

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.

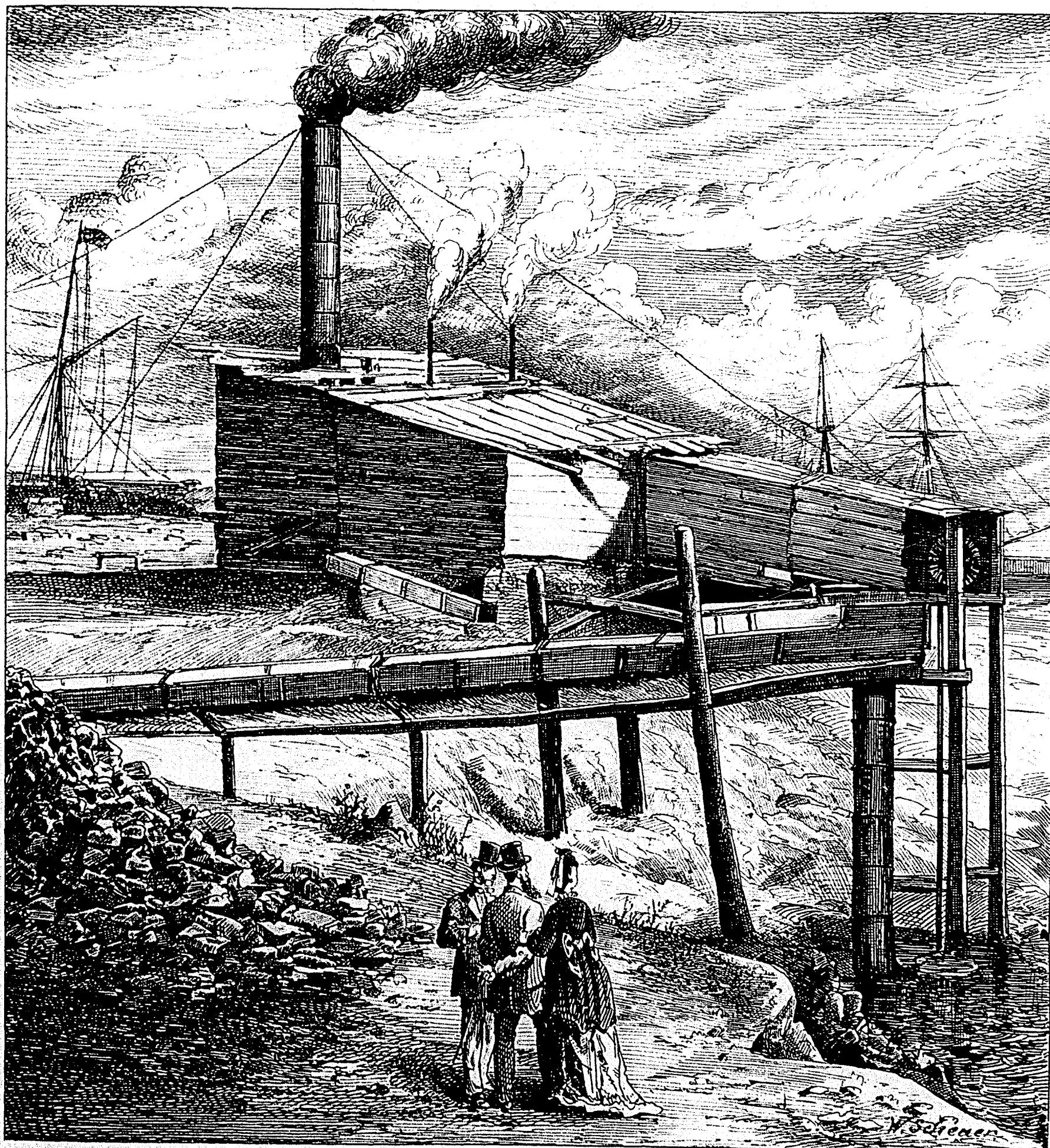
THE MONTREAL FREE PRESS

Wholesale News

Vol. X.—No. 15.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1874.

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



CANAL EXCAVATIONS AT MONTREAL: THE ENGINE HOUSE AND FLUME.—By W. SCHEUER.

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.

FIRST-CLASS AGENTS WANTED

for the advertising and subscription departments of this
 paper. Good percentage, large and exclusive territory,
 given to each canvasser, who will be expected, on the
 other hand, to furnish security. Apply to the Manager.

The next number of the

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

will contain several illustrations of the

QUEBEC BI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

A NEW STORY.

We beg to announce that we have arranged with Mr.

WILKIE COLLINS

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

"THE LAW AND THE LADY."

This we shall publish simultaneously with its appearance
 in London, and will give the first chapters in our issue of
 the 17th October. This story is not only worthy of Mr.
 Collins' great reputation, but is stated to be the best he
 has written. Our readers may therefore expect a rare
 treat from its perusal in our columns.

Canadian Illustrated News.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCT. 10, 1874.

NOTICE.

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

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

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

In its letter-press pages the News will be essentially a
 family and literary paper. It will be made a necessity

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

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

THE GREAT STANDARD MAP OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

We have the pleasure to announce that the immense
 labour attending the engraving and printing of this great
 work is at an end, and that in ten days or a fortnight we
 will issue to subscribers the Map which we advertised
 nearly two years ago. "Johnston's New Topographical
 "Map of the whole Dominion of Canada, with a large
 "section of the United States, compiled from the latest
 "and most authentic sources, with additions and correc-
 "tions to date of publication," is now ready and being
 mounted and varnished for delivery. It has been ap-
 proved by the most eminent authorities in the Dominion,
 including Andrew Russell, Esq., Geographer to the Do-
 minion Government; Lieutenant-Colonel Dennis, Sur-
 veyor-General; Thomas Devine, Esq., F. R. G. S., Sur-
 veyor-in-Chief, Ontario; Sandford Fleming, Esq., Gov-
 ernment Engineer-in-Chief, Ottawa. The size of the
 finished map is seven feet in length by five feet in
 height. It is coloured in counties, districts, and pro-
 vinces, mounted on cloth, varnished, and set on rollers
 ready to hang up. No trouble or expense has been spared
 to ensure to this Map the position of "THE STANDARD
 MAP OF CANADA" for years to come.

Further particulars will be given in our next issue of
 the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

CANVASSERS WANTED.

In connection with the above announcement we require
 the services of a few first class, reliable canvassers to sell
 Johnston's Map. Apply at once at the office of this
 paper.

THE RECIPROCITY TREATY.

The discussion on the Reciprocity Treaty may be pro-
 nounced virtually at an end. Representatives of every
 interested class have met and passed resolutions there-
 upon. The opinion of the country at large is clear and
 unequivocal. Nothing now remains but Parliamentary
 action. When that will be reached—whether at an early
 or a late session, whether in advance or in the wake of
 the American Congress—is as yet a matter of uncertainty.
 But late or early, that action will be fraught with the
 most momentous consequences to the future of Canada,
 and the eyes of the country will be directed to it with an
 anxious attention not bestowed upon any event since the
 establishment of Confederation. Political writers and
 speakers may exaggerate about many things, but they
 can scarcely overestimate the importance of a measure
 which binds the country to a certain commercial and
 industrial policy for the long term of twenty years. The
 people have felt this, and hence the earnestness with
 which they have discussed it during the past five months.

That discussion has been in every way creditable. All
 taint of partizanship was eliminated from it. Prominent
 Boards of Trade, with the Dominion Board at their head,
 were almost unanimous in their opinions, spite of the
 fact that they are composed of men of every political
 creed. Leading speakers, both Liberal and Conservative,
 have thoroughly canvassed the subject, while expressly
 deprecating the introduction into it of any side issues.
 The question has all along been regarded as a national,
 not a party one. Therein lies its importance, and therein
 also lies the strength which the opinion of the whole
 people must carry with it. It is only to be hoped that
 when the measure passes from the hands of the country
 to that of our representatives it will be handled in the
 same spirit, with a single eye to the public good.

The general opposition to the Treaty is not conceived

in a temper of hostility, but rather of regret. To the
 principle of reciprocity everybody in the country is
 favourable. Neither would any one object to straining a
 point in obtaining it. Even the advances made by Mr.
 BROWN and Sir EDWARD THORNTON, which some speakers
 have seen fit to brand as a national humiliation, might be
 overlooked, in view of the greater good to be obtained
 from their offers to the American Congress. Altogether,
 our Government was only carrying out the wishes of the
 country in bidding for a renewal of reciprocal trade rela-
 tions with the United States. Hence the disappointment,
 rather than the vexation, with which the principal fea-
 tures of the treaty are regarded by the majority of the
 people.

As it stands at present, the agricultural classes are the
 only ones likely to be benefited by it. But it is some-
 thing remarkable that even among our farmers there is no
 marked enthusiasm in its favour. Members of exclu-
 sively agricultural counties have pronounced against it,
 with the sanction of their constituents. Speakers in
 agricultural districts have been heartily applauded in their
 criticisms of the same. A prominent farmer of the
 Eastern Townships told ourselves, only the other day,
 that up to latterly he and his neighbours were partial to
 reciprocity, but did not care so much for it now, as, owing
 to the construction of interior railways, they found a
 readier market for their dairy produce—milk, butter and
 cheese—in Montreal, than in St. Albans. He further
 stated that farmers could not, in the long run, derive
 benefit from a measure which would cripple the manufac-
 tures of the country. His reasoning was simple, but
 correct. The different branches of trade do not run on
 parallel lines, independent of each other. They act and
 react on one another. They are mutually necessary. They
 tend to one main focus—the prosperity of the country.
 What injures one must cripple the other. One cannot
 prosper at the expense of the rest.

Besides the products of her soil, Canada depends upon
 two things—manufactures and carrying facilities. And
 it is precisely these two which are more or less jeopar-
 dized by the proposed treaty. In regard to the first, the
 circumstances of the country are peculiar. Every branch
 of manufacture is in a nascent state. Large sums of
 money have been spent on the faith of an unalterable
 tariff of moderate protection. Were we powerful in re-
 sources and population, we might stand the strain of
 American competition; but in our present state of inci-
 pient, almost rudimentary development, it is more than
 questionable whether free trade would not be ruinous.
 Such is certainly the general feeling throughout the Do-
 minion. As to the throwing open of our fluvial and
 marine highways, and the enlargement of our canals, no
 serious objection could be made, provided that a plain
quid pro quo were furnished. But that is precisely the
 difficulty. We do not see how the building of the Cough-
 nawaga Canal, under present stipulations, can be de-
 fended, and the denial of the American coasting trade
 takes away a large measure of compensation for the free
 navigation of our lakes, rivers, and canals. In view of
 these considerations, so calmly and dispassionately made
 by the people, it is to be hoped that the Government will
 act in a like judicial spirit, remembering that it is the
 depositary not only of Canadian honour, but the guardian
 of Canadian well-being.

PARTY RECONSTRUCTION.

The attentive observer of the march of public events
 within the past few months, must have noticed with satis-
 faction, as a healthful sign of progress, the various pro-
 cesses of elimination and reorganization which are taking
 place in the different parties of the Dominion. After the
 great battle fought at Ottawa last autumn, when a long-
 tried Government fell, and another mounted to power in
 its place, it was only natural that the combatants should
 look about them, survey the field of strife, count the
 casualties, and then proceed to put their forces on a new
 military footing. There is no doubt that the downfall of
 the MACDONALD Administration constitutes an era in Can-
 adian politics. It has affected the Liberal and Con-
 servative parties. It has not only changed their relations
 toward each other, but has likewise modified their own
 internal organization.

The Liberal party bears its honours well. It runs
 smoothly in the grooves of office with little of the jars or
 brusqueries which might have been expected from the
 novelty of the situation. It is fast carrying out a policy
 for itself, associating its name with measures of radical
 reform such as the new Election bill and the Contested
 Elections bill. It has taken a bold step forward in the
 matter of reciprocity, and no matter what may be the fate
 of the present draught treaty, the Government which
 champions it deserves the credit of honest effort towards
 ameliorating the trade relations between the United

States and Canada. Reform demonstrations have taken place in several localities, and at all of them the declaration of principles made by the speakers pointed to an earnest intention of conducting the government in a pure and patriotic spirit.

The Conservatives stand their defeat manfully. This every unprejudiced opponent must concede. And in that fact we note a proof of the continued vitality of the party. But it has done more than hold its own. It has undergone an almost thorough reconstruction. Perhaps there is no more striking indication of the salutary force of public opinion since the catastrophe of the Pacific scandal, than the attitude of the Conservative party in its determination to purge itself of every taint of dishonour. At the late Convention, held in the city of Toronto, the enunciated platform was clear and emphatic on this head. Whatever may have been the errors of the past, the Conservatives declare that they intend their future to be free from any suspicion of intrigue. And it must be said that they have sealed their words by their works. The fall of the late Quebec Government is evidence of that fact. It is no mere sentimentalism to say that the party has given a good example in this unfortunate circumstance. It broke through the trammels of the old slavish discipline. It enforced the almost forgotten principle that the party is not the blind follower of chiefs, but that the chiefs are merely the custodians of the party's influence and good faith and must regulate themselves accordingly.

But what we most welcome in the late action of the two great parties is a spirit of independence not only as to individual leaders, but mainly as to prominent public questions. People are beginning to view national measures, not so much in the light of partizan triumph, or in the light of the greatest good of the greatest number. This spirit has been strikingly manifested in the discussion of the Reciprocity Treaty, to which we refer in other article of the present issue. Those who have followed the course of American politics, during the past two or three years, must have noticed the immense strides which independent journalism has made among our neighbours, and the beneficial results which have ensued in consequence. The very best papers in the United States, such as the *Tribune* of New York, the *Cincinnati Gazette*, the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, the *Chicago Tribune* and the *Missouri Republican*, were the first to take this stand, by a concerted movement, and they have maintained it bravely. Their influence has imparted a wonderful vitality to political discussion and actions. We are pleased to see that much of the same spirit is manifesting itself in our own press, obedient to the remarkable example set by the people themselves.

A WANT SUPPLIED.

It has been for some years past a common complaint that a good, reliable map of the Dominion does not exist; that the few maps published are unreliable owing either to carelessness in the getting up or to the rapidly increasing number of surveys and the frequent alteration of boundaries.

We have great pleasure in announcing that this much felt want has at last been supplied by the publication of JOHNSTON'S New Topographical Map of Canada, containing the whole of the Dominion, Newfoundland, and a large section of the United States, compiled from the latest and most authentic sources, and revised and corrected up to the date of issue. The size of this new standard map is 7 ft. x 5 ft.; extending from Newfoundland to Manitoba and from Hudson's Bay to the latitude of Baltimore; and drawn on the scale of 27½ miles to the inch. The whole has been compiled from the latest astronomical observations, the Official Surveys and Records of the Department of Crown Lands, as well as from county maps, and local and railway surveys. The territory between Manitoba and Vancouver's Island is given from a separate, and supplementary, map on a scale of 50 miles to the inch. This arrangement admits of the old Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia being mapped on a scale large enough to shew accurately all *bonâ fide* surveys. For the Great N. W. Territory and British Columbia—where comparatively little has been done in the way of actual survey—a smaller scale answers every purpose. The whole map is thus kept within the dimensions best adapted for general office use.

The following are some of the most important details, which have been collated with great care, from the latest Official Plans and Reports:—Recent Explorations and Surveys in the N. W. Territory; New Boundary Lines Electoral Districts and Divisions; New Townships and Mining Locations; all New Railways; Canals and Colonization Roads; the "Free Grant Lands" and New Settlements; Elevations of the Inland Waters and Mountainous regions above the Sea marked in feet and the correct delineation of all prominent Topographical features.

In connection with the general and detail map there are two supplementary maps—one already mentioned, and the other exhibiting the relative geographical position of the Dominion and other countries, shewing the Great Routes of Travel both by Land and Water; shortest lines of communications; telegraph lines in operation and projected; distances, &c., &c., with much other new and valuable information.

The explored route for the *Canadian Pacific Railway* with its connections—East and West—is accurately laid down from data supplied by the Government Engineer; also, the Route of the *Northern Pacific Railway* (United States), of which a correct plan of the actual location, specially prepared for this map, has been sent to Mr. JOHNSTON by the Chief Engineer.

Special information has also been furnished by the following engineers:—SANDFORD FLEMING, Chief Engineer of the Intercolonial and Canada Pacific Railways; E. P. HANNAFORD, of the Grand Trunk; J. KENNEDY, of the Great Western; O. JONES, of the Great Northern; CHARLES LEGGE, of the Northern Colonization Railway, and the Ottawa and Coteau Railway; General SEYMOUR, of the North Shore Railroad; and W. M. GIBSON, of the Northern Pacific RR.

The compiler has also consulted the following authorities:—Sir W. E. LOGAN'S Geological Map of Canada; the Map of British Columbia by the Hon. J. W. TRUCH; Manuscript Map of the North West Territories by Lt. Col. DENNIS, Surveyor-General; Map of Manitoba by the same; Map of Ontario, by THOS. DEVINE, F. R. G. S.; Map of Quebec, by E. TACHÉ; McMillan's Map of New Brunswick; COLTON'S (U. S.) County and State Maps; and the Map of Canada prepared for the Department of Agriculture under the direction of ANDREW RUSSELL, late Assistant-Commissioner of Crown Land.

As a single example of the fidelity of the new Standard Map we may point to the fact that it gives the results of the United States and Dominion Boundary Survey as far as obtained up to July last, and shows the new acquisition of territory by the United States in the neighbourhood of the Lake of the Woods.

Mr. JOHNSTON has been engaged on the compilation and drawing of this map, unremittingly, for a period of nearly four years, and two years have been spent upon the immense labour of engraving and printing. Neither labour nor expense has been economised in the endeavour to gain for this great Geographical and Topographical work the merit of being the Standard Map of Canada for many years to come.

The manuscript has been submitted to the following eminent authorities, receiving their unqualified approval and recommendation:—ANDREW RUSSELL, Esq., Geographer to the Dominion Government; Lt. Col. DENNIS, Surveyor-General; THOS. DEVINE, F. R. G. S., Surveyor-in-Chief, Ontario, and SANDFORD FLEMING, Government Engineer-in-Chief.

The Map, coloured in Counties, Districts, and Provinces, mounted on cloth, varnished, set on rollers, and furnished in the best style will be delivered to Agents and Subscribers complete in every particular, and ready to hang up. Price to Subscribers \$12.00. Intending Subscribers will please send in their names as early as possible. Parties at a distance will receive their Maps free of any charge beyond the price of subscription.

General Agents throughout the Provinces will find it to their advantage to make early application for the sale of this Map, either to the office of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, or to J. JOHNSTON, C. E., 39 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE INTERIOR OF A NEWSPAPER OFFICE.

I.—THE GENUS JOURNALIST.

There is one advantage anyhow. I know what I am writing about, when I undertake to describe the inner workings of a newspaper office. At least, I ought to know, for I have passed through all its grades, have viewed its bright sides and its dark sides, have shared in its triumphs and its humiliations, have slaved in it at only a vulgar pittance a week, and have done its lighter and nicer work at a respectable salary. There is many a lawyer knows nothing about law, many a doctor knows nothing about medicine, many a preacher knows nothing about theology, but I know all about my newspaper. And I love it. Dear old newspaper! I love its narrow galleries covered with hieroglyph corrections like a palimpsest or an Egyptian pyramid. I love the music of its presses thundering in the silent hours. I love the sheet when it is made up, still wet from the forms and faintly redolent of diapers or kitchen towels. But I never read it. That is, I never read my own paper. And least of all, I never read my own articles. We all have a trick that way. I mean the older hands. The younger fellows act differently for a while. After writing and rewriting their paragraphs and correcting the

proofs till a late hour of the night, they rise early next morning and rush for a copy of the paper. They retire to a corner where no one can see them. There they rapidly glance over the paragraphs to see that they are all right. Then they read them over carefully. Next they read them half aloud to be satisfied that they are really musical. Finally, they take a stroll down the street, with the assurance that every one they come across has read them too, and is going to stop to inquire who wrote them. But these novices soon learn better sense. After a few weeks, they give over looking at the paper.

And why? Because they find out that the paper is a humbug. That is a queer thing to say, but alas! it is the truth. *Experto crede Roberto*. Newspapers are humbugs and no mistake. If the people only knew what we knew. There is that venerable old party sitting on the porch of his hotel, with spectacles on nose, deeply absorbed in a leading article, every word of which he takes for gospel. If he knew that that leader was written by a beardless youngster who knows little and cares less about politics, and who dashed off the article only upon "a few hints" of the manager. "Pitch into them lively," was the last thing the manager said when they parted for the night. There is that sentimental young damsel getting into ecstasies over the account of a theatrical or operatic performance and then and there making up her mind that papa or Jimmy must take her there to-night. If she knew that that account was wrenched out of a bored reporter by a suppliant actor or a wheedling actress, or, still more frequently, by the business manager who orders a "big puff," in requital for a lot of "jobbing" done in the office. There is that solemn clergyman reading a pious and learned dissertation on this, that or the other subject of religious controversy. If he knew that the paper in question was dashed up, in the dearth of more exciting topics, by a fellow who either does not belong to his church or else to no church at all.

I have sat in my sanctum—I call that a "sanctum," reader, which you would most likely call a den, a room about twelve feet by eight, with a few rickety chairs, a bare table that will rock on its three good legs, and a gazetteer about ten years old, which has the amiable peculiarity of always being minus the one page which I want to consult.—Well, I have sat in my "sanctum," and written letters from Ottawa which were either so good or so bad, that several people have asked me to tell them who the Ottawa man was that wrote them. I have written flaming notices of concerts, readings, lectures and bazaars, at which I was not present, nay frequently before they took place. I have seen long and eloquent *ex tempore* speeches in type, with the "cheers" and the "hear hear," at the right or wrong places, twenty-four hours before the speeches were delivered. More than once, when an alderman in Council or an orator at a public meeting, had made a fool of himself, I have put a really decent speech in his mouth for the morning paper and been heartily thanked for it. On one occasion I saw an alderman accept with much complacency the compliments of a friend on the nice speech I had made for him. After all this, who can wonder that the journalist laughs at the humbug of his profession?

The newspaper man need not necessarily be a cynic or a sceptic, but he sees so much of the secret, selfish ways of men that he cannot possibly pass for an optimist. I doubt whether the priest or the doctor knows more about the miseries and mysteries of life than does the journalist. He has to do with all sorts of people and almost always under exceptional circumstances. The dreadful weapon of publicity which he wields brings suppliants to his feet who carry their heads high in the thoroughfares of men. There are sinners who come to him with confessions that would make the town run wild, if they were published. People talk of the Beecher black-mailing. There is no journalist of any experience who can not tell of the multitudinous and insidious forms of that obsession. The black-mailer sticks at nothing. He has a sliding scale of endearments, from a hundred dollar bill to a glass of whiskey; of menaces, from a six-shooter to a back-bite. And then the favours that the newspaper man is called upon to dispense. Why, his dingy little den is thronged like a throne room. Sardanapalus could not be imagined more bountiful. See the courtiers coming in. There is the intriguing politician—a plague on the scurvy tribe; the begging clergyman; the theatrical manager, with his greasy tickets; the circus agent, with his passes; the patent medicine man; the man with the wonderful new discovery; the poetical contributor; the commercial traveller; the man who wants his name out of the Police Court; the rival insurance agent; the man who is a "particular friend" of the proprietor and last, and, worse than all put together, the female canvasser. Every one of these wants something and wants it for nothing. He or she comes in just when you are the busiest, when you are writing an important article, when your imagination is about to take unto itself wings for a flight into the empyrean. And he or she stops in spite of your hems or your yawns, evidently believing that he or she is called upon to keep you company in your idleness. The best part of the joke is that when you have allowed your good nature to be imposed upon to the extent of granting every one of the favours, these people will not thank you for it and when next they meet you on the street, they will forget all about having ever seen you. How can a journalist be goody or spooney with such experiences?

THE BROWN-MORRIS BOAT-RACE.

The contest which came off on the Kennebecasis on the 26th ult., between George Brown, of Halifax, and Evan Morris, of Pittsburg, was the most important of the kind that has taken place in this country since the inter-provincial matches in the Lower Provinces, and excited almost as much interest as the Renforth and Tyne race which terminated so fatally. The day originally was Friday, the 25th, but the water being in an unfavourable condition, it was postponed until the Saturday. On the following morning at seven, the water was pronounced to be in good condition for rowing, and Dr. Thos. Walker, the referee and starter, was about to call the race when it was discovered that the stake-boats had been neglected and were not in position. This blundering was the cause of two hours' delay. In the meantime a fresh breeze sprang up, rendering the river rough and unfit. This caused a further postponement till 3 o'clock, when the water was in a fit condition and the race was called. The toss for position was won by Morris, who selected the inside. At 3 o'clock the word was given, the men dipped their sculls at the same time, and the shells flew over the course, Brown rowing 33 strokes to the minute and Morris 41. Excitement was now rife, the crowd eagerly watching the contest. Morris took a slight lead till the turning stake-boat was reached, where Brown, making the turn, shot ahead of his opponent a full length; this advantage he preserved to the end, reaching the winning-boat after a magnificent spurt, leaving his rival fully two lengths and a half behind. Time thirty-seven minutes. The race throughout was very hotly contested, and was considered by competent judges to be the best aquatic encounter witnessed on these waters.

Speaking of the winner, who is now champion of this continent, a writer in the Halifax Chronicle says:—

"George Brown should row one more race and then retire on his laurels. That one race, we need hardly say, should be with Joseph H. Sadler, the English champion, the only opponent whom Brown has failed to defeat. Mr. Brown's racing days are passing away. He is advancing in years, and it cannot be expected that he will be much longer able to hold his own against all comers. He has reached the top of the hill and will hereafter be going down, while younger men, such as Scharif and Morris, against whom he will have to compete if he remains in the field, will be daily rising in strength and skill. Brown is, as we know, anxious to row Sadler, and we think his friends will be unwise if they allow any small obstacle to prevent a race being arrang-



EVAN MORRIS, OF PITTSBURG.
THE UNSUCCESSFUL CONTESTANT IN THE BROWN-MORRIS RACE.

ed. As Sadler won't row five miles, Brown might accommodate him by agreeing to row four. The race in which the two men met in Halifax was only three miles, and Brown is quite satisfied that he could have won then had not Sadler 'jockeyed' him. He has no reason to be, and we are sure he is not, afraid of a four-mile race. The only condition that he need insist on is that each man should keep his own water, and that the distance between the two be sufficient to prevent any "jockeying." With such precautions, a good boat and fairplay, there is little doubt that Brown can win, and remove all doubts—if there are any—of his right to be recognized as the champion oarsman of the world. Then he can retire satisfied, which he will not be, if he fails to get a race with Sadler. Mr. Brown's abilities as an oarsman, combined with his modesty, perfect sobriety, and undoubted honesty, have done honour to himself and to his country, and whether he continues to be victorious or is defeated, he will never want friends in Halifax."

Morris, Brown's opponent, whose portrait we produce herewith, is quite a young man, counting only twenty-four years of age, who promises well for his future exploits, and will doubtless make a great name for himself in the world of aquatics.

THE PONTIGNY PILGRIMS.

An occasional correspondent and artist, already known to our readers by a number of sketches and scenes which have appeared in the News over the initials "W. O. C.," has forwarded us a sketch of the scene on board the steamer "Bordeaux," previous to the starting of the English pilgrims for Dieppe, en route for Paris and Pontigny. The pilgrimage this year was far from being such a success as that which took place last year to Notre Dame de Lourdes and Paray-le-Monial. Only some three hundred out of the four or five million Roman Catholics who inhabit the British Isles, took part in the journey to the tomb of St. Edmund of Canterbury. The reader will notice on looking at the illustration that many of the pilgrims wear a badge on their left breast. This is the badge of the "Sacred Heart," a device consisting of a human heart, out of which a cross grows, in red cloth sewn on a white ground.

"Evening."—The readers of the News have long been familiar with the productions of Mr. Allan Edson, who holds a high artistic rank in this country and continent. On the opposite page we reproduce one of this artist's latest works, after a pen-etching by himself.



GREAT BRITAIN.—THE PONTIGNY PILGRIMS EMBARKING AT NEWHAVEN FOR DIEPPE.—AFTER A SKETCH BY W. O. C.

HON. WM. ROSS.

Lieut.-Col. Hon. William Ross, P.C., late Minister of Militia and Defence, is the son of Mr. John Ross, who came to Nova Scotia from Sutherlandshire, Scotland, in 1816. He was born at Boulardine Island, Cape Breton, in 1825, and was married in 1855 to Eliza, youngest daughter of Peter Moore, Esq., of North Sydney, Cape Breton. He is Lieut.-Colonel of the 3rd Regiment Victoria Militia. He sat for Victoria, Nova Scotia, in the Assembly of that Province, from 1859 until the union. At the general elections of 1867 he was elected to the House of Commons for the same county, and in 1872 was elected by acclamation. On the advent of the present Government he was called to the Privy Council and offered the portfolio of Militia and Defence. Rumours of his resignation of that important office have been rife since the session of Parliament last spring, but they have been confirmed only within the last few days. His successor is Hon. Mr. Vail of Nova Scotia. Hon. Mr. Ross has been appointed Collector of Customs at Halifax.

CANADIAN METHODISM.

We give on this page the portraits of some of the prominent members of the General Conference of the United Canadian Wesleyan Methodist Church, recently convened at Toronto, Ontario. Fifty years ago Methodism had just commenced gaining ground in British North America, and was comparatively feeble in point of numbers, in its ministry and in its places of worship, but of late its growth has been remarkably rapid. The last census of Canada, taken in 1870, showed that at that time the Methodists were the largest Protestant denomination in the Dominion.

The Canadian Methodists have been under the jurisdiction of several Conferences. Soon after the consummation of the political union of the British Provinces in the Dominion of Canada, the Methodists began to feel the want of a closer ecclesiastical union for the advancement of the interests of the denomination, and measures were set on foot to effect this object. The Conference which held jurisdiction over the Wesleyans of Ontario and Quebec was known as the Canada Conference. At a session of this body held in 1871 the Rev. S. D. Rice, D.D., and the Rev. James Elliott were appointed delegates to the Conference of Eastern British America to request that delegates be sent therefrom to the next Canada Conference to consider the question of union and the necessary measures to carry the movement into effect. In pursuance of this scheme,

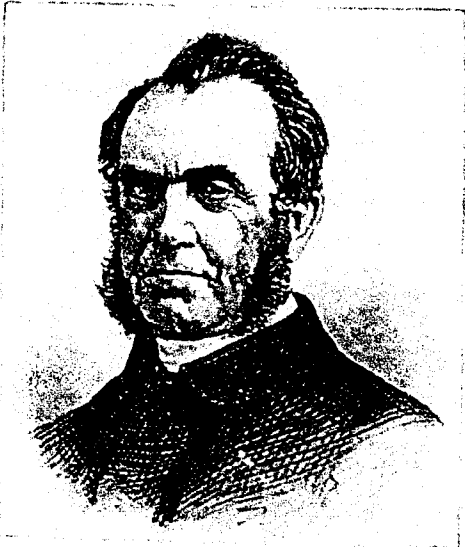


THE HON. WM. ROSS, EX-MINISTER OF MILITIA.
—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPLEY, OF OTTAWA.

the Rev. Humphrey Pickard, D.D., and the Rev. Duncan D. Currie were appointed delegates from the Conference of Eastern British America, and met the Canada Conference at its session in Montreal in 1872. At this meeting the subject of union was discussed in all its bearings, and the scheme was deemed entirely practicable as well as eminently desirable.

To further complete the measures of union, a large and influential committee representing the several Conferences, met at Montreal in the autumn of the same year, and prepared a constitution for the united Church. That constitution was soon afterward accepted by the Wesleyan Conferences of Canada and of England, and by the New Connection Conference of Ontario. The constitution provides that the old Canada Conference be divided into three bodies, to be designated the Toronto, the London, and the Montreal Conferences, and that the old Conference of Eastern British America be likewise divided into three bodies, the Nova Scotia, the New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, and the Newfoundland Conferences. These bodies, with the New Connection Conference of Ontario, this year send representatives to the First General Conference of the United Canadian Wesleyan Methodist Church, which met at Toronto September 16. The Rev. Egerton Ryerson, D.D., LL.D., was chosen President, and the Rev. Duncan D. Currie Secretary, of the Conference.

The several Conferences of the Dominion were largely and ably represented in the General Conference. The London (Ontario) Conference sent fifty delegates; the Montreal Conference, thirty-six; the New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, sixteen; the Nova Scotia, eighteen; the Newfoundland, four; the New Connection Conference, twenty-four. One half the delegates are laymen. These delegates, in all numbering one hundred and ninety-six, represent a denomination which is rapidly increasing in strength and influence throughout the Dominion of Canada. It has already about twelve hundred ministers, considerably more than a hundred thousand communicants, and about six hundred and fifty thousand adherents. The union under one General Conference has been effected quietly and without agitation, although it involved a radical change in the constitution of Canadian Methodism. The change cannot fail to be productive of good results. The united Churches will be more intimately connected than ever before, and there will be increased unity of action and greater concentration of effort, which must tend largely to promote the usefulness of the Methodist denomination in Canada.



REV. JAMES ELLIOTT.



REV. EGERTON RYERSON, D.D., LL.D., PRESIDENT.



REV. DUNCAN D. CURRIE, SECRETARY.



REV. JOHN McMURRAY.



REV. HUMPHREY PICKARD, D.D.



REV. ENOCH WOOD, D.D.



REV. JOHN A. WILLIAMS.



REV. HENRY POPE, JUN.

SOME PROMINENT CANADIAN METHODISTS PRESENT AT THE RECENT GENERAL COUNCIL.

SOME NEW BOOKS.

Messrs Harper & Brothers have just issued a revised edition of *Barnes's Notes on the Thessalonians, Timothy, Titus, and Philemon*. It is outwardly a neat, unpretending duodecimo volume soberly bound in black cloth. Of the contents it is unnecessary to speak, but we take this occasion of drawing the attention of clergymen, theological students, Sunday School, and Bible-readers generally to this very handy form of a standard work on Biblical literature. (Montreal: Dawson Bros. pp. 303. Price \$1.00.)

Sylvia's Choice, (New York: Harper & Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Bros.) by Georgiana M. Craik, author of 'Mildred,' 'The Cousin from India,' etc., etc, forms the 418th number of Harper's well-known series of paper-covered novels. Of the whole four hundred and eighteen it is one of the most unsatisfactory. To gain substantial success a novel should belong to one of two classes; either it must be purely and entirely sensational; or it must show originality of conception and treatment, accompanied by purity of style, vigour of expression, and a not too glaring deviation from the laws of mundane probability. Mrs. Craik's last novel belongs to neither category. The plot is far from new. Of 'situations,' those necessary adjuncts to the novel of the sensational type, there are absolutely none worth speaking of. The style, although it evinces a certain facility in writing, is painfully common-place; and the interest of the reader is, to all appearances, entirely lost sight of. Even with the meagre materials with which the author set to work an attempt might have been made to engage the reader's attention and sympathy. It is not the kind of work that evinces careful and conscientious labour. To use a painter's phrase, it bears every trace of being a 'pot-boiler'—the very worst kind of production for the fame of the producer. Of course it will be read—worse novels by far have obtained perusal before this. The demand for light reading is so great these days that the poorest work of fiction stands a chance. Hence the unlimited supply of 'pot-boilers;' and hence, too, the vitiated tastes of the majority of novel-readers. It is only fair, however, to say of Mrs. Craik's book that it contains no positively objectionable features. It is a good dull novel, spun out in an exasperating manner to the regulation length—a book the perusal of which will do no one the slightest harm, and just as certainly will give the reader no new ideas and a remarkably small amount of entertainment. (Paper, 8vo, pp. 121. Price 50 cents.)

Salem: A Tale of the Seventeenth Century, by D. R. Castleton, (New York; Harper and Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.) is a relation in the form of a story—a somewhat disconnected one, it is true—of the events relating to the supposed possession of the New England 'Afflicted Children.' The subject is not a new one. Most readers are familiar with the story of the bewitched children at Salem as told in Longfellow's 'New England Tragedies' Mr. Castleton has, however, been at some pains to collect the true facts of these cruel persecutions and to incorporate them in a popular form which is likely to attract a larger number of readers than Longfellow's verse. As a story it is hardly up to the mark, and it is considerably disfigured by the introduction of a cruel amount of Scotch and negro dialect. But these are merely minor defects in a work of this kind. The story form is only used as a vehicle to convey facts of historical value; and to give a clearer idea of the little New England community as it then existed—the habits, modes of life and thought of the persons who composed it. The historical portions of the work are claimed to be strictly authentic; such portions having either been copied from the court records or carefully compiled from the most reliable historians. The book is especially adapted for family reading. The subject is one of unflagging interest, and the mode of treatment skillfully chosen. (Cloth 12mo. Price \$1 25)

The Rev. Leonard Bacon, of New Haven, has just published a work of especial interest to students of religious history, and in the pages of which the omnivorous "general reader" may cull many a choice bit and much valuable information. In *The Genesis of the New England Churches* the author traces, step by step, from the earliest times, the events which led to the exile of the Pilgrim Fathers and their settlement at Plymouth. After first examining the condition of the local churches in the early days of Christianity he follows the gradual changes 'from the Primitive to the Papal,' and from the Papal to the Reformation. At this point he commences work in earnest, and introduces his readers to the leaders of the Puritan and Separatist parties, and narrates concisely the quarrel between these and the National Church, with the long story of persecution and trouble which blackens the page of the ecclesiastical history of the time of Queen Elizabeth. He paints in vivid colours the sufferings of the Separatist leaders, the struggles of the little colonies at Amsterdam and Leyden, and finally the voyage at the 'Mayflower' and the trials that beset the young settlement of Plymouth. The theme is one that many an author might envy, and Mr. Bacon throws his whole soul into his work. He identifies himself throughout with the pious band of Pilgrims, and his narration reads at times almost as the work of one of their number. He is evidently proud of his work and labours at it with a will, giving us as the result a book full of sound, hard reasoning, eloquent language, vivid description, and intensely interesting detail—a book that may be read and re-read with both pleasure and profit. (New York: Harper & Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Bros. Cloth. 12mo. Illustrated, pp. 45. Price \$2.50.)

THE GLEANER.

A careful reader of the synoptic gospels has come to the conclusion that Jesus was a blonde. He conceives him as tall, not quite six feet high, fair and somewhat florid countenance, a hazel-eyed and fair-haired, well-formed body; soft uncalled hands; full sized nose, mouth and chin; large chest.

A writer says tradition makes the apostle Paul of dwarfish stature, sallow complexion, ascetic, holding unspiritual views of marriage, unsympathetic, per-severing.

A labor reformer tersely defines money to be "a baggage check for the transfer of money."

How old governor Wentworth, of New Hampshire, married Martha Tilton, his maid servant.

Without stating his purpose to any one, he invited a number of friends, among them Rev. Arthur Brown, to dine with him at Little Harbor, on his birthday. After the dinner, when the guests were discussing their pipes, Martha glided into the room and stood blushing in front of the chimney place. The guests stared at each other and particularly at her. The Governor rising from his seat,

"Played slightly with his ruffles, then looked down,
And said unto the Reverend Arthur Brown,
This is my birthday; it shall also be
My wedding day; and you shall marry me."

The rector was dumbfounded and could think of nothing cleverer to say than,

"To whom, your Excellency?"

"To this lady," replied the Governor, taking Martha Tilton by the hand.

The Reverend Arthur Brown he-itated.

"As the Chief Magistrate of New Hampshire, I command you to marry me!" cried the firm old governor. And so it was done. And so the pretty kitchen-maid became Lady Wentworth.

The value of a comma.

When the American Senate was debating the Tariff Bill in 1872, the following amendment was unanimously agreed to: "Insert on page 25, section 5th, after line 293: "fruit plants, tropical and semi-tropical, for the purpose of propagation and cultivation."

When the Senate engrossing clerk came to write out the amendment, the word "fruit" was above the line in which "ninety-three," "plants," &c., were written; and evidently from the inverted angle before the word "plant," was meant to be written before "plants, tropical" &c. So he put it and set a comma after it, making it "fruits, plants tropical, semi-tropical, &c."

The House concurred in the amendment as it was written, with the comma in, and in that shape it went to the President, and put fruits on the free list, according to the construction of the Secretary. It is probably the largest small mistake which has ever occurred in legislation, being estimated to have deprived the revenue, up to this time, of about \$2,000,000.

It has been truly said that if there were less scribe in dress at church, people in moderate circumstances would be more inclined to attend. Also, that universal moderation in dress at church would improve the worship by the removal of many wandering thoughts.

There is a mystery about the effect of the weather on piety. Sabbath heat seems hotter, Sabbath cold colder, and rain wetter than that of any other day. We need a Sabbath almanac, calculated for churches, that will show by its weather scale when it will be safe for a vigorous Christian to expose himself on the Sabbath by going to the house of God.

Hydrophobia is not unfrequently a disease purely of the imagination, but where the virus has really been introduced, wet-sheet packs will take the poison out much more effectually than anything else.

A correspondent asks, "Why keep dogs at all, especially in cities?" Bad dogs kill more than six millions of dollars of sheep in the United States every year.

A magazine writer on character-reading, says truly that mothers should study the mental dispositions of their children, their physical constitutions, their tendency to virtue and to vice, as well as they study the fashion-plates and the luxurious cook-books.

C. C. Lord, like most men, never saves a newspaper, but he reads with a pencil in hand to mark passages or articles which he cuts out and puts away in large sized envelopes. He hopes thus to create a little private encyclopædia. Perhaps he will. But it is more likely, that as hundreds have done before him, he will one day get tired of his hundreds of bulging envelopes and consign them to the fire, with or without an oath, according as his patience is more or less exhausted.

Fine hair does not signify either a quick or a slow temper, but a fine-grained organization, a quick discernment and much susceptibility.

It hath been truly said that many young men now wasting midnight kerosene in reading ten-cent romances will be the leaders of progress—the bar-tenders and pea-nut kings of the side walk—ten years hence.

That man is voted a bore who persists in talking about himself when you wish to talk about yourself.

CANAL EXCAVATION.—It is satisfactory to know that Montreal is awakening to the importance of doing something towards improving the carrying facilities of the Lachine Canal. The works of excavation near the canal basin are progressing favourably, and will afford increased accommodation for vessels of deeper draught or increased tonnage. In connection with the enlargement of our whole canal system, these improvements are very timely indeed. Similar excavations are contemplated higher up at Point St. Charles.

THE STORY OF THE CABBAGE.

A writer in an English magazine, says:—It is recorded that cabbages were first introduced into the North of Scotland by the soldiers of Cromwell, who is stated, in London's "Encyc. Gard.," to have been a great promoter of agriculture, and the useful branches of gardening, and encouraged his soldiers to introduce all the best improvements wherever they went; but in Johnson's "Useful Plants of Great Britain" the notion is contradicted, and an observation made that kale-yards were to be found round the Scottish houses centuries before the Round-heads crossed the Border. The colonies of German fishermen from Cuxhaven and the adjacent places, which peopled the coast of the central parts of East Scotland, are supposed to have brought with them their national love of brassica, and to have introduced some species of those plants, at a very early period, into this part of Scotland, which is more peculiarly "the land of kale." There the cabbage and open colewort are in equal favour, giving the name of kale to a soup of which they form the principal ingredients, the outside leaves and the stalks of the plants falling to the share of the cattle. Many allusions in the old Scotch songs point to the fact of the country about Aberdeen abounding with this vegetable. In recommending the good fare of the country, the poet says,—

"There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,
An' castocks in Stra'bogie."

Cabbage-stems having the fibrous part peeled off and the remainder softened by water, were called castock. Before the introduction of turnips into Scotland, this medullary substance of the stalks of brassica was very commonly eaten by the peasantry. The "Kale-brose o' auld Scotland" is celebrated to the same tune as the "Roast Beef of old England," and though, with many other ancient peculiarities of the people, it has fallen into disuse, it is still considered a national dish. A variety called cow-cabbage was introduced some years ago from La Vendée by Comte de Puysage. The proximity of this department to the ancient province of Anjou, and the description of the plant, leaves no doubt of its identity with the Angou cabbage, a very large variety described in Mill's "Husbandry," vol. iii. In 1827 thirty-six seeds were divided among six agriculturists for the purpose of raising this useful vegetable in England; some of the seeds produced plants of luxuriant growth. But it is in Jersey they are cultivated most successfully, and where they partake of a tree-like character, a peculiarity partly owing to the custom of the peasantry removing the lower leaves almost daily to feed their cows. Thus the cabbage-gardens in Jersey have somewhat the appearance of a little grove of palms. The average height of these plants is about six feet; but when grown in the shade are much taller. They are used for a variety of purposes: the stout ones are employed as cross-spars for the roofs and thatch of small farm-buildings, cottages, &c., and, if kept dry, are said to last many years. The smaller stocks are converted into walking-sticks (Jersey canes) look very nicely when varnished, and are largely purchased by tourists to the island during the summer months. The cauliflower is the most delicate variety of the genus. This vegetable is stated to have come originally from Cyprus (where it is said to have obtained a high perfection) to Italy, from whence it moved slowly to the Netherlands, and reached England about the beginning of the seventeenth century. It was only seen at that time at the tables of the opulent. The brocoli is considered a sub variety of the cauliflower, and is scarcely distinguished botanically from that plant. The stem of the brocoli is rather longer, and the flower-heads smaller. They also possess a greater variety of colours, being sometimes quite green, as well as purple and yellow. A large number of forms are reared in our gardens. Kohl-Rabi is another singular variety; the stem is tumid and somewhat globose at the origin of the leaf, which gives it the appearance of a turnip. In its young state it is sometimes noticed as a vegetable, but is more generally grown for feeding cattle.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* has been visiting Hans Christian Andersen at a suburb of Copenhagen, and writes of a dinner given by some friends with whom he was staying, as follows:

Instead of simply meeting the Melchior family and their distinguished guest, as we expected, we found quite a party of their friends on our arrival, among whom was the poet, Carl Andersen, and two other Danish poets. H. C. Andersen came forward and greeted us in his friendly, earnest manner, as though he were really pleased to see us: he wore a red and white ribbon around his neck, to which was suspended a Danish order. Though we were surrounded by strange faces we soon felt at home in this pleasant, social gathering. On being seated at the dinner-table, I observed a pretty bouquet at each plate, and was informed by our host, at whose right I sat, that Mr. Andersen made them all, that he was in the

habit of arranging the flowers for their table, and my attention was called to the unique and tasteful manner in which the bouquets were made; no two were alike, so peculiar was their arrangement.

Several toasts were offered, and soon after, our host remarked to me that Andersen looked as though he had something to say. The latter arose and offered a toast in Danish, to which my husband responded in appropriate terms. It was afterwards suggested that the author furnish me with a copy of his toast, and, as he was kind enough to do so, I will let his American friends have the benefit of it. In English it is as follows: "England was once our far-off neighbour land, but Time's wisdom brings all nearer, to each other; now America has come nearer to us than England was formerly. A northern people had known and visited the New World even before Columbus had known it. Now it is very near us; we see it with its great life-pulsations. We know the splendour of its colours from Washington Irving's 'Columbus,' its forests and prairies from Cooper's picturesque tales, and perceive its relationship to the North (Scandinavia) from Longfellow's 'Hiawatha.' To me the mighty land has become still dearer on account of the tokens of affection received from so many young hearts. America's children have broken their savings-boxes to divide their treasures with their old Danish poet, whom they believed to be in want. This to me is a page of a fairy-tale in the story of my life. I therefore propose a toast to this dear, mighty land; the more so since one of its representatives is present with his noble wife—a near relation of the able President of the United States. We hope they will convey our hearty greetings."

On adjourning to the parlour the pleasant Danish custom of hand-shaking was observed, beginning with the host and hostess, each one on offering the hand saying: "Well be kommen" (May it become you well.) This is equivalent to the German salutation after dinner of "Blessings on your meal." Taking up a curiously cut paper, pasted upon a blue back-ground, that lay upon the centre-table, I was informed that Andersen cut it. I proceeded to study its novel and intricate designs, which at first glance gave it a slight resemblance to a piece of Honiton lace. This curious paper cutting is now before me, for our hostess kindly presented it to me, and Mr. Andersen wrote his name and mine upon it. There are represented on it grotesque-looking faces, clowns, fairies, dancing-girls, gymnasts, pugilists, soldiers, storks, swans, trees, wind-mills, and the Danish flag.

Mr. Andersen, on leaving the dinner-table, came smilingly towards me and presented me with two bouquets that he had made, at the same time remarking: "Give—not my compliments to America, but my feelings," and his hand approached his heart, when a young lady suggested, "Your love." "Yes," he added, "give my love to America." So I take this opportunity of presenting to the American public the love of Hans Christian Andersen.

THE DAWN.

Yonder the sun in splendour advances;
Mists from the lowlands are fleeing away;
Fluffy white clouds, as o'er them he glances,
Blush with a rose tint, so ardent the ray,
As they sail slowly through
Heaven's celestial blue,
Types of the beautiful, pure, and good,
Bathed like the sunny skies,
Earth, in its beauty, lies
Burnished and glorified, too, by the flood.

Wondrous ocean, on its wave's foamy crest,
Sparkles in sunlight with beauty untold;
Or, when its surface lies peaceful at rest,
Seems it a molten expanse of pure gold;
Mountains and forests green,
Hills and their vales between,
Baptised in the sunshine, glitter with dew
'Till it does really seem
Earth, from chaotic dream,
Basks in the smile of its Maker anew.

Oh, that more human hearts, weary, grieving,
Would drink in the freshness, beauty of dawn,
More of gladness in life's loom be weaving,
More of the faith of our life's primal morn!
More of the tired feet
Treading the dusty street,
Would quicken with joy, more hearts the while
Grow warmer and better,
As day casts night's fetter,
Grow bright in the light of day's glorious smile.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

It is the intention of Marshal Bazaine to reside ultimately in Madrid, where his wife's family have for a long time been living.

It is said that whoever is Duke of Westminster 100 years hence will have such a fortune as even story books never before more than hinted at.

Cremation of the dead is to be carried into operation in Vienna immediately, by order of the municipality of that city, under the advice of the Board of Health.

Senorita Soledad Juarez, the daughter of the late President of Mexico, has become a village "schoolmarm" through the force of necessity. She is a dark brunette beauty and has a carefully cultivated mind.

The Adventists, who usually hold a camp-meeting at Alton Bay, New Hampshire, have divided within a year past. The new party call themselves "Timists;" they have fixed for the date of the end of the world May 1, 1875.

Few even amongst the thriftiest Scotchmen have made a penny go further than a firm of brass and copper wire manufacturers, who recently drew a copper coin into 2,700 feet—more than half a mile—of wire.

It is not generally known that maidenhair fern, when cut and placed in water along with other plants, speedily withers, but if kept by itself it will last for days. This curious phenomenon is more apparent if mignonette or heliotrope is along with it. Can this be owing to the sweet-smelling odour emitted by those flowers?

It is stated that the last new society formed is one of tourists who are going to scour England on tricycles, not bicycles; and ladies are also to be members. There is no indelicacy, say the promoters, in a lady using one. One gentleman and his wife "did" North Wales last summer, he taking the luggage and she the baby, and their pace was from eight to ten miles an hour.

The women of Liverpool, imitating the example of the women of the United States, have started a whiskey war, but there is this difference in their mode of procedure—instead of going into the public-houses and praying for the conversion of the publican and his customers, they pray "that the hearts of the licensing magistrates may be inclined not to increase the facilities for drinking."

About sixteen students of Dartmouth College have served as waiters in the Profile House, White Mountains, during the past summer. They received twenty dollars a month as regular wages, and this sum was often doubled or trebled by donations; so that the season proves quite profitable to the students, and they obtain funds enough for their educational expenses for a considerable time.

The women of St. Louis—or at least some women of St. Louis—according to the reports of a local newspaper, are resolved to ascertain what "business engagements" detain their husbands from home till late in the evening. Accordingly the "Female Protective Club" has been formed, by whose internal machinery investigations are made, and the exact "business engagements" are reported to inquiring wives. Such is the rumour.

The pottery tree of Para is one of the curiosities of Brazil. The stem does not exceed a foot in diameter, and it grows to the height of 100 feet. But the peculiarity of the tree does not consist in its configuration, but in the nature of its wood and bark, which contain so much silica that they are used by potters in the production of earthenware vessels. The bark contains more silica than the wood, and in preparing the bark for the potters' use it is first burnt, and the residuum is pulverised and mixed with clay. An equal quantity of the two ingredients produces a superior ware. The fresh bark cuts like soft sandstone, and when dried it is brittle and difficult to break.

The American Unitarian Association have undertaken to offer a copy of Channing's works as a gift to every settled minister in America. The association, in announcing their purpose, say of their great representative: "By all the world he is coming to be recognized as one of the foremost of American writers, a leading champion of religious and political freedom, of education and philanthropy, a devoted advocate of Christianity, yet superior to sect, a seeker for truth, and a lover of mankind, whose grand utterance and noble character are alike the signal illustration of liberal Christianity." The occasion of this extraordinary act of liberality is the completion of the fiftieth year of the existence of the society.

Some boys recently annoyed an elephant by giving him sticks and tobacco to eat instead of buns. This foolish practical joke made the bear perfectly furious, and his retaliation was prompt and dreadful. Extending his trunk, he suddenly seized within its grasp no fewer than three of the unhappy youths, whose screams and struggles showed that they fully realised their perilous position. Two of them managed to wriggle themselves free, but the third, a boyaged twelve years, named Lubbs, remained encircled by the elephant's trunk. Triumphantly twirling the boy round and round, the elephant, to the horror of the spectators, attempted to swallow him, or at all events to "scrunch" him with its mouth. At this moment a number of men sprang forward, and by blows and entreaties induced the elephant to relax its hold upon the boy, which it did by contemptuously throwing him aside with great violence. After all it ended no worse than breaking the boy's arm and severely bruising him.

A Western paper says: "A boy of Willow Creek, Cal., last February was bitten by a wild cat, and soon got apparently well of the bite. He is a muscular boy of seventeen, and lately he began to be cruel to his younger brothers and often seized with a strong desire to eat babies. His brothers ran from him when the fit was on him, and babies were carefully kept out of his reach. He took it into his head that it was not wrong to kill little children and a very slight crime to murder grown people. His peculiarities began to attract general attention and the people of Willow Creek became afraid of the boy. They called him a human wild cat because when he was attacked with his insane specialty he imitated the motions of a cat. At length he was caught and taken to Yerka, and put into jail for safe keeping. The doctors heard of the case and had a consultation over it. They called his malady *rabies felina*, which means cat madness, and the disease is said to be exceedingly rare in this country."

A hint worthy of the attention of those in charge of gun-powder, &c., may be obtained in the enunciation of the following explanation of how to obtain light instantly without the use of matches and without the danger of setting things on fire:—Take an oblong phial of the whitest and clearest glass; put into it a piece of phosphorus about the size of a pea, upon which pour some olive oil, heated to the boiling-point, filling the phial about one-third full, and then seal the phial hermetically. To use it, remove the cork and allow the air to enter the phial, and then recork it. The whole empty space in the bottle will then become luminous, and the light obtained will be equal to that of a lamp. As soon as the light grows weak its power can be increased by opening the phial and allowing a fresh supply of air to enter. In winter it is sometimes necessary to heat the phial between the hands to increase the

fluidity of the oil. Thus prepared, the phial may be used for six months. This contrivance is now used by the watchmen of Paris in all magazines where explosive or inflammable materials are stored.

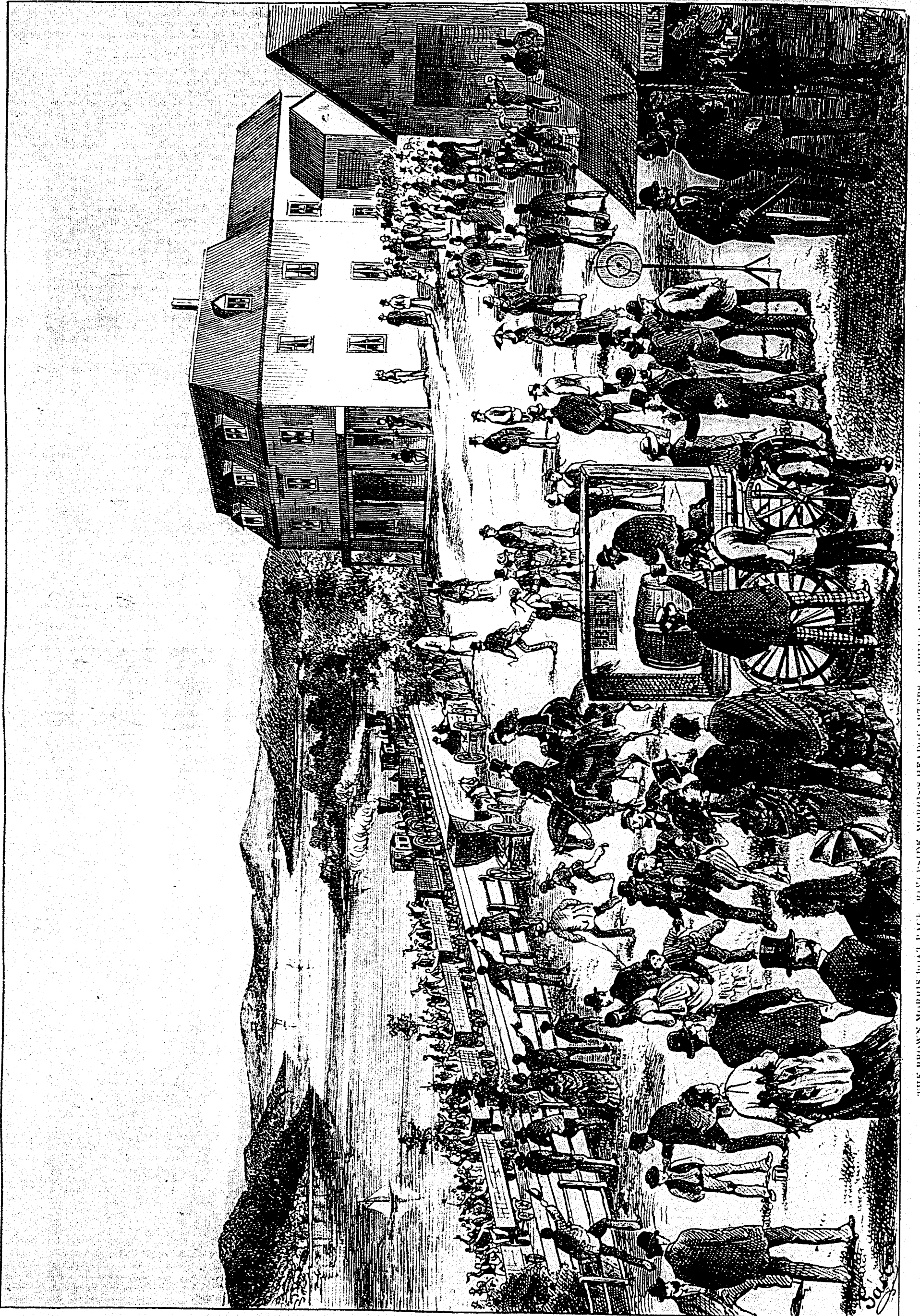
A correspondent of the Boston Journal writes: "Paralysis is becoming a prime disease. It is not confined to the fleshy, the plethoric, nor to the aged. The fast life of our business young men tells on them. It is a very common thing to see men of thirty and thirty-five bald-headed, feeble-gaited, and walking about with canes, their underpinning knocked out, with other signs of premature age. These signs of early weakness develop in paralysis. Sudden deaths from this cause are very common. Several have occurred in railroad trains; the vibration seeming to predispose persons to the disease. Not long since a gentleman died in one of our churches. He was interested in a case of discipline. He made a report to the church on the case, sat down, laid his head on the back of the seat and instantly expired. In another case, a man not accustomed to public speaking arose to relate his religious experience. He was so excited that he could scarcely speak. In the midst of his remark he was seized with paralysis, and carried to his home. Our young men will have to tone down their style of living if they amount to anything."

Judge Edmonds, writing in *Britton's Quarterly* of "Special Providences," says: "When my friend Dr. John F. Gray was a lad of fourteen or fifteen years old he was employed in a cloth factory, where it was part of his duty to attend to the dyeing apparatus, which was in an adjoining building. His particular business was to tend the fire under the dye-kettle and to turn a crank whereby the cloth should revolve on a wheel through the dye. One day while thus employed he heard a voice say to him, 'Go out of the building;' he answered, 'What shall I go out for? I won't do it.' After a little while the voice again said to him, 'Go out of this building, I tell you.' Again he answered, 'What shall I do that for? I tell you I'm not going to do it.' Again an interval of time passed, and the voice said more earnestly, 'Go out of this building, I tell you, immediately. Go out! Go out!' 'Well,' he replied, 'I won't quarrel about it, I'll go out;' and so he stopped his work and went out. He had to ascend a few steps to get out, and he hardly reached the upper steps before the whole building fell, and crushed to pieces the kettle, furnace, and wheel where he had been at work."

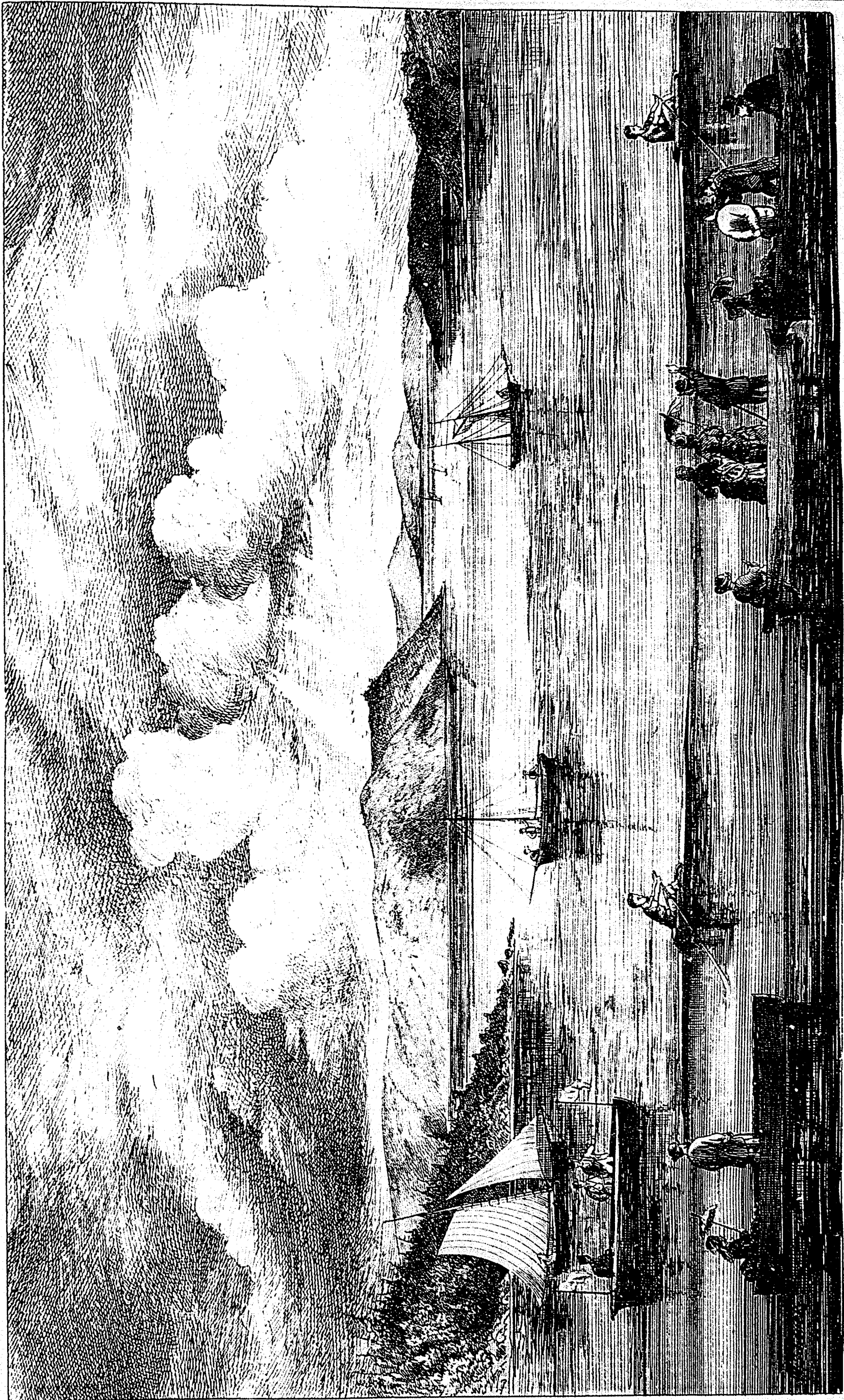
A Paris correspondent says in describing the new office of the Paris *Figaro*: "Opening upon the grand gallery that runs around the Spanish *palais*, or rotunda, are the rooms or halls that lead to the rooms of the various employees. These are all furnished in magnificent style, with rosewood furniture, rich carpets, tapestry, bronzes and marble statues. Some rooms accommodate a single writer, others two or three. The principal editor, De Villemessant, occupies a small room on the ground floor, to the right of the principal entrance. There are also a richly furnished council-room, in which all the literary force meets once each month; bedrooms, bath-rooms, and breakfast and dining rooms—for all of the literary force of the paper, save the editor-in-chief, eats, sleeps, and lives in the building. There is also one very large room whose sides are hung with masks and glittering foils. Each day at two o'clock all the employes assemble in this room and receive lessons in fencing from an expert. This is obligatory on each one, for the reason that each individual is expected to hold himself in readiness to call or be called to the field of honour at a moment's notice. Any hesitation in such a case would secure the instant dismissal of the individual involved."

The aged poet Runeberg, the greatest Scald that Sweden has ever had, has been in extremely weak health for many years past. It appears that as he has lain on his sick bed at Helsingfors, in Finland, he has occupied himself by close observation of the habits of birds, and specially with regard to the causes of migration, and he has at last put forward a singularly beautiful theory on the latter point. He believes, in fact, that it is the longing after light, and that alone, which draws the birds southwards. When the days shorten in the north the birds go south, but as soon as ever the long northern nights set in, with all their luminous and long-drawn hours, the wanderers return to their old haunts. It is generally supposed that they move southward to get more abundant food. "But why," asks Runeberg, "do they leave their rich hunting-grounds to return to the north?" The central regions of Europe are in every way more desirable than the wastes of Scandinavia. Only one thing is richer there, and that is light. The same instinct that makes plants firmly rooted in the ground strain towards the light, spreading up in search of it, works in the birds, who, on their free wings, fly after and follow it. Runeberg's final sentence is quite epigrammatic—"The bird of passage is of noble birth; he bears a motto, and his motto is *Lux mea dux*."

War horses, when hit in battle, tremble in every muscle, and groan deeply, while their eyes show deep a tonishment. During the battle of Waterloo, some of these horses, as they lay upon the ground, having recovered from the first agony of their wounds, fell to eating grass about them, thus surrounding themselves with a circle of bare ground, the limited extent of which showed their weakness. Others were observed quietly grazing on the field, between the two hostile lines, their riders having been shot off their backs; and the balls flying over their heads, and the tumult behind, before and around them caused no interruption to the usual instinct of their nature. It was also observed that when a charge of cavalry went past near to any of the stray horses already mentioned, they would set off, form themselves in the rear of their mounted companions, and, though without riders, gallop strenuously along with the rest, not stopping or flinching when the fatal shock with the enemy took place. At the battle of Kirk, in 1745, Major Macdonald having unhorsed an English officer, took possession of his horse, which was very beautiful, and immediately mounted it. When the English cavalry fled the horse ran away with its captor, notwithstanding all his efforts to restrain him; nor did it stop until it was at the head of the regiment, of which, apparently, its master was the commander. The melancholy and at the same ludicrous figure which Macdonald presented when he thus saw himself the victim of his ambition to possess a fine horse, which ultimately cost him his life upon the scaffold, may be easily conceived.



THE BROWN-MORRIS BOAT-RACE - RIVERSIDE, MORRIS'S HEADQUARTERS - ARRIVAL OF SPECTATORS BY THE EARLY TRAIN - AFTER A SKETCH BY E. J. BOSSELL.



THE BROWN-MORRIS BOAT RACE: THE LAST STROKE.—AFTER A SKETCH BY E. J. RUSSELL.

LITERATURE AND THE DRAMA.

—*Paul et Virginie* is to be given shortly in Paris. An agreement has been made for Patti to sing in it.

—Princess Alice has written a novel in German. It describes aristocratic life in South Germany, and is called *The Paths of Life*.

—The *Contemporary Review* for October will, it is announced, contain an important article by Mr. Gladstone on Ritualists and Ritualism.

—Gounod, the composer, has written a letter to the English papers, in which he says that the state of his health exacts the most perfect repose.

—It is said that Cadet Smith, the coloured young man who failed to pass his examination at West Point, is writing a book upon the abuses at the Military Academy, and proposes to disclose certain things.

—It is announced that sufficient materials have been left in the hands of Messrs Hachette and Co. by M. Guizot for the completion of the fifth and last volume of his *Histoire de France*. The fourth volume is already in type.

—“John Paul,” one of the best and most original of American humorists, is about to favour the reading public with an illustrated collection of the sketches, stories, poems, and essays which he has contributed to various magazines and newspapers. It will be a pleasant and attractive volume.

—Mr. Wybert Reeve, manager of the Theatre Royal, Scarborough, England, who appeared here as *Count Fosco* last season, will visit this country during the coming season. He has engagements in most of the principal theatres from Montreal to Texas. Miss Elith Gray will sustain him in the leading female roles.

—Mr. Bayard Taylor has yet in hand the great work of his life, the biography of Goethe. During his stay in Gotha he has had every facility for the prosecution of his researches from the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar and various lettered Germans. During the coming winter he will appear as a lecturer, having abundantly prepared himself for that purpose.

—One of the principal works of the coming book season will be Dr. Livingstone's journal. It is now in the hands of the printer, or perhaps more strictly speaking, the editor, Mr. Tom Livingstone. He has no easy task. The journal was written on scraps of newspaper, in ink which the great traveller made from a berry, and the writing is so minute that a microscope often has to be employed. The diary, if printed entire, will form four volumes.

—The *Athenaeum* states that the Knebworth edition of Lord Lytton's works, now publishing in monthly volumes, will include, besides the novels and romances, the whole of his miscellaneous writings—hitherto very widely scattered, and many of them never before acknowledged. The series will comprise all the late Lord Lytton's essays, minor tales, biographies, translations, criticisms, poems, and dramas, some of which will now for the first time make their appearance.

—A new journal has just been started by Messrs. Cook, the tourist-agents. It is called the *Linguist*. It is intended, primarily, apparently to teach tourists how to speak and pronounce foreign languages. “Language lessons” are given in which the foreign words are rendered by corresponding sounds in English. Besides these lessons there are “narratives” of travel taken from various writers, and miscellaneous information about foreign lands.

—The salaries of the singers engaged at the Apollo Theatre in Rome for the season of the Carnival and Lent of 1875 amount to the sum of 284,000fr., divided as follows:—Madame Stoltz, 45,000fr.; Madame Witzach, 38,000fr.; Madame Contarini, 15,000fr.; Madame Sainz, 9,000fr., and Madame Bracciolini, 7,000fr. The men receive: M. Nicolini, 35,000fr.; M. Masini, 31,000fr.; M. Lefranc, 24,000fr. Three bass singers are to receive 30,000fr. Out of the thirteen persons thus named six are foreigners—Mesdames Stoltz and Witzach, Austrian; Madame Sainz, German; M. Nicolini and Lefranc, French, and M. Castelmary, first bass, also a native of France. Their united pay amounts to 159,000fr. or about three-fifths of the whole.

—A letter from M. du Chailly, dated Christiania, the capital of Norway, August 26, furnishes the gratifying intelligence that his great work on Norway and Sweden is nearly completed. M. du Chailly has spent over two years in those countries collecting the materials for his book. In that time he has visited every place of interest lying between the North Cape and the Baltic, has mixed familiarly with all classes of the people, from the king down to the Lapp peasant; and now he is going to tell us all about them and their magnificent country in the pleasant, graphic, and vivacious style which makes his African books so popular. M. du Chailly's collection of photographs of the people, dwellings, churches, natural scenery, &c., of Norway and Sweden, all taken under his own supervision, is one of the finest ever seen, and liberal use will be made of it in the illustration of the book.

—Whitaker's *Reference Catalogue of Current Literature* contains the full titles of books now in print and on sale, with the prices at which they may be obtained of the bookseller. The book is six inches thick, contains no less than three thousand pages, and weighs six pounds fourteen ounces avoirdupois. A catalogue of current books has long been a desideratum among literary men, and Mr. Whitaker has hit upon an ingenious way of supplying the want. The volume contains the full titles of some 50,000 books, often with explanatory and critical notices. Not a few publishers themselves add an index to their own catalogues, but a general index was still required, and this Mr. Whitaker, with characteristic method and industry, set himself to supply. It was a gigantic work. To index every book was impossible, but his index includes all the chief books and all the collections, in some instances under the names of authors, but generally under the subjects. Every class and every subdivision is also carefully noted. This index contains the short titles of no fewer than 14,000 books.

—Devillier, the new tenor who has of late been all the talk of the town in Paris, is a native of the department of the Pas de Calais, and a very short time ago was employed as a cooper to make herring barrels at a little place called Portel. A lady, a friend of the Empress Eugenie, happening to hear him sing at a concert given at Boulogne for some charitable purposes spoke to him and offered to give him introductions to Paris and pecuniary facilities for cultivating his voice. Here he has profited so rapidly by the means at his disposal, that he soon acquired distinction, and obtained an engagement at the principal opera house at a salary of \$200 per week. This for a man who was glad to earn a little over a dollar a day by his trade was a considerable advance; but his friends say it is totally inadequate, and he has already received an order for \$20,000 for a tour in the States with all expenses paid. To M. Rubini, of Paris, belongs the credit of advancing the material interest of M. Devillier, who is as modest and sensible as he is talented. He is now 26 years of age; has a wife and two little children, and is not intoxicated with his good fortune. The man who sang sweetly three years ago when making herring barrels on the quay at Portel has now an income of \$400 a week, and probably will command double as much when he returns from his Transatlantic tour.

A DEVIL FISH DESTROYS A VESSEL.

The following strange story has been communicated to the Indian papers by James Floyd, late master of the schooner ‘Pearl’. “We had left Colombo in the steamer ‘Strathowen,’ had rounded Galle, and were well in the bay, with our course laid for Madras, steaming over a calm and tranquil sea. About an hour before sunset on the 10th of May we saw on our starboard beam, and about two miles off, a small schooner lying becalmed. There was nothing in her appearance or position to excite remark, but as we came up with her I lazily examined her with my binocular, and then noticed between us, but nearer her, a long, low, swelling object lying on the sea, which from its colour and shape I took to be a bank of seaweed. As I watched, the mass, hitherto at rest on the quiet sea, was set in motion. It struck the schooner, which visibly reeled and then righted. Immediately afterwards the masts swayed sideways, and with my glass I could clearly discern the enormous mass and the hull of the schooner coalescing—I can think of no other term. Judging from their exclamations the other gazers must have witnessed the same appearance. Almost immediately after the collision and coalescence the schooner's masts swayed towards us, lower and lower; the vessel was on her beam ends, lay there a few seconds, and disappeared, the masts righting as she sank, and the main exhibiting a reversed ensign struggling towards its peak. A cry of horror rose from the lookers-on, and, as if by instinct, our ship's head was at once turned towards the scene, which was now marked by the forms of those battling for life—the sole survivors of the pretty little schooner which only twenty minutes before floated bravely on the smooth sea. As soon as the poor fellows were able to tell their story they astounded us with the assertion that their vessel had been submerged by a gigantic cuttle-fish or calamary, the animal which, in smaller form, attracts so much attention in the Brighton aquarium as the octopus. Each narrator had his version of the story, but in the main all the narratives tallied so remarkably as to leave no doubt of the fact. As soon as he was at leisure, I prevailed on the skipper to give me his written account of the disaster, and I have now much pleasure in sending you a copy of his narrative:

“I was lately the skipper of the ‘Pearl’ schooner, 150 tons, as tight a little craft as ever sailed the seas, with a crew of six men. We were bound from the Mauritius for Rangoon in ballast, to return with paddy, and had put in at Galle for water. Three days out we fell becalmed in the bay (latitude 8 deg. 50 min. north, longitude 84 deg. 5 min. east) On the 10th of May, about five p. m.—eight bells I know had gone—we sighted a two-masted screw on our port quarter, about five or six miles off. Very soon after, as we lay motionless, a great mass rose slowly out of the sea about half a mile off on our larboard side and remained spread out, as it were, and stationary; it looked like the back of a huge whale, but it sloped less, and was of a brownish colour; even at that distance it seemed much longer than our craft, and it seemed to be basking in the sun.

“‘What's that?’ I sung out to the mate.

“‘Blest if I know;’ barring its size, colour, and shape, it might be a whale,’ replied Tom Scott.

“‘It ain't the sea-serpent,’ said one of the crew, ‘for he's too round for that ere crittur.’

“I went into the cabin for my rifle, and as I was preparing to fire Bill Darling, a Newfoundland, came on deck, and, looking at the monster, exclaimed, putting up his hand, ‘Have a care, master; that ere is a squid, an I will capsize us if you hurt him.’

“Smiling at the idea, I let fly and hit him, and with that he shook; there was a great ripple all around him, and he began to move.

“‘Out with all your axes and knives,’ shouted Bill, ‘and cut at any part of him that comes aboard; look alive, and Lord help us!’

“Not aware of the danger, and never having seen or heard of such a monster, I gave no orders, and it was no use touching the helm or ropes to get out of the way. By this time three of the crew, Bill included, had found axes, and one a rusty cutlass, and all were looking over the ship's side at the advancing monster. We could now see a huge oblong mass moving by jerks just under the surface of the water, and an enormous train following; the oblong body was at least half the size of our vessel in length and just as thick; the wake or train might have been one hundred feet long.

“In the time that I have taken to write this the brute struck us, and the ship quivered under the thud; in another moment monstrous arms like trees seized the vessel and she heeled over; in another second the monster was aboard, squeezed in between the two masts, Bill screaming, ‘Slash for your lives;’ but all our slashing was of no avail, for the brute, holding on by his arms, slipped his vast body overboard, and pulled the vessel down with him on her beam-ends; we were thrown into the water at once, and just as I went over I caught sight of one of the crew, either Bill or Tom Fielding, squashed up between the masts and one of those awful arms; for a few seconds our ship lay on her beam-ends, then filled and went down; another of the crew must have been sucked down, for you only picked up five; the rest you know. I can't tell who ran up the ensign.”

THE MAGAZINES.

Harper's for October contains several papers of interest, the majority of which are illustrated. Prominent among these is a sketch, the first of a series, on Decorative Art and Architecture in England; and also a scientific article on subjects astronomical. Life on a whaler is described in a *préface* of the recently issued work *Nimrod of the Sea*; and Portsmouth, N. H., and the Isles of Shoals form the subjects of two chatty descriptive papers. The *Emigrant's Story*, by J. T. Trowbridge, will be enjoyed by all who rejoice in the semi-sensational, semi-religious poetry of the school of Bret Harte. The Rape of the Gamp and Senor Castelar's history of the Republican Movement in Europe are continued. A fancy sketch entitled the Golden City, two short stories, a couple of poems, and the usual ‘departmental’ literature complete the number.

The *Penn Monthly* opens with a thoughtful and studious paper on the Economic Wrongs of Ireland, which is followed by a consideration of the defects of the Public School system in the States, and in Philadelphia in particular. In ‘The Romance of Artist-Life,’ George Lowell Austin gives some interesting details relative to the lives and careers of certain artists who, though great in their day, are almost forgotten at the present. Duhring's *National Economy* and Mary C. Ames's *Memorial of*

Alice and Phoebe Cary are reviewed at length in a thorough fashion that is unfamiliar to most American magazine readers. The contributions to the current number of this magazine are few in number but they all show traces of unusual care and thought in their preparation.

The reader of *Lippincott*, on receiving his new number, will naturally turn at once to Edward Strahan's ‘New Hyperion,’ which, he will be pleased to see, gives no sign of an early conclusion. What a capital book for leisure hours these sketches will make—for we presume that it is the intention of the publishers to put them in book form—and what a lively sale the volume ought to have. Nothing so fresh and quaint has appeared for some time past in the magazines—not, we think since the publication in *Blackwood's* of Blackmore's *Mud of Sker*. Besides ‘The New Hyperion’ we find in the current number, in the way of serial, the continuation of William Black's ‘Three Feathers,’ an I of George Macdonald's ‘Malcolm,’ and the concluding paper of the set on the Dolomites. The familiar Junius Henri Browne discourses on Benjamin Constant, and Reginald Wynford tells us what he knows about the British Peerage. Robert Somers, Jr., describes Grouse-Shooting in Galloway, and Lucy Ellen Guernsey contributes a short story.

The pages of the *Atlantic* for this month are crowded with instructive and entertaining reading matter. In the latter class we notice the commencement of a promising serial by H. James, Jr., entitled ‘Eugene Pickering;’ the continuation of Dr. Howell's serial ‘A Foregone Conclusion;’ a short story, ‘Marty's Various Mercies,’ and a pleasant account of a wedding in the backwoods of Canada. In the more serious line of literature we have another instalment of ‘A Rebel's Recollections;’ some notes by a visitor in Europe on Great Contemporary Musicians; a study on Berthold Auerbach; an account of Theodore Aubanel, one of the Provençal poets who have recently been brought into special notice by the Petrarch Celebration; and lastly a curious paper, ‘Have Animals Souls?’ in which the writer comes to the conclusion that there are no reasons for supposing that plants and animals terminate with their death the principle of life, that, on the contrary this principle has probably only reached a crisis which consists in the putting on of new forms and ascending into a higher order of organized existence. There are in the number several poems, of which that by Bret Harte is by no means the best.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

To Preserve Vegetable Marrows, Squashes, etc., for the winter choose such as are fully ripe—turned yellow. When cut arrange them in a dry place, resting on the flower end, with the stalk end upwards. They will then keep the whole winter.

A new method of preparing coffee is becoming popular in France. After roasting, the coffee is ground to a very fine flour, which is then slightly moistened, mixed with twice its weight of powdered sugar, and pressed into tablets. Coffee prepared in this manner is claimed, pound for pound, to be susceptible of far more complete utilisation.

Grease on carpets may be completely removed by covering the grease spot with whiting and letting it remain until it becomes saturated with grease; then scrape it off, and cover with another coat of whiting, and if this does not remove the grease repeat the application. Three coats of whiting will, in most cases, remove the grease, when it should be brushed off with a clothes brush.

A new Kind of Table Decoration is described by an English correspondent as being in use in the house of a Russian lady in London. The table is entirely covered with moss, and the only evidence of a white tablecloth was seen in that portion which hangs at the sides of the table. Flowers were profusely introduced, and the effect was altogether unique. This is one of the most ordinary kinds of table decoration in the aristocratic houses of Russia.

Wet Boots, says an authority on the subject, should not be dried by the fire, as this is a mistake. When the boots are taken off, fill them quite full with dry oats. The grain has a great fondness for damp, and will rapidly absorb every vestige of it from wet leather. As it takes up the moisture it swells and fills the boot like a tightly-fitting last, keeping its form good, and drying the leather without hardening it. In the morning, shake out the oats and hang them in a bag near the fire to dry, ready for the next wet through.

Stewed Bels may be served either white or brown. To stew them white, clean and skin them, cut them up, and put them into a stewpan with just water enough to cover them, and an onion stuck with cloves, a bundle of sweet herbs, three blades of mace, and some white pepper tied up in a muslin rag; cover them close, and stew gently till they are tender. Take out the bag of spice, &c., put in a piece of butter rolled in flour, some finely-chopped parsley, and a little salt. Stew gently for a little while longer, and serve on a hot dish with the sauce poured over. Garnish with lemon.

To make a superexcellent Cold Slaw the finest heads of bleached cabbage should be selected. Cut up enough to fill a large vegetable dish, the number of heads to be regulated by the size of the cabbage and the quantity desired. Shave very fine, and after that chop up, the more thoroughly the better. Boil four eggs till hard; mix the yolks smoothly with a little cold water, and gradually add to them a cup of sweet cream, two table-spoonfuls of mixed mustard, one heaping table-spoonful of sugar, a teaspoonful of salt, a quarter of a pound of butter, and a little pepper if you choose. Place all these ingredients, mixed together, in a small stew-pan over the fire. Put the cabbage in the dish in which it is to be served. Let the sauce come to a boil, pour it hot over the cabbage, and lastly add half a tea-cupful of good vinegar.

Omelette aux Fines Herbes is a tasty, cheap, and easily prepared breakfast dish. The following is the French way of making it:—Take 1lb of good fresh butter or lard, six eggs, the fresher the better, half a teaspoonful of chopped parsley if liked, a little very finely minced onion, pepper and salt to taste; use a very clean frying pan, put into it the butter or lard, and bring to a boiling point; then, having well beaten all your eggs together with the parsley, onions, salt, and pepper, pour the mixture into the pan. When the part nearest the bottom of the pan sets, raise it carefully with a fork, and let the uncooked part take its place, and go on till your eggs are cooked. Be careful not to cook them too long, or they will be like leather; an omelette when completed should combine a savoury gravy of its own with a certain degree of firmness. When the mass is slightly browned on the under side, give it a dexterous turn in the pan, and as you tilt it into the hot dish you must have ready to receive it, with a tap fold it in two, and then you have your omelette complete. Now this requires just a little practice to accomplish, but it soon comes; the great secret of success is to have the eggs very fresh, the butter quite boiling in the pan, and an equal heat over the bottom of it. Once a plain omelette is achieved, of course endless varieties are introduced, as various herbs chopped up and mixed with the eggs, oysters, kidneys, fish, and so on.

GROTESQUES.

Home stretch—the stretch across the maternal knee.
 When you hear a man say, "Life is but a dream," tread on his corns and wake him up. Life is real.
 Won't some one hurl a mallet at the young man of the Boston Post? He is trying to revive public interest in conundrums.
 A circus lion is roaming around Weston, Missouri, and people have a good excuse for remaining away from prayer-meetings.
 A Delaware man lost his wife and a race-horse by the same stroke of lightning, and he tried for two hours to revive the horse.
 There are over ten million women in America, and yet Tom Hutton, of Georgia, hung himself on account of a girl fifteen years old.
 A Milwaukee newspaper has the following curious notice:—"Wanted, a nurse to take charge of a basket of children left at this office a short time since."
 The difference between a fool and a looking-glass is said to be that the fool speaks without reflecting, and that the looking-glass reflects without speaking.
 When George II. was once expressing his admiration of Gen. Wolfe, some one observed that the general was mad. "Oh! he is mad, is he!" said the king, with great quickness: "then I wish he would bite some other of my generals."
 Was he pleased? that is the arithmetical question. At a recent lecture a young man read a fine essay. On his way home he heard one lady remark to another, as he walked behind them, "Wasn't that fine?" "Yes," was the reply, "but what a mean-looking little wretch the lecturer was!"
 The plain advice given by a coloured preacher in Richmond to his congregation will not be needed in our Northern religious meetings, but we have been in gatherings where some such direction was decidedly called for: "De fore part ob de church will please sit down, so de hind part ob de church can see de fore part, for de hind part can't see de fore part ef de fore part persist in standin' before de hind part, to de utter exclusion ob de hind part by de fore part."
 A correspondent of the Richmond Dispatch writes: "The usual scene at Gordonsville was varied by the following episode: 'Aunt Martha Webster,' a middle-aged female, was seated on one of the 'flatforms' with a stock in trade, to wit: One 'water-million,' one 'mushmillion,' and a small tobacco caddy full of eggs 'jest done laid.' She was waiting patiently, even complacently, for a customer when a youthful freedman, with utter disregard for the law in the case, jerked up the watermelon and started off with it. But Aunt Martha had her weather eyes kindled on him and went for him by telegraph. Now that caddy was of a size to just fit Aunt Martha's foot, and she would doubtless have caught the thief but her foot came ker slap down upon the eggs, and her attention was thus diverted at a very inopportune moment. 'Dar, now,' exclaimed the old lady, 'dar go my watermillion, dar go my nice fresh eggs, now what I gwine do?' Looking for some time at the 'mushmillion,' she finally said, resignedly: 'Well, ef I mus', I mus', and without more ado proceeded to cut open and masticate the remains of the once prosperous and promising establishment."
 "A rather amusing story," says Col. Stuart, in his "Reminiscences of a Soldier," "was told me some time ago by an old lady who had an ancient servant that had lived with her for many years, named Ann Brady. One day Ann came in to her mistress in the parlor crying, 'Now, ain't I the unfortunate woman? Oeb, what will I do at all, at all?' 'What's the matter, Ann?' said her mistress. 'Oeb, ma'am,' replied Ann, 'the postman's outside, and he's got a letter for me from purgatory, and I know it's from my old mother, who's been there this tin years, and it's all about me not paying for the masses I said I would. Oehone! but I am the miserable woman.' On her mistress going out she found the postman in a fit of laughter, with a letter directed to 'Ann Brady' from the 'Dead Letter Office.' Nothing could induce her to touch it, the 'Dead' to her meaning purgatory, and nothing else; and her mistress was obliged to open the letter for her, and found it was one Ann had written to a nephew in Clare, but as he had gone to America, the letter had consequently been returned."
 The following is Max Adeler's: Last Sunday night, during the sermon in our church, the gas suddenly went out, and there was sudden darkness. The minister requested the congregation to remain perfectly quiet until the cause of the trouble could be ascertained and other lights procured. Old Mrs. Smiley, it appears, was sound asleep when the accident occurred, but just after the minister had finished speaking to the congregation she awoke. At first she thought she had become blind, but as she sat by the window she immediately saw the light in the street, and then she knew that the congregation had gone home, and that she had accidentally been locked in by the sexton. Dreadfully frightened at the loneliness and horror of her situation, she picked up a hymn-book, and, dashing it through a pane of glass in the window, she put her head out and began to scream for help. Her shriek impressed passers-by with the idea that the church was on fire, and in an instant the alarm was given. A moment later the engines arrived, and just as the sexton began to light the gas again, one gang of the firemen began playing through the broken window on Mrs. Smiley's spring bonnet, while another gang poured a three-inch stream up the middle aisle with such force as to wash the Rev. Dr. Hopkins, the minister, out of the pulpit and down among the high hats which were floating around by the pew doors. Eventually the matter was explained, and the fire department shut off the water and went home. But the deacon wants to know how, if Mr. Smiley refuses to pay the bill for repairs to the church, he can ever look a fellow-worshipper in the face again.
 The other day, says an exchange, a two-cent dog—that is, a dog that scents or sniffs two ways—one with the wind, one against the wind—sprang from an alley, closely followed by a five-cent brick. Rounding the corner at right angles he came in contact with the feet of a Dutchwoman, who was carrying a jug of molasses in one hand and a basket of eggs in the other. The sudden collision of the dog with her lower extremities threw her from her feet, and she sat down upon the basket of eggs, at the same time breaking the jug of molasses upon the pavement. A young gentleman, carpet-bag in hand, anxious to catch the train, was running close behind, and stepping on the fragments of the jug and its contents, sat down on the chest of the Dutchwoman, who said "Mine Got." The young man said something about mad dog, but in the excitement said it backwards. In the meantime the dog ran against the feet of a team of horses attached to a load of potatoes, and they taking fright started for home. The ending board falling out, they unloaded the potatoes along the street as they went. Crossing the railroad track, the waggon caught in the rails and tore one of them from its place. A freight train coming along a few moments later was thrown from the track, smashing up a dozen cars, and killing thirty or forty hogs. The horses on reaching home ran through a barnyard and overturned a milk-pail and contents, which another two-cent dog licked up. One of the horses having broken his leg was killed this morning, and the other is crippled for life. It is now a mooted question whether the man who threw the brick at the two-cent dog or the man who owns it is responsible for the chapter of accidents which followed.

REVENANT.

You ask me why at your first meeting
 A sudden dimness seemed to veil
 My eyes, and why they shunned your greeting,
 And why my lips were strangely pale?
 Who sees the shade of a lost lover,
 May well be pale for hope or fear;
 You seemed a ghost from days gone over
 When first I looked upon you, dear!
 Because, before a word was spoken,
 And almost ere I saw you plain,
 I thought you her whose heart was broken,
 The day that mine was snapped in twain.
 Now, like a ghost let loose from prison,
 And strange below the common skies,
 You see my dead youth re-arisen,
 To meet the magic of your eyes.

NINETY-THREE.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

PART THE THIRD.

IN VENDÉE.

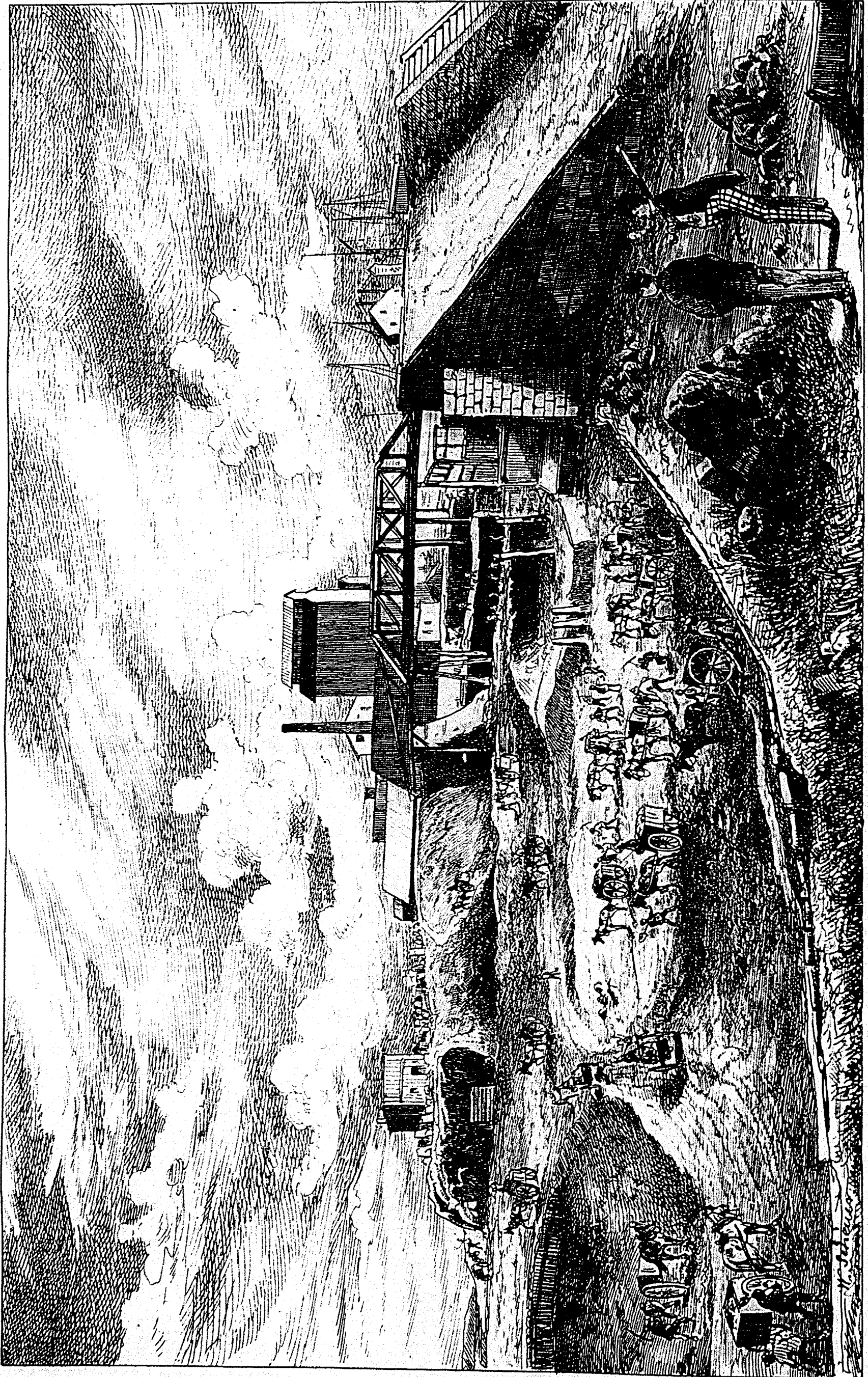
BOOK THE THIRD.

THE MOTHER.

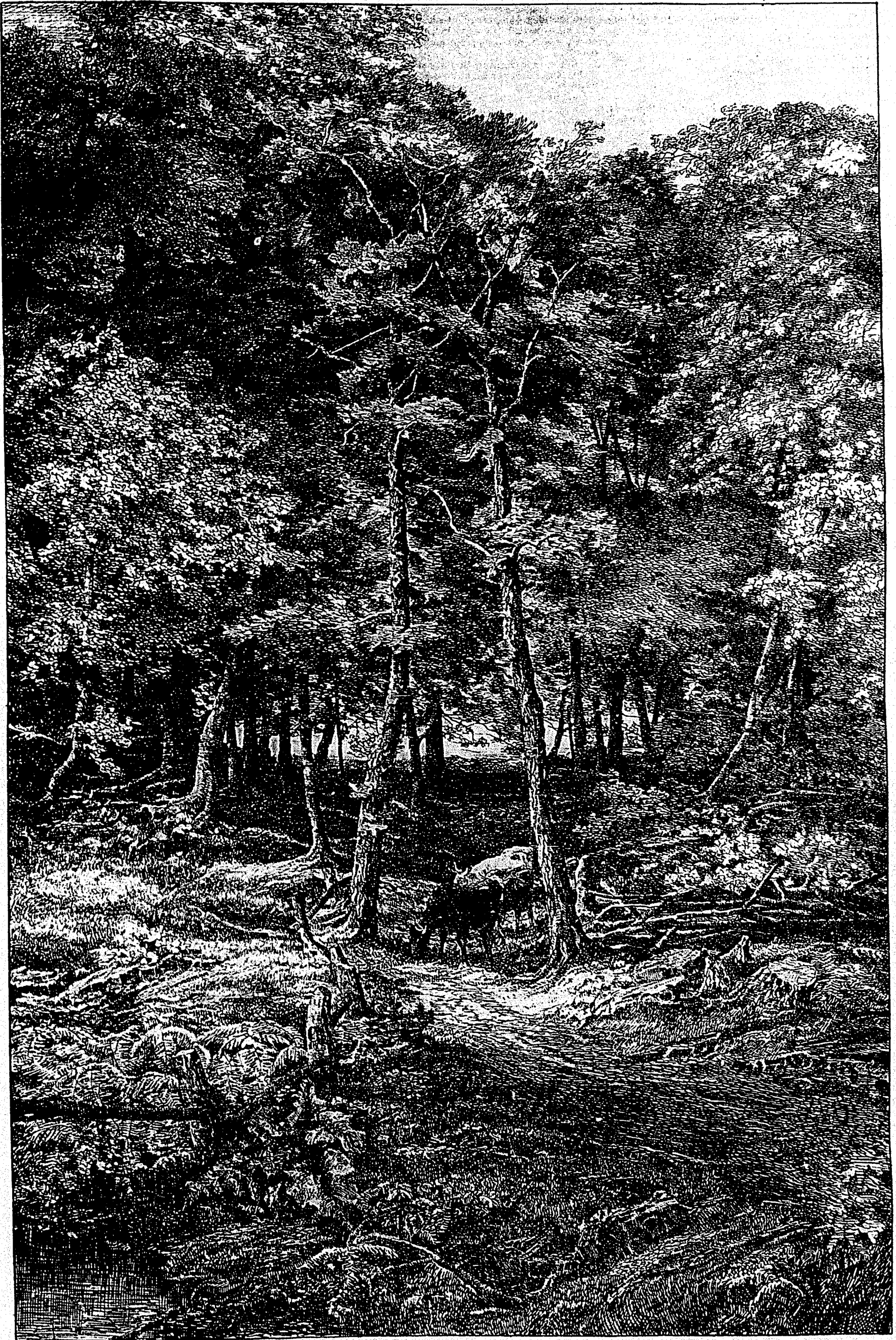
X.—RADOUB.

He flung himself on Chante-en-hiver, knocked aside his arm with such force that the pistol went off and the ball whizzed against the ceiling. He seized his enemy's broken jaw in both hands and twisted it about. Chante-en-hiver uttered a howl of pain and fainted. Radoub straddled across his body and left him lying in the embrasure of the loophole.
 "Now that I have announced my ultimatum, don't you stir again," said he. "Lie there, you ugly crawling snake. You may fancy that I am not going to amuse myself massacring you. Crawl about on the ground at your ease—under foot is the place for you. Die—you can't get over that. In a little while you will learn what nonsense your priest has talked to you. Away with you into the great mystery, peasant!" And he hurried forward into the room.
 "One cannot see an inch before one's nose," grumbled he.
 Chante-en-hiver began to writhe convulsively upon the floor and utter fresh moans of agony. Radoub turned back.
 "Hold your tongue! Do me the favour to be silent, citizen, without knowing it. I cannot trouble myself further with you. I should scorn to make an end of you. Just let me have quiet." Then he thrust his hands into his hair as he stood watching Chante-en-hiver.
 "But here, what am I to do now? It is all very fine, but I am disarmed. I had two shots to fire, and you have robbed me of them, animal. And with all that, a smoke that would blind a dog!"
 Then his hand touched his wounded ear. "Oh!" he exclaimed.
 Then he went on: "You have gained a great deal by confiscating one of my ears! However, I would rather have one less of them than anything else—an ear is only an ornament. You have scratched my shoulder too; but that is nothing. Expire, villager—I forgive you."
 He listened. The din from the lower room was fearful. The combat had grown more furious than ever.
 "Things are going well down there," he muttered. "How they howl 'Long live the King!' One must admit that they die bravely."
 His foot struck against the sabre. He picked it up, and said to Chante-en-hiver, who no longer stirred, and who might indeed be dead—"See here, man of the woods, I will take my sabre; you have left me that, anyway. But I wanted my pistols. The devil fly away with you, savage! Oh there! what am I to do? I am no good whatever here."
 He advanced into the hall trying to guide his steps in the gloom. Suddenly, in the shadow behind the central pillar, he perceived a long table upon which something gleamed faintly. He felt the objects. They were blunderbusses, carbines, pistols, a whole row of fire-arms laid out in order to his hand; it was the reserve of weapons the besieged had provided in this chamber, which would be their second place of stand.
 "A whole arsenal!" cried Radoub.
 And he clutched them right and left, dizzy with joy. Thus armed, he became formidable. He could see, at the back of the table, the door of the staircase, which communicated with the rooms above and below, standing wide open. Radoub seized two pistols, and fired them at random through the doorway; then he snatched a blunderbuss, and discharged it; then again, loaded with buckshot, and discharged it. The tromblon, vomiting forth its fifteen balls, sounded like a volley of grapeshot. He got his breath back, and shouted down the staircase, in a voice of thunder, "Hurrah for Paris!"
 Then seizing a second blunderbuss, still bigger than the first, he aimed it toward the staircase, and waited.
 The confusion in the lower hall was indescribable. This unexpected attack from behind paralyzed the besieged with astonishment. Two balls from Radoub's triple fire had taken effect; one had killed the elder of the brothers Pique-en-Bois, the other had killed De Quelen, nicknamed Houzard.
 "They are on the floor above!" cried the marquis.
 At this cry the men abandoned the retirade; a flock of birds could not have fled more quickly; they plunged madly toward the staircase. The marquis encouraged the flight.
 "Quick, quick!" he exclaimed. "There is most courage now in escape. Let us all get up to the second floor. We will begin again there." He left the retirade the last. This brave act saved his life.
 Radoub, ambushed at the top of the stairs, watched the retreat, finger on trigger. The first who appeared at the turn of the spiral steps received the discharge of his gun full in the face, and fell. Had the marquis been among them, he would have been killed.

Before Radoub had time to seize another weapon, the others passed him; the marquis behind all the rest, and moving more slowly.
 Believing the first-floor chamber filled with the besiegers, the men did not pause there, but rushed on and gained the room above, which was the hall of the mirrors. There was the iron door; there was the sulphur-match; it was there they must capitulate or die.
 Gauvain had been as much astounded as the besieged by the detonations from the staircase, and was unable to understand how aid could have reached him in that quarter; but he took advantage without waiting to comprehend. He leaped over the retirade, followed by his men, and pursued the fugitives up to the first floor. There he found Radoub.
 The sergeant saluted, and said: "One minute, commandant. I did that. I remembered Dol. I followed your plan. I took the enemy between two fires."
 "A good scholar," answered Gauvain, with a smile.
 After one has been a certain length of time in the darkness, the eyes, like those of a night-bird, become accustomed to the obscurity. Gauvain perceived that Radoub was covered with blood.
 "But you are wounded, comrade!" he exclaimed.
 "Never mind that, commandant! What difference does it make—an ear more or less! I got a sabre thrust, too, but it is nothing. One always cuts oneself a little in breaking a window. It is only losing a little blood."
 The besiegers made a ha't in the first-floor chamber, which had been gained by Raboub. A lantern was brought. Cimourdain rejoined Gauvain. They held a council. It was indeed time to reflect. The besiegers were not in the secrets of their foes; they were unaware of the lack of ammunition; they did not know that the defenders of the tower were short of powder; that the second floor must be the last post where a stand could be made; the assailants could not tell but the staircase might be mined.
 One thing was certain, the enemy could not escape. Those who had not been killed were as safe as if under lock and key. Lantenac was in the trap.
 Certain of this, the besiegers could afford to give themselves time to choose the best means of bringing about the end. Numbers among them had been killed already. The thing now was to spare the men as much as possible in this last assault. The risk of this final attack would be great. The first fire would without doubt be a hot one.
 The combat was interrupted. The besiegers, masters of the ground and first floors waited the orders of the commander-in-chief to renew the conflict. Gauvain and Cimourdain were holding counsel. Radoub assisted in silence at their deliberation. At length he timidly hazarded another military salute.
 "Commandant?"
 "What is it, Radoub?"
 "Have I a right to a little recompense?"
 "Yes, indeed. Ask what you like."
 "I ask permission to be first to mount."
 It was impossible to refuse him; in fact, he would have done it without permission.
 XI.—DESPERATE.
 While this consultation took place on the first floor, the besieged were barricading the second. Success is fury; defeat is madness. The encounter between the foes would be frenzied. To be close on victory intoxicates. The men below were inspired by hope, which would be the most powerful of human incentives if despair did not exist. Despair was above. A calm, cold, sinister despair.
 When the besiegers reached the hall of refuge, beyond which they had no resource, no hope, their first care had been to bar the entrance. To lock the door was useless; it was necessary to block the staircase. In a position like theirs an obstacle across which they could see, and over which they could fight, was worth more than a closed door.
 The torch, which Imânus had planted in the wall near the sulphur-match, lighted the room.
 There was in the chamber one of those great, heavy oak chests, which were used to hold clothes and linen before the invention of chests of drawers.
 They dragged this chest out, and stood it on end in the doorway of the staircase. It fitted solidly and closed the entrance, leaving open at the top a narrow space, by which a man could pass, but it was scarcely probable that the assailants would run the risk of being killed one after another by any attempt to pass the barrier in single file.
 This obstruction of the entrance afforded them a respite. They numbered their company. Out of the nineteen only seven remained, of whom Imânus made one. With the exception of Imânus and the marquis they were all wounded.
 The five wounded men (active still, for in the heat of combat any wound less than mortal leaves a man able to move about) were Chatenay, called Robi; Guinoseau, Hoisnard Branche d'Or, Brin d'Amour, and Grand-François. All others were dead.
 They had no ammunition left. The cartridge-boxes were almost empty; they counted. How many shots were there left for the seven to fire? Four.
 They had reached the pass where nothing remained but to fall. They had retreated to the precipice; it yawned black and terrible; they stood upon the very edge.
 Still the attack was about to recommence—slowly, but all the more surely on that account. They could hear the butt-ends of the muskets ring along the staircase step by step, as the besiegers advanced.
 No means of escape. But the library? On the plateau bristled six cannons, with every match lighted. By the upper chambers? To what end? They look up on the platform. The only resource when that was reached would be to fling themselves from the top of the tower.
 The seven survivors of this Homeric band found themselves inexorably enclosed and held fast by that thick wall, which at once protected and betrayed them. They were not yet taken, but they were already prisoners.
 The marquis spoke: "My friends, all is finished."
 Then, after a silence, he added, "Grand-François, be again the Abbé Turmeau."
 All knelt, rosary in hand. The measured stroke of the muskets sounded nearer.
 Grand-François, covered with blood from a wound which had grazed his skull, and torn away his leather cap, raised the crucifix in his right hand. The marquis, a sceptic at bottom, bent his knee to the ground.



CANAL EXCAVATIONS AT MONTREAL. VIEW AT THE CANAL BASIN.—BY W. SCHREIER.



EVENING.—AFTER A PAINTING BY ALLAN EDSON.

"Let each one confess his faults aloud," said Grand-François. "Monseigneur, speak."
The marquis answered, "I have killed."
"I have killed," said Hoisnard.
"I have killed," said Guinoiseau.
"I have killed," said Brin d'Amour.
"I have killed," said Chatenay.
"I have killed," said Imánus.
And Grand-François replied: "In the name of the most Holy Trinity, I absolve you. May your souls depart in peace."
"Amen," replied all the voices.

The marquis then rose. "Now let us die," he said.
"And fall to slaying," added Imánus.
The blows from the butt-end of the besiegers' muskets began to shake the chest which barred the door.
"Think of God," said the priest; "earth no longer exists for you."

"It is true," replied the marquis; "we are in the tomb."
All bowed their heads and smote their breasts. The marquis and the priest were alone standing. The priest prayed, keeping his eyes cast down; the peasants prayed, the marquis reflected. The coffer echoed dismally, as if under the stroke of hammers.

At this instant a rapid, strong voice sounded suddenly behind them, exclaiming, "Did I not tell you so, monseigneur?"
All turned their heads in stupefied wonder. An outlet was just opening in the wall.

A stone, perfectly fitted into the others, but not cemented, and having a pivot above and a pivot below, had just revolved like a turnstile, leaving the wall open. The stone having revolved on its axis, the opening was double, and offered two means of exit, one to the right and one to the left, narrow, but leaving space enough to allow a man to pass. Beyond this door, so unexpectedly opened, could be seen the first steps of a spiral staircase. A face appeared in the opening. The marquis recognized Halmalo.

XII.—DELIVERANCE.

"Tis you, Halmalo?"
"It is I, monseigneur. You see there are stones that turn; they really exist; you can get out of here. I am just in time; but come quickly. In ten minutes you will be in the heart of the forest."

"God is great," said the priest.
"Save yourself monseigneur!" cried the men in concert.
"All of you go first," said the marquis.
"You must go first, monseigneur," returned the Abbé Turmeau. "I go the last."

And the marquis added, in a severe tone. "No struggle of generosity. We have no time to be magnanimous. You are wounded. I order you to leave and to fly. Quick! Take advantage of this outlet. Thanks, Halmalo."

"Marquis, must we separate?" asked the Abbé Turmeau.
"Below, without doubt. We can only escape one by one."
"Does monseigneur appoint a rendez-vous?"
"Yes. A glade in the forest, the Pierre Gauvaine. Do you know the place?"

"We all know it."
"I shall be there to-morrow at noon. Let all those who can walk meet me at that time."

"Every man will be there."
"And we will begin the war anew," said the marquis.
As Halmalo pushed against the turning-stone, he found that it did not stir. The aperture could not be closed again.

"Monseigneur," he said, "We must hasten. The stone will not move. I was able to open the passage, but I cannot shut it."

The stone in fact had become deadened, as it were, on its hinges from long disuse. It was impossible to make it revolve back into its place.

"Monseigneur" resumed Halmalo, "I had hoped to close the passage, so that the Blues, when they got in and found no one, would think you must have flown off in the smoke. But the stone will not stir. The enemy will see the outlet open, and can follow. At least, do not let us lose a second. Quick; everybody make up for the staircase!"

Imánus laid his hand on Halmalo's shoulder.
"Comrade, how much time will it take to get from here to the forest and to safety?"

"Is there anyone seriously wounded?" asked Halmalo.
They answered, "Nobody."

"In that case, a quarter of an hour will be enough."
"Go," said Imánus; "if the enemy can be kept of here for a quarter of an hour—"

"They may follow; they cannot overtake us."
"But," said the marquis, "they will be here in five minutes; that old chest cannot hold out against them any longer. A few blows from their muskets will end the business. A quarter of an hour! Who can keep them back for a quarter of an hour?"

"I," said Imánus.
"You, Gouge-le-Bruant?"

"I, monseigneur. Listen. Five out of six of you are wounded. I have not a scratch."
"Nor I," said the marquis.

"You are the chief, monseigneur. I am a soldier. Chief and soldier are two."
"I know we have each a different duty."

"No, monseigneur, we have, you and I, the same duty; it is to save you."

Imánus turned toward his companions.
"Comrades, the thing necessary to be done is to hold the enemy in check and retard the pursuit as long as possible. Listen. I am in possession of my full strength; I have not lost a drop of blood; not being wounded, I can hold out longer than any of the others. Fly, all of you. Leave me your weapons. I will make good use of them. I take it on myself to stop the enemy for a good half-hour. How many loaded pistols are there?"

"Four."
"Lay them on the floor."
His command was obeyed.

"It is well. I stay here. They will find somebody to talk with. Now quick—get away!"

Life and death hung in the balance; there was no time for thanks—scarcely time for those nearest to grasp his hand.

"We shall meet soon," the marquis said to him.
"No, monseigneur; I hope not—not soon—for I am about to die."

They got through the opening one after another and passed down the stairs—the wounded going first. While the men

were escaping, the marquis took a pencil out of a note-book which he carried in his pocket, and wrote a few words on the stone, which, remaining motionless, left the passage gaping open.

"Come, monseigneur, they are all gone but you," said Halmalo. And the sailor began to descend the stairs. The marquis followed.

Imánus was alone.

XIII.—THE EXECUTIONER.

The four pistols had been laid on the flags, for the chamber had no flooring to cover them. Imánus grasped a pistol in each hand. He moved obliquely towards the entrance to the staircase which the chest obstructed and masked.

The assailants evidently feared some surprise—one of those final explosions which involve conqueror and conquered in the same catastrophe. The last attack was as slow and prudent as the first had been impetuous. They had not been able to push the chest backward into the chamber—perhaps would not have done it if they could. They had broken the bottom with blows from their muskets, and pierced the top with bayonet holes; by these holes they were trying to look into the hall before entering. The light from the lanterns with which they had illuminated the staircase shone through these chinks.

Imánus perceived an eye regarding him through one of the holes. He aimed his pistol quickly at the place and pulled the trigger. To his joy a horrible cry followed the report. The ball had entered the eye and passed through the brain of the soldier, who fell backward down the stairs.

The assailants had broken two large holes in the cover; Imánus thrust his pistol through one of these and fired at random into the mass of besiegers. The ball must have rebounded, for he heard several cries as if three or four were killed or wounded, then there was a great trampling and tumult as the men fell back. Imánus threw down the two pistols which he had just fired, and, taking the two which still remained, peered out through the holes in the chest. He was able to see what execution his shots had done.

The assailants had descended the stairs. The twisting of the spiral staircase only allowed him to look down three or four steps; the men he had shot lay writhing there in death agony. Imánus waited. "It is so much time gained," thought he.

Then he saw a man flat on his stomach creeping up the stairs; at the same instant the head of another soldier appeared lower down from behind the pillar about which the spiral wound. Imánus aimed at this head and fired. A cry followed, the soldier fell, and Imánus, while watching, threw away the empty pistol and changed the loaded one from his left hand to his right.

As he did so, he felt a horrible pain, and, in his turn, uttered a yell of agony. A sabre had traversed his bowels. A fist—the fist of the man who had crept up the stairs—had just been thrust through the second hole in the bottom of the chest, and this fist had plunged a sabre into Imánus' body. The wound was frightful; the abdomen was pierced through and through.

Imánus did not fall. He set his teeth together and muttered, "Good!"

Then he dragged himself, tottering along, and retreated to the iron door at the side of which the torch was still burning. He laid his pistol on the stones and seized the torch, and while with his left hand he held together the terrible wound through which his intestines protruded, with the right he lowered the torch till it touched the sulphur-match.

It caught fire instantaneously—the wick blazed. Imánus dropped the torch—it lay on the ground still burning. He seized his pistol anew, dropped forward upon the flags, and with what breath he had left blew the wick. The flame ran along it, passed beneath the iron door and reached the bridge-castle.

Then seeing that his execrable exploits had succeeded—prouder, perhaps, of this crime than of the courage he had before shown—this man, who had just proved himself a hero only to sink into an assassin, smiled as he stretched himself out to die, and muttered, "They will remember me. I take vengeance on these little ones for the fate of the little one who belongs to us all—the king imprisoned in the Temple!"

XIV.—IMÁNUS ALSO ESCAPES.

At this moment there was a great noise—the chest was hurled violently back into the hall, and gave passage to a man who rushed forward, sabre in hand, crying, "It is I—Radoub—what are you going to do? It bores me to wait. I have risked it. Anyway I have just disembowelled one. Now I attack the whole of you. Whether the rest follow me, or don't follow me, here I am. How many are there of you?"

It was indeed Radoub, and he was alone!
After the massacre Imánus had paused upon the stairs, Gauvain, fearing some secret mine, had drawn back his men and consulted with Cimourdain.

Radoub standing sabre in hand upon the threshold, sent his voice anew in the obscurity of the chamber across which the nearly extinguished torch cast a faint gleam, and repeated his question. "I am one. How many are you?"

There was no answer. He stepped forward. One of those sudden jets of light which an expiring fire sometimes sends out, and which seem like its dying throes, burst from the torch and illuminated the entire chamber. Radoub caught sight of himself in one of the mirrors hanging against the wall—approached it, and examined his bleeding face and wounded ear.

"Horrible mutilation!" said he.

Then he turned about, and, to his utter stupefaction, perceived that the hall was empty.

"Nobody here!" he exclaimed. "Not a creature."

Then he saw the revolving stone and the staircase beyond the opening.

"Ah! I understand! The key of the fields. Come up, all of you!" he shouted. "Comrades, come up! They have run away. They have fled off—dissolved—evaporated—cut their lucky. This old jug of a tower had a crack in it. There is the hole they got out by, the beggars. How is anybody to get the better of Pitt and Coburg while they can play such comedies as this! The very devil himself came to their rescue. There is nobody here."

The report of a pistol cut his words short—a ball grazed his elbow and flattened itself against the wall.

"Aha!" said he. "So there is somebody left. Who was good enough to show me that little politeness?"

"I," answered a voice.

Radoub looked about and caught sight of Imánus in the gloom.

"Ah!" cried he. "I have got one at all events. The others have escaped, but you will not, I promise you."

"Do you believe it?" retorted Imánus.

Radoub made a step forward and paused.

"Hey, you, lying on the ground there—who are you?"

"I am a man who laughs at you who are standing up."

"What is it you are holding in your right hand?"

"A pistol."

"And in your left hand?"

"My bowels."

"You are my prisoner."

"I defy you!"

Imánus bowed his head over the burning wick, spent his last breath in stirring the flame, and expired.

A few seconds after Gauvain and Cimourdain, followed by the whole troop of soldiers, were in the hall. They all saw the opening. They searched the corners of the room and explored the staircase; it had a passage at the bottom which led to the ravine. The besieged had escaped. They raised Imánus—he was dead. Gauvain, lantern in hand, examined the stone which had afforded an outlet to the fugitives; he had heard of the turning-stone, but he, too, had always disbelieved the legend. As he looked he saw some lines written in pencil on the massive block; he held the lantern closer and read the words: "*Au revoir, Vicomte Lantenac.*"

Guéchamp was standing by his commandant. Pursuit was utterly useless; the fugitives had the whole country to aid them—thickets, ravines, copses the inhabitants. Doubtless they were already far away. There would be no possibility of discovering them—they had the entire forest of Fougères, with its countless hiding places, for a refuge. What was to be done? The whole struggle must begin anew. Gauvain and Guéchamp exchanged conjectures and expressions of disappointment. Cimourdain listened gravely, but did not utter a word.

"And the ladder, Guéchamp?" said Gauvain.

"Commandant, it has not come."

"But we saw a waggon escorted by gendarmes."

Guéchamp only replied, "It did not bring the ladder."

"What did it bring, then?"

"The guillotine," said Cimourdain.

XV.—NEVER PUT A WATCH AND A KEY IN THE SAME POCKET.

The Marquis de Lantenac was not so far away as they believed. But he was none the less in safety, and completely out of their reach. He had followed Halmalo.

The staircase by which they descended in the wake of the other fugitives ended in a narrow vaulted passage close to the ravine and the arches of the bridge. This passage opened into a deep natural fissure which led into the ravine on one side and into the forest on the other. The windings of the path were completely hidden among the thickets. It would have been impossible to discover a man concealed there. A fugitive, once arrived at this point, had only to twist away like a snake. The opening from the staircase into the secret passage was so completely obstructed by brambles that the builders of the passage had not thought it necessary to close the way in any other manner.

The marquis had only to go forward now. He was not placed in any difficulty by lack of a disguise. He had not thrown aside his peasant's dress since coming to Brittany, thinking it more in character.

When Halmalo and the marquis passed out of the passage into the cleft the five other men, Guinoiseau, Hoisnard Branche-d'Or, Brin d'Amour, Chatenay, and the Abbé Turmeau, were no longer there.

"They did not take much time to get away," said Halmalo.

"Follow their example," returned the marquis.

"Must I leave monseigneur?"

"Without doubt. I have already told you so. Each must escape alone to be safe. One man passes where two cannot. We would attract attention if we were together. You would lose my life and I yours."

"Does monseigneur know the district?"

"Yes."

"Does monseigneur still appoint the rendezvous for the Pierre Gauvaine?"

"To-morrow, at noon."

"I shall be there. We shall all be there."

Then Halmalo burst out, "Ah, monseigneur! When I think that we were together in the open sea, that we were alone, that I wanted to kill you, that you were my master, that you could have told me so, and that you did not speak! What a man you are!"

The marquis replied, "England! There is no other source. In fifteen days the English must be in France."

"I have much to tell monseigneur. I obeyed his orders."

"We will talk of all that to-morrow."

"Farewell till to-morrow, monseigneur."

"By the way, are you hungry?"

"Perhaps I am, monseigneur. I was in such a hurry to get here that I am not sure whether I have eaten to-day."

The marquis took a cake of chocolate from his pocket, broke it in half, gave one piece to Halmalo and began to eat the other himself.

"Monseigneur," said Halmalo, "at your right is the ravine, at your left the forest."

"Very good. Leave me—go your own way."

Halmalo obeyed. He hurried off through the darkness. For a few instants the marquis could hear the crackling of the underbrush, then all was still. By that time it would have been impossible to track Halmalo. This forest of the Bréage was the fugitive's auxiliary. He did not flee, he vanished. It was this facility for disappearance which made our armies hesitate before this ever retreating Vendée, so formidable as it fled.

The marquis remained motionless. He was a man who forced himself to feel nothing, but he could not restrain his emotion on breathing this free air after having been so long stifled in blood and carnage. To feel himself completely at liberty after having seemed so utterly lost; after having seen the grave so close, to be swept so suddenly beyond its reach; to come out of death back into life—it was a shock even to a man like Lantenac. Familiar as he was with danger, in spite of all the vicissitudes he had passed through, he could not at first steady his soul under this.

He acknowledged to himself that he was content. But he quickly subdued this emotion, which was more like joy than

any feeling he had known for years. He drew out his watch and struck the hour. What time was it?

To his great astonishment he found that it was but ten o'clock. When one has just passed through some terrible convulsion of existence in which every hope and life itself were at stake, one is always astounded to find that those awful minutes were no longer than ordinary ones. The warning cannon had been fired a little before sunset, and La Tourgue attacked by the storming party half an hour later, between seven and eight o'clock, just as night was falling. This colossal combat, begun at eight o'clock, had ended at ten. This whole episode had only taken a hundred and twenty minutes to enact. Sometimes catastrophes sweep on with the rapidity of lightning. The climax is overwhelming from its suddenness.

On reflection, the astonishing thing was that the struggle could have lasted so long. A resistance for two hours of so small a number against so large a force was extraordinary, and certainly it had not been short or quickly finished, this battle of nineteen against four thousand.

But it was time he should be gone. Halmalo must be far away, and the marquis judged that it would not be necessary to wait there longer. He put his watch back into his vest, but not into the same pocket, for he discovered that the key of the iron door given him by Imanus was there, and the crystal might be broken against the key. Then he moved towards the forest in his turn. As he turned to the left, it seemed to him that a faint gleam of light penetrated the darkness where he stood.

He walked back and across the underbrush, suddenly cut clearly against a red background and become visible in their tiniest outlines, he perceived a great light in the ravine. Only a few paces separated him from it. He hurried forward, then stopped, remembering what folly it was to expose himself in the light. Whatever might have happened, after all it did not concern him. Again he set out in the direction Halmalo had indicated, and walked a little way towards the forest.

Suddenly, deep as he was hidden among the brambles, he heard a terrible cry echo over his head; this cry seemed to proceed from the very edge of the plateau which stretched above the ravine. The marquis raised his eyes and stood still.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

IN DÆMONE DENIS.

I.—FOUND, BUT LOST.

At the moment when Michelle Fléhard had caught sight of the tower, she was more than a league off. She who could scarcely take a step, did not hesitate before these miles which must be traversed. The woman was weak, but the mother found strength. She walked on.

The sun set, the twilight came, then the night. Still pressing on she heard a bell afar off, hidden by the darkness, strike eight o'clock, then nine. The peal probably came from the belfry of Parigné. From time to time she paused to listen to strange sounds like the deadened echo of blows, which perhaps might be the wind in the distance.

She walked straight on, breaking the furze and the sharp heath-stems beneath her bleeding feet. She was guided by a faint light which shone from the distant tower, defining its outlines against the night, and giving a mysterious glow to the tower amid the surrounding gloom. This light became more distinct when the noise sounded louder, then faded suddenly.

The vast plateau across which Michelle Fléhard journeyed was covered with grass and heath—not a house, not a tree appeared. It rose gradually, and, as far as the eye could reach, stretched in a straight hard line against the sombre horizon, where a few stars gleamed. She had always the tower before her eyes; the sight kept her strength from falling.

She saw the massive pile grow slowly as she walked on. We have just said the smothered reports and the pale gleams of light starting from the tower were intermittent; they stopped, then began anew, offering an enigma full of agony to the wretched mother.

Suddenly they ceased; noise and gleam of light both died; there was a moment of complete silence, an ominous tranquillity.

It was just at this moment that Michelle Fléhard reached the edge of the plateau.

She saw at her feet a ravine whose bottom was lost in the wan indistinctness of the night; at a little distance, on the top of the plateau, an entanglement of wheels, metal, and harness, which was a battery, and before her, confusedly lighted by the matches of the cannon, an enormous edifice that seemed built of shadows blacker than the shadows which surrounded it. This mass of buildings was composed of a bridge whose arches were imbedded in the ravine, and of a sort of castle which rose upon the bridge. Both bridge and castle were supported against a lofty circular shadow, the tower towards this mother had journeyed from so far.

You could see lights come and go in the loopholes of the tower, and from the noise which surged up she divined that it was filled with a crowd of men—indeed, now and then their gigantic shadows were flung out on the night.

Near the battery was a camp whose outposts Michelle Fléhard might have perceived through the gloom and the underbrush, but she had as yet noticed nothing.

She went close to the edge of the plateau, so near the bridge that it seemed to her she could almost touch it with her hand. The depth of the ravine alone kept her from reaching it. She could make out in the gloom the three stories of the bridge-castle. How long she stood there she could not have told, for her mind, absorbed in her mute contemplation of this gaping ravine and this shadowy edifice, took no note of time. What was this building? What was going on within? Was it La Tourgue? A strange dizziness seized her; in her confusion she could not tell if this were the goal she had been seeking on the starting-point of a terrible journey. She asked herself why she was here. She looked, she listened.

Suddenly a great blackness shut out every object. A cloud of smoke swept up between her and the pile she was watching; a sharp report forced her to close her eyes. Scarcely had she done so when a great light reddened the lids. She looked again.

It was no longer the night she had before her, it was the day, but a fearful day, the day born of fire. She was watching the beginning of a conflagration.

From black the smoke had become scarlet, filled with a mighty flame which appeared and disappeared, writhing and twisting in serpentine coils. The flame burst out like a tongue from that which resembled blazing jaws—it was the embrasure of a window filled with fire. This window, crossed by iron bars, already reddening in the heat, was a casement in the lower story of the bridge-castle. Nothing of the edifice was visible except this window. The smoke covered even the plateau, leaving only the mouth of the ravine black against the vermillion flames. Michelle Fléhard stared in dumb wonder; it was like a dream—she could no longer tell where reality ended and the confused fancies of her poor troubled brain began. Ought she to fly? Should she remain? There was nothing real enough for any definite decision to steady her mind.

A wind swept up and tore away the curtain of smoke; in the opening the frowning bastille rose suddenly in view, donjon, bridge, châtelet, dazzling in the terrible gilding of conflagration which framed it from top to bottom. The appalling illumination showed Michelle Fléhard every detail of the ancient keep.

The lowest story of the bridge-castle was burning. Above rose the other two stories, still untouched, but, as it were, supported on a pedestal of flames.

From the edge of the plateau where Michelle Fléhard stood she could catch broken glimpses of the interior between the clouds of smoke and fire. The windows were all open.

Through the great casements of the second story Michelle Fléhard could make out the cupboards stretched along the walls, which looked to her full of books, and by one of the windows could see a little group lying on the floor, in the shadow, indistinct and massed together like birds in a nest, which at times she fancied she saw move. She looked fixedly in this direction.

What was that little group lying there in the shadow?

Sometimes it flashed across her mind that those were living forms, but she had fever, she had eaten nothing since morning, she had walked without intermission, she was utterly exhausted, she felt herself giving way to a sort of hallucination which she had still reason enough to struggle against. Still her eyes fixed themselves ever more steadily upon that one point; she could not look away from that little heap upon the floor—a mass of inanimate objects doubtless that had been left in that room below while the flames roared and bellowed.

Suddenly the fire, as if animated by a will and purpose, flung downward a jet of flame toward the great dead ivy which covered the façade at which Michelle Fléhard was gazing.

It seemed as if the fire had just discovered this outwork of dried branches, a spark darted greedily upon it, and a line of flame spread upward from twig to twig with frightful rapidity. In the twinkling of an eye it reached the second story. As they rose the flames illuminated the chamber of the first floor, and the awful glare threw out in bold relief the three little creatures lying asleep upon the floor. A lovely, statuesque group of legs and arms interlaced, closed eyes, and angelic, smiling faces.

The mother recognized her children.

She uttered a terrible cry. That cry of indescribable agony is only given to mothers. No sound is at once so savage or so touching. When a woman utters it you seem to hear the yell of a she-wolf; when the she-wolf cries thus you seem to hear the voice of a woman.

This cry of Michelle Fléhard was a howl. Hecuba howled, says Homer.

It was this cry which reached the Marquis de Lantenac. When he heard it he stood still. The marquis was between the outlet of the passage through which he had been guided by Halmalo and the ravine. Across the brambles which enclosed him he saw the bridge in flames and La Tourgue red with the reflection. Looking upward through the opening which the branches left above his head, he perceived close to the edge of the plateau on the opposite side of the gulf, in front of the burning castle, in the full light of the conflagration, the haggard, anguish-stricken face of a woman bending over the depth.

It was this woman who had uttered the cry.

The face was no longer that of Michelle Fléhard, it was that of Medusa. She was appalling in her agony. The peasant woman was transformed into one of the Eumenides. This unknown villager, vulgar, ignorant, unreasoning, had risen suddenly to the epic grandeur of despair. Great sufferings swell the soul to gigantic proportions. This was no longer a simple mother—the voice of all motherhood cried out through hers; whatever sums up and becomes a type of humanity grows superhuman. There she towered on the edge of the ravine, in front of the conflagration, in presence of that crime, like a power from beyond the grave; she moaned like a wild beast, but her attitude was that of a goddess; the mouth, which uttered imprecations, was set in a flaming mask. Nothing could have been more despotic than her eyes shooting lightnings through her tears.

The marquis listened. Her voice flung its echoes down upon his head—inarticulate, heartrending, sobs rather than words.

"Ah, my children! Those are my children! Help! Fire! Fire! Fire! O you brigands! Is there no one here? My children are burning! Georgette! My babies! Gros-Alain—René-Jean! What does it mean? Who put my children there? They are asleep. Oh, I am mad! It cannot be! Help, help!"

Still a great bustle and movement was apparent in La Tourgue and upon the plateau. The whole camp rushed out to the fire which had just burst forth. The besiegers, after meeting the grape-shot, had now to deal with the conflagration. Gauvain, Cimetourdain, and Guéchamp were giving orders. What was to be done? Only a few buckets of water could be drained from the half-dried brook of the ravine. The consternation increased. The whole edge of the plateau was covered with men whose troubled faces watched the progress of the flames.

What they saw was terrible. They gazed, and could do nothing.

The flames had spread along the ivy and reached the top-most story, leaping greedily upon the straw with which it was filled. The entire granary was burning now. The flames wreathed and danced as if in fiendish joy. A cruel breeze fanned the flames. One could fancy the evil spirit of Imanus urging on the fire, and rejoicing in the destruction which had been his last earthly crime.

The library, though between the two burning stories, was not yet on fire; the height of the ceiling and the thickness of

the walls retarded the fatal moment, but it was fast approaching, the flames from below licked the stones, the flames from above whirled down to caress them with the awful embrace of death; beneath, a cave of lava, above, an arch of embers. If the floor fell first the children would be flung into the lava stream; if the ceiling gave way they would be buried beneath a brazier of burning coals.

The little ones slept still; across the sheets of flame and smoke which now hid, now exposed the casements, they were visible in that fiery grotto, within that meteoric glare, peaceful, lovely, motionless, like three confident cherubs slumbering in a hell; a tiger might have wept to see those angels in that furnace, those cradles in that tomb.

And the mother was shrieking still—"Fire! I say, Fire! Are they all dead, that nobody comes? They are burning my children! Come—come, you men that I see yonder. Oh, the days and days that I have searched, and that is where I find them. Fire! help! Three angels—to think of three angels burning there! What had they done, the innocents? They shot me—they are burning my little ones. Who is it does these things? Help! Save my children! Do you not hear me? A dog—one would have pity on a dog. My children, my children! They are asleep. O Georgette—I see her face. René-Jean—Gros-Alain! Those are their names. You may know I am their mother. Oh, it is horrible! I have travelled days and nights. Why, this very morning I talked of them with a woman. Help, help! Where are those monsters? Horror, horror! The eldest not five years old, the youngest not two. I can see their little bare legs. They are asleep, Holy Virgin! Heaven gave them to me, and devils snatch them away. To think how far I have journeyed. My children, that I nourished with my milk. I, who thought myself wretched because I could not find them. Have pity on me. I want my children—I must have my children. And there they are in the fire. See how my poor feet bleed. Help! It is not possible, if there are men on the earth, that my little ones will be left to die like this. Help! Murder! Oh, such a thing was never seen. O assassins! What is that dreadful house there? They stole my children from me in order to kill them. God of mercy, give me my children. They shall not die! Help—help—help! Oh, I shall curse Heaven itself if they die like that!"

While the mother's awful supplications rang out other voices rose upon the plateau and in the ravine.

"A ladder!"

"There is no ladder."

"Water!"

"There is no water!"

"Up yonder—in the tower—in the second story—there is a door."

"It is iron."

"Break it in."

"Impossible."

And the mother redoubled her agonizing appeals:—"Fire! Help! Hurry, I say, if you will not kill me! My children, my children! O the horrible fire!"

In the interval between these clamours the triumphant crackling of the flames could be heard.

The marquis put his hand in his pocket and touched the key of the iron door. Then, stooping again beneath the vault through which he had escaped, he turned back into the passage from whence he had just emerged.

(To be continued.)

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

England has joined the Postal Convention at Berne.

The Hon. Mr. Needham, of Fredericton, N. B., died very suddenly on Tuesday week.

In spite of military opposition thereto, the Black Hills expedition is organizing, and preparing for departure.

Four companies of cavalry have been ordered to Western Alabama, on account of the unsettled state of that district.

Department of Agriculture returns of the United States show that the wheat crop will nearly average that of last year.

In the Proctor libel suit against Moulton, District-Attorney Winslow has reduced the defendant's bail from \$20,000 to \$3,000.

The Wesleyan General Conference, lately in session at Toronto, has adjourned, to meet in this city on the first Wednesday of September, 1878.

Funds for the payment of the debt of the Prince of Wales have been provided out of his own private property.

The direct Cable, being laid by the "Faraday," has parted and been lost in a severe gale, and the steamer has returned to Queenstown.

A report is current in Copenhagen that England and Russia are endeavouring to settle the Schleswig-Holstein question in a way that will be acceptable to both Prussia and Denmark.

There are said to be signs of the breaking up of the Carlist army, several insurgent leaders having surrendered, and others shot by order of Don Carlos for demanding a cessation of hostilities and the restoration of peace.

Our Halifax despatch says the Newfoundland Legislature has been dissolved, within twelve months of the last election.

Don Carlos is reported to have been seriously wounded by a mutineer.

Count Von Arnim has been arrested for the embezzlement of State papers.

Hon. Messrs. Garneau and Angers have been returned by acclamation for their seats in the Quebec Legislature.

At the opening of the Danish Parliament King Christian delivered the Speech from the Throne in person.

Garibaldi issues a manifest to electors for the Chambers of Deputies, to vote for those at present incarcerated for political offences.

Germany has requested the French Government to send 25,000 troops to the frontier to put a stop to aid being rendered to the Carlists. If the French Government fail to comply, Germany threatens to do so herself.

The insurrection in Buenos Ayres is becoming formidable. The Chambers are in permanent session, the National Guard have been mobilized, and the disturbed district generally declared in a state of siege.

Leading Republicans and Democrats in Louisiana say if the terms of the compromise are carried out, and Kellogg allowed the people a fair election, their party will refrain from further violence, and a peaceable election may be looked for.

Sight is the Greatest Gem of Nature

SAVE YOUR EYES! RESTORE YOUR SIGHT!

EDS PATENT AMERICAN EYE LIQUID, worth 20 guineas per bottle, has been proved by thousands to be the best ever afforded to the public.

AGENTS Wanted Persons desirous of Canvassing for a First-class Family Newspaper, at a good Commission.

are invited to send their names to the undersigned, with specimen copies, and all the requisite material, will be forwarded free.

The paper is so valuable, that almost wherever it has been introduced the circulation has increased at a rate unprecedented in the history of Journalism in this country.

"The Family Herald" Publishing Company, BOX 897, MONTREAL, Q.



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. and 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; Croese and Blackwell, London, &c., &c.; and by Grocers and Oilmen universally.

To be obtained of J. M. DOUGLAS & CO., and URQUHART & CO., Montreal. 9-19-74-618

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.

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.

AMERICAN WATCHES

Illustrated catalogues containing price list, giving full information

How to Choose a Good Watch Price 10 cents. Address.

S. P. KRIBER,

P. O. Box 1022, Toronto. No. 34 Union Block, Toronto Street, Toronto. 9-21-Jan-620

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, 9-14-74 J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassau St. New York.

NOTICE.

MORSON'S EFFECTUAL REMEDIES

Are sold by Chemists and Druggists throughout the World.



PEPSINE, the popular and professional medicine for indigestion is MORSON'S PEPSINE, the active principle of the gastric juice. Sold in Powder, Lozenges, Globules, and as Wine in 1/2 and 1-pint Bottles.

CHLORODYNE is of such celebrity that it can scarcely be considered a speciality. Its composition being known to practitioners. Many of the Chlorodynes being unequal in strength. MORSON & SON have prepared this. Sold in 1/2, 1, and 3-oz. bottles.

PANCREATIZED COD LIVER OIL (perfectly miscible in water or milk), in 4 oz., 8 oz., and pint Bottles.

Highly recommended by the Medical profession in Pulmonary complaints.

Carefully packed and shipped. Orders made payable in England.

THOMAS MORSON & SON.

MEDALISTS AND JURORS AT ALL THE GREAT EXHIBITIONS. 31, 33, & 124, Southampton Row, Russell Square, LONDON.

WORKS - HORNSEY AND HORNERTON.

PURE CHEMICALS AND NEW MEDICINES

SELECTED, AND SHIPPING ORDERS EXECUTED WITH CARE AND DESPATCH.

TRAVELLERS DIRECTORY.

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

OTTAWA. THE RUSSELL HOUSE, JAMES GOULD.

QUEBEC. ALBION HOTEL, Palace Street, W. KIRWIN, Proprietor.

TORONTO. THE QUEEN'S HOTEL, CAPT. THOS. DICK

Berkeley, Sept. 1869. Gentlemen, I feel it a duty I owe to you to express my gratitude for the great benefit I have derived by taking Norton's Camomile Pills. I applied to your agent, Mr. Bell Berkeley, for the above-named Pills, for wind in the stomach, from which I suffered excruciating pain for a length of time, having tried nearly every remedy prescribed, but without deriving any benefit at all.

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 Eye.

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, Gent's or Ladies. \$5 to \$10 a day guaranteed. Full particulars sent free. Write immediately.

DR. J. BALL & CO., (P. O. Box 267.) No. 91 Liberty St., New York City, N. Y.

THE HARP OF CANAAN.

Selections from the best poets on Biblical Subjects by the

REV. J. DOUGLAS BORTHWICK,

AUTHOR OF

"Cyclopaedia of History and Geography," "The British American Reader," "Battles of the World," &c., &c.

Second Edition Revised & Improved.

Large 8vo, 200 pages, bound in cloth, 75 ct. By mail to any address in Canada, 85 cents.

Address, G. E. DESBARATS, 8-25-74-567 Montreal.



JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

Sold by all Dealers throughout the World.

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.

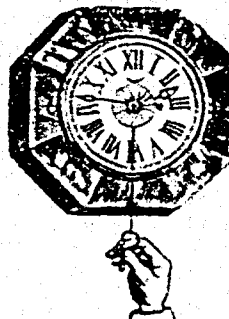
Sent by mail to any address in Canada, 75 cents.

Address, G. E. DESBARATS, 8-25-74-568 Montreal.

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

A. H. HOVEY & CO., 34 King Street West, Toronto, Ont. 9-16-74-610

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 Co. THOMAS MURPHY, Merchant. Messrs. SCHWON BROS., &c.

For further particulars apply to

NELSON & LEFORT.

Importers of Watches and Jewellery, 66 St. James Street.

August 5. 8-9 Jan Montreal.

THE GREAT Canadian, American, & European PATENT AGENCY OFFICES

CHARLES LEGGE & CO., CIVIL ENGINEERS & PATENT SOLICITORS.

48 St. James St., Montreal,

WITH BRANCH OFFICES IN

Washington, London, Paris, Brussels, Vienna & St. Petersburg.

C. LEGGE. C. G. C. SIMPSON.

CHARLES LEGGE & CO. have much pleasure in drawing the attention of Inventors to the unrivalled facilities they possess for obtaining Letters Patent in Canada and in other countries, as well as to the opportunity thus offered of Inventions being secured in the most perfect manner and on the most favourable terms.

MANUAL, giving full information on Patents, Trade Marks, Copy Rights and Industrial Designs. Sent Free on application.

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—Easiness 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.)

MARAVILLA COCOA.

The Globe says: "TAYLOR BROTHERS' MARAVILLA COCOA has achieved a thorough success, and superseded 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."

HOMOEOPATHIC COCOA.

This original preparation has attained a world-wide reputation, and is manufactured by TAYLOR BROTHERS, under the ablest HOMOEOPATHIC 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 Chocory Mills, Bruges, Belgium. 8-14-74

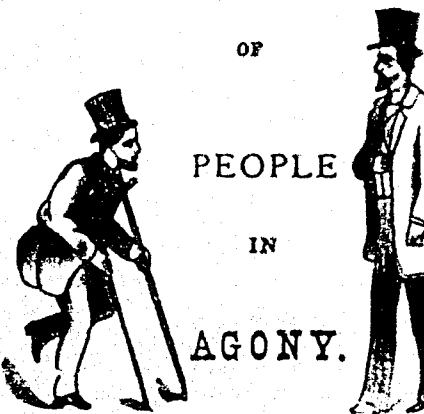
MILLIONS

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 it 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 matter 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.

MRS. 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 Infallible 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 9-25-74-626

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