competition with Canada in the Eastern markets. Canada remains in undisputed possession of the lumber supply of this continent, and it only remains with her to husband her resources and make provident use of her opportunities. A lesson must be learned from past experiences. The section drained by the streams which empty into Lake Erie had pine timber enough on it to pay the whole debt of the Dominion, but it has been ruthlessly wasted, and now nothing is left. The Muskoka country, the Ottawa valley, and the St. Maurice district, are still the great nurseries of Canadian forests. The Ottawa and St. Maurice, with their tributaries, are said to comprise nine-tenths of the pine timber in the Dominion of Canada this side the Rocky Mountains, and if properly used, will in a few years possess a value, standing in the forest, for the American market, equal to what the same description of timber would fetch if standing in the neighbourhood of London, Liverpool, or Glasgow.

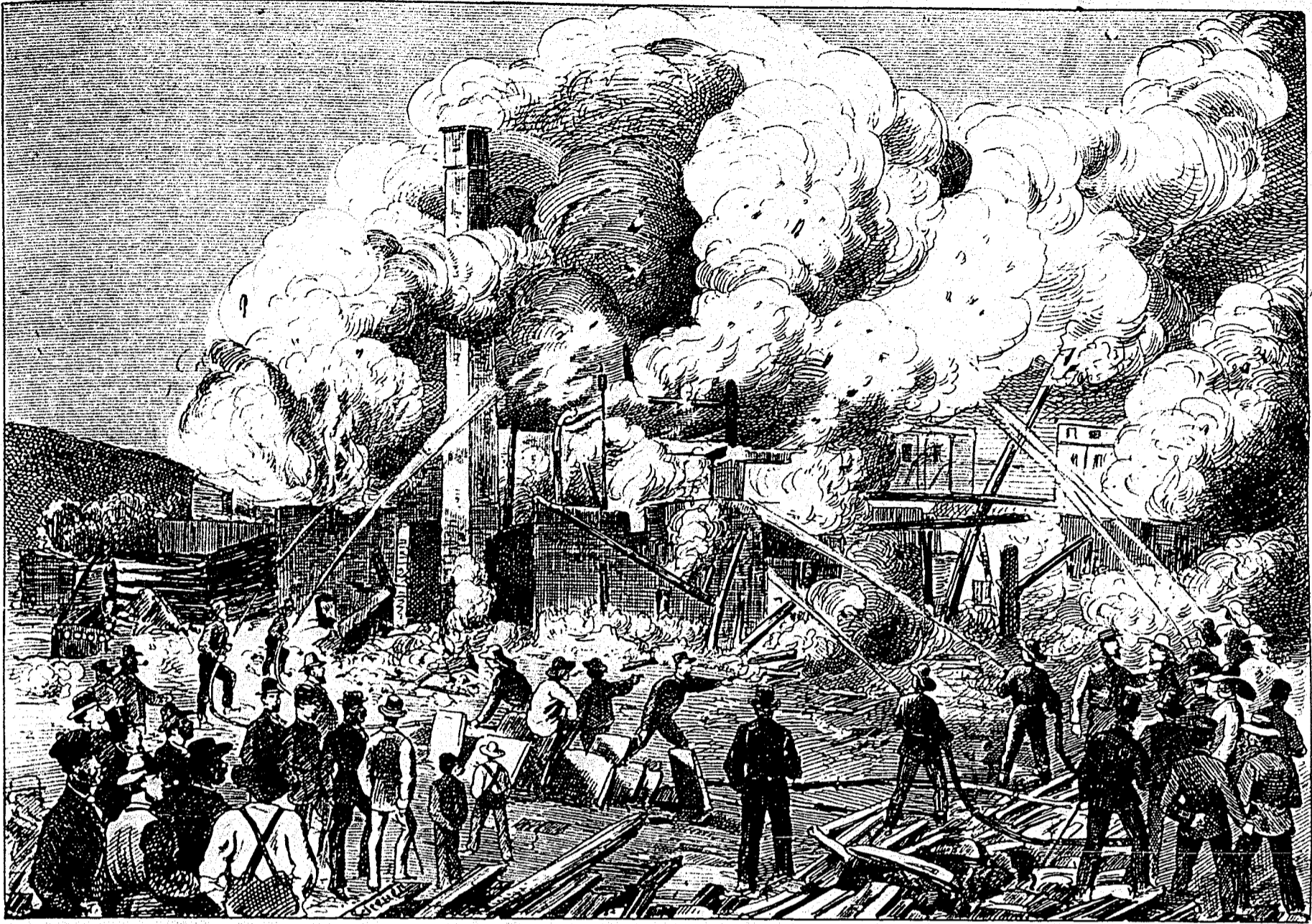
The first reading of Beecher's statement before the Investigating Committee leaves a decidedly favourable impression. There is a tone of fervency pervading it which at once enlists the heart. The charges of black-mailing against Tilton rouse indignation and cause the main issue to be lost from sight, while the bold defiance of the orator has the ring of thorough conscious innocence. A critical examination of the document, however, leaves the mind colder. It is not precisely that one would like to ask Beecher for his sworn word, but there is a distinct feeling that the declaration would be stronger if fortified by an oath. Then the countercharges of black-mailing wear a curious air of unreality. It is hard to believe that a man would, at different times, give another as much as \$7,000, even mortgaging his house therefor, and demanding no legal acknowledgment of the same, unless he had some distinct personal object to further thereby. The world views such charity and philanthropy with suspicion, and Mr. Beecher who, at his time of life and with his professional experience, knows the world, ought to understand that this part of his evidence will have to be buttressed by other testimony. But Beecher has committed another error in attacking Moulton. That gentleman professes to have shielded Beecher thus far. Even before the committee he refused to produce the longer of two documents which contained new facts bearing on the case. Now that Beecher has involved him in his charges against Tilton, Moulton may deem himself obliged, in self-defence, to publish to the world all the evidence in his possession. Indeed, the general feeling is that until he does so, we cannot be said to have the last word of the mystery which enshrouds this unfortunate case.



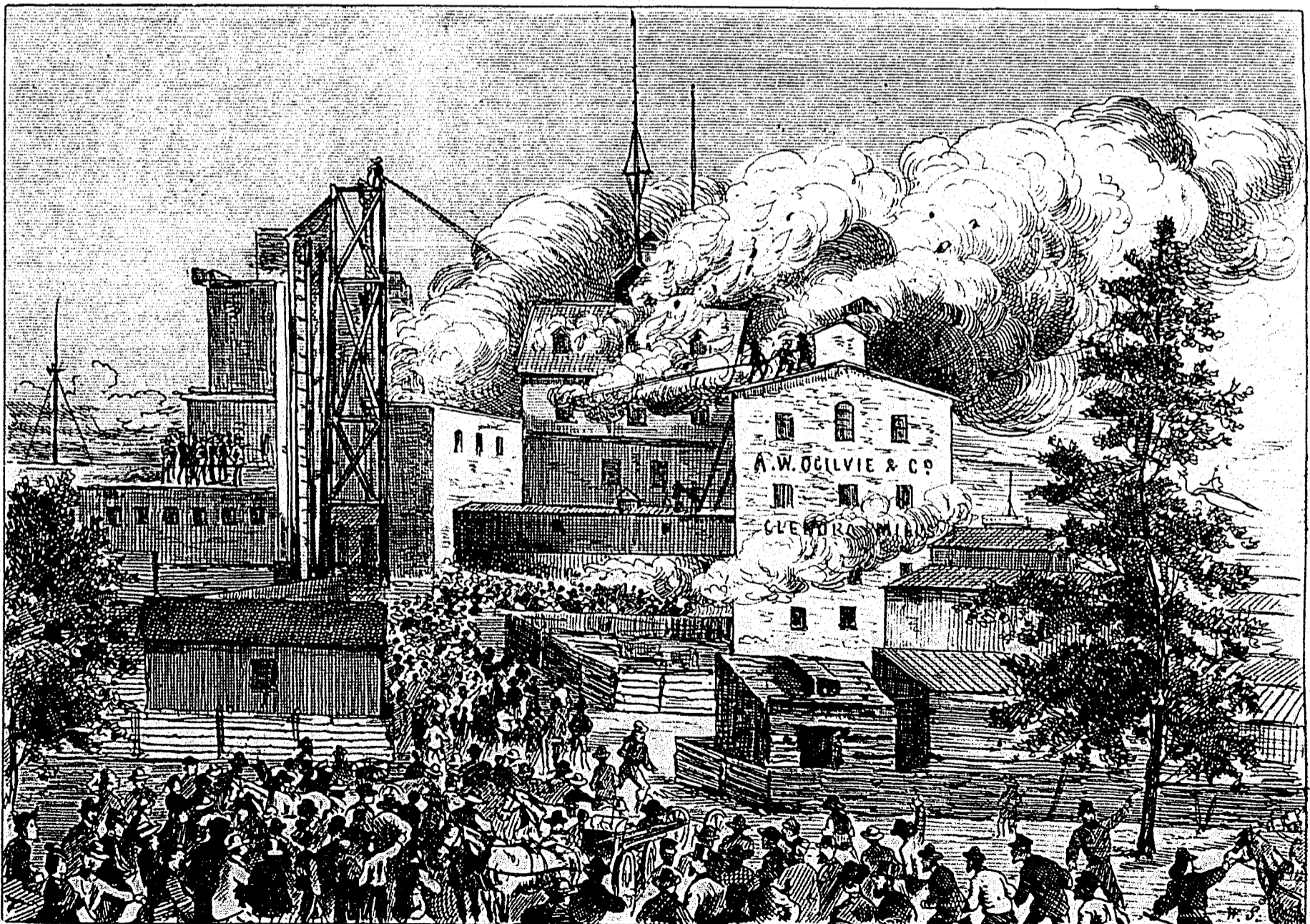
TORONTO.—THE YORK PIONEERS' PIC-NIC IN THE QUEEN'S PARK, AUG. 6.—FROM A DRAWING BY P. W. CANNING.



GERMANY.—OUTSIDE BISMARCK'S RESIDENCE AT KISSINGEN AFTER KULLMAN'S ATTEMPT AT ASSASSINATION.



MONTREAL.—THE GREAT FIRE ON THE CANAL BANK, Aug. 9.—BURNING OF HENDERSON'S SAW MILLS.—FROM A DRAWING BY W. SCHEUER.



MONTREAL.—THE FIRE AT THE GLENORA FLOUR MILLS, AUG. 13.—FROM A DRAWING BY W. SCHEUER.

SCENE III.

The Same. Dancero alone.

Dancero.—Fifty thousand dollars! What a providence! Danae's shower of gold! My fortune is made. Henceforth I am an independent man. I can now retire from the press gang when I please. That Centromiss is a glorious fellow—though, after all, it is nothing to what I did for him. Well, well, how things will happen, to be sure. Fifty thousand dollars! Mais c'est à n'y pas croire. And everything so strictly honest, so clearly above board. No one will be able to find fault with this transaction, at least, not even Lolo, the *mouchard*. Ha! I am safe (*rubbing his hands*). But to make assurance doubly sure, I will give the thing a certain air of publicity. I will get these bonds and deposit them openly in the Jacques Cartier bank, where I know that I have political enemies. Yes, that is a capital idea. It will disarm all suspicion. Bravo, bravissimo!

What golden visions rise
Before my eager eyes,
At one stroke of the wand
Waved by the necromancer O!
Cry up and down the Tanneries' land,
Pay or not the pipers O
But I will be the Dancer O,
The Dancer O!
Cry up or down the Tanneries' land
But I will be the Dancer O!

The Tories they may fume,
And the Rouge; they may spume,
But I am borne away
On wings of the entrancer O;
And there in fortune's ray,
I'll bask and sing an I frolic O,
And be the happy Dancer O,
The Dancer O!
And there in fortune's ray,
I'll be happy Dancer O!

The Ministers may fall amain,
The country may be rent in twain,
I spurn them with my heel,
Like Sammy Dobbie's prancer O!
No one can charge me with a ste(a)l,
I'll cling unto my treasure, O,
And e'er will be the Dancer O,
The Dancer O!
No one can charge me with a ste(a)l,
I'll e'er will be the Dancer O!

SCENE IV.

(*Nomet's study. He enters in a rage. Hat in one hand and big stick in the other*)

Nomet.—Pest and malediction! All is lost! I have been ruined and betrayed! Hardly a week ago at the banquet, after the laying the corner stone of the Female Prison, I boasted that we were stronger than ever, and here we are down. Down, down, unexpectedly, unaccountably, irretrievably. Oh! what have I done to merit such a stroke? It is too bad, too bad. And how our enemies rage! The *Herald* has given up its namby-pamby queries—"Is it a job"—and comes out full blast. That can't be the work of the good natured old Senator. It is due to that irrepressible little fellow in the office, whom I always said we should watch closely, for he is an awful Grit. Then there is the *Gazette*. So long as its editor was down Board-of-Trade-playing in Charlottetown and St. John, it was either silent or meticulous, but when he returned, on the day of that infernal Chaboillez Square meeting, he caught up the popular cry and shouted even louder than the rest. David and McGauvran gave in at the first attack, as I knew they would, but I thought that Beaubien had more pluck. Starnes of course, followed the tide. He actually left the company of the ladies to come and make the most violent of the speeches against us. The English have risen and will oppose us. Oh! there is no hope. I must call in my councillors. This is too much for me. *Garçon!*

(*Garçon appears.*)

Nomet.—Call in Mr. Charambault!

Garçon.—Gone to L'Assomption, sir.

Nomet. The deuce he has. Just like him to be away when most wanted. *Garçon!*

Garçon.—Sir!

Nomet.—Call Mr. Chaplaw.

Garçon.—Gone to the United States, sir.

Nomet.—Holy snuff! But yes, I forgot, the poor fellow asked my permission. *Garçon!*

Garçon.—Sir!

Nomet.—Call Mr. Dancero.

Garçon.—Gone to the seaside, sir.

Nomet.—Thunder and molasses candy! But this is distraction. They have all conspired to leave me here alone to breast the storm. And Robertson is away in England, financiering à la Dr. Bernard. And Fortin is away in Gaspésie. And Irvine has left us like a traitor. There remains only Ross and he is of no use, for he knows nothing. Oh! I shall go crazy. Not yet two years in office and obliged to leave it. It is impossible. It is outrageous. But I will not give up. Where is the good sword which I bore at LaRochelle? (*Sinks into an arm chair*) But it is—useless; useless—*Tout est perdu—perdu—fors*—(*Swoons before being able to pronounce the last word and the curtain drops over it also.*)

RECENT LITERATURE.

THE LIVING LINK.*

Professor DeMille's last novel is no improvement on his earlier productions. It would have been better for the author's fame if it had never been written, for in its pages the master hand that produced "The Dodge Club" is nowhere recognizable. Like his other works of fiction, "The Living Link" is intended to be intensely sensational, but, unlike its predecessors, it is sensational without being interesting. It has neither the fascination of "Cord and Creese," nor the sparkling *verve* and crispness of "The Dodge Club." But the feature most fatal to its success is the preposterous *invraisemblance* that characterizes the whole plot. From beginning to end, the situations are ludicrously forced, while the events upon which the story hinges are so glaringly unreal, so unlike anything that ever happened in the nineteenth century, that the effect is to extinguish utterly any little interest that may have been excited in the reader's mind by the perusal of the early chapters of the book. The heroine's imprisonment in her own house by her own father—who has assumed a false character in order to escape detection and the penalty that is visited on the returned convict—could only have been evolved by a most painful stretch of the imagination. The episode of the murder and the finding of the body in the well reads like Charles Reade's description of the disappearance and supposed murder of Griffith Gaunt—minus Charles Reade's vigour and originality—and the subsequent events, the trial, the acquittal of the accused owing to the providential appearance of the supposed victim in the character of the victim—a character which he is allowed to assume without question or attempt at identification—form a tissue of the wildest conceptions ever put on paper. Miss Braddon is generally allowed to be the sensation writer *par excellence* of the day, but she is completely out-braddonned by Professor De Mille. In his little volume of 170 pages he manages to introduce a forgery, a murder, a case of transportation, a returned convict, a persecuted heiress, a secret marriage, a supposed murder, a trial, a long lost wife, a ditto son, a villain, a private lunatic asylum, a maniac baronet, a handsome lover, a mad dog, and a happy marriage. Surely a surfeit of sensations that would suffice Miss Braddon for half a dozen novels.

COOMASSIE AND MAGDALA.†

In a thick volume of over five hundred pages Mr. Henry Stanley has collected the facts relating to the Abyssinian and Ashantee expeditions as described by him in his special correspondence to the New York *Herald*. Both stories are naturally full of interest and are told with a vivacity and graphic power that make them doubly acceptable. Unfortunately, however, they have been given to the world before they had been put into proper shape, and the result is an amount of bad grammar and vicious construction that would shame an ordinarily well educated school boy. In his preface Mr. Stanley states that much of what he formerly wrote—by which we presume he means the story of Magdala—was re-written several times. This is an unfortunate confession, as it irresistibly leads one to the conclusion that the errors with which the book is so plentifully beset are the result, not of carelessness, but sheer ignorance. With this one exception, fault there is none to find. The book is one of great value, as a record of two of the most brilliantly successful expeditions undertaken by British troops, and its perusal will unfailingly give the reader much satisfaction.

THE MAID OF FLORENCE. A TRAGEDY.‡

This little work possesses considerable merit on the ground of its correct sentiment, elevation of thought, and general smoothness of versification. As a dramatic composition, it reads well enough, but is hardly adapted to representation on the stage. The story is one of life in Italy towards the close of the thirteenth century, and illustrates the peculiar social and political conditions of the country during one of the most turbulent periods in its history.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

STATUE OF JACQUES-CARTIER.

This handsome statue has been offered by the sculptor, M. Rochet of Paris, to the Corporation of Montreal, on the condition that the city should pay the cost of casting and the artist's travelling expenses—in all about \$5000. The offer is now under consideration by the Road Committee. The statue is to be of bronze, and will measure twelve feet in height. Seven years ago M. Rochet, who is, we understand, a descendant of Jacques Cartier, made the same offer to the corporation, but it was declined.

* The Living Link. A Novel. By Prof. James De Mille, Author of "Cord and Creese," &c. 8vo. Cloth. Illustrated. Pp. 171. New York: Harper & Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

† Coomassie and Magdala: The Story of Two British Campaigns in Africa. By Henry M. Stanley, Author of "How I Found Livingstone." 8vo. Cloth. Illustrated. Pp. 510. New York: Harper & Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

‡ The Maid of Florence, or, A Woman's Revenge. A Tragedy in Five Acts. Cloth, 120. Pp. 128. Price, 50 cents. London: Sampson, Lowe & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clarke & Co. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

THE YORK PIONEERS' CELEBRATION.

This Society, the members of which are all early settlers in Muddy Little York—now the city of Toronto—held their annual picnic on the 6th inst., in the Queen's Park, the spot selected being just north of the Ridgway monument. The gathering was not a very numerous one. A bazaar for the sale of useful and fancy articles was held, the proceeds of which were in aid of the Home about to be established for poor and aged pioneers. During the afternoon an impromptu meeting was held at which speeches were delivered by Col. R. Denison, President of the Society, who acted as chairman, Mr. J. Merritt of St. Catharines, and the Rev. Mr. Carroll.

THE FIRE ON THE CANAL BANK, MONTREAL.

The most destructive fire which has occurred in Montreal for many years past took place on the morning of the 9th inst., and burnt with great fury for over four hours, destroying property to the value of over one hundred and sixty thousand dollars, and at times threatening to destroy almost the entire business portion of the city situate on the canal bank. The fire commenced in Henderson's saw mill and lumber yard at the St. Joseph Basin, after destroying which it leapt across the road and consumed one of the Government flour sheds, together with a steamer, a corporation dredge, and a barge. One man lost his life by drowning during the progress of the conflagration.

FIRE AT THE GLENORA MILL.

These splendid mills, known all over Canada as the property of A. W. Oxilvie & Co., were partially destroyed by fire in the forenoon of Thursday, the 13th inst. The mill property consisting of what is known as the little and big mill, destroyed, and the adjoining building is slightly damaged. Ten run of stones were on the ground floor. The fire originated in the elevator warehouse, and is believed to have been caused by the friction of new machinery. However, the mill was generally overhauled some two months ago, and everything, it is stated, was running well. The report that the upsetting of a lamp caused the fire is discredited. It appears that a labourer named Dionne, a comparatively young man, had been sent that morning to the loft of the mill for the purpose of gathering in the grue, a waste matter which is produced by the grinding of the wheat. He was up in the loft at the time of the fire commencing, and was not missed during the first excitement. About eleven o'clock the firemen managed to get into this loft, and there, right beneath a window, discovered the body of a man slightly burned. He lay face downwards in the grue, and appeared to have been smothered. He leaves a wife and a family. A quantity of bran which was stored in the back of the warehouse is damaged. A bin full of flour in the mill, and which was of a funnel shape, received so much water that the extra pressure burst out the solid brick wall of the mill, and a liquid mess like starch, milk white, poured out over the grimy and charred timbers of the roof which had fallen down into the yard. The damage is believed to amount to about \$30,000, though estimates run as high as \$40,000.

THE FIREMEN'S GATHERING AT HAMILTON.

The annual gathering of the firemen of Ontario took place on the 6th inst. at Hamilton. Brigades were present from Buffalo, N. Y., Lockport, N. Y., Niagara, Drummondville, St. Catharines, Cobourg, Oshawa, Napanee, Whitby, Ingersoll, Port Hope, Woodstock, Stratford, Bowmanville, Galt, Brantford, and Dundas. Several bands also visited the city, including three from Buffalo and one from Lockport. On the arrival of the visitors the firemen adjourned to the Gore, where the procession was formed. After parading through the city, dinner was served in the Crystal Palace, which had been specially decorated for the occasion; and in the evening a grand display of fireworks was given in the Palace grounds under the direction of Prof. Hand.

THE ATTEMPT ON BISMARCK'S LIFE

is an old story now. Our illustration may be relied upon as an accurate representation of the scene, as it is after a sketch by Herr Arnold, court-painter to the Emperor, who happened to witness Kullman's abortive endeavour to take the Chancellor's life. Since the attempt the German papers are full of details about Kullman. The *North German Gazette* has scarcely had room for anything else since the date of the attack, and in its last issue it prints an anonymous threatening letter, written in illiterate German, and addressed to the Chancellor, which, if we may decide on internal evidence, can hardly be from the pen of the Catholic enemy to whom it is attributed. Nothing could be more unlike the arts of the Jesuits, who, we are assured, are at the bottom of the whole matter, than this very frank missive. The letter bears the post mark of Salzburg of (the native place, we are told, of the priest Hanthaler) 15/7, 74, and is as follows:—"Bismarck,—We Catholics have just read that you have been struck by a ball, but are sorry you have received no injury, which is a source of great regret to all the Catholic clergy. We warn you that if war should break out you will be the first for whom a bullet is cast; for we Catholics owe it to you that there is conflict and disturbance among the people. You are not worthy of the high position you occupy in the Reichstag; and bear in mind that you are regarded with hatred by those of both high and low positions. One for all Roman Catholic Christians." The same paper which prints this letter says that the circular of the Minister of Justice just issued expressly states that illegal deeds, and even crimes like that of Kullman, are traceable to the influence of the Ultramontane agitation and especially to the press. The *Gazette* adds that instructions have also been issued by the Ministry to the police to keep a strict watch on the Catholic associations.

DE GROOF AND HIS FLYING MACHINE.

Another accident to swell the long list that mars the history of aerial navigation occurred last month at the Cremerne Gardens, near London. The victim was a M. De Groof, a native of Liege, who has spent a large fortune in repeated attempts to construct a flying apparatus on the model of a bird's wings. The unfortunate gentleman, having reduced himself to penury by his efforts and experiments, sent lately to London where he gave an exhibition of his plans and machinery, with a view to obtaining pecuniary assistance in continuing his experiments. His first attempt being moderately successful, a second exhibition was advertised when the "Flying Man," and

his machine were conveyed aloft by a balloon starting from Cremorne Garden, where an enormous crowd assembled to witness the affair. When M. de Groof had been raised, with his "wings", to the height of 300, he signalled to the aeronaut of the balloon, Mr. Simmons, to cut the rope which held him up. He had gone up in high spirits, dancing to the music of the band in the Garden, and being loudly cheered by the spectators. But this exultation was of very short duration. No sooner had the rope been severed than M. De Groof, whose machine did not seem to offer the slightest resistance to the air, fell to the ground with a heavy crash. He was rescued from his apparatus with the utmost promptitude, and conveyed to the nearest hospital, but, though still breathing, he never recovered consciousness and expired shortly afterwards. His wife had fainted on seeing him fall, and there was a terrible scene when she reached the hospital, only to learn the fatal result. It was at first supposed that the apparatus was out of order, but this can hardly have been the case, as De Groof had carefully examined every part of it before setting out. Mr. Simmons stated that De Groof bent forward when the cord was cut, and seemed to give it a push, as though to loosen his apparatus more promptly from his connection with the balloon; he thinks that in this De Groof may have lost his balance, and thus incapacitated himself from managing his apparatus. The latter is said to consist of a little platform for standing on, to which is attached a pair of great wings, in green oiled silk, worked by the arms, and intended to enable the "flyer" to make his way through the blue in emulation of its natural denizens.

ONLY AN OUTCAST.

A combination of circumstances led me to become a frequent passenger, in the summer of 18—, on a steamboat leaving the wharves of New York, whose destination was Boston. On one of these occasions, just before the boat started, a pretty girl of perhaps seventeen or eighteen stepped aboard, inquired for the steward, and secured a state-room, saying she was going through to Boston. Her manner was easy and self-possessed; yet a certain audacious sauciness in her splendid brown eyes, the jaunty way in which she wore her Turkish hat, her independent air, and a nameless suggestion of mischief which appeared to lurk in every movement arrested the observer's attention, and seemed to indicate that she was proficient beyond her years in the world's knowledge; that her tutelage, to say the least, had partaken more of lenience than of prudence. Her dress was rich and exquisitely becoming, but with no attempt at conspicuous ornament. Her hair was of the same rich brown colour as her eyes, and fell down to her waist, resting as lovely on her fair young shoulders as if each separate hair were endowed with electric life. As we swept out into the Sound she came on deck, where most of the gentlemen and several ladies were congregated, and directed a fusillade of small conversation at the captain, addressing him in a tone of reckless levity and with a familiarity which startled the ladies and amused the gentlemen, and otherwise conducted herself in a manner which left no doubt as to her social status. In less than ten minutes every lady on board was her avowed enemy, and not at all afraid to let it be known; but she chattered on in her rollicking way, regardless of smiles or frowns—apparently the irredeemable devotee of thoughtlessness and folly. We were all on deck shortly after tea admiring the sunset which flooded the sea and sky with a transforming splendour. It was a gay company; not a sad face could be found amongst us all. The too intense heat of the day had subsided and a soft breeze had sprung up; to breathe the air was in itself an inspiration. Our irresponsible and too confiding young lady passenger was there, and her childish laugh rang out above the rest. She had selected the good natured captain and one or two of his officers as the special objects of her flippant, though by no means vicious, raillery; and they permitted it, partly from an acquired habit of affability towards all passengers, and partly because they were amused by her irresistible vivacity. The lady passengers, of course, shunned and kept aloof from her as from a noxious poison, as if her very contact would breed pestilence. The gentlemen did likewise to a great extent, more, I believe, from a tender regard for feminine opinion, than from any considerable instinct of horror. Suddenly the smile died on her lips, and her face became inexpressibly sad and earnest, and she gazed far out across the water. Her attitude and expression as she stood thus formed a picture which will never fade in my memory; she looked so innocent, so childlike, and so intensely sorrowful. In a moment she turned to the captain, with something of her old manner. Reaching up her delicate white hands, she took hold of his abundant whiskers on each side of his face, as the reader has seen a petted daughter caress her father, and, looking up into his face, asked with great solemnity:

"Did you ever want to die, captain?"

"Well, no, my child," he replied, somewhat surprised at her changed manner. "I can't say that I ever had a great desire to die."

"And if you had such a desire, what would you do?"

"Oh, in that case," said he, as he loosed her hands and turned away, "I think as it would be the most available method, I should jump overboard and drown myself."

Scarcely had he finished speaking, when she whirled past, put one hand on the railing, and leaped into the Sound. The whole movement was so instantaneous that it was impossible for any one to aicipate or prevent it. A cry of horror went up from those who saw the movement. Some stood transfixed and unable to move, while others hurried about in confused excitement. The captain had the boats lowered and manned almost instantly. A moment after her disappearance she came to the surface. There was nothing scared in her expression, and she made no struggle to save herself. I saw her face distinctly as she came up, and fancied I could detect in it the same sorrowful look it had worn a few moments before; though even that expression could not wholly deprive it of a certain jaunty gaiety which became it well. It was only a momentary glimpse which we had of her, for she disappeared just as the first boat touched the water. I think I never saw sadder men than those rough sailors when they pulled the heavy yawl alongside and replied to a hundred simultaneous incoherent cries: "We found no traces of her at all." And those gentle ladies, who shrank with such aversion from her half an hour before, had many a tender utterance for her now, and could not voice their pity when they knew that while she laughed the loudest the homeless child's poor heart was breaking—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE HOUSE OF PATTI.

A correspondent of the Chicago Post and Mail, writing from Washington, says:

Among the many curious people congregated here during the past session was a member of the celebrated Patti family of musicians. It was Maestro Antonio Barili. He was a half-brother of Adelina and Carlotta, and their oldest living relative. He was very poor. The past twenty-seven years have been spent in composing and teaching music in America, but without success, and he was now about to return, weary and sorrowing over his failure, to die in his sunny Italy. A last opportunity to learn the interesting history of a very remarkable family was presented, and your correspondent took advantage of it. The maestro was found in a small room on the second floor of a modest brick dwelling in New York Avenue. Everything about the place denoted scanty means and almost abject poverty. The floor, as the visitors entered the apartment, was in a startling state of confusion. Music was scattered everywhere. It lay in endless variety on the ragged carpet, and was piled up in unshapely heaps in the corners. A trunk and a valise half filled with dilapidated wardrobe stood near the door. Bending over the former, packing the little he possessed, was the maestro. He was in his shirt-sleeves. He turned at the sound of approaching humanity and greeted his visitor. He was tall and slender, a little stooped, of well defined Latin features, and old enough to have his jet hair and Napoleonic beard sprinkled with gray.

"Well, I am about to leave this beautiful country of yours," he said, after seats were taken and cigars were lighted. "I am going home to my own sunny Italy; I am going home to die. Sad, isn't it? Nevertheless true. It is twenty-eight years now since I landed on these shores, a happy, hopeful boy. I go back sick at heart and poor in purse. And yet I have worked hard enough. I tell you, my friend, progressive as America is she has much to learn yet, especially on the subject of music. But, no matter about that, I suspect you have come here to hear of my misfortunes. Am I right?"

"You want our family history, eh?" he said after a pause and a response. "Well, it is not altogether a pleasant one. Indeed, there are many things in it which have never yet been published because they are not pleasant. As the circus people say, we were 'born in the band-wagon,' that is, our parents were show people. My father, Francesco Barili, was a celebrated composer of Rome. Among his works were the oratorio of 'Judah Maccabeo' and a number of very fine masses. He married one of his pupils. She afterwards became the favourite prima donna of Italy. She also travelled a season in this country and was popular here. As we musical men insist on saying, she created a *furor*. Well, of this marriage came four children, all musicians, I think it is right to say, of note. I was the eldest. My father and mother were engaged by a strolling opera troupe when I first saw light, my father singing basso and my mother the prima donna. It was a hard life for an infant. Many mishaps befel me; indeed, it now seems a wonder that I lived at all. I was cared for altogether by a nurse. Once each morning I was taken to see my mother. But such is the life children of opera singers live."

"And your brothers and sisters?" "I had two brothers and one sister by my father, Barili, and three sisters and one brother by my stepfather, Patti, making eight children of us in all, and all singers, and not indifferent players on musical instruments. I began study with my father when I was six years old, and received my diploma of professor when I was thirteen. I was given the last at the congregation of Sta. Cecilia, in Rome, my native place, and was the youngest member of that body. My own sister, Clotilde, was also born in Rome. She received her first education in Milan, and afterwards taught her instrumental music. She made her debut in Asti, Italy, when nineteen years old, and next year I took her to Algiers as a prima donna. It was a young pair, for I was only twenty-two, but we made a brave fight and won. Then we came to New York and Clotilde married Alfred Thoru of New York. He was lost at sea a few years later, and she married Signor Scola, but died shortly after in the West Indies. Nicola and Ettore, my two own brothers, were both educated early in life, and have made fine musicians. Nicola is now in New York, and Ettore in Philadelphia.

"And now I come to the sad part of my life," said Signor Antonio, wiping a tear from his eye, and puffing the smoke from his cigar more rapidly. "I told you my father and mother were members of an opera troupe. Well, in that troupe was a tenor. His name was Patti. Now you know all. It was the old story of the tenor and soprano. My father quitted the troupe and took to drink. It finally broke him clear down and he died, but none too soon. My mother, released, at once married Signor Patti, but also none too soon. My step-sisters Amalia and Carlotta were born, and Patti was their father. My parents moved to Spain, and there Carlos and Adelina were born. Adelina's native city is Madrid, not New York, as many suppose. You know the history of my half-sisters, eh? Amalia was a well-known prima donna in this country, and married Strakosch. Carlos was a noted violinist of New Orleans and New York, and died not long ago. Carlotta and Adelina have a fame which is world-wide."

"I have told you of Patti—he was the first curse of our family. Maurice Strakosch was the second. It was many years ago—perhaps in 1845. My mother was singing in the strange old city of Valencia, in Spain. Amalia was a young girl. My mother had been called to Valencia at a moment's notice. The former prima donna had made what we Italians call *une grande Jeunesse*. It was a new opera, and Mme. Patti was called for the second rendition. You know how it is there? Every opera has three chances. If it fails the first night, it may succeed the second or third. If it fails every one of the three nights, then it goes on the shelf. 'Sonnambula' failed the first night. You wouldn't believe it, would you? But it did. Well, as I was saying, my mother had been called suddenly for the second night. Of course she was kept very busy, and Amalia and myself were allowed to roam about the quaint old city as much as we liked. One day, while we were thus strolling out the crooked streets of Valencia, who should arrive, like Mephisto or the very old devil himself, but a tattered young musician in want of aid. He claimed to have talents, but no opportunities.

"A benefit concert was proposed, and he jumped at it. Mother pitied him. He wanted Amalia to sing. Mother granted his request. Her contract would not permit mother to volun-

teer, and Amalia was substituted. The tattered young 'maestro' was Maurice Strakosch, and so he came into our family. He has followed us ever since and been our ruin. From that benefit night in Valencia I date the fall of my family."

"And why?"

"Why fall? I will tell you. Soon after that concert, Patti, my mother, and the children sailed for America. We took an opera-house in New York and began a season of Italian opera. I was director. Patti didn't like me. He liked none of his step-children. Nevertheless he was forced to keep me, as no other directors could then be found in this country. Finally Patti sold out to a Philadelphia gentleman, and the troupe continued another season. We did well and were making money. Suddenly who should come up through the trap but Mephisto Maurice. He had a brother; you have heard of him, Max. Well, Max was the best director in the world. I was displaced and Max came in. He knew as much about directing Italian opera as I do of preaching, and I am sure that ain't much. The company broke up, and the Patti family was out in the wet with no umbrella. Well, that was one instance. Maurice Strakosch has injured the Barili and Patti families at every turn. He could do it the more readily after marrying our sister Amalia and becoming one of us. I can't begin to tell you all he has done."

"I suppose you hear from your sisters now?"

"Oh, yes, occasionally. They are doing grandly. Of course I am proud of them. I met Carlotta when she was here. I think more of her than of Adelina. Although not nearly so well able, she has done much more for the family that made her what she is than Adelina has. She helped my brother's son, Alfredo. He is a young pianist, just beginning. Carlotta assisted him, and he now gives promise of being an ornament to our name. He is now, although but twenty years old, at the head of the Bavarian Conservatory and rapidly rising."

"Is Carlotta married?"

"Yes. She has married a young man who has accompanied her on the violin for years."

"How do you like Caux, Adelina's husband?"

"Oh, well enough. He married Adelina for her money and she married him for a title. It is but a business contract—named a marriage. I have no reason to either like or dislike the man."

DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

Salvini is going to visit England before long.

Lydia Thompson opens with burlesque at the Charing Cross Theatre, London, next month.

Sardou is engaged on a great historical play for the Paris Gaité. It is said that it will be called "Germana," and will cost about \$20,000 to mount.

Mme. Nilsson will appear next February at the Hofopern Theatre in Vienna, and will sing there for the first time in the German language.

Mme. Nilsson assumed *Valentina* in "Les Huguenots" for the first time in England upon the occasion of her recent annual benefit at the Drury Lane Opera House.

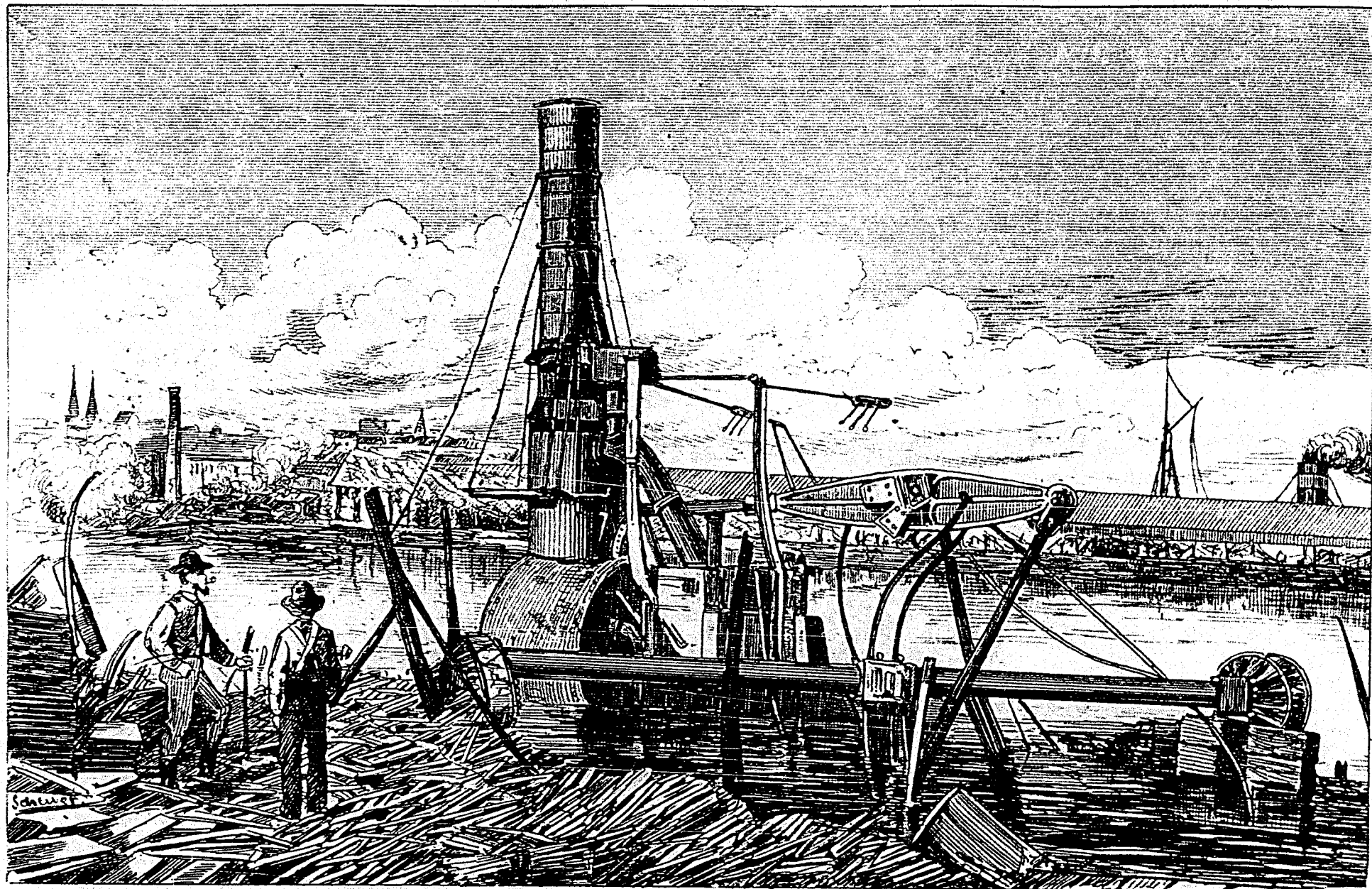
Among the stars who will appear in New York during the coming season are Mr. Toole, Mr. Boucicault, Mr. Clarke, Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Booth, Mrs. Rousby, Miss Morris, and Miss Cushman.

The engagement of Madame Nilsson in Russia has been signed for two months instead of four. She will sing at St. Petersburg and Moscow from October 20 to December 20, and immediately after will go to Paris. Madame Nilsson is to receive 112,000f. for sixteen performances.

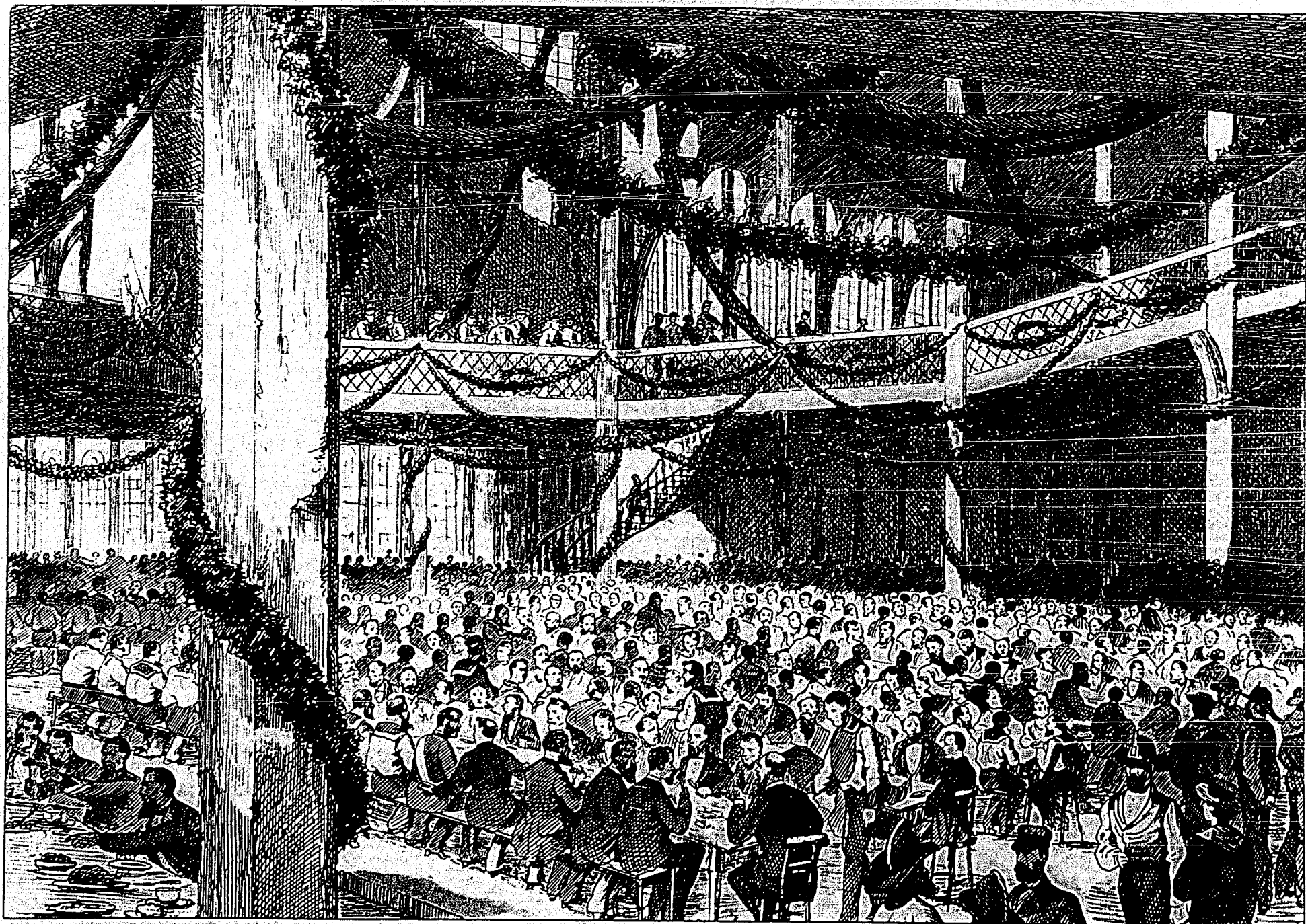
It may be interesting to note, as tending to show the relative popularity of the different composers, that at Drury Lane of 18 operas produced 7 performances were devoted to Rossini; to Verdi, 7; Bellini, 5; Donizetti, 10; Beethoven, 6; Flotow, 4; Meyerbeer, 7; Gounod, 7; Auber, 4; Mozart, 8; and Balfe 10. At Covent Garden, of 83 operas produced 13 performances were given of Rossini; of Verdi, 13; Bellini, 11; Donizetti, 8; Flotow, 1; Meyerbeer, 15; Gounod, 4; Auber, 2; Mozart, 6; Ricci, 2; Gomez, 2; Thomas, 4; Weber, 2. The adoption of the lowered pitch at Drury Lane is considered a failure, and a return to the former state of things is probable next season.

The permanent company of the Court Theatre of Saxe-Meiningen has been playing at Berlin, where it made a remarkable sensation. The Duke of Saxe-Meiningen is a generous and intelligent patron of the drama. He has a summer residence on the Lake of Como, and is well acquainted with Italy; and, with a view to the better presentation of certain Shakespearean plays, has caused careful studies and judicious sketches to be made of such Italian scenes as were involved in "Julius Cæsar," "Merchant of Venice," &c. The production of these works by his players, with their own scenery and mountings, filled the Berlin people with surprise and envy. The troupe was not so remarkable for the power of individual actors as for the harmony and success of the representation as an artistic whole.

A young Hawaiian girl, who seems to possess an uncommonly fine voice, has just made a successful debut in a concert in San Francisco. That city possesses a number of excellent musical critics, who appear, from the musical reports, to have been both astonished and charmed with the new singer's voice. The Sandwich Islands sent soldiers and officers during the late war, and a number of other valuable citizens; but they have been descendants of the missionaries. This time it is a native islander who comes. The San Francisco *Alta Californian* says of her: "Her voice is clear, fresh, resonant, and sympathetic, giving assurance of a famous career if she shall receive proper musical education." Adelaide Miller is this new singer's name, and report speaks of her as pretty—a "young Hawaiian beauty," in fact; while Madame Anna Bishop, to whom she was brought, asserts that she needs only training to take her place among the foremost singers of the day. Her San Francisco audience appear to have been pleased with her voice, and greatly interested in the ballads of her native home, of which she sang several in costume. It is to be hoped Miss Miller will make her way across the continent, and give the East an opportunity to see a native Sandwich Island singer, and hear her island ballads.

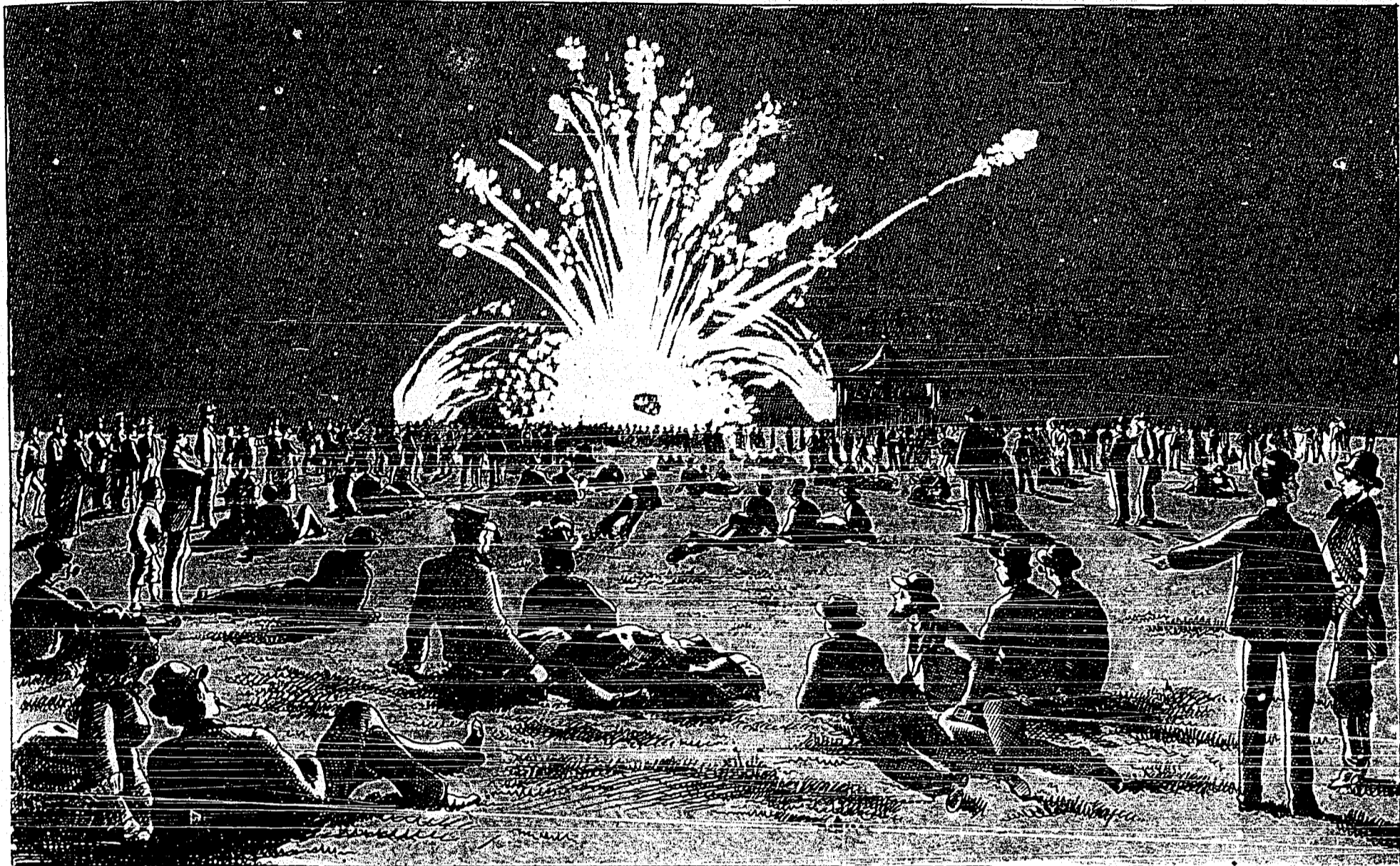


MONTREAL.—THE GREAT FIRE ON THE CANAL BANK, AUG. 9. WRECK OF THE PROPELLER "YORK."—FROM A DRAWING BY W. SCHUBERT.

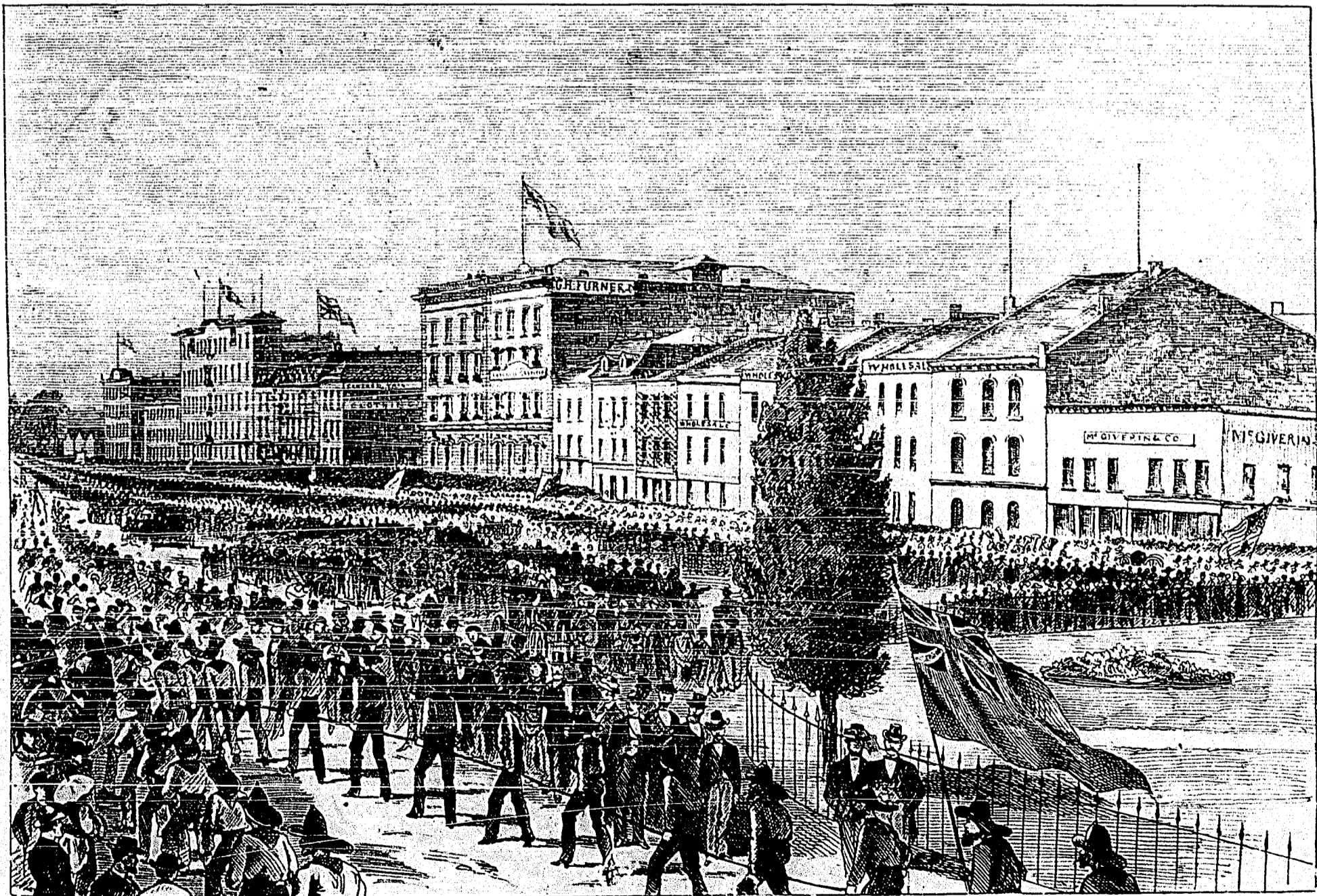


HAMILTON.—THE GRAND FIREMEN'S GATHERING AND THE DINNER IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE—AFTER A SKETCH BY F. M. BELL SMITH.

THE GRAND FIREMEN'S GATHERING AT HAMILTON.



THE DISPLAY OF FIREWORKS IN THE PALACE GROUNDS - AFTER A SKETCH BY F. M. BELL SMITH.



THE PROCESSION FORMING IN THE GORE. - AFTER A SKETCH BY F. M. BELL SMITH

STRANDED.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Said one whose lips were touched with living fire,
'Which leads to fortune.' It is true, but then,
Each life has tide-marks whence the waves retire,
We take the waters as they rise, and float,
Hope for a guide, across a sunny sea;
Each dancing wave that rocks our little boat,
Brings nearer to the port where we could be.
Some gain the haven that their spirits crave,
The tide may ebb, but they abide secure;
While some are stranded by the highest wave,
On barren beach, with bleeding wounds past cure.
The tide ebbs out that bore them to their fate,
And leaves them wounded, lone, and desolate.

"I have been stranded thus; my boat set out,
Freighted with hope and love, to cross life's sea;
But waves have washed my precious cargo out,
And winds have shattered both my boat and me.
I had not skill enough to guide the boat,
I had not strength enough to use the oar;
So all my treasures on the water float,
And I am stranded on a barren shore.
I cannot lay the blame on wind or wave,
I might have journeyed safe with thought and care,
But I have lost the hope that made me brave,
Foregone the love grown holy as a prayer.
The tide ebbs out and leaves me to my fate,
Weary and wounded, lone and desolate."

FOR EVERYBODY.

Declined With Thanks.

The other day a pupil in one of the Dumfries seminaries was awarded a volume of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* for proficiency in writing. The teacher has had the volume thrown back on his hands with the note:—"I return the volume, as I consider it rather antiquated for a prize in this advanced age."

Irish Emigration.

The total number of emigrants from Ireland in the first six months of the present year was 45,781, of whom 25,164 were males, and 20,617 females. As compared with the corresponding period of 1873, there was a decrease of 14,359. Since the 1st May, 1851, the total emigration from Ireland has been 2,252,746.

A Discount On Divinity.

Serious complaints are made by the Church papers in Prussia of the decrease in the number of students of divinity at the German Universities. Should there not be an early increase there is reason to fear that in a few years hence half the Protestant livings in the country will be unprovided with incumbents.

A Substitute For The Telegraph.

These are fast times, and persons' wants are not met even by the electric telegraph, for advertisements are appearing in the English paper to the effect that carrier pigeons, flying a mile per minute, for conveying business and domestic messages home from any spot at a distance of one mile to 500 miles, or as a means of communication with cities, lighthouses, ship at sea, &c., may be had at 2s.6d. each, or 25s. per dozen.

Cane-Candles.

A new invention has appeared; cane swords first made their appearance during the reign of Napoleon I.; to-day pilgrims can be supplied with "cane candles;" on taking off the sheath of the cane, a wax taper appears, which can be raised or lowered, as may be required, and guaranteed to burn for the space of two hours—the period the wax lights in a religious procession are expected to last.

Bismarck And The Conjuror.

Prince Bismarck owes his life to a conjuror. The conjuror made the Prince a bow, the Prince returned it, and at that moment he was fired at, the raised arm saving him. The conjuror, who is famous for the trick of catching a bullet with his teeth, was naively asked by the Prince how it was he did not catch that bullet. His reply was, "Because your Excellency caught it." Good on the side of the conjuror.

The Origin Of Earrings.

According to the Mohammedans, Abraham began the practice of wearing earrings. In one of Sarah's jealous fits respecting Hagar, she declared that she would not rest until she had dipped her hands in Hagar's blood. In order to quiet Sarah, and enable her to redeem her promise without further upsetting her household, Abraham pierced Hagar's ears and drew rings through them. From that time earrings became the fashion.

Germans In Paris.

Residence in Paris is now perfectly unbearable for Germans. German who formerly lived in Paris find, on revisiting that city, that they are quite ignored by their former intimate French friends. "All social intercourse has been broken off by the French in a manner not to be misunderstood." One Frenchman was called on by a German, and he returned the visit by leaving at the house of the latter a card bearing the words, in writing, "*Au revoir à Berlin.*"

The Tables Turned.

A Parisian practical joker, with a bald head, recently entered a hair-dresser's shop, and requested the man to "curl him." The coiffeur hesitated a moment, then taking a splendid black wig from a block placed it on his customer's head, and proceeded vigorously to curl it. The operation over the would-be funny man asked how much was to be paid. "Ten sous for the curl and 5l. for the wig," was the reply. For once the joker found himself "caught," and taking the joke upon himself paid the money.

Mormon Casuistry.

A one-legged soldier, a Mormon, recently asked Brigham Young to supply, by a miracle, the missing limb; but the apostle, not to be caught, made this reply: "I can in an instant produce a new leg in place of the old one; but then, you see, if I do, it will cause great inconvenience to you in Heaven, for after your exaltation to glory, the original leg will come back to the spiritualized body, mine also being of divine origin becomes immortal, and, in this case observe how very awkward a three-legged angel from Utah would appear among the inhabitants of the eternal world!"

Something New For Printers.

A company has been formed in London for the purpose of doing newspaper and book composition, dispensing entirely with the process of distribution, thus saving an important item of expense. A patent type casting machine converts fused metal into perfect type in two minutes' time, when it is transferred to a composing machine and the matter set up, the entire operation requiring but two men. The *Printing Trade Journal* of London speaks confidently of the success of the system, and says it "indicates the dawn of a new era in daily newspaper printing, it being an ascertained fact that the manufacture of new type daily for the composer is attended with less cost than the distribution and re-setting into lines for the machine."

The Champion Sneezer.

Earl Russell, now in his eighty-second year, and as full of fight as ever, has a passion for a hat with a broad brim and a bandana that is red. Ten years ago it was esteemed a bit of good fortune to hear this remarkable man sneeze. He seemed to concentrate himself, as it were, for a gigantic effort, would then dive down into the flaming banner of red silk, from which after several minutes' obscuration, he emerged with a countenance as vivid as the back of a scalded lobster. The late Lord Clarendon is reported to have once said, "When Lord John takes snuff, the consequence 'brings down the house.'"

A Novel Application Of Photography.

A very interesting and instructive exhibition is now taking place in Paris, and attracts crowds. By means of a most artistic application of photo-sculpture, the spectacle of Pompeii as it was eighteen centuries ago, and is now, is splendidly represented; the comparison is really curious; to complete the idea an eruption of Mount Vesuvius is exhibited, full of reality. It must have cost much study and labour to thus materially construct, as it were, a city and its life lost so many ages ago. The Forum appears as it must have been; the street of the Tombs; the tragic theatre; the amphitheatre, the temples and baths, the villas and mansions of historical citizens, &c. In thus promenading among those imposing monuments, you with difficulty can believe in the illusion.

Novel Proposed Licences.

Dr. Sutherland, one of the enlightened town councillors of Edinburgh, has given the following notice of motion:—"Whereas drunkenness is productive of extraordinary personal and relative misery, crime, and pauperism and disease, and whereas it is being conceded by those in the spirit trade as well as maintained by those opposed to that trade, that drunkenness must be abolished; and whereas no scheme or measure has yet been devised which will seem efficiently and equitably to accomplish this object, the town council resolves to remit to the Lord Provost's committee to consider the wisdom and expediency of petitioning Her Majesty's Government to introduce for this purpose a general measure, founded upon the principle of licensing the consumers instead of or in addition to the vendors of intoxicating liquors."

A Theory Of Assassination.

A propos of the attempt to assassinate Prince Bismarck, a singular theory is advanced to the effect that excessive heat increases the homicidal tendency against which every man has sometimes to contend. In illustration of the theory, a patient professor of Breslau has brought together instances of some of the more celebrated cases of regicide to show that they have generally been made in the month of July. Thus on the 12th of July, 1581, William of Orange was assassinated by Balthasar Gerard; on the 12th of July, 1764, the same fate befell Prince Ivan VI., son of Anne of Russia; 27th July, 1835, Fieschi fired his infernal machine against Louis-Philippe; 18th July, 1844, Fritz Scherck, a burgomaster of Sorokov, fired two pistol-shots at the King of Prussia, but without touching him; on the 20th July, 1846, another attempt was made on the life of Louis-Philippe; on the 5th July, 1853, occurred Orsini's memorable attack on Napoleon III.; and on the 14th July, 1861, Oscar Becker fired at King William of Prussia.

Isabella's Would-be Assassin.

"Among the histories of unsuccessful attempts at political assassination," says the *Paris Journal*, "is one dating from the early part of the reign of Queen Isabella II. In those days lived at Madrid a man of family named Angel de la Vega, but as he was dying of hunger sullen anger filled his heart, and at last he fixed his hate on the Queen and resolved to kill her. One evening, as she was passing the Puerta del Sol, he fired at her and missed; he was immediately seized and taken to prison. When his trial commenced he disdained to defend himself, and was sentenced to death. The fatal day arrived, and he was about to be taken to the place of punishment when the Queen ordered him to be brought before her. 'Don Angel,' she said, 'I pardon you, but you must leave Spain at once and forever. My treasurer will furnish you with the means.' The man retired, filled with an emotion easy to comprehend, and, during ten years, nothing more was heard of him. At length the day of exile came for Queen Isabella, who took refuge in Paris. The first visit she received was from Don Angel, who, having become rich through speculations at the Paris Bourse, came to lay at the disposal of Her Majesty all he possessed. The Queen refused the offer of the old regicide, and the latter, deeply hurt, left for America, where he still resides."

The German Navy.

The *Borsen Zeitung* of Berlin says that one of the chief occupations of the German Admiralty just now is to improve the shipbuilding industry of the empire. This is to be done, not only by having a considerable number of ships of war built in private shipbuilding establishments, but also by applying almost exclusively to German manufacturers for the machinery and other articles required for naval purposes. It is hoped by this means in a few years to make the German navy quite independent of foreign countries, both as regards shipbuilding and its other requirements. The slight development which has taken place in the German shipbuilding industry during the last few years is regarded as a circumstance very prejudicial to the power of Germany at sea, and if the Government does not succeed in obtaining all it requires for the navy from private establishments, it will create factories of its own for that purpose. This will be especially necessary for iron plates and masts, which have hitherto invariably had to be procured from abroad. Last year Messrs. Krupp proposed to begin the construction of these articles on an extensive scale, but they seem now to have abandoned this project. As regards the construction of naval machinery, this is already being taken up by private establishments with very satisfactory results.

Army Suicides.

It appears that the returns of the mortality prevailing amongst the non-commissioned officers and men of the British army during the ten-year period, 1862-71, show 663 deaths by suicide, which gives a mean annual average ratio of 0.379 per 1,000 of the strength. As compared with the civil male population of England, at corresponding ages, this ratio of deaths from suicide is excessively high. As compared with foreign armies, the ratio in the British army is found to be slightly lower than that of the French and Belgian armies; considerably lower than in the Prussian; and less than one-half of the ratio of the Austro-Hungarian army. In the British army, suicide is most common in the cavalry of the Line, and least so in the Household Cavalry. It is more prevalent amongst the troops serving in India than in any other portion of the forces. A marked difference is observable betwixt the military and civil population in the modes of committing suicide. In the former more than one-half the suicides are the result of gunshot wounds. It is noticeable that in 1870 a decrease occurred in the proportion of suicides, which was very probably connected with the promulgation of the Horse Guards' order directing the service ammunition to be removed from the men's pouches and kept in regimental expense magazines.

Novel Music.

Samuel Woodworth Cozens, in "Three Years in Arizona and Mexico," speaks of the mission church of San Xavier del Bac and says: "In the evening I attended service, and was surprised and delighted by the music; it was novel and charming. When the priest reached a certain portion of the service the air seemed suddenly filled with the warbling of ten thousand birds, whose melodious notes rose and fell and swelled and lingered through the arched passages of the church; now dying away, as in the far distance, and again approaching near and nearer, until the very air seemed resonant with the notes of the sweetest feathered songsters. Again I heard it, but so exquisitely soft and low that its cadences more resembled the wailings of an Æolian harp than music created by human agency. Once more it swelled into grand and lofty strains of praise, until it seemed that such exquisite music must be created by a celestial choir. As soon as we could withdraw from the service we ascended the gallery of the church and here we found, lying flat on their faces upon the floor, a dozen or more youths, before each one of whom stood a small cup of water in which was inserted the end of split reeds of different sizes, the other end of the reed being held in their mouths, and blowing through it they produced the sweet sounds which so enchanted us. It seemed impossible that such delicious music could be produced by such simple instruments."

An Artfully Artless Dodge.

A "Smuggler" relates the following: "We shall be, my dear madam," said I to a fellow-passenger in the Dieppe boat, taking out my watch, but keeping my eyes steadily upon her, "we shall be in less than ten minutes at the custom-house." A spasm—a flicker from the guilt within—glanced from her countenance.

"You look very good-natured, sir," stammered she. I bowed, and looked considerably more so to invite her confidence.

"If I was to tell you a secret, which is too much for me to keep myself, oh! would you keep it inviolable?"

"I know it, my dear madam—I know it already," said I smilingly—"it is lace, is it not?"

She uttered a little shriek, and—yes, she had got it there among the crinoline. She thought it had been sticking out, you see, unknown to her.

"Oh, sir," cried she, "it is only £10 worth; please to forgive me, and I'll never do it again. As it is, I think I shall expire."

"My dear madam," replied I, sternly, but kindly, "here is the pier, and the officer has fixed his eye upon us. I must do my duty."

I rushed up the ladder like a lamp-lighter; I pointed out the woman to a legitimate authority; I accompanied her, upon her way, in custody to the searching-house. I did not see her searched, but I saw what was found upon her, and I saw her fined and dismissed with ignominy. Then, having generously given up my emoluments as informer to the subordinate officials, I hurried off in search of the betrayed woman to her hotel. I gave her lace twice the value of that she lost, paid her fine, and explained:

"You, madam, had £10 worth of smuggled goods about your person; I had nearly fifty times that amount. I turned informer, madam, let me convince you, for the sake of both of us. You have too expressive a countenance, believe me, and the officer would have found you out at all events, even as I did myself. Are you satisfied, my dear madam? If you feel aggrieved by me in any way, pray take more lace; here is lots of it."

When I finished my explanation the lady seemed perfectly satisfied with my little stroke of diplomacy, though she would have doubtless preferred a little less prominent part in it.

A GREENBACK'S STORY.

A writer in the Chicago *Tribune* says:—"Since Douglas Jerrold wrote his pathetic 'Story of a Feather,' it has been the fashion to sketch the fortunes of the inanimate objects which circulate rapidly from hand to hand among men. Why is it that no one has yet written the story of a greenback? It would be full of interesting contrasts. Imagine the green paper pressed upon the engraved plates, and then quivering under the meteoric signature of General Spinner. The oblong product of rags and lamp-black is now—money. An almighty Congress has reduced the almighty dollar to this. The bit of paper goes into the Treasury vaults, that whisper to it of the time when they held gold. It is paid out, in a huge bundle of its fellows, to a contractor who has been furnishing shoddy to our army, then lying before Vicksburg. Plucked out of the bundle and placed in his pocket-book, it travels to the front, whither he goes to see a general who is his silent and sinful partner. A battle begins. Our troops are routed. The scared contractor waves his money in his fingers, offering it all for a chance to ride to safety. The Confederate cavalry dash down upon him. He is caught, stripped, and sent to the rear. The particular greenback is dropped on the battle-field. Here groans, robbers of the dead, and monotonous moral reflections on the horrors of war may be inserted in great profusion. A wounded man, clutching the ground in his last agony, unconsciously picks up the bill. His stiffened fingers close upon it at the moment of death. A prowler cuts it out of his dead hand. A doctor, searching for the wounded, detects the thief in the act and fines him the amount of the bill, which he appropriates to his own use. A few days afterwards a contagious disease attacks him in the hospital. He dies, bequeathing his effects to his betrothed. Here can come a sketch of a lovely heroine, Southern type of beauty, loved by stalwart slaves, who have sworn to stay by her in her loneliness, and defend 'young missus' from harm. They do so—until the Federal army is near enough to make flight safe. Lovely heroine receives effects of dead doctor; presses each article to her ruby (or coral) lips; kisses the greenback with especial fervour, reflecting that she can now buy a parasol; inhales infection from it and dies with as much pathos as Little Nell. The death must however, be rapid, in order that the bill may flutter to the floor and be at once picked up by Pompey, the faithful slave, who is thus rewarded for his single devotion to his young mistress. Pompey disappears ere morning with the greenback. After an interval of some years, during which the bill sees various phases of Southern life, runs the blockade, is captured at sea, and brought to the North, it reappears as a vote persuader in the South Carolina Legislature. Once inured to this work it plays a prominent part in Washington. It attends the Credit Mobilier investigation, hid in the pocket of the 'statesman' it has bribed, and hears that ornament of our country declare that he is utterly innocent, and that the sudden swelling of his bank account at the time when Credit Mobilier dividends were declared was caused by generous donations from unknown but loving friends. He afterwards gives the bill to the temperance cause (the crusade being very strong in his district). It is paid out for crusade printing, and is next laid on a counter in payment for whisky. It falls into the hands of a Communist, who makes a wild speech on the tyranny of capital and the injustice of interest that night, and the next day lends the bill to a fellow working-man at 10 per cent. a month. It vibrates between hovels and palaces, between innocence and vice. It helps pay a salary-grabber. It is waved in the sacred atmosphere of the Senate Chamber by an eloquent orator, who descants upon its blood-sealed beauties, and calls for the issue of millions like unto it. It tells the story in 1950, and closes it by saying: 'In 1900 I was presented at the Treasury counter, but the clerk said that so many millions like me had been printed that the country never could pay them off, and that the wise men of the land had therefore decreed that gold should not be used, but that all the paper issued should be kept in circulation, and should be based on the faith of the nation. Then my owner said he had taken me some years before for a bad debt, and had been trying ever since to get rid of me, but nobody would give him the smallest thing for me. 'Well, yes,' said the clerk, 'the fact is that the bills have been—repudiated. Sad, very, but a necessity.' 'So my country has robbed me,' quoth my master. And that is the reason why my present possessor, who is a collector of worthless odds and ends, has a French assignat and a Confederate shinplaster and a Continental bill on the page of his album that holds me."

A CURIOUS CASE.

A curious patient is just now an inmate of Dr. Mesnet's ward at the Hôpital St. Antoine. His profession was that of a singer at the cafés-chantants. During the war of 1870-71 he was hit over the left ear by a musket bullet, which carried off about 2½ inches of the parietal bone, and laid bare the brain on the left side. This led to a temporary paralysis of the members on the opposite side, as is always the case; but he was eventually cured of this, while the tremendous wound on the skull began to heal, so that after a time he could resume his professional duties at the cafés to the satisfaction of the public. Suddenly, however, he was seized with nervous symptoms, lasting from twenty-four to forty-eight hours, and of such an extraordinary nature that it was considered safe to take him to the hospital. His malady is easier to illustrate by examples than to define. When he is in his fit he has no sensitiveness of his own, and will bear physical pain without being aware of it; but his will may be influenced by contact with exterior objects. Set him on his feet, and, as soon as they touch the ground, they awaken in him the desire of walking; he then marches straight on quite steadily, with fixed eyes, without saying a word, or knowing what is going on about him. If he meets with an obstacle on his way he will touch it, and try to make out by feeling what it is, and then attempt to get out of its way. If several persons join hands and form a ring around him he will try to find an opening by repeatedly crossing over from one side to the other, and this without betraying the slightest consciousness or impatience. Put a pen into his hand, this will instantly awaken in him a desire of writing; he will fumble about for ink and paper, and, if these be placed before him, he will write a very sensible business letter; but when the fit is over, he will recollect nothing at all about it. Give him some cigarette paper, and he will instantly take out his tobacco-bag, roll a cigarette very cleverly, and light it with a match from his own box. P

them out one after another, he will try from first to last to get a light, and put up in the end with his ill success. But ignite a match yourself, and give it him, he will not use it, but let it burn between his fingers. Fill his tobacco-bag with anything, no matter what—shavings, cotton, lint, hay, &c., he will roll his cigarette just the same, light and smoke it without perceiving the hoax. But, better still, put a pair of gloves into his hand and he will put them on at once; this, reminding him of his profession, will make him look for his music. A roll of paper is then given to him, upon which he assumes the attitude of a singer before the public, and warbles some piece of his repertory. If you place yourself before him he will feel about on your person, and, meeting with your watch, he will transfer it from your pocket to his own; but, on the other hand, he will allow you, without any resistance or impatience whatever, to take it back again.

A GYPSY SORCERESS.

The Kingston *Freeman* says:—"Some of the up-town chaps had their fortunes told by a handsome, brown-complexioned woman, who called herself a gypsy queen. Her name was Clara Stanley. She was tall, well-proportioned, with hair and eyes very black. In her hair she wore a silver comb, surmounted by a coronet of gold. Four gold chains were round her neck, from each of which depended one of the emblems of the zodiac. On her breast was suspended a large cross of Guinea gold. Her long, slender fingers were covered with fine gold rings given to her by the noblesse of England. Her feet were small and aristocratic. She was dressed in a habit of blue plaid, and she reigns over a tribe belonging to the Ninth Division of the Rommany. We cannot, of course, give the fortunes of all these young men, and must therefore confine ourselves to a description of an interview with a young legal gentleman. Said the queen, as she gently took his hand, "I tell you character from your face, from the way you walk, from the haughty flash of your eyes, and the quick way you lift your head. But when I tell you past and your future, I look at the palms of your hands, and by the marks and wrinkles reads what you have been. Both you were born under Mars, under Venus, and under Jupiter, which means war, love, and fortune. There's a very strange mixture in your case. You are as full of contradictions as any man I have ever seen on this side of the water. You quick and high-spirited, and trusts yourself and then your friends. You never takes a love for any woman you can't take it off easy as you can put it on. Now you like a bee—you sip honey from many flowers, though you very choice. You haughty, you tender, you would go through fire and water for those you love, and smite those that offend thee.' Further than this she actually told the young man some facts that had taken place a number of years ago, which astonished him very much, for they were actually true. How she became acquainted with these matters, which were supposed to be locked up in his own breast and that of only one other person, who is many hundred miles away, is pretty hard to tell. Yet she did it, describing persons and giving their full names."

THE LITERARY WORLD.

"George Eliot" is reported to be engaged upon a new novel, for which she has been offered £10,000.

A new Turkish daily paper is about to appear in Pera with the title of *Medjmuasi Maref* ("The Record of Knowledge").

Mr. Harrison Ainsworth is engaged in writing a new romance for *Bow Bella*, which will commence running in September.

Lord Russell's volume of reminiscences of his political life is now in the hands of the printers, and will be published in about three months.

The *Newsvector* states that "An Illustrated and Verbatim Report of the Tichborne Trial," edited by Dr. Kenealy, Q.C., is projected. It would be by subscription, at 3d. a number.

The second volume of Blanchard Jerrold's "Life of Napoleon III.," which is to be published in the autumn, will contain an estimate of the character of his Majesty, written by Lord Lytton in a fly-leaf of the "Idées Napoléoniennes" in 1839.

M. Brugsch, the well-known Egyptologist, will attend the International Congress of Orientalists, to be shortly held in London, as the representative of the Khedive, and intends to deliver a lecture on the Exodus, which will be of deep Biblical interest.

The Senate of the University of London has adopted the following amendment, by seventeen votes to ten, on a proposal to obtain a new charter enabling the University to confer degrees on women:—"That the Senate is desirous to extend the scope of the educational advantages now offered to women, but it is not prepared to apply for a new charter to admit women to its degrees."

A new romance has recently been published in Paris by Lacroix & Co., entitled "Souvenirs d'une Cosaque," which has already reached a second edition. The author is a lady, viz: Madame Olga de Janina, a pianoforte player of celebrity, but who adopts the *nom de plume* of Robert Franz. The principal personage, referred to under the letter X, is stated to be M. Liszt, of musical celebrity.

In 1824, the *Athenæum* says, there were published in the United Kingdom 286 papers in all, thus divided: London, 31; in the country, 135; in Ireland, 58; in Scotland, 33; in the British Islands, 9. In the present year the aggregate number is 1,585. Estimating the news sheets printed in 1824, we cannot place the number at more than thirty millions of sheets. At the present period we do not doubt that the issue is six hundred and fifty millions of sheets per annum.

Not only is the National Library of France, situated in the Rue Richelieu, entitled to a free copy of every book published in the country, but also to posters, programmes, and handbills; these latter, however, it does not exact. The number of printed volumes is over two millions, and occupy a length of shelves equal to forty miles. The very bad and very nasty books are stored apart under safe lock and key, forming a kind of secret museum called *Enfer*. It is gratifying to know that this collection of pomography comprises but 340 works, represented by 730 volumes, since the invention of printing, so that the filth of the mind is not so extensive as might be supposed. The costly, or rather priceless volumes, are preserved under lock and key in subterranean galleries; it is thus that the first book printed by Gutenberg is treasured.

ODDITIES.

Chicago is now called "Cremation City."

Receipt for a hot breakfast—Admire your landlady's new bonnet.

Injun probabilities; "Mebbe snow next week: mebbe heap damn hot."

To secure a scowl of perfect disgust from a woman, tell her that a caterpillar is crawling on the back of her dress.

Col. Egerton, in the House of Commons, said philanthropy is so energetic that "it requires a good deal of influence nowadays to get hanged."

"Is them the common dog sassage?" inquired a venerable looking lady, as she surveyed a bunch of bananas over her spectacles the other day.

The Schoolmen of the *Evening Star* thus sharpen an old saw: "The young-man-who-parts-his-hair-in-the-middle and his money are soon parted."

A darkey, left in charge of a telegraph office while the operator went to dinner, heard some one "call" over the wires, and began shouting at the instrument, "De operator isn't yer!" The noise ceased.

The president of a cremation club in Iowa has named his last baby "Cinderella." His next boy he intends to name after the great lawyer Coke, and the next daughter Char-lotte.

The difference in natures was well illustrated at the Boston depot. Two sisters met. "O my dear sister!" said one exhaustedly, as they embraced. "You've been eating onions," said the other, calmly and fearlessly.

At Fontanelle, Iowa, lately, a couple were married with the following brief service: "Join your right hands. Do you want one another?" Both replied "Yes." "Well, then, have one another."

Herolism is limited, after all. A girl who, the other day, jumped into Merrimac River and rescued a drowning child, fainted away when she saw her false curls floating down the stream.

Alluding to the fact that three steamers have been fatally weakened by additions to their length, the *Christian Register* says:—"Many fine sermons have been ruined in the same way."

It is reported that Brigham Young lately said, in an heroic moment, "If I thought it was really necessary, in order to the building up of the kingdom, I could bury every one of my wives without shedding a tear."

As to that paragraph about Esther Shaw of Davenport, Iowa, who worked thirteen years in a family without asking a cent, it becomes necessary to say that it was a very large family Esther worked in, and they boarded at the State Prison.

A benevolent physician in Laporte County, Indiana, gave a Fourth of July picnic to seven hundred children, not even such delicacies as cake, strawberries and ice cream, being omitted. He got back his outlay in colics, however, before the week was over.

A raw countryman, gazing at a garden in the vicinity of Boston, in which were several marble statues, exclaimed: "Just see what a waste! Here's no less than six scare-crows in this ten-foot patch, and any one of them would keep the crows from a five-acre lot!"

One of the Professors asked a student to give him an example of a mixed metaphor. The boy confidently spoke out:—"When my tongue shall forget her cunning, and my right eye cleave to the roof of my mouth."

The editor of the *Granby Gazette* tells some queer yarns. Here is the latest: "On these moonlight nights our rural and shady places are vocal with the plaintive cry of 'Now, you quit that; que-ét, I say!'"

The last euphuism out is that of a student, who remarked the other day of one in whose honesty he has no great abiding faith, that he will hereafter have opportunity "to examine the sulphur spectrum without building any special fire for the purpose."

The proverb that "God helps those who help themselves" was well paraphrased by a little fellow who tumbled into a fountain and was nearly drowned. Pale and dripping he was put to bed, and when his mother requested the young man to thank God for saving him, Young America answered, "I s'pose God did save me, but then I held on to the grass, too."

A man in an adjoining county died recently who had taken his county paper for twelve years without paying for it. Upon the day of his burial the kind-hearted, forgiving editor called to see him a last time and stuffed a linen duster and a couple of palm leaf hats into the coffin. He was prepared for a warmer climate.

A promising youth of nine summers, in western Massachusetts, at a school, recently relieved his over-burdened mind as follows:

"Lord of love, look down from above,
Upon us little scholars;
We have a fool to teach our school,
And pay her twenty dollars."

A Western philosopher discourses after the following wise: "Do you chew gum? The price of three pieces a week, at one cent a piece, amounts to \$1.56 a year, or in sixty-seven years to \$104.52. That sum will purchase a complete set of Appleton's Cyclopaedia, a marriage license, a black bombazine dress for your aunt, a German silver coffin plate, and a cheroot. Out this out, young man, and paste it on the back of your girl's photograph."

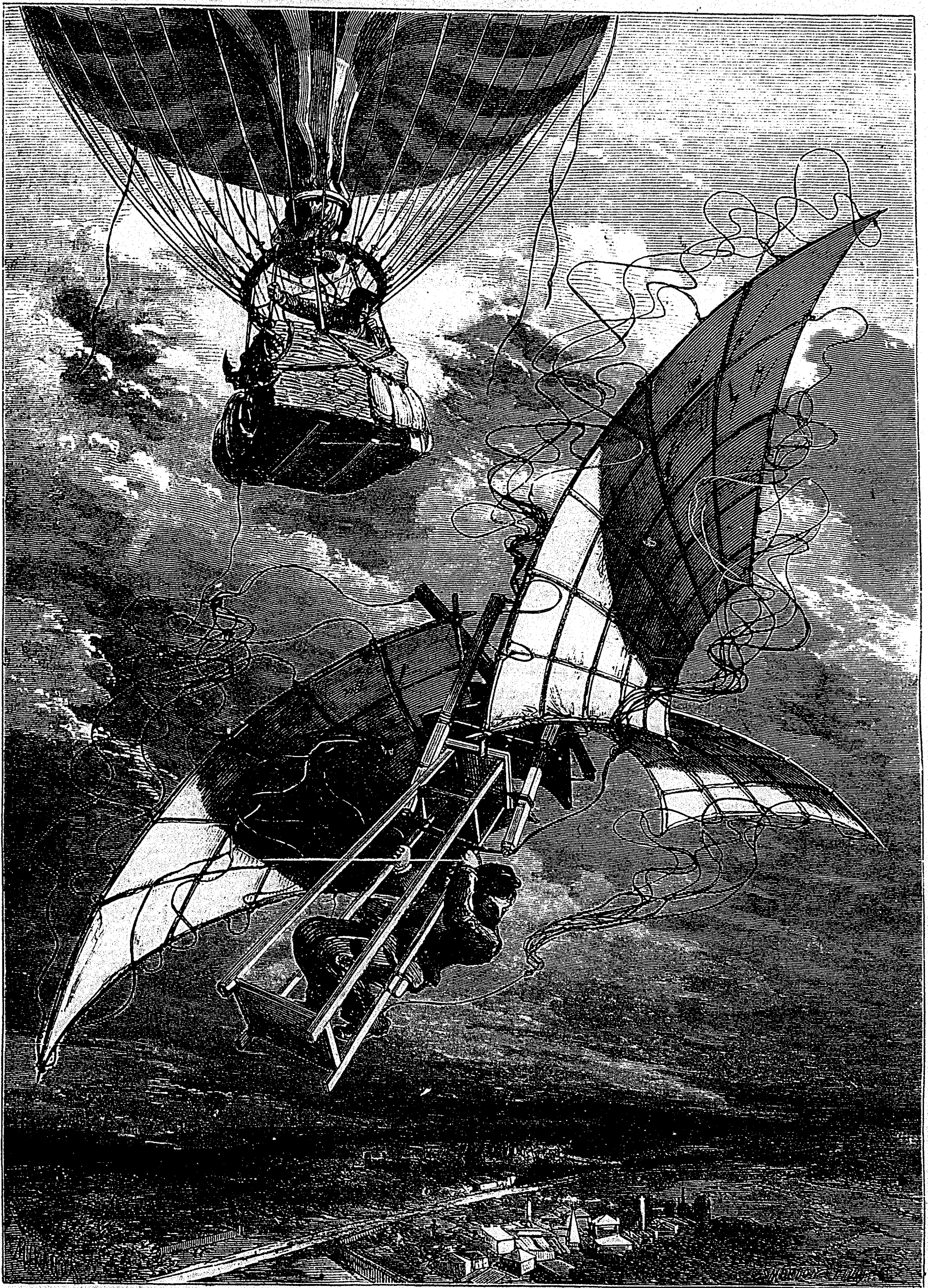
The editor of the Burlington (Ia.) *Hawkeye* has discovered a woman who will get up at six o'clock, kindle the fire, get breakfast, rout out the family, wash the dishes and six children, sew a button on the neck of her husband's shirt and hunt his hat, go to a mission Sunday-school and teach a class, attend church, rush home and have dinner over and the things cleared away in time for afternoon Sunday-school, read the Sunday-school papers to the children, go to church at night, and talk on her way home about Sunday as a "day of rest."

Tom Raikes, who was very much marked with the small-pox, having one day written an anonymous letter to Count D'Orsay, containing some piece of impertinence, had closed it with a wafer, and stamped it with something resembling the top of a thimble. The Count soon discovered who was the writer, and in a roomful of company thus addressed him—"Ha, ha! my good Raikes, the next time you write an anonymous letter, you must not seal it with your nose."

He was eighteen, and she sweet sixteen, and they lived in Leavenworth, Kansas. An inexorable parent forbade the banna. So he of the eighteen years succeeded in raising nine dollars, and with "sweet sixteen" took the cars for the friendly geus of Missouri. After paying fare for the round trip and \$2.50 to the parson, the twain, made one, landed in Leavenworth with the large fortune of \$1 in greenbacks. Repairing to a saloon, ice-cream and cake were called for, reducing the cash to two nickels. Nothing daunted, two glasses of soda were swallowed, and the newly married couple started to begin life's wedded dream without a copper. This is enterprise.



GERMANY.—THE ATTEMPT ON PRINCE BISMARCK'S LIFE.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN EYE-WITNESS.



ENGLAND.—THE ACCIDENT TO M. DE GROOF, THE FLYING MAN.

THRICE.

A fair child in the standing corn
Upon a gleamy summer morn,
Red poppies in her bosom borne;

Her hair pale gold of dawning skies,
Blue depths of innocence her eyes,
Stirred with a sudden light surprise.

II.

A maiden standing pensively
Beside a silver flashing sea,
She beareth ocean-flowers three;

A sweet face on a stainless heaven,
Bright hair upon the bright wind driven,
A foam-bow with its colours seven.

III.

A gray sky o'er a river-mead,
A waving wall of flowery red,
White gleams that o'er the low plain speed.

Hark! some one singeth sweetly there,
White water-lilies in her hair,
The song's words are of promise fair.

NINETY-THREE.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

PART THE THIRD.

IN VENDÉE.

BOOK THE FIRST.

I.—PLUSQUAM CIVILIA BELLA.

"That of the 1st of May—yes."

"Twenty sous a post for a carriage, twelve for a gig, five sous for a van. You bought your horse at Alençon?"

"Yes."

"You have ridden all day?"

"Since dawn."

"And yesterday?"

"And the day before."

"I can see that. You came by Domfront and Mortain."

"And Avranches."

"Take my advice, citizen; rest yourself. You must be tired. Your horse is certainly."

"Horses have a right to be tired; men have not."

The host again fixed his eyes on the traveller. It was a grave, calm, severe face, framed by grey hair.

The innkeeper cast a glance along the road, which was deserted as far as the eye could reach, and said, "And you travel alone in this fashion?"

"I have an escort."

"Where is it?"

"My sabre and pistols."

The innkeeper brought a bucket of water, and, while the horse was drinking, studied the traveller, and said mentally, "All the same, he has the look of a priest."

The horseman resumed. "You say there is fighting at Dol?"

"Yes. That ought to be about beginning."

"Who is fighting?"

"One *ci-devant* against another *ci-devant*."

"You said?"

"I say that an ex-noble who is for the Republic is fighting against another ex-noble who is for the King."

"But there is no longer a king."

"There is the little fellow! The odd part of the business is that these two *ci-devants* are relations."

The horseman listened attentively. The innkeeper continued: "One is young, the other old. It is the grand-nephew who fights the great-uncle. The uncle is Royalist, the nephew a Patriot. The uncle commands the Whites, the nephew commands the Blues. Ah, they will show no quarter, I'll warrant you. It is a war to the death."

"Death?"

"Yes, citizen. Hold! would you like to see the compliments they fling at each other's heads? Here is a notice the old man finds means to placard everywhere, on all the houses and all the trees, and that he has had stuck up on my very door."

The host held up his lantern to a square of paper fastened on a panel of the double door, and, as the placard was written in large characters, the traveller could read it as he sat on his horse.

"The Marquis de Lantenac has the honour of informing his grand-nephew, the Viscount Gauvain, that if the Marquis has the good fortune to seize his person he will cause the Viscount to be decently shot."

"Here," added the host, "is the reply."

He went forward, and threw the light of the lantern upon a second placard placed on a level with the first upon the other leaf of the door. The traveller read:

"Gauvain warns Lantenac that, if he takes him, he will have him shot."

"Yesterday," said the host, "the first placard was stuck on my door, and this morning the second. There was no waiting for the answer."

The traveller in a half-voice, and as if speaking to himself, uttered these words, which the innkeeper heard without really comprehending.

"Yes; this is more than war in the country, it is war in families. It is necessary, and it is well. The grand restoration of the people must be bought at this price."

And the traveller raised his hand to his hat and saluted the second placard, on which his eyes were still fixed.

The host continued: "So, citizen, you understand how the matter lies. In the cities and the large towns we are for the Revolution, in the country they are against it; that is to say, in the towns people are Frenchmen, and in the villages they are Bretons. It is a war of the townspeople against the peasants. They call us clowns, we call them boors. The nobles and the priests are with them."

"Not all," interrupted the horseman.

"Certainly not, citizen, since we have here a viscount against a marquis."

Then he added, to himself—"And I feel sure I am speaking to a priest."

The horseman continued: "And which of the two has the best of it?"

"The viscount so far. But he has to work hard. The old man is a tough one. They belong to the Gauvain family—nobles of these parts. It is a family with two branches; there is the great branch, whose chief is called the Marquis de Lantenac, and there is the lesser branch, whose head is called the Viscount Gauvain. To-day the two branches fight each other. One does not see that among trees, but one sees it among men. This Marquis de Lantenac is all-powerful in Brittany; the peasants consider him a prince. The very day he landed, eight thousand men joined him; in a week, three hundred parishes had risen. If he had been able to get foothold on the coast, the English would have landed. Luckily this Gauvain was at hand—the other's grandnephew—odd chance! He is the republican commander, and he has checkmated his great-uncle. And then, as good luck would have it, when this Lantenac arrived, and was massacring a heap of prisoners, he had two women shot, one of whom had three children that had been adopted by a Paris battalion. And that made a terrible battalion. They call themselves the Battalion of the Bonnet Rouge. There are not many of those Parisians left, but they are furious bayonets. They have been incorporated into the division of Commandant Gauvain. Nothing can stand against them. They mean to avenge the women, and retake the children. Nobody knows what the old man has done with the little ones. Suppose those babies had not been mixed up in the matter—the war would not be what it is. The viscount is a good, brave young man; but the old fellow is a terrible marquis. The peasants call it the war of Saint Michael against Beelzebub. You know, perhaps, that Saint Michael is an angel of the district. There is a mountain named after him out in the bay. They say he overcame the demon, and buried him under another mountain near here, which is called Tombelaine."

"Yes," murmured the horseman; "Tumba Beleni, the tomb of Belenus—Bel, Belial, Beelzebub."

"I see that you are well informed."

And the host again spoke to himself. "He understands Latin! Decidedly he is a priest."

Then he resumed: "Well, citizen, for the peasants it is that war beginning over again. For them the royalist general is Saint Michael, and Beelzebub is the republican commander. But if there is a devil, it is certainly Lantenac, and if there is an angel, it is Gauvain. You will take nothing, citizen?"

"I have my gourd and a piece of bread. But you do not tell me what is passing at Dol!"

"This. Gauvain commands the exploring column of the coast. Lantenac's aim was to rouse a general insurrection, and sustain Lower Brittany by the aid of Lower Normandy, open the door to Pitt, and give a shove forward to the Vendean army, with twenty thousand English and two hundred thousand peasants. Gauvain cut this plan short. He holds the coast, and he drives Lantenac into the interior and the English into the sea. Lantenac was here, and Gauvain has dislodged him; has taken from him the Pont-au-Beau, has driven him out of Avranches, chased him out of Villedieu, and kept him from reaching Granville. He is manoeuvring to shut him up again in the Forest of Fougères, and to surround him. Yesterday everything was going well; Gauvain was here with his division. All of a sudden—look sharp!—the old man, who is skilful, made a point; information comes that he has marched on Dol. If he takes Dol and establishes a battery on Mount Dol (for he has cannon), then there will be a place on the coast where the English can land, and everything is lost. That is why, as there was not a minute to lose, that Gauvain, who is a man with a head, took counsel with nobody but himself, asked no orders and waited for none, but sounded the signal to saddle, put to his artillery, collected his troop, drew his sabre, and, while Lantenac throws himself on Dol Gauvain throws himself on Lantenac. It is at Dol that these two Breton heads will knock together. There will be a fine shock. They are at it now."

"How long does it take to get to Dol?"

"At least three hours for a troop with cannon; but they are there now."

The traveller listened, and said: "In fact, I think I hear cannon."

The host listened. "Yes, citizen; and the musketry. They have opened the ball. You would do well to pass the night here. There will be nothing good to catch over there."

"I cannot stop. I must keep on my road."

"You are wrong. I do not know your business; but the risk is great, and unless it concerns what you hold dearest in the world—"

"In truth, it is that which is concerned," said the cavalier.

"Something like your son?"

"Very nearly that," said the cavalier.

The innkeeper raised his head, and said to himself—"Still, this citizen gives me the impression of being a priest." Then, after a little reflection—"All the same, a priest may have children."

"Put the bridle back on my horse," said the traveller.

"How much do I owe you?"

He paid the man.

The host set the trough and the bucket back against the wall and returned toward the horseman.

"Since you are determined to go, listen to my advice. It is clear that you are going to Saint-Malo. Well, do not pass by Dol. There are two roads; the road by Dol, and the road along the sea-shore. There is scarcely any difference in their length. The sea-shore passes by Saint-Georges-de-Brehaigne, Cherruex, and Hyrèl-le-Vivier. You leave Dol to the south and Cancale to the north. Citizen, at the end of the street you will find the branching off of the two routes; that of Dol is on the left, that of Saint-Georges-de-Brehaigne on the right. Listen well to me; if you go by Dol, you will fall into the middle of the massacre. That is why you must not take to the left, but to the right."

"Thanks," said the traveller.

He spurred his horse forward. The obscurity was now complete; he hurried on into the night. The innkeeper lost sight of him.

When the traveller reached the end of the street where the

two roads branched off, he heard the voice of the innkeeper calling to him from afar—"Take the right!"

He took the left.

II.—DOL.

Dol, a Spanish city of France in Brittany, as the guide-books style it, is not a town; it is a street. A great old Gothic street, bordered all the way on the right and the left by houses with pillars, placed irregularly, so that they form nooks and elbows in the highway, which is nevertheless very wide. The rest of the town is only a net-work of lanes, attaching themselves to this great diametrical street, and pouring into it like brooks into a river. The city, without gates or walls, open, overlooked by Mount Dol, could not have sustained one. The promontories of houses, which were still to be seen fifty years back, and the two-pillared galleries which bordered the street, made a battle ground that was very strong and capable of offering great resistance. Each house was a fortress in fact, and it would be necessary to take them one after another. The old market was very nearly in the middle of the street.

The innkeeper of the Croix-Brancard had spoken truly—a mad conflict filled Dol at the moment he uttered the words. A nocturnal duel between the Whites, that morning arrived, and the Blues, who had come upon them in the evening, burst suddenly over the town. The forces were unequal; the Whites numbered six thousand—there were only fifteen hundred of the Blues; but there was equality in point of obstinate rage. Strange to say, it was the fifteen hundred who had attacked the six thousand.

On one side a mob, on the other a phalanx. On one side six thousand peasants, with blessed medals on their leathern vests, white ribands on their round hats, Christian devices on their braces, chaplets at their belts, carrying more pitchforks than sabres, carbines without bayonets, dragging cannon with ropes; badly equipped, ill disciplined, poorly armed, but frantic. In opposition to them were fifteen hundred soldiers, wearing three-cornered hats, coats with large tails and wide lapels, shoulder-belts crossed, copper-hilted swords, and carrying guns with long bayonets. They were trained, skilled; docile, yet fierce; obeying like men who would know how to command. Volunteers also, shoeless and in rags too, but volunteers for their country. On the side of Monarchy, peasants who were paladins; for the Revolution, barefooted heroes, and each troop possessing a soul in its leader; the royalists having an old man, the republicans a young one. On this side, Lantenac; on the other, Gauvain.

The Revolution, side by side with its faces of youthful giants like those of Danton, Saint-Just, and Robespierre, has faces of ideal youth, like those of Hoche and Marceau. Gauvain was one of these. He was thirty years old; he had a Herculean bust, the solemn eye of a prophet, and the laugh of a child. He did not smoke, he did not drink, he did not swear. He carried a dressing-case through the whole war; he took care of his nails, his teeth, and his hair, which was dark and luxuriant. During halts he himself shook in the wind his military coat, riddled with bullets and white with dust. Though always rushing headlong into an affair, he had never been wounded. His singularly sweet voice had at command the harsh imperiousness needed by a leader. He set the example of sleeping on the ground, in the wind, the rain, and the snow, rolled in his cloak and with his noble head pillowed on a stone. His was an heroic and innocent soul. The sabre in his hand transfigured him. He had that effeminate air which in battle turns into something formidable.

With all that, a thinker and a philosopher—a youthful sage. Alcibiades in appearance; Socrates in speech.

In that immense improvisation of the French Revolution this young man had become at once a leader. His division, formed by himself, was like a Roman legion, a kind of complete little army; it was composed of infantry and cavalry; it had its scouts, its pioneers, its sappers, pontoons; and as a Roman legion had its catapults, this one had its cannon. Three pieces, well mounted, rendered the column strong, while leaving it easy to guide.

Lantenac was also a thorough soldier—a more consummate one. He was at the same time wary and hardy. Old heroes have more cold determination than young ones, because they are far removed from the warmth of life's morning; more audacity, because they are near death. What have they to lose? So very little. Hence the manoeuvres of Lantenac were at once rash and skilful. But in the main and almost always, in this dogged hand-to-hand conflict between the old man and the young Gauvain gained the advantage. It was rather the work of fortune than anything else. All good luck—even successes which are in themselves terrible—go to youth. Victory is feminine. Lantenac was exasperated against Gauvain; justly, because Gauvain fought against him; in the second place, because he was of his kindred. What did he mean by turning Jacobin? This Gauvain! His mischievous dog! His heir—for the marquis had no children—his grand-nephew, almost his grandson. "Ah," said this quasi-grandfather, "if I put my hand on him I will kill him like a dog!"

For that matter the Revolution was right to disquiet itself in regard to this Marquis de Lantenac. An earthquake followed his landing. His name spread through the Vendean insurrection like a train of powder, and Lantenac at once became the centre. In a revolt of that nature, where each is jealous of the other, and each has his thicket or ravine, the arrival of a superior rallies the scattered leaders who have been equals among themselves. Nearly all the forest captains had joined Lantenac, and, whether near or far off they obeyed him. One man alone had departed; it was the first who had joined him—Gavard. Wherefore? Because he had been a man of trust. Gavard had known all the secrets and adopted all the plans of the ancient system of civil war; Lantenac appeared to replace and supplant him. One does not inherit from a man of trust; the shoe of La Bonain did not fit Lantenac. Gavard departed to rejoin Bonchamp.

Lantenac, as a military man, belonged to the school of Frederic II.; he understood combining the great war with the little. He would have neither a "confused mass" like the great Catholic and royal army, a crowd destined to be crushed, nor a troop of guerillas scattered among the hedges and copses, good to harass, impotent to destroy. Guerilla warfare finishes nothing, or finishes ill; it begins by attacking a republic and ends by rifling a diligence. Lantenac did not comprehend this Breton war as the older chiefs had done; La Rochejacquelein was all for open country campaigns, Jean Chouan all for the forest; he would have neither Vendée nor Chouannerie; he wanted real warfare; he would make use of the peasant but he meant to depend on the soldier. He wanted bands for

strategy and regiments for tactics. He found these village armies admirable for attack, for ambush and surprise, quickly gathered, quickly dispersed; but he felt that they lacked solidity; they were like water in his hand; he wanted to create a solid base in this floating and diffused war; he wanted to join to the savage army of the forests regularly drilled troops that would make a pivot about which he could manoeuvre the peasants. It was a profound and terrible conception; if it had succeeded, the Vendée would have been unconquerable.

But where to find regular troops? Where look for soldiers? Where seek for regiments? Where discover an army ready-made? In England. Hence Lantenac's determined idea—to land the English. Thus the conscience of parties compromises with itself. The white cockade hid the red uniform from Lantenac's sight. He had only one thought, to get possession of some point on the coast and deliver it up to Pitt. That was why, seeing Dol defenceless, he flung himself upon it; the taking of the town would give him Mount Dol and Mount Dol the coast.

The place was well chosen. The cannon of Mount Dol would sweep the Frenois on one side and Saint-Brelade on the other; would keep the cruisers of Cancale at a distance, and leave the whole beach, from Raz-sur-Couësson to Saint-Meloir-des-Oudes, clear for an invasion.

For the carrying out of this decisive attempt Lantenac had brought with him only a little over six thousand men, the flower of the bands which he had at his disposal, and all his artillery, ten sixteen-pound culverins, a demi-culverin, and a four-pounder. His idea was to establish a strong battery on Mount Dol, upon the principle that a thousand shots fired from ten cannon do more execution than fifteen hundred fired with five. Success appeared certain. They were six thousand men. Towards Avranches, they had only Gauvain and his fifteen hundred men to fear, and Lechelle had twenty-five thousand men, but he was twenty leagues away. So Lantenac felt confidence; on Lechelle's side he put the great distance against the great numbers; with Gauvain, the size of the force against the propinquity. Let us add that Lechelle was an idiot, who later on allowed his twenty-five thousand men to be exterminated in the *landes* of the Croix-Bataille, a blunder which he atoned for by suicide.

So Lantenac felt perfect security. His entrance into Dol was sudden and stern. The Marquis de Lantenac had a stern reputation; he was known to be without pity. No resistance was attempted. The terrified inhabitants barricaded themselves in their houses. The six thousand Vendéans installed themselves in the town with rustic confusion; it was almost like a fair-ground, without quartermasters, without allotted camp, bivouacking at hazard, cooking in the open air, scattering themselves among the churches, forsaking their guns for their rosaries. Lantenac went in haste with some artillery officers to reconnoitre Mount Dol, leaving the command to Gouge-le-Bruant, whom he had appointed field-sergeant.

This Gouge-le-Bruant has left a vague trace in history. He had two nicknames, *Brise-bleu*, on account of his massacre of patriots, and *Imânu*, because he had in him something that was indescribably horrible. *Imânu*, derived from *imânu*, is an old bas-Norman word which expresses superhuman ugliness, something almost divine in its awfulness—a demon, a satyr, an ogre. An ancient manuscript says—"With my two eyes I saw Imânu." The old people of the Bocage no longer

know to-day who Gouge-le-Bruant was, nor what *Brise-bleu* signifies; but they know, confusedly, *Imânu*; *Imânu* is mingled with the local superstitions. They talk of him still at Trémoré and at Plumaugat, two villages where Gouge-le-Bruant has left the trace of his sinister course. In the Vendée the others were savages; Gouge-le-Bruant was the barbarian. He was a species of Cacique, tattooed with Christian crosses and fleur-de-lys; he had on his face the hideous, almost supernatural glare of a soul which no other human soul resembled. He was infernally brave in combat; atrocious afterwards. His was a heart full of tortuous intricacies, capable of all forms of devotion, inclined to all madnesses. Did he reason? Yes; but as serpents crawl—in a twisted fashion. He started from heroism to reach murder. It was impossible to divine whence his resolves came to him—they were sometimes grand from their very monstrosity. He was capable of every possible unexpected horror. His ferocity was epic.

Hence his mysterious nickname—*Imânu*. The Marquis de Lantenac had confidence in his cruelty. It was true that *Imânu* excelled in cruelty, but in strategy and in tactics he was less clever, and perhaps the marquis erred in making him his field-sergeant. However that might be, he left *Imânu* behind him with instructions to replace him and look after everything.

Gouge-le-Bruant, a man more of a fighter than a soldier, was fitter to cut the throats of a clan than to guard a town. Still he posted main-guards.

When evening came, as the Marquis de Lantenac was returning toward Dol, after having decided upon the ground for his battery, he suddenly heard the report of cannon. He looked forward. A red smoke was rising from the principal street. There had been surprise, invasion, assault; they were fighting in the town.

(To be continued.)

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

AUG. 11.—"Fellowcraft" won the \$6,000 purse for the mile and a half race at Saratoga.

The President of Peru has ordered the expulsion of the Jesuits from that country.

The Panama Railway track has been flooded, causing delay to the traffic. Commercial depression still exists on the Isthmus. The arbitrators in the dispute between the city of Toronto and the Northern Railway, awarded a sum of \$119,538 to the former.

The quantity of timber taken out of the Ottawa district this year is said to be twice as much as in any one season for the last ten years.

Serious trouble is impending at Austin, Tenn.; troops from Memphis and vicinity are leaving for that city to render assistance to the white men.

Admiral Cochrane, with the British Pacific squadron, has been ordered to San Jose, Guatemala, to demand reparation for the indignity lately offered to Consul Magee.

The *Ithaca Journal* contains a letter from T. B. Carpenter, denying the statement of the *New York Sun*, that he had offered to suppress Tilton's letter to Dr. Bacon for \$5,000.

Great excitement prevails in Paris over the news of the escape of Marshal Bazaine from the Island of Ste. Marguerite, where he was last December sentenced to pass twenty years in imprisonment. The Marshal effected his escape in the dead of night by letting himself down the cliffs by a rope to where his

wife and a cousin were waiting with a boat, in which they rowed to the steamer. They are supposed to have landed at Genoa.

AUG. 12.—Calcutta despatches announce the subsidence of the floods in Seinde.

Eighty persons formerly connected with the French Commune have been arrested at Marseilles.

Bazaine arrived at Brussels on Sunday morning. Parisian journals call for his extradition.

The London *Times* contradicts the report of Serrano's intended blockade of the Cantabrian coast.

Latest despatches from Austin announce that the troops have been disbanded and quiet restored.

The reserve force at Bosnia has been disbanded, by order of the Porte, and the regular troops withdrawn from the Servian frontier.

By the consent of Great Britain to the matter, the negotiations for the recognition of the Spanish Republic have been completed.

Difficulties between China and the United States are likely to arise in consequence of the participation of United States service officers in the Island of Formosa affair.

It is stated that by the non-production by Moulton of all the letters of Beecher in his possession, matters will be so left as to save Beecher's reputation, preserve Mrs. Tilton's, and satisfy Tilton himself. Beecher's statement, which was to be given last night, it is said will fill eight columns of the *Brooklyn Eagle*.

AUG. 13.—The Carlists have made an unsuccessful attempt to cross the Ebro.

New tenders for the Pacific Railway Telegraph is to be called for.

Investigation into the circumstances of Bazaine's escape shew that the director of the prison is gravely implicated.

The Republican troops have been concentrated at Miranda, where they are confronted by eighteen battalions of Carlists.

The Cheyenne, Kiowa and Comanche Indians are getting scared at the warlike preparations made to chastise them, and are suing for peace.

AUG. 14.—Bazaine is at present in Belgium. A Paris despatch says the French Government will not demand his extradition.

News from Sioux City confirms the report of the discovery of gold at Black Hills, and though "Spotted Tail" considers the Custer expedition a violation of the Indian Treaty, he doesn't care to fight about it.

The Governor of Texas complains that Mexican Indians are constantly raiding upon the people of Texas, murdering and plundering wholesale; that the United States troops are utterly inadequate to protect the Texans, and that they are obliged in self defence to protect themselves.

AUG. 15.—The Carlists have cut the railway and telegraph lines between Madrid and Saragossa.

Zabala has taken 24,000 men and 47 guns to the relief of Victoria, besieged by the insurgents.

Two immense demonstrations took place in Scotland to-day in favour of Home Rule.

The Cologne *Gazette* publishes a letter from Madame Bazaine, in which she declares herself alone to have planned the Marshal's escape.

Partial returns of an election to fill a vacancy in the French Assembly indicate a victory for the Republican candidate by a very large majority.

Beecher has made his statement. He says he feels as if he had taken quite a load off his mind by his statement, and now means to go to the White Mountains and throw away all his troubles. Bowen has sailed to England.

The Governor of the Island of Ste. Marguerite strongly protests his innocence of any complicity in the escape of Bazaine. Eight persons are under arrest on suspicion. Bazaine is now at Cologne.

TRAVELLERS DIRECTORY.

We can confidently recommend all the Houses mentioned in the following List:

- OTTAWA. THE RUSSELL HOUSE, JAMES GOUIN.
- QUEBEC. ALBION HOTEL, Palace Street, W. KIRWIN, Proprietor.
- TORONTO. THE QUEEN'S HOTEL, CAPT. THOS. DICK



LEA & PERRINS' CELEBRATED WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE. DECLARED BY CONNOISSEURS TO BE THE ONLY GOOD SAUCE



CAUTION AGAINST FRAUD. The success of this most delicious and unrivalled Condiment having caused certain dealers to apply the name of "Worcestershire Sauce" to their own inferior compounds, the public is hereby informed that the only way to secure the genuine is to ASK FOR LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE, and to see that their names are upon the wrapper, labels, stopper, and bottle. Some of the foreign markets having been supplied with a spurious Worcestershire Sauce, upon the wrapper and labels of which the name of Lea & Perrins have been forged, L. & P. give notice that they have furnished their correspondents with power of attorney to take instant proceedings against Manufacturers and Vendors of such, or any other imitations by which their right may be infringed. Ask for LEA & PERRINS' Sauce, and see Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle, and Stopper.

Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester; Cross and Blackwell, London, &c., &c.; and by Grocers and Oilmen universally. To be obtained of J. M. DOUGLAS & CO., and URQUHART & CO., Montreal. 9-19-1y-618

THE COOK'S FRIEND

BAKING POWDER

Has become a Household Word in the land, and is a

HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY

in every family where Economy and Health are studied.

It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Pancakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity used in Pie Crust, Puddings, &c., will save half the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible.

THE COOK'S FRIEND

SAVES TIME, IT SAVES TEMPER, IT SAVES MONEY.

For sale by storekeepers throughout the Dominion and wholesale by the manufacturer,

W. D. McLAREN, Union Mills, 9-18-Jan-613 55 College Street.

A Gem worth Reading!—A Diamond worth Seeing!

SAVE YOUR EYES!

Restore your Sight!

THROW AWAY your SPECTACLES.

By reading our Illustrated PHYSIOLOGY AND ANATOMY of the EYE SIGHT. Tells how to Restore Impaired Vision and Overworked Eyes; how to cure Weak, Watery, Inflamed, and Near-Sighted Eyes, and all other Diseases of the Eyes.

WASTE NO MORE MONEY BY ADJUSTING HUGE GLASSES ON YOUR NOSE AND DISFIGURING YOUR FACE. Pamphlet of 100 pages Mailed Free. Send your address to us also.

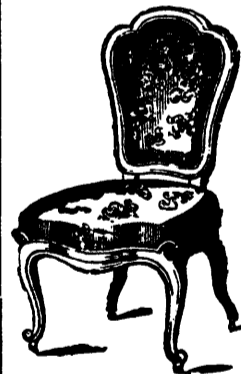
Agents Wanted,

Gents or Ladies. \$5 to \$10 a day guaranteed. Full particulars sent free. Write immediately, to DR. J. BALL & CO., (P. O. Box 957), No. 91 Liberty St., New York City, N. Y.

AVOID QUACKS.

A victim of early indiscretion, causing nervous debility, premature decay, &c., having tried in vain every advertised remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which he will send free to his fellow-sufferers. Address, J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassau St., New York.

A. BELANGER, Furniture Dealer,



Begs to inform the public that he has just completed vast improvements to his establishment, and takes this occasion to invite his customers and the public to visit (even though they do not intend to buy,) his assortment of Furniture of the best finish and latest styles, also his fine collection of small fancy goods too numerous to mention. The whole at prices to defy competition.

276 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

9-18-12f-676

Night Watchman's Detector. Patented 1870.



The above is a simple but useful invention. It is highly recommended to Banks, Warehouses, Manufacturers, Ship-owners, and every institution where the faithfulness of the "Watchman" is to be depended upon.

REFERENCES:

- A. G. NISH, Harbour Engineer.
- C. T. IRISH, Manager Express Office.
- THOMAS MUSEN, Merchant.
- Messrs. SCHWOB BROS., do.

For further particulars apply to

NELSON & LEFORT.

Importers of Watches and Jewellery,

66 St. James Street.

August 5.

8-9 Jan

Montreal.

KAMOURASKA WEST.

Albion House,

Is now open for reception of visitors.

MRS. HARRIET SMITH,

9-25-3f-624

Proprietress.

BOOK AGENTS Wanted for "Eloquent Sermons," by Punshon, Beecher, and Spurgeon, "The Canadian Farmer," "Life in Utah," "Mantoba Troubles," Family Bibles, &c. Pay \$50 to \$200 per month.

A. H. HOVEY & CO.,

9-16-52f-610

Reduction in Freight Rates.

THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY WILL continue to send out, daily, THROUGH CARS for CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE, ST. PAUL, and other Western points, at reduced rates from the winter tariff.

Shippers can get full information by applying to Mr. Burns, Agent G. T. R., Chaboullier Square, or at the Office of the General Freight Agent.

C. J. BRIDGES,

MANAGING DIRECTOR.

P. S. STEVENSON,

General Freight Agent.

7-21 tf

THE Red River Country, Hudson's Bay & North West Territories,

Considered in relation to Canada, with the last two reports of S. J. DAWSON, Esq., C.E., on the line of route between Lake Superior and the

RED RIVER SETTLEMENT.

ACCOMPANIED BY A MAP.

Third edition. Illustrated by ALEXANDER J. RUSSELL, C.E.

Sent by mail to any address in Canada, 75 cents. Address,

G. E. DESBARATS,

Montreal.

8-25-tf-568



1—I GIVE MY FRIEND JONES THE "STRAIGHT TIP"



2—JONES BACKS MY CHOICE FOR A TENNER.



3—JONES IN A LITTLE ANXIOUS



4—JONES HEARS FROM SMITH THAT MY TIP IS SAFE TO LOSE.



5—SMITH IS RIGHT.



6—JONES'S FORGIVING EXPRESSION WHEN HE BIDS ME "GOOD BYE."

THE RACING SEASON—"MY STRAIGHT TIP"

MILLIONS

OF

PEOPLE

IN

AGONY.



Physicians Cornered!

I suppose there is not in the whole of a Physician's experience, anything in human suffering which calls forth his sympathy, and pity, to such an extent, as to witness the excruciating pains of a poor mortal suffering from that fearful disease, Rheumatism. Heretofore there has been a considerable diversity of opinion among medical men as to the true character of this disease. Some locating in the fibrous or muscular tissues of the system, and others viewing it as an acute nervous disease; but it is now generally admitted to be a disease arising from a poison circulating in the blood, and further it is admitted that rheumatism can never be thoroughly cured without exterminating such poisonous matters from the blood by a constitutional internal remedy. We feel confident that none will feel better satisfied, and rejoice more, than the conscientious physician, who has found out that a true cure for this stubborn disease has been discovered. The following testimony from a gentleman of standing, and high respectability, and well-known to the Canadian public, cannot fail to satisfy all that the DIAMOND RHEUMATIC CURE is a wonderful Medical Discovery.

MR. ISAACSON'S ENDORSATION.

MONTREAL, 21st March, 1874.

Messrs. DEVINS & BOLTON.

Dear Sirs,—I with pleasure concede to the agent's wish that I give my endorsement to the immediate relief I experienced from a few doses of the DIAMOND RHEUMATIC CURE. Having been a sufferer from the effects of Rheumatism, I am now, after taking two bottles of this medicine, entirely free from pain. You are at liberty to use this letter, if you deem it advisable to do so.

I am, sirs, yours respectfully,

JOHN HELDER ISAACSON, N. P.

This medicine is an Infalible Specific, for removing the cause, chronic, acute, or muscular Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia of the head, heart, stomach and kidneys, Tic Douloureux, nervousness, flying pains, twisted joints, swollen joints, pain in the back and loins, weakness of the kidneys, tired feeling, languid, weary prostration, and all nervous and chronic diseases.

In simple cases sometimes one or two doses suffice. In the most chronic case it is sure to give way by the use of two or three bottles. By this efficient and simple remedy hundreds of dollars are saved to those who can least afford to throw it away as surely it is by the purchase of useless prescriptions. This medicine is for sale at all Druggists throughout the Province. If it happens that your Druggist has not got it in stock, ask him to send for it to

DEVINS & BOLTON, NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL, General Agents for Province of Quebec. Or, to NORTHROP & LYMAN, SCOTT STREET, TORONTO, General Agents for Ontario. 9-25-477-625

MARAVILLA COCOA.

TAYLOR BROTHERS (the largest Manufacturers of Cocoa in Europe), having the EXCLUSIVE Supply of this UNRIVALLED COCOA, invite Comparison with any other Cocoa for Purity—Fine Aroma—Sanative, Nutritive and Sustaining Power—Business of Digestion—and especially, HIGH DELICIOUS FLAVOUR. One trial will establish it as a favourite Beverage for breakfast, luncheon, and a Soothing Refreshment after a late evening. N.B. Caution.—"MARAVILLA" is a registered Trade Mark.

MARAVILLA COCOA.

The Globe says: "TAYLOR BROTHERS' MARAVILLA COCOA has achieved a thorough success, and supercedes every other Cocoa in the market. Entire solubility, a delicate aroma, and a rare concentration of the purest elements of nutrition, distinguish the Maravilla Cocoa above all others. For Invalids and Dyspeptics we could not recommend a more agreeable or valuable beverage." For further favourable opinions vide Standard, Morning Post, British Medical Journal, &c., &c.

HOMCEOPATHIC COCOA.

This original preparation has attained a world-wide reputation, and is manufactured by TAYLOR BROTHERS, under the ablest HOMCEOPATHIC advice, aided by the skill and experience of the inventors, and will be found to combine in an eminent degree the purity, fine aroma, and nutritious property of the FRESH NUT.

SOLUBLE CHOCOLATE.

Made in One Minute Without Boiling.

THE ABOVE ARTICLES are prepared exclusively by TAYLOR BROTHERS, the largest manufacturers in Europe, and sold in tin-lined packets only, by Storekeepers and others all over the world. Steam Mills, Brick Lane, London. Export Chocolate Mills, Bruges, Belgium. 8-14 1y

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.

THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE.

CHLORODYNE is admitted by the Profession to be the most wonderful and valuable remedy ever discovered. CHLORODYNE is the best remedy known for Coughs, Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma. CHLORODYNE effectually checks and arrests those too often fatal diseases—Diphtheria, Fever, Croup, Ague. CHLORODYNE acts like a charm in Diarrhoea, and is the only specific in Cholera and Dysentery. CHLORODYNE effectually cuts short all attacks of Epilepsy, Hysteria, Palpitation, and Spasms. CHLORODYNE is the only palliative in Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Cancer, Toothache, Meningitis, &c.

From LORD FRANCIS CONYNGHAM, Mount Charles, Donegal: 17th December, 1868. Lord Francis Conyngham, who this time last year bought some of Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne from Mr. Davenport, and has found it a most wonderful medicine, will be glad to have half-a-dozen bottles sent at once to the above address.

Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians that he received a dispatch from Her Majesty's Consul at Manilla, to the effect that Cholera has been raging fearfully, and that the ONLY remedy of any service was CHLORODYNE.—See Lancet, 1st December 1864.

CAUTION.—BEWARE OF PRACY AND IMITATIONS. CAUTION.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. PAGE WOOD stated that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE was undoubtedly the Inventor of CHLORODYNE; that the story of the Defendant, FREEMAN, was deliberately untrue, which, he regretted to say, had been sworn to.—See Times, 13th July, 1864. Sold in Bottles at 1s. 11d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. each. None is genuine without the words 'DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE' on the Government Stamp. Overwhelming Medical Testimony accompanies each bottle. SOLE MANUFACTURER:—J. T. DAVENPORT, 33 GREAT RUSSELL STREET, BLOOMSBURY, LONDON. S-23 or e2w-25t-582

AMERICAN WATCHES

Illustrated catalogues containing price list, giving full information How to Choose a Good Watch Price 10 cents. Address. S. P. KLEISER, P. O. Box 1022, Toronto. No. 34 Union Block, Toronto Street, Toronto. 9-21-Jan-620

THE FOLLOWING IS AN EXTRACT FROM A LETTER

dated 15th May, 1872, from an old inhabitant of Horningsham, near Warminster, 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 78 years old. Remaining, Gentlemen, yours very respectfully, L. S."

To the Proprietors of NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS, London. 10-1-26f-e2w-629

Grand Trunk Railway

ON AND AFTER MONDAY NEXT, 18th instant, an Accommodation Train for MONTREAL and Intermediate Stations will leave RICHMOND at 5.30 A.M., arriving at MONTREAL at 9.10 A.M. Returning, will leave MONTREAL at 5.15 P.M. arriving at Richmond at 9 P.M. C. J. Brydges, MANAGING DIRECTOR. 7-21 1f



Printed and published by the DEBARRATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, 1, Place d'Armes Hill, and 319, St. Antoine street, Montreal.