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Illustrated News

Vol. X.—No. 7.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1874.

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Canadian Illustrated News.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1874.

THAT LAND SWAP.

The Tanneries Land Swap sensation appears to be gradually dying a natural death. After having been the one topic of conversation and of newspaper discussion it has fulfilled its time as a nine days' wonder, and seems to have been pretty well dropped on all sides. The cause of the sudden demise of so fruitful a subject may in all probability be found in the fact that the verdict with regard to the transaction was all but unanimous. Conservatives and Liberals, Blues and Rouges united in denouncing it as an infamous affair, and in demanding an immediate investigation. Thus there being but one opinion about the matter, it lost its piquancy, and as a natural consequence fell flat. Party papers are not, in this country, given to discussing a subject out of which there is no fighting to be had.

We have hitherto contented ourselves with briefly alluding to the transaction between the Minister of Public Works and Mr. Middlemiss, and to the extraordinary unanimity of opinion it has elicited. We have done so simply for the reason that we are inclined to believe that the matter has been too hastily taken up to allow of its being fairly and impartially discussed. We do not wish to be understood as constituting ourselves the champion of the Quebec Ministry. Nothing can be farther from our intention. Any reader of these columns will confess that when we felt that blame was due to the Quebec Ministry we have not spared it. On the contrary, we have been accused of prejudice against them. But in this matter we cannot hide from ourselves the fact that the Government of this Province has been, if not harshly, at least hastily dealt with. This, however, can occasion no surprise. Apart from the mere feeling against Conservative Governments caused by the Pacific Railway Scandal *exposé*, there exists among the people at large a feeling of uncertainty, due to the same cause, which leads them to decline to put their trust in any Government whatsoever. In half a dozen words, public confidence in public men is shaken. The country has been so miserably deceived by those in whom they have long trustfully confided, that it will take some time, some years of good honest government, before confidence is restored. As things now stand the country is in a chronic state of panic. One rumour of political malfeasance, once fairly started, is caught up, spread here and there, *crecens eundo*, until it assumes such preposterous and unnatural proportions that it blinds even those who are most interested in seeing clearly. This, we believe, has been the case with what is now known as the Tanneries "Land Swap." We are fully aware that we stand alone, or almost so, in this opinion; but nevertheless we do not hesitate for one moment in expressing our conviction that when the matter has been thoroughly sifted it will be found that it amounts, in the popular phrase, to much cry and little wool. We do not say that the Government will come out scatheless from the ordeal. Far from it. But this we do believe, that the charges of corruption and speculation which are now brought against it by friend and foe alike, will be found, upon investigation, to be groundless. Wilful mismanagement we believe there has been none; and we only wish, for the sake of the country, that we could say as much of ignorance and incapability on the part of the rulers of the Province.

Efforts have been made to lay the onus of the unfortunate land transaction upon the Hon. Mr. Archaubeault. It has even been stated that the Minister of Public Works has pocketed a handsome sum as the proceeds thereof. It is difficult to conceive upon what evidence this statement is based. The notarial act of transfer is open to

inspection, and there it will be found that the transfer was made, not to the Hon. Mr. Archaubeault in person and by name, but to Her Majesty the Queen, through the honourable the Minister of Public Works and his successors. This certainly does not look like speculation. Mr. Archaubeault's political record is not as fair a one as one would like to see, but it is plain that in this case if he erred it was on the side of gross negligence, and not of greed. And in his negligence his colleagues must be co-partners.

The cry on all sides now is, let the Ministry resign. By all means. But let us have the investigation first. Let us know the exact position in which they stand. Are they to resign as dishonest men, or merely as incapable men. If the former, the shame is great, and will do incalculable, irreparable, injury to the party they lead. If the latter, they are but as other men are. We have a whole Cabinet-full of incapable curiosities at Ottawa, with the exception of Mr. Mackenzie and one or two others.

It would seem, however, that a final decision has been reached. If our information is correct, the Quebec Ministry intend consulting their supporters with a view to ascertaining how far the latter are willing to grant them a Parliamentary investigation. Should they succeed in obtaining this, they will convene the Legislature at as early a date as possible, and make the investigation the first business of the session. But on the other hand, should their friends advise them to yield to the strong current of public expression, should they decline to grant them the support necessary to carry the investigation, the Ministry will at once send in the seals of office, and we may expect to hear of a new Administration under the leadership of one of the prominent members of the Upper House.

Next to George Brown. Mr. F. W. Glen, of Oshawa, is about the best abused man in the country. He has mortally offended some of the Conservative papers in Ontario by the fact of his opinion and the accident of his birth. Mr. Glen is in favour of Reciprocity, and was born south of line forty-five. We have nothing to do with Mr. Glen's opinion, which is open to discussion by every journal in the country. Doubtless he is able to defend it to his own satisfaction. But we sincerely condole with Mr. Glen on his misfortune in having first seen the light in the benighted Republic to the south of us. Of course it is not his fault, and this being the case, we trust his opponents will not be too hard upon him. He has done his best to rectify an error in which he had no hand by settling in Canada, furnishing employment to a few score of hands, and paying his mite of dues into the treasury of the country. There are some few other Americans in the Dominion in much the same position as Mr. Glen. We would advise them to withdraw from the country, employ their energy and capital elsewhere, and—see the howl that will be raised. It is amazing what lively satisfaction the use of the harmless epithet "Yankee" seems to afford the Canadian journalist who attacks a citizen of the "Great Republic."

We are not in the habit of looking for grapes from thorns, figs from thistles, or disinterestedness and generosity from members of municipal bodies. And by closely following this rule of life we have succeeded, like the man who is called blessed because he expects nothing, in not being disappointed. But there is such a thing as reckoning without one's host. The Mayor of Kingston has grievously disappointed us. He has proved recreant to all the traditions of his position, and has doubtless thereby incurred the dire anger of all the fat feeders and dead-beats of the city. It seems that it has hitherto been the custom in Kingston for the mayor to give an excursion to the members of the City Council and other friends. From this custom Dr. Sullivan, the present Mayor, has made a new departure. Instead of the excursion, with its usual concomitants, he has given \$400 dollars to the principal charitable institutions of the city. The longer one lives the more one discovers that good can come out of Nazareth.

At the recent meeting in South Elgin Mr. Rykert deprecated the too prevalent custom of reflecting in public and in the public prints on the private character of a political opponent. He said that "he despised the man who, falling in argument, has to fall back on personal abuse." It would be a great satisfaction if Mr. Rykert could instil a little of his loudly professed contempt for political muck-scrapers into some of the organs of his party. The advantage to be gained would be a double one. In the first place Mr. Rykert would gratify his own personal taste; and in the second he would confer a benefit upon a large portion of the community by abolishing the cause for half the libel suits that arise, and thereby keeping money that might be better invested out of the lawyers' pockets.

A story has been circulated by some of the daily papers to the effect that the utmost dissatisfaction exists among the men of the mounted police expeditionary force, owing to the manner in which they are treated, and that matters have gone so far that sixty five of their number have deserted and succeeded in getting across the lines. We have every reason to believe that the story is nothing but a hoax. We are in regular communication with our special artist accompanying the expedition, and have received advices from him up to the 12th ult., but not one word has he said relative to any desertion from the forces. On the contrary, he states that all is going as well as could be expected. Until the rumour has received further confirmation it should be taken *cum grano*.

Mr. Roebuck has come out on the Public Worship Regulation Bill. He expresses his deep grief at the strife now raging in the Church. He can hardly fancy that the two Archbishops and the present and past Lord Chancellors have formed a plan for pulling down the Church. So far as he can see, the only object of the Public Worship Regulation Bill is to put a stop to the silly and dangerous doings of men who are carried away by fanatical notions as to the importance of dress, posture, and genuflections—men whose great purpose seems to be to make figures of themselves to be stared at by young girls and silly women. Mr. Roebuck adds that he will aid in the endeavour to suppress extremes in ritual.

At last, as we expected, the Beecher Tilton nastiness has got into book form. One would have thought that the lengthy and not always over-delicate accounts of the scandal which have appeared in the daily prints would have satisfied the depraved tastes of all but the most crapulously prurient minded. But it seems not. There is evidently a demand for the work, or it would never have been published. Who can the buyers be—and to what station of life do they belong? It might have been supposed that the sooner the scandal was dead, buried, and forgotten, the better. And now they are going to erect a monument to its memory. We hope the next generation will be edified.

That pious old fraud, William, German Emperor by the Grace of God and the Will of Prince Bismarck, has been at his old tricks again. Congratulating his well-beloved cousin and ally, the Emperor of Austria, on a recent occasion, he said, "I hope for the renewal of our old companionship in arms to secure peace for many years, which is equally desired on all sides." This is coming Pecksniff a little too strong. We know by this time what this companionship in arms to secure peace means, and unless the Austrians are more unsophisticated than they get credit for, they have not forgotten the kind of peace that followed Sadowa.

A contemporary points out a queer incongruity that exists in the relations as to legal matters between New Brunswick and Ontario. It appears that the former Province excludes Ontario barristers, and the latter returns the compliment by refusing to permit Maritime lawyers to practice in her courts. In some respects the provinces are as disunited as before the Confederation. For example, judgment obtained against an insurance company in a New Brunswick court would not be recognized in Ontario, even though that province might be the head quarters of the company. This inconvenience should be remedied as speedily as possible.

It appears from a summary of the expense of Congress that each member of that body is credited with eighty-four pounds of toilet soap during each session. And yet their hands are not clean. Now let us have the soap statistics from the late—and present—House of Commons, the Ontario Legislature, and last, but very far from least, the Quebec Legislature. Some genius might start a very interesting theory for calculating the amount of corruption existing in a given Legislature in inverse ratio to the amount of soap used by its members.

The Catholics of Europe are bent on making a determined stand against the attacks of their opponents. The Hungarian and Ultramontane papers of Austria propose that a Congress should be held at Pesth or Pressburg in September, in order to assist in the formation of an international Papal party in Europe, in accordance with suggestions made at Geneva last year, and at the Catholic meeting in London.

There seems to be a hitch, or a good many hitches, in the arrangements for the Philadelphia Centennial. Our neighbours should get their new Minister from Vienna to give them a lift. Baron Schwarz-Senborn was one of the managers of the World's Fair of 1873, and contributed not a little to its success.

CORRESPONDENCE

LUMBER AND FREE-TRADE.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

SIR,—Adam Smith says that the capacity of people to produce wealth exceeds the capacity of the worst governments to waste it. This may be the case on an average from century to century, or generation to generation, but there are times at which the waste is fully equal to the accumulation. *Wise legislation is the basis of national prosperity.* The profits of the farmer, the miner or manufacturer, even in the best seasons, may be swept away by unwise expenditures, tariffs or legislation. Take the lumber trade of this country for example. A single stroke of diplomacy has totally paralyzed it. By one wrong move profits are rendered impracticable. A theory has, however, been tested; but at an enormous cost. This is the application of Free-Trade principles to the lumber business. The present authorities, believing that competition, supply, and demand are all that is necessary to maintain trade in a wholesome state, offered immense timber limits for sale. This, together with giving settlers power to sell their timber, at a time when the market was fully supplied, caused a glut resulting in the present crisis. Free-traders ascribe the depression to the monetary crisis in the States. Now half the truth is usually a lie. This explanation is but part; and a very small part, of the cause. The depression is partly due to that crisis, but principally to bad legislation in this country. Previous to this, while limits were offered for sale sparingly, the trade flourished and made profits. People, like children, often cry for what would make them sick. The lumbermen demanded limits and the government, like a foolish parent, gave them an over dose. Hence, popular demands require to be tempered with prudence. The Reformer may be as much too fast as the Conservative is too slow; and the former failing is fraught with much more danger than the latter.

The sale of those limits has stimulated production ever since. Worse still. The capital formerly employed in handling and holding the manufactured lumber was invested in limits, throwing the manufacturers on the more precarious and costly aid of banks. Capital is not unlimited or elastic like the air. It does not move from one trade to another without a pull. The pull consists in higher interest. There is a certain amount of capital available for each trade, and to draw in more than this requires an effort and sacrifice. Hence, the circulating capital locked up unproductively in those limits had to be replaced, both in Canada and the States, by drawing capital from other industries. The lumbermen could draw capital from other industries, to replace that invested in limits, only by offering the bank higher rates of interest than others were giving. Hence, a ruinous competition, for all parties, commenced, and the bank rates went up to ten per cent. I will not say that the lumber trade was the sole cause of this; but I believe it to be the main cause. The other effect, the glutting of the market, was caused in this way. It is not necessary, for my purpose, to show that the new limits have been yet touched. Their purchase stimulated production on the old limits. Firms investing largely in new limits were obliged to get some of their money back as soon as possible. This was, in many cases, done by increasing their production of the old limits; and so far as glutting the market is concerned is just as effectual as if the work had been on the new limits. There is something more than supply, demand, and competition required to regulate trade. If left to these alone manufacturers and traders, like tribes and clans, are liable to exterminate each other. Legislation is the basis of all business success. Business can no more prosper under unwise laws than human life can continue vigorous in a foul atmosphere.

There are rich men in the worst governed countries; but whether the average wealth of a people is high or low depends very much on their laws and legislation. Organizations, like that lately formed by the lumbermen, to curtail production, would not be needed under a sound system of commercial legislation. Such a system would lead each individual to pursue the course best for himself and best for society without entering into any organization. *The necessity for organizations proves the existence of great abuses or defects in the law.*

Again, such organizations are nearly always inoperative. No rule can be adopted suitable for all interested. Hence, the result is that one or more break the rule and the rest gradually follow. This is the difficulty attending a combination. There are, also, difficulties in the absence of organization. No mill owner likes to set the example of curtailment by closing his works. It might affect his credit. People would be liable to think he was getting into financial straits. Rather than send this impression abroad he goes on till ruined. He will not halt while strong and is ashamed to halt when becoming weak. Besides this, stop when he will, there is another danger. In all such suspensions the workmen are likely to consider the act a device for lowering wages. Such an impression as this once created may endanger both the employers' property and life.

Much will never be accomplished by organization. In fact weak firms will countenance the attempt least. There are two causes for this. First they may want to conceal their weakness by assuming a tone of indifference. Second they may have no way of meeting their liabilities but by keeping in motion even at a loss. To stop and let their fixed capital stand idle may in itself be ruinous. It is only strong firms that are able to do this. Many a man continues a business, and makes a living by it, long after his capital is gone. Under vicious commercial laws such a person cannot recover; but under good laws he may not only recover but afterwards amass wealth. The lumber trade of this country has been partially ruined by the application of Free-Trade principles; and all our manufactures will be ruined also if that principle, as contained in the proposed Reciprocity Treaty, be carried into effect.

Mismanagement always leads to increased loss, labour and expense. There is nothing in which this is more apparent than in legislation. The individual can no more escape the effects of bad laws than the effects of a bad climate. The trouble, loss and expense occasioned by the sale of the limits referred to are incalculable. We may possibly have more legislation on the subject, as it is proposed now by free-traders to put an export duty on lumber to check its manufacture. This would be a step from extreme free-trade to extreme protection. Lumber is said to be unprofitable now; and they propose to make it profitable by putting new taxes on it.

Fenelon Falls,

Yours truly,

W. DEWART.

THE LITERARY WORLD.

Mr. George Smith is preparing a work on Assyrian discovery in 1873 and 1874.

Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin have in contemplation to issue shortly a work dealing with the history of the Reformed Churches.

Mme. Jules Janin has signified her intention of presenting to the French Academy the whole of her husband's library, on condition that it be kept together and bear his name.

Mr. Froude, the historian, leaves England during the present month on a grand tour to most of the English colonies, commencing at the Cape of Good Hope and ending with Canada. He goes as "one clothed with authority," not merely as a "scribe," and will probably give to the English-speaking public something on his return that will be worth reading.

It is not generally known that Strauss married an actress, as it would seem a bright, versatile, worldly woman, with whom he naturally soon ceased to have any sympathy. After living three years together they separated by mutual consent without the formality of a divorce.

A new Republican paper is, it is said, about to be started in New York. According to the *Daily Graphic*, the people interested in the venture have been associated with the late Mr. Raymond, of the *Times*.

A valuable collection of books and MSS. has just been dispersed under the hammer of Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, of Leicester-square, London. The most prominent item in the sale was lot 216—The *Boke of Encyclos*, compiled by Vyrgyle, translated and printed by William Caxton, 1490, which, although wanting two pages, was knocked down for the sum of £191. The following also realized high prices:—Lot 91, *Misale ad usum Ecclesie Sarisburiensis*, printed at Paris, 1515, £42; lot 92, *Psalterium Davidicum ad usum Ecclesie Sarisburiensis*, 1555, £19 15s; lot 96, *Bezar's New Testament*, Englished by Laurence Tomson, 1576, £13; lot 119, *The Life of St. Barbara*, an illuminated MS., £12; lot 125, *Album Amicorum*, 1598—1640, £10 5s.; lot 132, *Whittintoni, de Sylabarium Quantitatis*, &c., printed by Wynken de Worde, 1519, £20 10s.; lot 147, *The Newe Testament*, Tyndale's version, 1553, £15 15s.

The Petrarch Festival at Avignon opened on Saturday, the 18th inst., with an excursion to Vaucluse. Prizes were distributed there to upwards of fifty writers of essays and poems composed specially for the occasion. A banquet to 300 persons afterwards took place under the mulberry-tree in Petrarch's garden. Signor Nigra, the representative of Italy in France, made a speech, in which he referred to the friendly union of the two countries in the festival then being celebrated, and of the undying gratitude of Italy for the aid rendered to her in effecting her deliverance by France. At Avignon there was afterwards a night *fête*. Sunday's programme included an open-air mass, regattas, bull-fights, a grand historical cavalcade, representing Petrarch going in triumph to the Capitol, a theatrical entertainment, and illuminations. The festivities were continued on Monday.

Sir Travers Twiss has in the press a second volume of the appendix to the "Black Book of the Admiralty." It will (says the *Academy*) contain the judgments of the sea from the earliest known MS., which is preserved in the archives of the Guildhall of the city of London, collated with an early Flemish MS. of the fourteenth century in the archives of the city of Bruges, as well as the customs of the sea from the earliest Catalan version of the book of the Consulate of the Sea, collated with the earliest known MS. in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris. The introduction will contain an account of the recent discovery of the missing Black Book, as well as of the discovery of the long-sought-for "Tavola Amalpitana" among the Eoscarini MSS. in the Imperial library in Vienna.

DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

Woodstock, Ont., is to have a musical convention in September.

M. Offenbach's nearly-completed opera is called "Madame l'Archiduc."

Mrs. Frederick Gye, the wife of the director of the Royal Italian Opera in London, is dead.

Mrs. Ross-Church (Florence Marryatt) has appeared in theatricals in London for the benefit of Mrs. Shirley Brooks.

M. Jules Verne, whose wild romances are well known in England, is preparing his "Round the World in Eighty Days" for the Paris stage.

A five-act drama entitled "Colonel Sellers," by Mark Twain, is soon to be brought out on the stage.

Johann Strauss has returned from his very profitable concert tour in Italy to Gratz. He has purchased a residence in Florence of the value of 100,000 florins, and intends to pass the winter partly there, partly in Gratz, and only occasionally in Vienna.

At a concert lately given at Niort, in France, a curious experiment was tried: Two clarinet concertos being performed with the solo parts played by five clarinets in union! The street clarinet player is a pleasing minstrel, but five of them together might have a qualifying effect.

Madame Patti is going to create a new part, having accepted the rôle of Virginia in M. Victor Massé's new opera of "Paul and Virginia," which is to be brought out this year in Russia, with M. Capoul as Paul. From Russia the opera will be transferred to Paris, where it is to be produced at the New Opera with the original artistes.

Edward Grieg, a young Norwegian, has suddenly sprung into fame as a musician. He is thirty-one years old, and when a child his extraordinary talents attracted the attention of Ole Bull. He has since been in constant study and practice, and the Swedish papers speak of him as "the Scandinavian Chopin."

A story to this effect is current. A little girl named Redmond, a daughter of one of the porters connected with Covent Garden, was about the stage some nights ago. While Marimon was on the stage, the young creature at the wings hummed after her the air that she was then singing. Faure, who happened to be about, heard, and was charmed with her execution. The following day her voice was tried. Faure was right. The juvenile songstress will be sent to Italy.

THE MAGAZINES.

St. Nicholas for August is a seasonable number. The illustrations are up to the usual standard of excellence, and several of the papers are remarkably clever. The geological gardens of London are described with appropriate pictures. This magazine took a prominent stand from its initial number and has maintained it throughout.

Old and New. The chief article in this number is an exposition by Rev. Mr. Martineau of the contrasts between the gospel of John and the preceding three, the author dwelling on the mystic, or perhaps gnostic, features of the fourth Evangelist, and contrasting them, as well as the language, with the peculiarly Hebrew traits of the Revelation, concludes with great force of reasoning that the two books were not written by the same person, and that the gospel of John was written later than is usually supposed. Tyrwhitt's art series is continued, and always with interest.

Lippincott. The "New Hyperion," by Edward Strahan, with capital illustrations by Gustave Doré, is continued "Malcolm," by George Macdonald, hardly grows upon the reader as it progresses, but by way of compensation, we have the opening of a new tale, "The Three Feathers," by William Black, which sparkles with promises of interest. The poetry of the number is also creditable.

The Atlantic Monthly contains the continuation of "A Forgone Conclusion" and "Katy's Fortune." The miscellaneous of rich variety and the poetry introduces the names of such authors as Whittier, Trowbridge, Mrs. Platt and Alfred Street. The literary and artistic criticisms are unusually full.

The illustrated articles in *Harper's* are four—"The Queen of Aquidneck," "Our Nearest Neighbour," "On the Boundary Line" and the "American Railroad." Besides this there is a vast miscellany which always makes this excellent Magazine the matter of a day or two's reading every month.

We have often called attention to the solid character of the contributions to the *Penn Monthly*. The present number is by no means an exception. "The Teutonic Mark" and "Why Hannibal did not march on Rome" are papers on recondite and interesting subjects which one likes to see treated in the popular manner, for the instruction of the masses. We also call attention to "The Perils of Modern Quakerism." The pure literary portions of the magazine are devoted to "Balsac" and "Pastoris Jefferson."

Scribner's is as its very best in the present issue. All the articles are excellent and one or two of them deserving of special comment, which we regret not being able to devote to them. The Southern series is in itself worth the price of the number.

OLD PLAYS AND MODERN ONES.

It is commonly said that the old plays are licentious and broad, and that it is our modern delicacy, or prudery, or fastidiousness, call it which we will, which has condemned the old writers to oblivion. Yet this can hardly be the whole case, for who can be more "broad" than Chaucer in some of his "Canterbury Tales?" Yet Chaucer is undeniably an English classic. He is broad, not only in the extreme plainness with which he calls a spade a spade, but he is broad in the very substance of some of his stories themselves. Our modern plays, too, are often broad enough in their plots and in their *doubles entendres*; and it is manifest that the supposed delicacy of mind which forbids the reprinting of the elder plays, or of Wycherley, or Congreve, or Vanbrugh, or Beaumont and Fletcher for miscellaneous family reading, is not a little the result of that utter hypocrisy which pervades our popular talk and popular belief in all matters of religion and morals. There is no harm in the world, it is thought, in the singing of "La ci darem" in the most respectably rigid of drawing-rooms; but then are not the words in Italian, and is not the music by the divine Mozart? So it is with another of the divine Mozart's whole operas, "Le Nozze di Figaro." It is not all in the Italian? Or, in other words, it is not all a *double entendre* from beginning to end, which the mamma may understand, but not the more innocent members of proper society? The ballet-girl of the period is, indeed, by no means a *double entendre*, and she is a phenomenon to be carefully studied by those who would estimate the sincerity of the religious professions of the age we are living in. Here, in truth, are two of the most striking illustrations of the difference between the social ideas of the ages of Elizabeth and Victoria. Under Elizabeth and James we have the talk of Holywell-street, uttered by players of the male sex alone, for the appearance of women upon the stage was unknown: under Victoria we have the most highly improving sentiments whispered by women in men's clothing, supported by crowds of ballet-dancers, who, whether they are dressed in male or female clothing, are invariably girls. What a marvellous change in the notions of society as to what is moral! And what a honeycombing of scepticism does it not betray, in our modern world as to the real standard of right and wrong! Then there is another curious circumstance about the dramatists of the Tudor and Stuart period. They furnish but a very slight reflection of the theological and political strifes of the times. It has even been maintained that Shakespeare was a Roman Catholic, and entirely as the proof falls, it is sufficiently suggestive that the attempt to prove him one should ever have been made. No doubt the chief actors in London being the "King's players," or the "Queen's players," they had singularly little liberty for expressing any political sentiments which they might have held. How little that liberty was, may be gathered from one of the few adventures that chequered the life of George Chapman. In conjunction with Ben Jonson and Marston he wrote the comedy of "Eastward Ho" in the first year of James the First's reign. In this play they indulged in a few of those reflections upon the Scotch, which were then so popular among English people; and "Gentle Jamie," in his wrath, sent all the three poets to the Fleet, where they were very nearly undergoing the characteristic gentle penalty of those days, in having their noses slit. Drummond says that Jonson declared that he had no hand in writing the offending passages, but that he would not desert his friends in their trouble, and went to prison with them. As it was, James, who was more forgiving than is usual with cowards, soon set all three at liberty, and took to admiring Chapman's writings, and made no objection to the patronage which his son Henry Prince of Wales bestowed upon him.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

THE ONTARIO INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

Dr. Palmer was born at Milton, North Carolina, June 11, 1834. He graduated at Columbia University, Washington, D. C., in July 1854. In the fall of 1858, he became connected with the North Carolina Institute for the Deaf and Dumb and Blind at Raleigh and was appointed Principal in 1860. He carried on the institution during the war, it being the only one of the few in the South that did not suspend operations. He was appointed Principal of the Ontario Institution, at its organization in October 1870, which position he now fills.

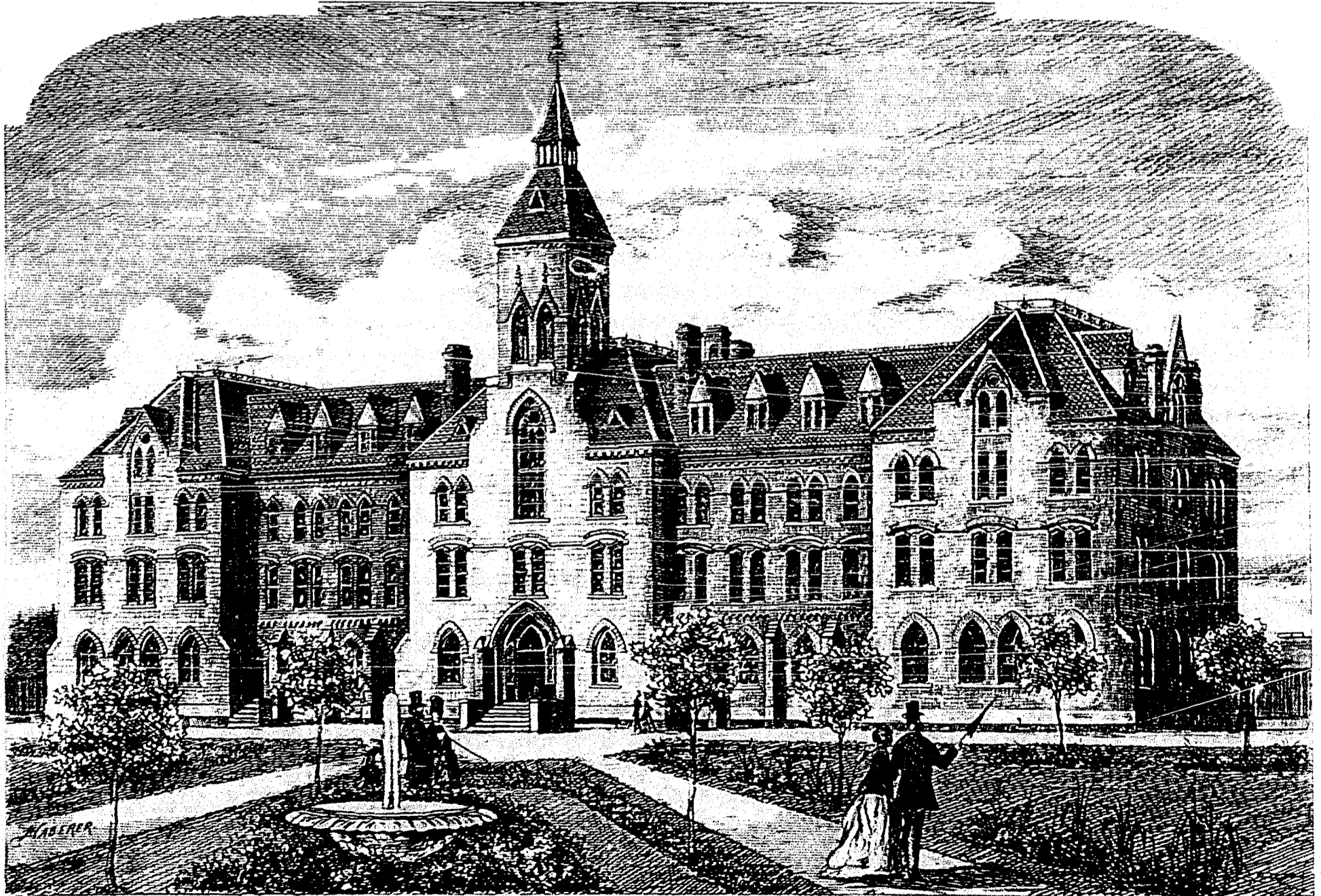
Among the public institutions provided by the Province of Ontario for the comfort and care of the helpless members of the community not the least important is that of the Deaf and Dumb Institute, opened at Belleville on the 20th October 1870, by Lieut.-Governor Howland. For many years Mr. J. B. McGann had laboured with indefatigable industry for the education of the deaf and dumb in Upper Canada. At first his school was opened in Toronto, and subsequently on the supposition that the Dundurn estate had become the property of the Province, Mr. McGann removed his establishment to Hamilton, where he continued, partly we believe by Municipal, and partly by private assistance, to maintain a flourishing school. Much sympathy, if not much substantial assistance was extended to him in his good work, which he pursued with unflagging industry and unwearied fidelity. At the 1870 session of the Ontario Legislature a grant of \$75,000 was asked for and obtained for the construction, at the public expense, of a Deaf and Dumb Asylum. The Government, after due enquiry, selected the site in the neighbourhood of the thriving town of Belleville. It is a pretty and commanding position, the property being eighty-five acres in extent, and situated about two and a half miles from the Belleville Station on the Grand Trunk Railway, and a mile and a half west from the business centre of the town, on the shore overlooking the bay. The Government lost no time in advertising for designs for the new building, and that sent in by Mr. James Smith, architect of Toronto, was accepted: Mr. Kivas Tully having also been employed in the construction of the buildings as architect and engineer. The contractors were Messrs. T. Kempster & Co., of Hamilton, Ont., and their work is said to have been executed in a most satisfactory manner.

The building is designed in the domestic style of Gothic architecture, with such modifications as were deemed desirable the better to adapt it to the intended purpose, and to suit the requirements of the climate. This style is



DR. W. J. PALMER, PRINCIPAL OF THE ONTARIO INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

considered to be admirably fitted for institutions of the kind, being collegiate in appearance, and capable of being erected more economically than any other of equal dimensions. The main building is two hundred and eight feet long, with an average width of fifty feet, and fifty feet in height to the eaves, surmounted by a Mansard roof. In the rear of the main building, but connected with it by a covered passage, is the dining-room, which is sixty feet long and thirty feet wide; a kitchen thirty-two feet long by twenty-four feet wide; also a store room, pantry and cook-room. Over the dining-room is the lecture-room, having the seats raised at the rear, radiating from the teacher's platform, behind which are large slates, built in the wall, for writing on. Over the kitchen extension are the male and female sick wards, each having separate entrances, and being supplied with baths and water-closets. There are three entrances in the front of the building, the principal one in the centre being for the superintendents and visitors, those on each side for the male and female students respectively. The central hall is twelve feet wide, and runs through the building to connect with the dining-room. The main corridors are six feet wide and run across the central hall, connecting with the school-rooms at each end of the building. These school-rooms are sixty feet long by thirty-seven feet wide, with two class-rooms at the rear of each. There are in all ten class-rooms, four in the centre portion of the first floor, and six in the ground floor. On the ground floor of the main building are also the superintendent's apartments, reception room, and clerks' rooms. The first floor is wholly occupied with dormitories, matrons and students' rooms, assistants' rooms, clothes rooms and class-rooms. The second and attic floors are taken up with dormitories, which have ceilings fourteen feet high, and are thoroughly ventilated. The institution is calculated to accommodate 350 pupils, and particular care has been taken so to carry out the arrangements that the male and female students may be kept wholly apart. Every modern improvement has been adopted that was considered likely to add to the comfort and convenience of the inmates; heating and ventilation being both amply provided for. The former is effected by radiating steam pipes, the boiler room being away from the main building to prevent the risk of an accident. As a further precaution against danger from fire there are three large water tanks in the upper part of the building into which a ten-horse power engine pumps water from the bay. This furnishes ample water supply for the use of the institution and as five plugs have been placed in each floor to which hose can be readily attached, serious danger from fire is exceedingly



THE ONTARIO INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB, BELLEVILLE



JOS. H. JOHNSON, M.A.,
Alabama, V. P.



ED. M. GALLAUDET, Ph.D., LL.D.,
Washington, V. P.



PHILIP G. GILLETT,
Illinois, V. P.



THOS. MCINTYRE, M.A.,
Indiana, V. P.



REV. W. TURNER, Ph. D.,
Connecticut, President.



J. SCOTT HUTTON, M.A.,
Nova Scotia, V. P.



WM. D. KERR, M.A.,
Missouri, V. P.



ISAAC L. PEET,
New York, V. P.



JOHN NICHOLLS,
North Carolina, 2nd Secretary.

OFFICERS OF THE ASSOCIATION OF TEACHERS OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

remote, especially as the tanks can be refilled about every eight minutes, and they hold an aggregate of fifty or sixty thousand gallons of water. The walls are constructed of red brick, with cut stone facings, and the roof is slated, and surrounded with handsome iron railings.

The outbuildings are large, substantial and commodious, quite in keeping with the general style and arrangement of the institution and are placed at a distance of about two hundred feet in rear of the main building. A handsome brick lodge has also been erected on the Trenton road at the main entrance to the grounds, which are here enclosed by a handsome picket fence. An avenue, sixty feet in width, leading to the institute from the lodge gate has been laid out which will be planted with trees and have a fine gravel walk on each side. The length of this avenue is about six hundred feet—the distance of the main building from the road.

Although this institution is not yet seven years old it ranks seventh in the point of numbers of pupils among the forty-five institutions of the kind in America. This fact is a sufficient testimony to the energy and capabilities of the Principal, Dr. Palmer.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

CARP AT FONTAINEBLEAU.

This is a fancy picture of life at Fontainebleau in the 16th century. The artist is a M. Comte, and his handiwork, recently exhibited at the French Salon—which may be said to correspond to the English Royal Academy Exhibition—created quite a small furor. It will be remembered, *apropos* of carp, that there are, or were within a few years, at Sans Souci, near Potsdam, some carp which had been fed by the Great Frederick—and which Thackeray makes the subject of one of his Roundabout Papers.

THE OFFICERS OF THE DEAF MUTE TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.

The following is the list of officers of the above Association appointed at the Convention held last month at Belleville: President: Rev. W. Turner, Ph. D., Connecticut; Vice-Presidents: Rev. Thos. McIntyre, M.A., Indiana; Isaac T. Peet, New York; Edward M. Gallaudet, Ph. D., LL.D., Washington; Philip G. Gillett, LL.D., Illinois; Wm. D. Kerr, M.A., Missouri; J. Scott Hutton, M.A., Nova Scotia; Joseph H. Johnson, M.D., Alabama; Secretaries: Edward A. Fay, Washington; John Nichols, North Carolina; J. B. McGaun, Ontario.

Dr. TURNER was born in Western Massachusetts, January 1, 1800. He graduated at Yale College, New Haven, in 1819, and in 1821 engaged as teacher of the deaf and dumb in the American Asylum at Hartford, Conn., of which he became Principal in 1853. Ten years later, in 1863, he resigned his official connection with the institution, after an uninterrupted service of more than forty-two years. Since that time Dr. Turner has been appointed lecturer on natural history by the National Deaf Mute College at Washington, where he has delivered three or four short courses of lectures. From this institution he holds the honorary degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

The REV. THOMAS MCINTYRE, M.A., was born at Columbus O., on the 25th December, 1815. He graduated at Franklin College, Athens, O. For six years Mr. McIntyre taught in the State Deaf Mute Institution, and subsequently built the Tennessee Institution, which he superintended for a similar term of six years. He then removed to the Indiana Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, which he has directed since 1852. On the whole, Mr. McIntyre's term of service as Principal of Deaf Mute Institutions is longer than that of any man on this continent.

ISAAC LEWIS PEET, LL.D., Principal of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, was born December 24th, 1824. He is the only surviving son of the late Harvey P. Peet, Ph. D. His birth place was the American Asylum for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb in Hartford, Conn., where his father was engaged as an instructor, living in the building, and invested with the family guardianship of the pupils. At the age of six he removed to New York with his father, who had received the appointment of Principal of the State Institution at that place. On his graduation from Yale College, Connecticut, in the summer of 1845, he received the appointment of Professor in the New York Institution. In 1848 he graduated from the Union Theological Seminary of the City of New York, where he had pursued a course of three years' study. In 1851 he spent six months in visiting institutions for the deaf and dumb in Great Britain and Ireland, and on the continent of Europe. On the establishment of the High Class in the New York Institution, in the fall of 1852, he was selected to take charge thereof, and two years afterwards was made Vice-Principal of the Institution. In the fall of 1867 he was elected Principal on the retirement of his father, Dr. H. P. Peet, and now fills the position. In the year 1872 he received the degree of Doctor of Laws from Columbia College in the City of New York. The Institution with which he has so long been connected and where he has spent nearly forty-four years of his life, is the largest in the world, having an average attendance of over five hundred pupils.

EDWARD M. GALLAUDET, Ph. D., LL.D., is the President of the National Deaf Mute College at Washington. He was born at Hartford, Conn., on the 5th of February, 1837, his father being the celebrated Dr. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, founder and Principal of the American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, the first institution of this class established in America. Dr. E. M. Gallaudet graduated at Trinity College, Hartford, in 1856. He taught during one year at the American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb in that city, and was then appointed Superintendent of the Columbia Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Washington, D. C. In 1864 he received the Presidency of the National Deaf Mute College in the same city.

PHILIP G. GILLETT, A.M., LL.D., is Principal of the Illinois Institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb. Dr. Gillett, though a young man, is nevertheless one of the oldest principals of deaf mute institutions in the country, having held that relation to the Illinois institution for more than eighteen years. He is a native of the State of Indiana, having been born in Madison in that State in 1833. In the year 1852 he graduated from the Indiana Ashbury University, which institution, in the year 1871, conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Languages. The Illinois Institution under his manage-

ment has grown to be third in point of numbers of those in America. It numbers three hundred and seventy pupils, has an efficient corps of officers, and a good industrial department with a department for teaching articulation to deaf mutes. Drawing, the only accomplishment available for the deaf and dumb, is also taught in this institution.

Dr. Gillett has also attained some celebrity in connection with Sabbath-School work in his State, having been twice elected President of the Illinois State Sabbath School Convention, an agency which has accomplished a great work in that State. At present Dr. Gillett is President of the International Sabbath School Association of America, which held its last triennial assembly in the city of Indianapolis. At the permanent organization of the International Convention of Teachers of the Deaf and Dumb, recently held in Belleville, Ont., he was elected one of the Vice-Presidents, a position to which he had been elected by the conference of Principals in 1867, held at Washington. At the Conference of Principals in 1872, in Flint, Michigan, Dr. Gillett was made President. At the Convention at Belleville he presented a paper on the Location, Site, Building, and Material Appliances of an Institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb, a subject upon which he has bestowed much thought, in the erection of the buildings of the Institution of which he is Principal.

WILLIAM DABNEY KERR, M.A., Principal of the Missouri Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Fulton, was born March 4, 1808, at Charlottesville, Va., and was educated in Kentucky. For twenty-one years he was teacher in the Kentucky Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and in 1851 was appointed to the position he now holds. Mr. Kerr has been engaged in the instruction of the deaf and dumb for forty-four years.

J. SCOTT HUTTON, M.A., was born at Perth, Scotland, May 10, 1833. He received his early education under his father, the late Mr. Geo. Hutton, who was engaged for half a century in the instruction of the deaf and dumb, and invented a system of mimography, or sign writing, for deaf mutes. Mr. Hutton entered the Edinburgh Institution for the Deaf and Dumb in 1847 as a teacher, in which capacity he remained for ten years, prosecuting, during part of the time, his literary studies at the University. In 1857 he was appointed Principal of the Halifax Institution for the Deaf and Dumb—the oldest but one of the kind in British America. This position he still holds. In 1869 he received the honorary degree of M. A. from the National Deaf Mute College at Washington, "in consideration of his attainments, and his important labours in behalf of the Deaf and Dumb."

JOSEPH H. JOHNSON, M.D., Principal of the Alabama Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind, was born in Morgan County, in the State of Georgia, in the year 1832. He has been in charge of the Alabama Institution since its establishment in the year 1858. He began the work of deaf mute instruction in the year 1849 as a teacher in the Georgia Institution. He studied medicine and graduated from the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, in 1856. He has become a prominent Mason in his State, having presided in the Grand Council as Grand Puissant, in the Grand Lodge as Grand Master for two years, and as Grand Commander of the Grand Commandery for one year. He was a delegate representing the Alabama Institution in the recent Convention of the American instructors of the deaf and dumb held in Belleville, Ontario, and was elected one of the Vice-Presidents.

JOHN NICHOLS, Principal of the North Carolina Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind, is a native of that State, and was born in 1833. At the age of fifteen years he entered the printing office of the institution over which he now presides, where he served a regular apprenticeship. After obtaining his majority, he worked at the trade for several years. He has been the editor of two or three newspapers, and during the heated political canvass in his State in 1871 was the co-editor of the leading political journal in his State. He has been in some way connected with his Institution for the last twenty years, and upon the resignation, in 1870, of Dr. Palmer, the present Principal of the Belleville Institution, he was elected as his successor; but in consequence of a political revolution in the State, he resigned early in 1871, and again entered the field of politics. Early in 1872 he was again elected Principal by the unanimous vote of the Board of Trustees. Mr. Nichols is a thorough and practical business man, and is identified with many of the public improvements of his State, and no man in North Carolina has more friends or is more popular than he is. He has also been one of the leading Masons in his State for several years, and is at present Grand Master of Masons in North Carolina.

THE FORESTERS' FETE.

The members of the Canadian branch of the Ancient Order of Foresters held their second annual fête at Toronto on the 29th, 30th, and 31st ult. The meeting of 1873 had not succeeded from a pecuniary point as well as had been hoped, but as, on the other hand, it had the effect of making the order more widely known and extending the list of membership the Brotherhood decided upon a second celebration. The Order of Foresters was first established in Canada by the opening of a Court in Toronto in July, 1871. To Bros. Abell and Wilson belong the honour of conceiving the idea. The first Court is named Court "Hope of Canada," out of which has sprung no less than 27 others, six of which are located in Toronto, three in Hamilton, two in London, four in Montreal, two in Stratford, and one each at Ottawa, Oshawa, Port Perry, Whitby, St. Catharines, Uxbridge, Windsor, Guelph, Galt, St. Thomas and Ridgeway. Applications have been received from other places for the establishment of courts.

The celebration of which we give elsewhere three illustrations, opened on the first day with a grand procession which formed at the City Hall in the following order:

The Grand Marshals,
T. French and J. W. Chesworth,
Other Grand Rangers,
Band of the Grand Trunk Brigade,
Court Hope,
Band of the Tenth Royals,
Court Star of the East,
Fife and Drum Band Q. O. R.,
Court Cosmopolitan,
Bowmanville Brass Band,
Court Yorkville,
Oshawa Fife and Drum Band,
Court Robin Hood,
Oshawa Fife and Drum Band,
Court Pride of the West,

Visiting Foresters from Hamilton, Guelph,
St. Catharines, Oshawa, Port Perry, and Whitby,
Band of Thirteenth Battalion, Hamilton,
Foresters from Galt,
Port Hope Brass Band,
Foresters from Stratford,
Oshawa Brass Band,
Carriages.

The procession moved through an immense throng to the Cricket ground where the Drum and Fife and Volunteer Band Competitions took place, with this result:

Drum and Fife Band Competition.—First prize, \$125 and piece of plate, Dufferin Band, of Oshawa; second prize, \$100, Enniskillen Band, Toronto; third prize, \$50, Victoria Band, Oshawa.

Volunteer Band Competition.—First prize, \$350 and a piece of plate, the Grand Trunk Brigade Band; second prize, \$200 cash, 13th Battalion Band, Hamilton; third prize, \$150 cash, the 46th Battalion Band.

In the evening the grounds were brilliantly lighted and the Lieut.-Governor distributed the prizes.

On the second day, the band competition took place. The first contest was between amateur bands, in which five bands took part. The first to put in an appearance was the Markham band, but before they had got through their first performance the wind, which was rather fresh, blew their music stands down, consequently they had to leave off playing for a time. The next band was that of the Blacker Lodge O. Y. B., which played first a quickstep and afterwards a selection from "Martha," the performance was a very good one. The Markham band came next and played the Queen Victoria March, and afterwards a selection from "Ernani," both of which were heartily applauded. Bowmanville Band followed. They played a quick march and a selection from "Lucia di Lammermoor" with splendid effect. L. O. Lodge, No. 551, band came next and played a selection from the Royal Christy's and the Cremorne March. The Stratford Town Band was the last to play in this competition, and their performance was well deserving of the applause it received. The pieces played were the Passion Flower and the Hot Coddins selections. The interest of the afternoon's proceedings was certainly centred in the contest for the International Prize, for which unfortunately, only three bands came forward to compete. In consequence of there being only three competitors, although it was expected that the bands of the 46th Battalion and 10th Royals would also compete, the Committee decided to reduce the amount of money to be given with the International trophy. At five o'clock the Grand Trunk Brigade Band stepped on to the platform, and at once there was an outburst of applause, and the spectators crowded around the place. The first piece played by the band was a march, Girondin, in which is introduced the Marsellaise Hymn. The second piece was Reminiscence of Mozart. The Band of the 13th Battalion (Hamilton), came next, and played a quickstep and a selection from "La Favorita," the performance being a very creditable one. The last to put in an appearance was the Davis' band, from Watertown, United States. The first piece played was a quickstep, "Beautiful Blue Danube," after which they gave the overture and selection from "Poet and Peasant." This performance was a very good one, and the spectators applauded both pieces in an enthusiastic manner.

The following is the result of the competition:

Amateur Band Competition.—1st prize, \$225 cash and piece of plate, Bowmanville Band; 2nd prize, \$150 cash, the Stratford Town Band; 3rd prize, \$100, Lodge No. 551, O. Y. B. Band.

International Band Competition.—The prize was awarded to Davis' Band from Watertown.

The Grand Trunk Brigade was a good second, but unfortunately there was no second prize. Athletic sports followed in large variety. The attendance on the grounds in the evening was very large. The grounds were lighted up with lanterns and lamps. At half-past nine o'clock, Lieut.-Governor Crawford presented the prizes to the successful winners in the band competitions. Each winning band also played a selection of music on the platform after receiving the prizes. During the evening a number of rockets, Roman candles, Catharine wheels and other fire-works were let off to the great delight of the boys.

On the other day, there were foot races in the forenoon, and, in the afternoon, an archery contest under the management of the She Wood Rangers Order. To conclude the whole, it was proposed to have a grand display of fireworks, but about eight o'clock, through the carelessness of a boy, the bundle of fireworks, which was deposited on a platform in the centre of the grounds, became ignited, and immediately there was a simultaneous discharge of rockets, Catharine wheels, Roman candles, coloured fire, &c. Fortunately, no one was injured by this sudden pyrotechnic display.

THE MOUNTED POLICE EXPEDITION.

Our artist has furnished us with several views of the halting places on the route of the Mounted Police Expedition, two of which appear in this issue. Others will follow from time to time. The spot shown in the illustration entitled "Scene on the Pembina River" was the camping ground of the expedition on the 4th ult.; Devil's Creek, or Valley, was passed on the 13th. A third illustration shows a halt on the prairie for the purpose of cutting hay.

BISMARCK'S WOULD-BE ASSASSIN.

We present on the last page of this issue a portrait of Eduard Kullman, the young German who made an attempt on the life of Prince Bismarck, on the 13th of July last, by shooting at him with a pistol as he was driving near Kissingen. Kullman is a native of Maudeburg, twenty-one years of age, a cooper by trade, and a member of the Catholic Journeymen's Society of his native town. He appears to be an ardent Ultramontane, and his animosity was excited against Prince Bismarck on account of the latter's advocacy of the repressive measures against the Roman Catholic clergy. It is proper to add that this portrait of Kullman is copied from the N. Y. *Daily Graphic* and is the only one which has been published anywhere in the world. The original photograph from which our etching is made is also the only one preserved out of the large number which had been prepared—the German Government having seized the whole batch except this copy, which was immediately forwarded to the *Graphic* by its Berlin correspondent.

ADRIENNE.

A quaint little town where the sun ever shines,
In the soul of the peasants' Normandy—
Where they bleach the linen and press the vines,
And all is loving and gaily.

Ah, this the place where I spent my years,
Till, stirred one day by the rumours of men,
The rising of hearts, the women in tears,
I kissed adieu to my Adrienne.

And the thousand spirits that marched that day
From the village heart to a battle song,
Did each with a loved one's mem'ry stay,
And the backward glance was sweetly long.

A ribbon of blue and a braid of soft hair,
A locket of gold, and a woman's fair face,
I took with me—and a sweetheart's prayer,
In the trembling clasp of a last embrace.

Lips cannot move to the harrowing theme,
Hearts dare not dwell on the sick'ning tale;
Remembrance of war is a blood-chilled dream,
But the part therein is of Death's own pale.

The day we came home, as we neared the town,
The odour of incense was everywhere;
The doors were closed, and the flags were down,
And a sorrowful silence weighed the air.

The welcome of loves men had hoped to meet
Was a sad hand-pressure and weeping eyes;
And the slow procession that filled the street
Was the mover of many sympathies.

We joined the steps of the tearful crowd—
My sweetheart true I could nowhere see;
We reached the chapel—all heads were bowed—
But the service included a prayer for me!

O God! Then they told me how she had died
Of a broken heart, for she'd seen my name
On the list of killed, and her love, sore tried,
Gave way. Some pitied me, some did blame.

Yes, yes, I have lost her and Life's light too;
But I hear the old trumpet of nights, and then—
As my wounds are many, my days may be few—
There's a hope I am going to Adrienne.

PAUL MICHEL.

FOR EVERYBODY.

An Incident Of The Commune.

The following incident occurred to M. Recurt, Minister of the Interior, who was a surgeon during the insurrection in Paris. He passed behind one of the barricades with the captors, and found forty men lying on the ground in the blood and mire. "Ah!" said he, "this is in my line;" and he very composedly took out a case of instruments. The effect of this action was electrical—the whole of the forty prostrate insurgents rose up as one man and took to their heels.

The Name Of Thackeray.

Thackeray's name is claimed by a recent writer to be of Norman origin, being a corruption of Tanqueray or Tankere in Normandy. This, however, is contradicted, on the ground that the *th* sound in the name is English, and not Norman French. Another writer notes the spelling Thackway. Here the latter syllable "way" is thought to be connected with the Anglo-Saxon word "wreon," to cover, and the assumption is that Thackeray may be translated "one who covers with thatch," and therefore that Thatcher and Thackeray are of common origin.

Scientific Spiritualism.

Sir Charles Wheatstone recently exhibited some curious electrical experiments for the amusement of his friends, which would seem to throw some light on certain so-called "spiritualistic manifestations." In a dark room, by a stamp of his foot, Sir Charles produced a brilliant crown of electric light in mid-air, while musical instruments seemed to be played by invisible hands, whereas the sounds really came from an adjoining room in which the player sat, and were made to appear to be produced by the instruments before the spectators by an ingenious contrivance.

Tennyson's "In Memoriam."

Worshippers of Tennyson have during the last day or two received an unexpected shock in the publication by the *Saturday Review* of some verses published so far back as 1783, which bear internal evidence that the metre of *In Memoriam* can no longer be described as Tennysonian. The verses quoted by the *Saturday* show too a resemblance to *In Memoriam* not in metre alone. They were written by Lord Herbert of Chesham, of whom it is said, that when Horace Walpole discovered his autobiography and read it with the poet Gray to amuse Lady Waldegrave, "they could not get on with it for laughing and screaming."

Improved Railway Lamp.

The gold medal of the Society of Arts or twenty guineas is offered for an improved lamp or means of illumination, suitable for railway passenger carriages, that shall produce a good, clear, steady, durable, and safe light. It must be simple in construction, and capable of being readily cleaned and repaired. In judging the merits, cost will be taken into consideration. Specimens in a condition suitable for trial to be sent in to the society's house not later than the 1st November, 1874. The council reserve to themselves the right of withholding the medal or premium offered, if, in the opinion of the judges, none of the articles sent in competition are deserving of reward.

Alexander Pope An Old Catholic.

Pope, the poet, in a letter to the Bishop of Rochester (November 1717), says:—"I am not a Papist, for I renounce the temporal invasion of the Papal power, and detest their arrogant authority over princes and states. I am a Catholic in the strictest sense of the word. If I was born under an absolute prince, I would be a quiet subject; but, I thank God, I was not. I have a due sense of the excellence of the British Constitution. In a word, the things I have always wished to see are not a Roman Catholic, French Catholic, or a Spanish Catholic, but a true Catholic; and not a king of Whigs, or a king of Tories, but a king of England, which God of his mercy grant his present Majesty may be, and all future majesties."

Newspaper Copyright.

The "Printing Times" advocates a "newspaper copyright." It says, the thing to be done "is to enact a twenty-four hours copyright for all newspapers. This would prevent the appropriation of news both by evening papers and by those who furnish the commercial newspapers of the country with information (which is really taken earlier) from carrying out practices which however legal, certainly inflict a very serious amount of injustice. . . . We draw the line here—that whether another man's brains are used they ought to be paid for either directly or indirectly; and we do not approve of the telegraphing to the country papers the body of fact and opinion which has cost the London paper probably ten times as much as it would cost the agency who sent it out."

"Keep Cool"

An exchange gives the following directions for "keeping cool":—"Never go in the sun; it heats the blood. Food is fuel, and furnishes heat; eat no food. Clothes prevent the escape of heat from the body; wear none, or only a loose shirt and drawers. Work heats the system; do nothing. Sit in a draft. Reading, talking, and thinking generate heat; do none of these things. Bathe every hour of the day, and take a shower bath between. Wear a cap with ice in it. Sit with your feet in a tub of ice-water. Call your wife or daughters when you want anything; it is a cool operation. Drink iced tea, lemonade, plain soda, etc.; have a cool stream running in all the while. By observing these simple directions one can get along without going away, unless the effect sends him off."

Mr. Spurgeon on Ritualism.

Mr. Spurgeon recently delivered himself thus at Accrington on the subject of Ritualism:—"If there ever was a time when Christians ought to be awake it is now. We are fast getting to be a heathen country. A heathenism of the worst kind is coming over us. I will tell you what it is. The heathens of old used to take a tree, and cut from it a piece, and out of that piece would make a fire which should boil the kettle and bake bread; and another piece they would stick up, pray to it, and call it a god. Now, the heathens of the present day do this. They take a piece of dough; one part of the contents of the miller's sack they make a pudding of, and of the other they make a wafer; then they say, "This is our god," and they worship it; and when they have worshipped it, they eat it—what I never heard of any other heathen ever doing."

Another French "Fact."

A French "fact" about Hyde Park is given in the *Vie Parisienne*:—"On Hyde Park Terrace," says our clever contemporary, "is to be seen a house surmounted by a large glass case. The history of that case is curious enough, and shows how the English strictly observe the law. An Englishman having married a widow with several children, declared that the latter would have the right to remain there so long as he himself was on the spot. The Englishman died, and the children forthwith had him embalmed and placed in the glass case in question. The family of the deceased brought an action for ejectment against the children of the widow he married, but failed, owing to the fact that the Englishman had not stipulated anything about his body being dead or alive, and as it still remains on the spot the children are the rightful possessors of the house."

"Suitable Action."

Some witnesses in giving their evidence in a court of justice have a queer habit of accompanying their words by what elocutionists call "suitable action." We have heard of a man who, being pressed by an advocate to "show how the defendant had struck the complainant," dealt the unfortunate legal gentleman a heavy blow on the temple, saying, innocently, that that was "just like it." Recently at the Rotherham Quarter Sessions, a lady-witness in a pocket-picking case was asked to say what the prosecutrix did to the prisoner when she missed her purse, and illustrated her explanation by putting her arms round the neck of the crier of the court, who was sitting by her side. The gentleman thus favoured entered heartily into the spirit of the joke, and looked up lovingly into the witness's face, whereupon magistrates, counsellors, and spectators laughed without restraint.

England's Subsidiary To Lorddom.

In 1851 the late Jules Janin, commonly called the "Prince of Critics," was sent over to London, as correspondent of a Parisian journal, for the purpose of describing the Great Exhibition. The Exhibition did not wholly engage his mind, and at times he employed his valuable hours in philosophising on the character of the English, and despatching the result of his observation and meditation to the editor at home. One of these precious results was that, going into the City, he saw on the front of the Royal Exchange an inscription, which read "The Earth is the Lord's," and which he at once transferred into his note-book. There it appeared as "La terre est aux Seigneurs"—The earth is for lords—and such was the translation forwarded to France by the journalist. "In other words," says Janin, "you may see by this that not even the merchant prince of the English can free himself from a degrading subserviency to the aristocracy—to the House of Lords."

A Collision With A Cattle Fish.

The Italian papers give a circumstantial account of a collision said to have occurred between a schooner of 1500 and a gigantic cattle fish. The master of the schooner, James Floyd,

tells his story. His vessel, the "Pearl," was becalmed in the bay off Galle, when he saw not far off an enormous mass rise out of the water. It was like the back of a whale, only more sloping. The master fired a shot into it. The hideous monster turned over and swam swiftly towards the ship in jerks, struck it with force enough to shake it from stem to stern, reared up its monstrous arms "like trees," seized the ship, and dragged it over on its beam ends. The crew, six in number, cut and slashed at the arms with axes and knives, but in vain. The outtle fish dragged down the ship, crushing one of the crew between one of its arms and the deck; another of the crew was also lost; the remainder, including the master, were picked up by the steamer "Stratiowen," whose master had witnessed through a telescope the sudden sinking of the "Pearl," and steamed to the rescue.

Curious Craving.

Dr. Ludolf Von Gardenfeld tells the following as a true one—"Once I was gathering plants in a small forest near Moslen. Suddenly I came upon a man who was lying on the ground, and whom I at first supposed to be dead. On drawing near to him, however, I perceived that he was still alive, but in a fainting state. Vigorously I shook him; at last he opened his eyes, and asked me, in a lamentable and scarcely audible voice, whether I had any snuff with me? When I gave a negative answer, he fell back into his former condition. I now went in search of snuff, and was fortunate enough to meet a peasant, who kindly came with me to the fainting man, and gave him some pinches of snuff. The man soon recovered, and then he told me that he had to travel a certain distance as a messenger; and, on starting in the morning, had forgotten to take his snuff-box. As he went along, so violent became the craving for snuff, that he was completely exhausted, and had fallen down in a swoon at the spot where I found him. But for my opportune arrival, he said that he must surely have died."

Mr. Beecher's Horsemanship.

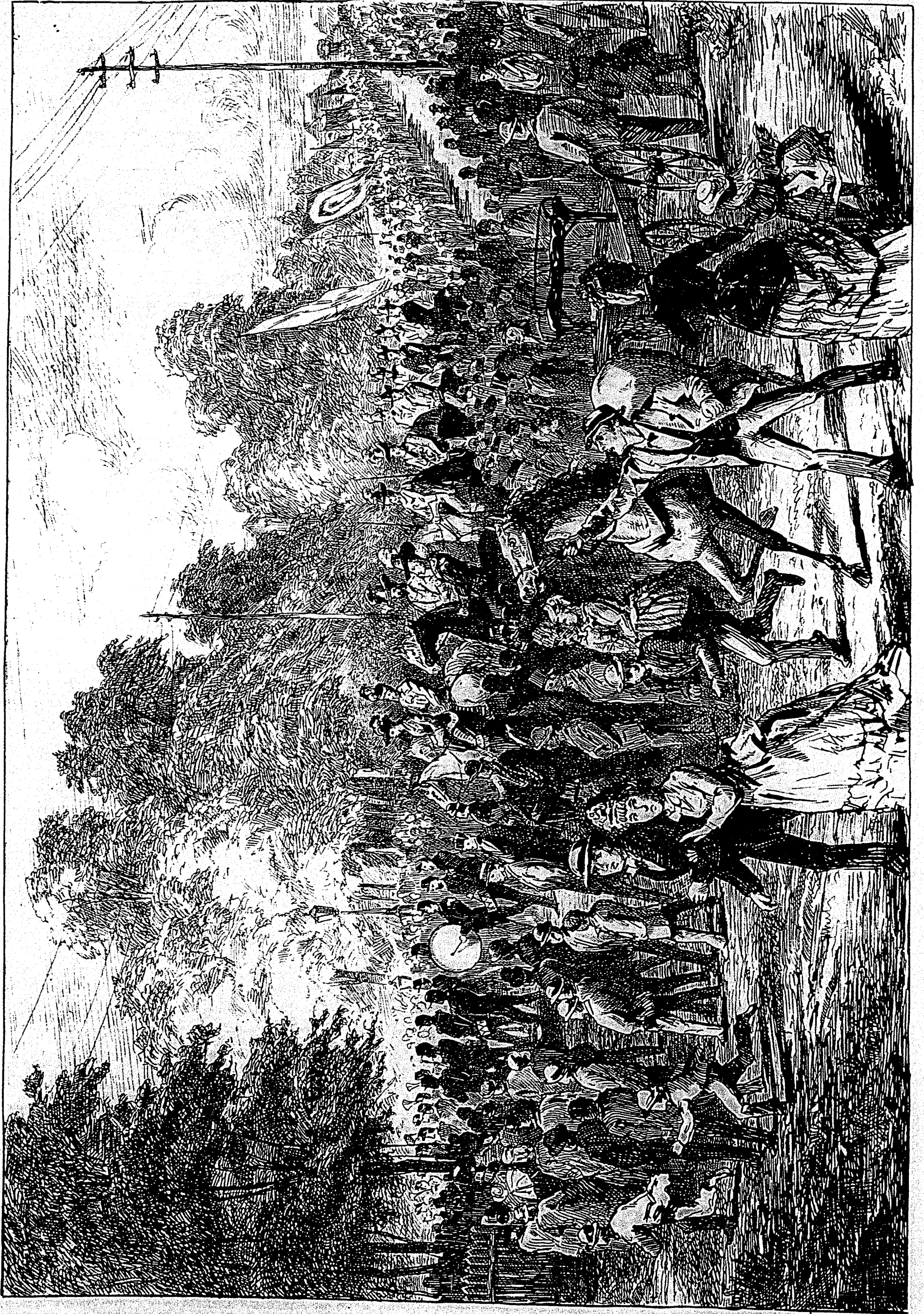
Mr. Beecher's knowledge of horsemanship, if gossip is to be trusted, was not always so great as it is at present. About four years ago Robert Bonner either sold him or helped him to buy a pair of bay mares. After the purchase Mr. Beecher hitched them before a carriage, and in company with some members of his family drove them to Peekskill, a distance by road of over fifty miles, in a remarkably short time. One of the horses died two hours after his arrival at his farm, and the feet of the other are permanently injured. She is now known in the place as the "Beecher mare," and belongs to a saloon keeper named Hudson. Before Mr. Beecher sold her he tried hard to cure her feet. Mr. Bonner went up there and he and Mr. Beecher drove a poor blacksmith almost to profanity. They kept him at work all one day on the mare's feet. Mr. Bonner took a seat near the blacksmith and superintended the work. "Pare the frog off about one-sixteenth of an inch on that side," "Now cut down the outside," "Drive that nail a little more out," and a hundred similarly minute directions were given by the owner of Dexter in a manner to compel obedience, but it was of no use. The mare still has tender feet.

Francis Jeffrey And His MSS.

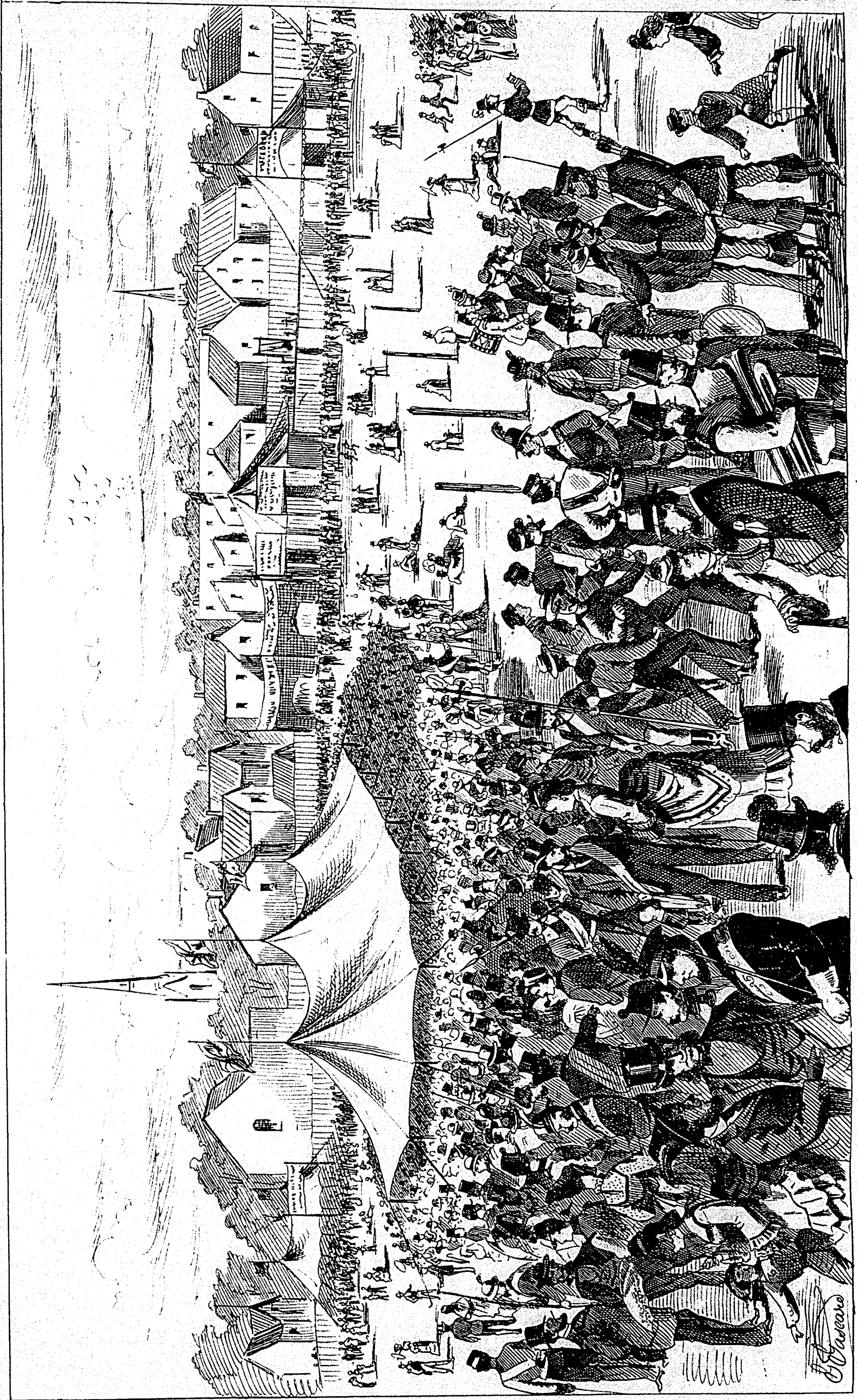
He never took up his pen till the candles were lit; and, like Sheridan, and Byron, and Charles Lamb, he did most of his work in those fatal hours of inspiration from ten at night till two or three o'clock in the morning. Adopted originally, perhaps, from the exigencies of his profession, Jeffrey continued his habits of study and of work all through his life; and the only disagreeable incident attending his elevation to the bench was, at least in his own estimation, the hard necessity it imposed upon him of breakfasting now and then at eight o'clock in the morning. His manuscript was inexpressibly vile; for he wrote with great haste, wrote, that is, as most men do whose thoughts outrun their pens, generally used a wretched pen, for he could never cut a quill, and altered, erased, and interlined without the slightest thought either of the printer or his correspondent. Sydney Smith was always quizzing Jeffrey upon his scrawl. "How happy I should be," he says, in one of his notes, "if you would but dictate your letters, and not write them yourself. I can scarcely ever read them!" He gives a description in another of the sort of perplexities he got into in trying to puzzle out Jeffrey's manuscript. "I have tried to read it from left to right, and Mrs. Sydney from right to left, and we neither of us can decipher a single word of it." Constable's printers followed Jeffrey's copy as Scotch terriers follow their quarry, by scent, for it was impossible for any of them to put two sentences together by sight.

A Freemasonic Opera.

A writer in the *London Figaro* says:—"Mozart was, it is well-known, an ardent Freemason, and the 'Magic Flute' was, it is said, written for the glorification of the Order at a time when Masonry was persecuted by both Church and State. Goethe, in the second part of 'Faust,' alludes to this hypothesis, and it must be admitted that those who are accorded the material blessing of Masonic light will not be slow to unravel some of its apparently most unintelligible passages. Taking the Temple of Osiris and Isis as a Masonic Lodge, the *Queen of Night* as an enemy to the Order (a probable allusion to Queen Maria Theresa), *Sarastro* as Worshipful Master, *Tamino* as the Emperor Joseph II (a friend to Masonry), *Pamina* as the Austrian people who are wedded at length to Masonry in the person of Joseph II., and the riddle is explained at once. Those who have been initiated will recognize immediately the preliminary questions of the Priest and the command of *Sarastro*, 'Lead these two young strangers to the Temple of Probation. Cover their heads, for they must first be purified.' Again, in the scene of the initiation, in Act 2, the harangue of *Sarastro*, 'Tamino is the son of a king, he waits at the northern door of our Temple; in short, he wishes to tear off the veil of darkness and gaze into the sanctuary of light.' The scene between the *Speaker* and *Papageno*, with the preliminary questions, the three trials, and the ultimate destination of the Temple of Light, are allusions too plain to escape the notice of Freemasons. It needs not the assertion that Mozart the composer, Schikaneder the presumed, and Gieseke the real librettist, were all ardent Freemasons; the allusions are sufficient to fully establish the fact of the opera being written in view of the Order. As Mozart is said to have expressed it, the work was perfectly plain to the initiated."



THE FORESTERS' FETE, TORONTO.—THE PROCESSION TURNING INTO THE PARK.



THE FORESTERS' FÊTE, TORONTO.—GENERAL VIEW OF THE GROUNDS

THE COUNTRY COUSIN.

CHAPTER II.

(Continued.)

Primula pouted and hung her head. "The young lady is not unprotected," said the gentleman, smiling. "And pray, sir, who are you?" "I am her nearest masculine friend," said Anthony, wrathfully; "I stand here at present in her father's place." The gentleman laughed. "You are too young to be her father," he said. "Go away, young man, and I will bring her safely to her home when she wishes to go." "Primula," said Anthony, white with anger, "go yonder directly to the tree, and wait there till I join you." The girl, terrified out of her senses, turned and fled as she was bidden; the gentleman raised his stick to strike this insolent tradesman who had dared to defy him; but, before it could descend, Anthony had grappled with him. There was a struggle, and Primula's admirer lay stretched on the green.

Anthony brought home the truant in silence, and for many days he came in and out of the house, and did not speak to her. Primula sulked and fretted and was miserable because Anthony looked so cross at her. Anthony was moody and dull, and Hetty, with a vague sense of coming trouble, wondered what it all could mean.

CHAPTER III.

Old Tony Spence was taken ill that spring, and Hetty was a good deal occupied in attending on him. Anthony came as usual in the evenings, but he did not expect to see Hetty much, and Primula and he amused themselves together. Hetty's face got paler during this time, and she fell into a habit of indulging in reveries which were not happy ones, if one might judge by the knotted clasp of her hands, and the deep lines of pain between her brows. Her housekeeping duties were hurried over, she fetched the wrong book from the bookshelves for customers, her sewing was thrown aside, her only wish seemed to be to sit behind her father's bed-curtain, with her head leaned against the wall and her eyes closed to the world. Sorrow was coming to seek for her, and she hid from it as long as she could.

One night old Spence asked to have a particular volume brought him from the shop, and Hetty took her lamp in hand and went down to fetch it for him. There was a faint light already burning in the place, which Hetty did not at first perceive, as she opened the door at the top of the staircase, and put her foot on the first step to descend. She went down a little way, but was stopped by the sound of voices. Anthony and Primula were there.

"Yes," Primula was saying, in her soft cooing voice, "I love you better than any one. You fought for me, and I love you."

"Hetty —," murmured Anthony. "Hetty won't mind," whispered Primula. "She gives me her money and her ribbons. She won't refuse to give me you too—I'm sure of that."

They moved a little from behind the screen of a projecting stand of books, and saw Hetty standing on the stairs, gazing straight before her and looking like a sleep-walker. Primula gave a little cry, and covered her face. Hetty started, turned and fled up into the sitting-room, shutting the door behind her.

She sat down at the table, and leaned her head heavily upon her hands. The blow which she had been half dreading, half believing to be an impossibility, had fallen and crushed her; Anthony loved her no more. He had taken away his love from her, and given it to Primula; who with pleading eyes and craving hands had robbed and cheated her. The greediness which she had tried to satisfy with ribbons and shillings, had not scrupled to grasp the only thing she would have kept, and held till death as her very own. Hetty's thoughts spun round and round in the whirl of new and uncomprehended agony. She had no thought of doing or saying anything, no wish to take revenge nor to give reproach. She was stunned, bruised, benighted, and willing to die.

Primula came creeping up the staircase, after crying for an hour all alone among the old books. Life was very troublesome, thought Primula; everybody was selfish and cross, and everything was either wrong or disagreeable. People petted and loved her one moment, and were angry with her the next. Anthony had rushed away from her in a fit of grief, although she had told him she loved him, and had given up a fine gentleman for his sake. Hetty, who used to be so tender with her, and so ready to give her everything, had looked so dreadfully there on that step of the stairs that she, Primula, was afraid to go up, though she was tired and longing to be in bed. Sobbing and fretting, she crept up the staircase, and her desire to be comfortable overcoming her fear, she opened the door of the sitting-room and came in. Hetty was sitting quietly at the table, with her head leaned on her hands, and she did not look up. "That is a good thing," thought Primula. "How dreadful if she were to scold me! 'Tis well it is not her way to make a talk about things." And she stole across the floor and shut herself up in the bed-room.

It was quite late at night when Hetty followed her into the bed-room, and then Primula was fast asleep, with the sheet pulled over her head and face, as if she would hide herself from the glance of Hetty's anger, even while she was happily unconscious of it. Hetty's lamp burned itself out, and she knelt down in the dark to say her prayers. Her knees bent themselves mechanically in a certain corner of the room, but no words would come to Hetty's lips, and no clear thoughts to her mind. She only remembered that she ought to pray, and stretched out her arms, dumbly hoping vaguely that God would know what she meant. Nothing would come into her mind but pictures of the happy hours that Anthony and she had spent together in their love. She fell asleep stupidly dwelling on these memories, and unable to realize that Anthony had given her up; then she dreamed that she had wakened out of a terrible dream, in which Anthony had seemed to have forgotten her for Primula. How joyful she was in that dream! How she laughed and sang for ecstasy, and chattered about the foolish fancies that will come into people's minds when they are asleep! And then she wakened, and saw the dawn-light shining on Primula's golden head, and sweetly-tinted face, and she knew and remembered that Primula was the beloved one, and that she, Hetty, was an exile and an outcast from her paradise for evermore.

Then, in that moment of exquisite anguish, in the leisure of the quiet dawn, a terrible passion of anger and hatred broke out in her breast. Everything that the light revealed had something to tell of her lost happiness, every moment that sped was bringing her nearer to the hour when she must rise up and give Anthony to Primula, and stand aside and behold their bliss and accept their thanks. She dared not let that moment come, she would not have it, she could not confront it. She should do them some mischief if she were to see them together again before her as she had seen them last night. What, then, was she to do with herself? She dared not kill them, she could not wish them dead. It would not comfort her at all that they should suffer or be swept out of the world to atone for their sins. They had murdered her heart, and they could not by any suffering of theirs bring back the dead to life. What, then, must she do with herself? The only thing that remained for her was to get away, far out of their sight and out of their reach, never to behold them, nor to hear of them again, between this and the coming of her death.

She sprang out of bed and dressed herself hastily, keeping her back turned upon sleeping Primula, and, creeping down the stairs, she got out of the house. She felt no pang at leaving her home, and never once remembered her father; her only thought was to get away, away, where Anthony could never find her more. She hurried along the deserted streets and got out on the downs, and then she slackened her speed a little, quite out of breath. She knew that the path across the downs led to a little town, about ten miles away, in the direction of London. She had been too long accustomed to the practical management of her father's affairs, not to feel conscious, from mere habit and without reflection, that she must work when she got to London, in order to keep herself unknown. She would help in a shop somewhere or get sewing at a dress maker's. In the meantime her only difficulty was to get there.

The whirl of her passion had carried her five miles away from Smokeford, when she came to a little roadside inn. She was faint with exhaustion, feeling the waste caused by excitement, want of sleep and food, and by extraordinary exertion. She bought some bread and sat on a stone at the gate of a field to eat it. She saw the ploughman come into the field at a distant opening, and watched him coming towards her; a grey head and stooping figure, an old man meekly submitting his feebleness to the yoke of the day's labour, though knowing that time had deprived him of his fitness for it. Hetty watched him, her eyes followed him as if fascinated; the look in his face had drawn her out of herself somehow, and made her forget her trouble. She wanted to go and help him to hold the plough, to ask if he had had his breakfast; to put her hand on his shoulder and be kind to him. She did not know what it was about him that bewitched her. He turned his plough beside her, and as he did so, he noticed the pale girl sitting by the gate, and a smile lit up his rugged face.

Then it was that Hetty knew why she had watched him. He looked like her father. Her father! He was ill, and she had deserted him; had left him among those who would vex and neglect him! The untasted bread fell from Hetty's hands; the tears overflowed her eyes; she fell prone on the grass, and sobbed for her own wickedness, and for the grief and desolation of the sick old man at home.

"What is the matter, lass?" asked the old ploughman, kindly bending over her.

Hetty rose up ashamed.

"Sir," she said, humbly, "I was running away from my father, who is ill; but I am going back to him."

"That is right, lass. Stick by the poor old father. Maybe, he was hard on you."

"No, no, no; he never was hard on me. I have a sorrow of my own, sir, that made me mad. I forgot all about him until I saw his look in your face. I shall run back now, sir, and be in time to get him his breakfast."

The clock of the roadside inn struck six, and Hetty set off running back to Smokeford.

She ran so fast that she had not time to think of how she should act when she got home. When arrived there, she found she could have a long day to think of it, for Primula had gone to her work-room, and there was nobody about the house but Sib, and her father, and herself.

The old man had never missed her; but Sib met her on the threshold and looked at her dusty garments with a wondering face.

"Well, Hetty!" she said, "you did take an early start out of us this morning."

"I wanted a walk," said Hetty, throwing off her cloak, and making a change in her forlorn appearance. "Is my father's breakfast ready? I'm afraid I am late."

Old Tony Spence did not even remark that his daughter was unusually pale, nor that her dress was less neat than usual as she carried in his tea and toast. She was there, and that was everything for him. That she had been that morning flying like a hunted thing from Smokeford, sobbing in the grass five miles away from her home; that he had lost her forever, only for a strange old man following a plough in a distant field; of these things he never could know. Hetty was one of the people who do not complain of the rigour of the struggle that is past.

All day she sat by her father's side, in the old place behind the bed-curtain. He was getting better, and showed more lively interest in the world than she had seen in him since he first fell ill. Through the window he could see, as he lay, the little roof-garden which had been accustomed to look gay every summer for years. It was colourless now and untrimmed.

"Hetty dear," he said, "how is it that you have been neglecting your flowers? Perhaps, you think it isn't worth while to keep up the little garden any longer? You will be going off with Anthony. Is any day settled for the wedding?"

"No father," said Hetty, keeping her white, drawn face well behind the curtain. "We could not think of that until you are on your feet again."

In spite of her effort to save him the pain of an unhappy thought just now, something in her voice struck upon the old man strangely. He was silent for a while, and lay ruminating.

"Hetty, let me see your face."

Hetty looked forth from her hiding place unwillingly, but kept her face as much as possible from the light.

"What do you want with it, Daddy? You have seen it before."

"'Tis a comely face, Hetty; and others have thought so besides me. I don't like the look on it now, my girl. Child!

what's the matter with you? Out with it this minute! If he's going to fall you, it will be a black day for the man. I'll murder him!"

"Hush! hush! I have told you nothing of the kind."

"Deny it, then, this moment; and tell me no lie."

Hetty sat silent and scared.

"Is it that doll from Moor-edge that has taken his fancy?"

"He has not told me so."

"My lass! why do you play hide and seek with your old father? I know it is as I have said. Let me rise! Do not hold me; for I will horsewhip him to death!"

Hetty held him fast by the wrists.

"I will turn her out-of-doors without a character; and, though I am a weak, old man, I will punish him before the eyes of the town."

For a moment Hetty's angry heart declared in silence that they would deserve such punishment; and that she could bear to see it. But she said—

"Father, you know you will do neither of those cruel things. Listen to me, father. I am tired of Anthony! Let him go with—Primula. You and I will be happy here together when they are gone."

The old man fell back on his pillow exhausted. After a time, he drew his daughter toward him, took her face between his hands, and looked at it.

"Let it be as you say," he said, "only don't let me see them. You're a brave girl; and I'll never scold you again. We'll be happy when they're gone. We'll finish that little book of mine, and—and—and—"

His voice became indistinct, and he dropped suddenly asleep. Hetty sat on in her corner, thinking over her future, and thanking Heaven that she had at least this loving father left to her. After an hour or two had passed, she looked up and noticed a change in the old man's face. He was dead.

CHAPTER IV.

It was new and awful to Hetty to have neither father nor lover to turn to in her desolation. She got over one terrible week, and then when the old man was fairly under the clay she broke down and fell ill, and Sib nursed her. Primula hung about the house, feeling guilty and uncomfortable, and Anthony came sometime to ask how Hetty fared. He brought fruit and ice for her, offering them timidly, and Sib accepted them gladly and poured out her anxiety to him, all unconscious that there was anything wrong between the lovers. Primula sulked at Anthony, who seemed to be thinking much more of Hetty than of her. The old book-shop was closed for good, and the Spences' happy little home was already a thing of the past.

Hetty thought she would be glad to die; but people cannot die through mere wishing, and so she got better. When she was able to rise Sib carried her into the little sitting-room and placed her in her father's old arm-chair; and seated here, one warm summer evening, she sent to beg Anthony to come and speak with her.

Anthony's heart turned sick within him as he looked on the wreck of his once adored Hetty. Her wasted cheeks and hollow eyes made a striking contrast to Primula's fair smooth beauty. Yet in her spiritual gaze, and on her delicate lips, there still sat a charm which Anthony knew of old, and still felt; a charm which Primula never could possess.

"We are not going to talk about the past," said Hetty, when the first difficult moments were over. "I only want to tell you that Primula and you are not to look on me as an enemy. I am her only living friend, and this is her only home. She shall be married from here; and then we will separate and meet no more."

"You are too good," he stammered, "too thoughtful for us both. Hetty," he added, hesitatingly, "I dare not apologize for my conduct, nor ask your forgiveness. I can only say I did not intend it. I know not how it came about—she bewitched me."

Hetty bowed her head with a cold, stately little gesture, and Anthony backed out of the room, feeling himself rebuked, dismissed, forgiven. He went to Primula; and Hetty sat alone in the soft summer evening, just where they two had sat a year ago planning their future life.

"She is too good for me," thought Anthony, as he walked up the street. "Primula will vex me more, but she will suit me better."

Still he felt a bitter pang as he told himself that Hetty's love for him was completely gone. Of course it was better that it should be so, but still—he knew well that Primula could never be to him the sweet enduring wife that Hetty would have been. He knew also that his love for Primula was not of the kind that would last; whereas Hetty would have made his peace for all time. Well, the mischief was done now and could not be helped. He hardly knew himself how he had slipped into his present position.

When Hetty found that she had indeed got to go on with her life, she at once set about marking out her future. She had a cousin living on an American prairie with her husband and little children, who had often wished that Hetty would come out to her. And Hetty determined to go. She sold off the contents of the old book-shop, only keeping one or two volumes, which, with her father's unfinished manuscript, she stowed away carefully in her trunk. Primula had given up her work at the dress-maker's, and was busy making her clothing for her wedding. Hetty was engaged in getting ready for her journey. The two girls sat all day together sewing. They spoke little, and there was no pretence of cordiality between them. Hetty had strained herself to do her utmost for this friendless creature, who had wronged her, but she could find no smiles nor pleasant words to lighten the task. Pale and silent, she did her work with trembling fingers and a frozen heart. Primula, on her side, sulked at Hetty, as if Hetty had been the aggressor, and sighed and shed little tears between the fitting on and the trimming of her pretty garments. In the evenings, Primula was wont to fold up her sewing, and go out to walk; with Anthony supposed Hetty, who sometimes allowed herself to weep in the twilight, and sometimes walked about the darkening room, chafing for the hour to come which would carry her far away from these old walls, with their intolerable memories.

So Hetty endured the purgatory to which she had voluntarily condemned herself. Anthony came into the house no more; Primula had her walks with him, and sometimes it was very late when she came home. But Hetty never chid her now. Primula was her own mistress, and could come and go as she liked, from under this roof which her cousin's generosity was upholding over her head.

One evening, a gossip of the neighbourhood, one who had known Hetty in her cradle came in with a long piece of knitting in her hands, to sit an hour with Hetty, and keep her company.

"And so they do say they are going to America," she said, "all alone, that long journey, and everybody thinking this many a day that it was you that was to marry Anthony Frost. And now it is that Primula. People did say, my dear, that they have treated you badly between them, but I couldn't believe that, and you behaving so beautifully to them. Of course it shuts people's mouths to see the girl stopping here with you and preparing for her wedding."

Said Hetty, "I cannot take the trouble to contradict idle stories. Anthony Frost is a very old friend, and Primula is my cousin. It would be strange if I did not try to be of use to them."

"Of course, of course, when there's no reason for your being angry with them; but all the same, my dear, you'd have been a far better wife for him than that flighty little fool that he has chosen. He has changed his mind about many a thing it seems, for he has taken a house in Smokeford, and is setting up as a cabinet-maker, instead of turning out a sculptor, no less, as some people said he had a mind to do. Well, well! it's none of my business to be sure, and I do hope they'll be as happy as if they had both been a bit wiser."

"I see no reason why they should not be happy," said Hetty, determined to act her part to the end. And the gossip went away protesting to her neighbours that there never could have been anything but friendship between Anthony and Hetty.

"There's no girl that had been cheated could behave as she's doing," said the gossip, "and she's as brave as a lion about the journey to America." And after this people found Hetty not so interesting as they had thought her some time ago.

The time for the wedding approached. Primula's pretty dresses and knick-knacks of ornament were finished and folded in a trunk, and she arranged them and re-arranged them; took them out and tried them on, and put them back again. She went out for her evening walks, and Hetty waited up for her return, and let her into the house in the fine clear starlight of the summer nights, and the two girls went to bed in silence, and neither sought to know anything of the thoughts of the other. And so it went on till the night that was the eve of Primula's wedding. On that night Primula went out as usual and did not come back.

The arrangement for the next day had been that Anthony and Primula should be married early in the morning, and go from church to their home. Hetty intended starting on her own journey a few hours later, but she said nothing about her intention, wishing to slip away quietly out of her old life at the moment when the minds of her acquaintance were occupied, and their eyes fully filled with the wedding.

She did not wonder that Primula should stay out late on that particular evening. It was a beautiful night, the sky a dark blue, the moonlight soft and clear. Hetty wandering restlessly in and out the few narrow chambers of her old home, once so delightful and beloved now grown so dreary and haunted, and saw the silver light shining on the roofs and chimneys, and on the dead flowers and melancholy evergreens of her little roof-garden. Only a year ago she had cherished those withered stalks, with Anthony by her side, and they had smiled together over their future in the glory of the sunrise. Now all that fresh morning light was gone, the blossoms were withered away, and her heart was withered also. Faith and hope were dead, and life remained with its burden to be carried. She shut her eyes from sight of the deserted walls, with their memories, and thought of the great world-wide sea, which she had never beheld, but must now reach and cross; and she longed to be on its bosom with her burden.

The hours passed and Primula did not return. Hetty thought this strange, but it did not concern her. Primula and her lover and their affairs seemed to have already passed out of her life and left her alone. She did not go to bed all night, and she knew she was waiting for Primula, but her mind was so lost in its own loneliness that it could not dwell upon the conduct of the girl. The daylight broke, and found her sitting pale and astonished in the empty house, and then her eyes fell on a letter which the night-shadows had hidden from her where it lay on the table. It was written in Primula's scratchy writing, and was addressed to Hetty.

"I am going away to be married," wrote Primula. "Anthony and you were both very good to me once, but you are too cold and stern for me lately. The person I am going with is kinder and pleasanter. I am to be married in London, and after that I am to be taken to travel. When I come back I shall be a grand lady, and I shall come to Smokeford; and I shall order some dresses from Miss Flounce, I can tell you. I am very glad that Anthony and you can be married after all. He was always thinking of you more than me; I could see that this long while back. I hope you will be happy, and that you will be glad to see me on my return."

"Your affectionate
"PRIMULA."
Hetty sat a long time motionless, quite stupefied, with the letter in her hand.

"Poor little ungrateful mortal," thought she; "Heaven shield her, and keep her from harm!" And then she thought of her own little cup of life-happiness spilled on the earth for this.

"Oh, what waste! what waste!" moaned poor Hetty, twisting the note in her fingers. And then she straightened it and folded it again, and put it in an envelope addressed to Anthony, and she hastened to send it to him, lest the hour should arrive for the wedding, and the bridegroom should come into her presence seeking his bride.

When this had been despatched, she set about cording her trunk, and taking her last farewell of Sib, who was too old to follow her to America, and was nigh heart-broken at staying behind. When the last moment came she ran out of the house without looking right or left. And she was soon in the coach, and the coach was on its way to the sea-port from whence her vessel was to sail.

When Anthony received the note, he felt much anger and amazement, but very little grief. Primula's audacity electrified him; and then he remembered that she was not treating him worse than he had treated Hetty. Let her go there! she was a light creature, and would have brought him misery if she had married him. Her soft foolish beauty and bewitching ways faded from his mind after half an hour's meditation; and Anthony declared himself free. And there was Hetty still in her nest behind the old book-shop; as sweet and as precious as when they were lovers a year ago. The last few months were only a dream, and this was the awaking.

Hetty's pale cheeks would become round and rosy once more, and she must forgive him for the past, so urgently would he plead to her. How badly he had behaved!

Anthony put on his hat and went out to take a walk along a road little frequented, eager to escape from the gaze of his acquaintance in the town, anxious to think things thoroughly over, and to consider how soon he could dare to present himself to Hetty. Not for a long time, he was afraid. He remembered her stern pale look when he had last seen her, and how sure he had felt when turning away from her that her love was dead. A chill came over him, and he hung his head as he walked. Hetty was never quite like other girls, and it might be—it might be that her heart would be frozen to him for evermore.

Just at this moment a cloud of dust enveloped Anthony, and the mail coach passed him, whirling along at rapid speed. Hetty was in the coach and she saw him, walking dejectedly on the road alone with his trouble. She turned her face away lest he should see her; and then her heart gave one throb that made her lean from the window, and wave her hand to him in farewell. He saw her; he rushed forward; the coach whirled round a bend of the road.

Hetty was gone.

THE ENGLISH NATIONAL TRAINING SCHOOL FOR COOKERY.

The lectures on cookery which were held last year at the International Exhibition, and which were attended by upwards of 50,000 persons, caused public attention to be turned to the deficient culinary instruction possessed by the bulk of those persons who undertake to prepare our food. As a direct consequence of the interest thus aroused, a meeting was held at Grosvenor House on the 17th of July last year, and a small but sufficient sum of money having been raised, it was resolved to establish a National Training School for Cookery. Lady Barker, who has written an excellent little practical cookery manual, was appointed as Lady Superintendent, while the Commissioners of the International Exhibition facilitated the movement in every way, and placed the convenient annex which had been used as the kitchen at last year's lectures at the disposal of the society. The school speedily became a success. In the first week alone sixteen pupils joined the classes, and among them are to be found young women from every grade of society. Indeed, the proportion of young ladies desirous to make themselves acquainted with the minutest details of kitchen lore is larger than could possibly have been anticipated. All have to submit to the same rules, no matter what their rank and station. Every young woman who enters as a "learner" pays a fee of two guineas, which sum is supposed to cover the expenses of the materials which she uses in learning to cook; but before she can join the afternoon class, and learn to make soups, entrées, jellies, omelettes, and so forth, she is required to go through a preliminary course, in which she is taught how to lay and light a fire, to scour a frying-pan, to burnish copper saucepans, and many other humble and useful parts of kitchen education. After she has thoroughly passed through this stage, she is relegated to the hands of professed cooks, who teach her all she can possibly desire to know. Ultimately she is examined, and receives a certificate of proficiency. In this school young ladies of gentle birth, young matrons, who had no idea kitchen work could be so "nice," rosy-cheeked country girls, about to take their first place, and cooks, anxious to improve themselves, may all be seen working together with a will, and vying as to who shall turn out the most brilliant copper-lid, or the most resplendently clean saucepan. The certificate is much coveted. Fatigue, and even temporary blackness, are all forgotten in the hope of getting it.

It should be added that the National Training School for Cookery, besides teaching middle-class ladies how to manage their own kitchens, is intended to train young women as instructors to the poor and ignorant masses who cannot come to them to be taught. These instructors are recruited from the ranks of respectable young women who need to earn their own bread, but who wish to earn it in some way above the ordinary routine of a servant's life. After the preliminary course of scrubbing and cleaning, they are taught how to make the most of the humble materials to be found in a poor man's kitchen. Their instruction is gratuitous on the condition that when their own culinary education is completed, they shall hold themselves at the disposal of the Training School, either as paid teachers at home, or to go out into the poor parishes or country towns when required, and start other schools of instruction on the same principle.

THE QUEEN'S TITLE.

Dr. Beke asks of the *Times* whether "Queen of the Britains" is not the Queen's legal title. It certainly is the title on the coin, "Britanniarum Regina." But is the coin to be set against Acts of Parliament and proclamations which describe her Majesty as Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland? The "Britanniarum Regina" must be taken as a Latin abbreviation of a title rather too long and too awkward for numismatic use. As to the phrase itself, "British Islands" is from Aristotle downwards, the very oldest description in all languages of the two islands of Great Britain and Ireland; but it may be doubted whether they ever were in any language spoken of as "The Britains." At any time since the Armo-rican migration "the Britains" would have meant the insular and the continental "Britannia," the island of Great Britain and that part of Gaul called "Britannia," "Britany," or "Bretagne." It is in opposition to this last, "Britannia Minor," that we speak of our own island as "Great Britain," "Britannia Major." It may perhaps be better not to go too minutely into the subject, as "Britanniarum Regina" does in the literal and grammatical sense amount to a claim of sovereignty over part of the territory of the French Republic, though doubtless nothing was further from the thoughts of those who, in bringing in the title of "Britanniarum Rex," gave up the title of Francis Rex. There is a difficulty of the same kind at the other end of Europe. The Czar calls himself "Emperor of all the Russias." Yet it is certain that one at least of the Russias, the old Red Russia, forms no part of the Russian dominions. It forms instead the more northern part of the modern kingdoms of Galicia and Lodomeria—elegant Latin forms of the original Russian names—now held by the common Sovereign of Hungary and Austria.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

ODDITIES.

The most difficult ascent—getting up a subscription.

"Can't they train Chinamen to eat grasshoppers?" is the conundrum propounded by interested parties in the West.

A French critic has made a *mot* concerning Verdi's funeral mass: "A requiem suitable for a civil interment."

A Stark County, Ill., woman committed suicide the other day because no circus company had visited her vicinity for two years.

"Are there any fools in this town?" asked a stranger of a newsboy yesterday. "I don't know," replied the boy; "are you lonesome?"

This brief chronicle was written by the editor of the Philadelphia *Ledger*: "Lowell—Saturday. Two little boys and a pistol. Now, only one little boy and a pistol."

It is too bad that the Mayor of Grass City, Kansas, is dead, for the local paper says that "if he hadn't but one chew of tobacco he'd divide it with a friend."

A newly started paper delicately announces that its charge for marriage notices is "just what the ecstasy of the bridegroom may prompt."

Out in Wisconsin a horse kicked and killed a book agent, whereupon the citizens made a donation party for the horse, and he now has oats enough to last him a full horse lifetime.

"Sad thing to lose your wife," said a friend to a Vermonter who stood at the grave of his wife. "Well, tolerably sad," replied the mourner, "but then her clothes just fit my oldest girl."

"O Lord," prayed a Methodist minister, "keep me humble and poor!" "O Lord, if Thou wilt keep him humble," said the deacon who next prayed, "we will see to it that he is kept poor!"

"Have you got a little Indian there?" said the engineer, as we passed a young squaw with a papoose, standing at the depot on the Pacific Railroad. "No," said she; "half Injun, half Injuner!"

When a stranger stands on a public square in Denver, spits on his hands and cries out: "Climb on to me by thousands!" even the postmaster pulls off his coat and goes out to make the response a success.

A district schoolmaster in one of the upper counties of Michigan, was asked what algebra he preferred, and he replied: "Oh, I ain't particular; most any kind that will just peel the hide when you strike."

North Platte, Neb., was once a virtuous and happy town; not a swear was ever heard there, and the people just spent their time in preparing for heaven. Now all is changed. In an evil moment a brass band was organized.

Popular juvenile conversation: First boy—Lemme see your ton-tue. Second boy—Lemme see yours. First boy—There. Second boy—Your mother only lets you have one piece of huckleberry pie. Had the panic down to your house, didn't you?

A Kentucky man while drunk ordered his wife to take a hammer and a nail and knock his teeth out. With that meekness of spirit and obedience which characterizes her sex, that loving wife obeyed the orders of her lord. When he got sober his swearing didn't count, because he mumbled so it couldn't be understood.

At a recent prayer meeting of coloured people at Erie, the decency and good order of the meeting being disturbed by a negro named Brown, whose prayers in public were only incoherent ravings, the pastor inquired: "What fool nigger's dat prayin' down dar nea' the do'?" A dozen people replied with one voice: "It am Brudder Brown, sah." "Den," replied the pastor, "Brudder Brown subside, and let some one pray dat's better 'quainted wid de Lord."

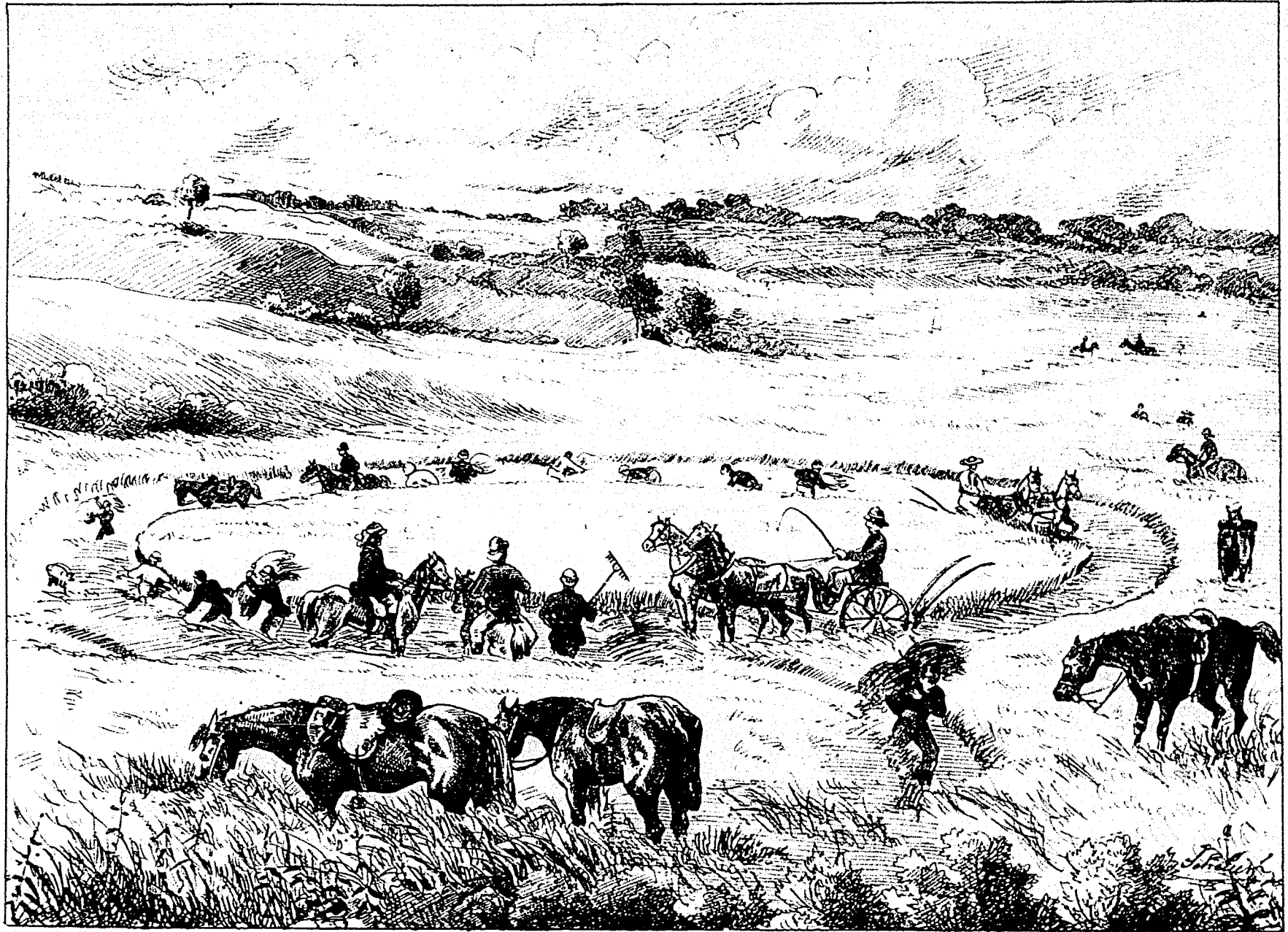
The London *Figaro* says: "A Leamington man was observed the other evening trying to obtain a view of the comet through an ear-trumpet which a facetious old gentleman had generously offered for the purpose. On receiving back the trumpet, the owner, naturally anxious to enjoy his victim's expression of disappointment, applied the instrument to his own ear, and said 'Eh?' This revealed the character of the transaction, and the jocular old gentleman was seen next morning with rump-steak bound upon his eye, limping away to procure a summons for assault."

Mr. Robertson and Dr. Mackinlay were the popular favourites of Kilmarnock in their day, and when the latter happened to be from home, numbers of his hearers were in the habit of rushing to the chapel of the former. One Sunday this influx took place just as Mr. Robertson had concluded the prayer. The rustling which their entrance occasioned attracted his attention, and, in his usual outspoken style, he exclaimed, "Sit round—sit round, my friends, and gie the fleelin' army room, for their wee bit idol, ye ken, is no at hame the day."

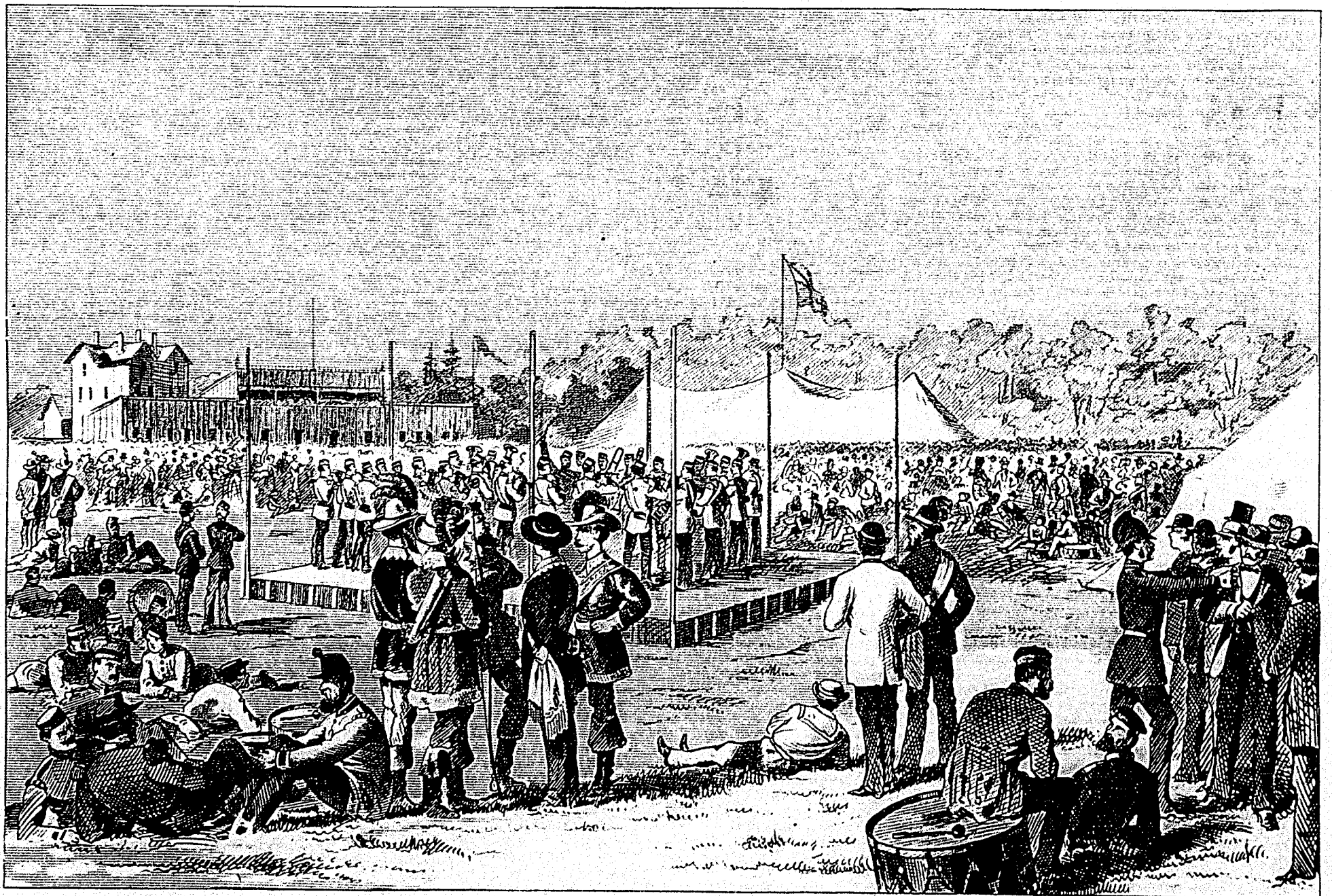
An Englishman holding forth in the evening in a Scotch hotel to some friends and strangers in the house on the subject of cremation of bodies, in place of the present mode of burial, wound up by declaring that he had about made up his mind to leave directions with his executors and friends that, when he died, his body should be cremated. A canny old Scotchman, who did not relish the innovation, "set the table in a roar" by remarking, "Ye seem in a great hurry about that business, ma freen. A' that may possibly be ordained to be done, without ony bother to your friends and executors, at the Lord's guid time and pleasure."

A Worcester boy was engaged in nocturnal cherry-stealing a short time ago, and was observed by the owner of the fruit, who, unnoticed by the young robber, placed a large stuffed dog at the foot of the tree and retired to watch the result of the strategy. The boy descending observed the dog, and then the fun commenced; he whistled, coaxed, threatened unavailingly, the animal never moving, and finally the youth accepting the inevitable, settled down to passing the night in the tree. After some hours had passed wearily enough to the lad, morning dawned, and the proprietor of the tree coming from the house, asked him how he came to be in the tree, to which the boy answered that he took to it to save himself from the dog, who had chased him quite a distance. It isn't healthy for a smaller boy to say stuffed dog to that youth now.

There was an old couple at the central depot yesterday waiting to go through to the West, and they seemed loving enough until the old man went out and returned smoking a five-cent cigar and with his hat slanting over his left ear. The wife looked at him twice before she could recognize him, and then opened her mouth and said: "Wha'd I tell ye, Philetus Remington, before we left New Jersey? Didn't I say you'd go and make a fool of yourself the first chance you got?" He tried to pacify her by saying that the cigar only cost five cents, but she shouted: "You teased and teased me till I let you git your boots blacked; then you wanted some soda water; then you bought apples on the train, and here's another five cents thrown away! It all counts up, and if you don't die in the poor-house then my name hain't Stry!"—*Detroit Free Press*.

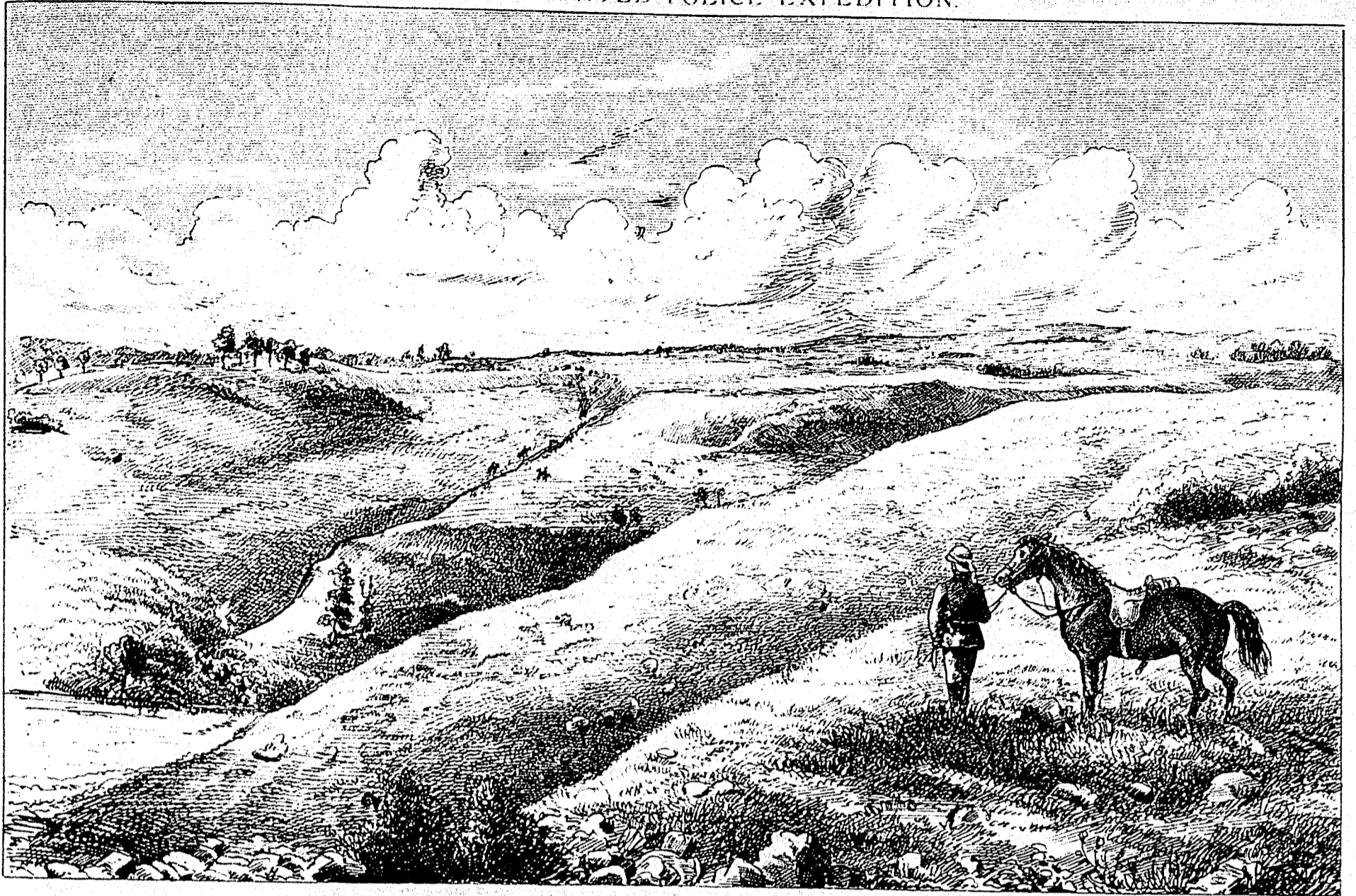


THE N. W. MOUNTED POLICE EXPEDITION.—A HALT TO CUT HAY.

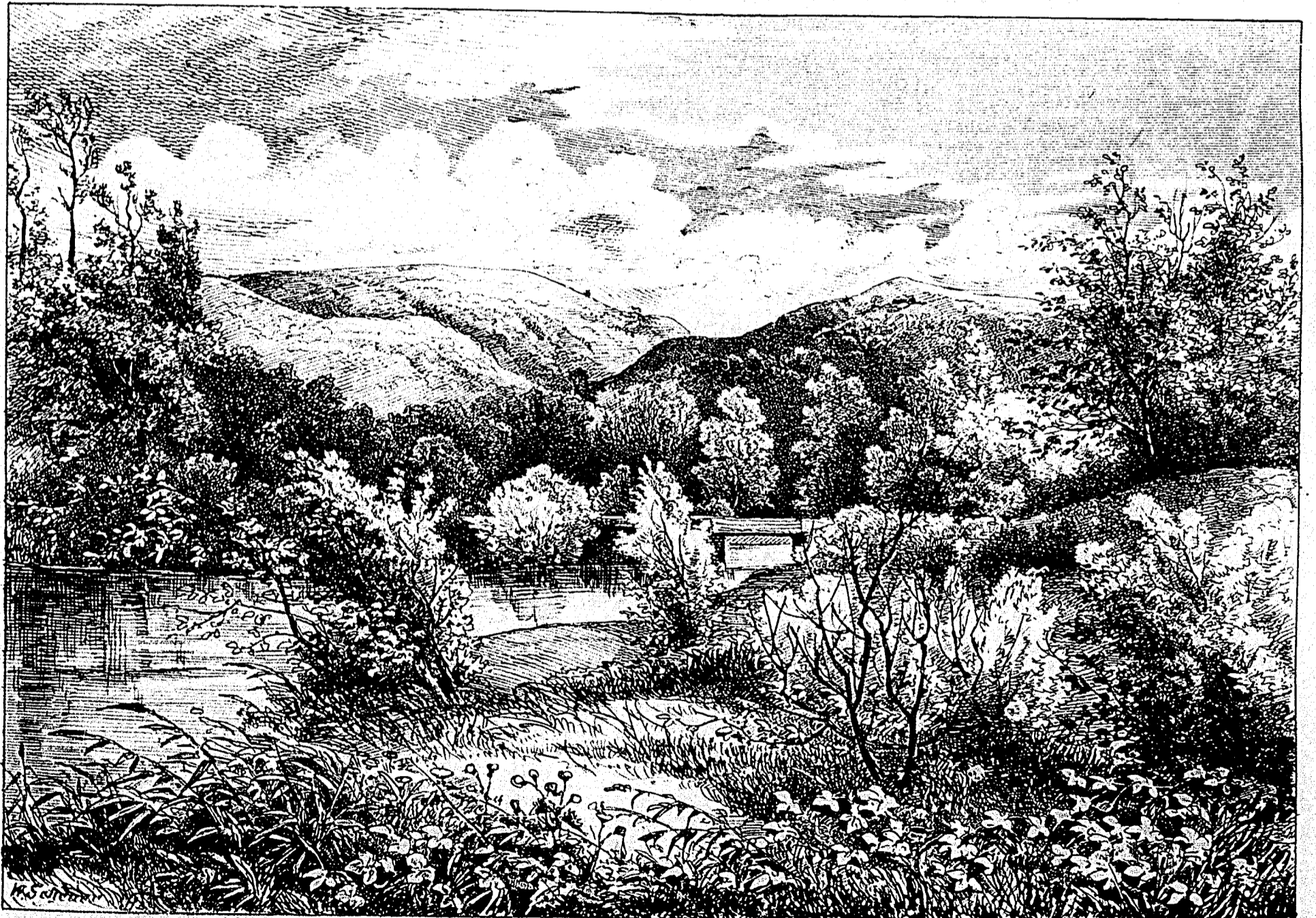


THE FORESTERS' FETE, TORONTO.—THE BAND STAND DURING THE COMPETITION.

THE N. W. MOUNTED POLICE EXPEDITION.



VIEW OF DEVIL'S CREEK.



SCENE ON THE PEMBINA RIVER.

A FAITH-CONFESSION.

BY THEODORE TILTON.

As other men have creeds, so I have mine;
I keep the holy faith in God, in man,
And in the angels ministrant between.

I hold to one true church of all true souls;
Whose churchly seal is neither bread nor wine,
Nor laying on of hands, nor holy oil,
But only the anointing of God's grace.

I hate all kings, and caste, and rank of birth:
For all the sons of men are sons of God;
Nor limps a beggar but is nobly born;
Nor wears a slave a yoke, nor czar a crown,
That makes him less or more than just a man.

I love my country and her righteous cause:
So dare I not keep silent of her sin;
And after Freedom, may her bells ring Peace!

I love one woman with a holy fire,
Whom I revere as priestess of my house;
I stand with wondering awe before my babes,
Till they rebuke me to a nobler life;
I keep a faithful friendship with my friend,
Whom loyally I serve before myself;
I look my lips too close to speak a lie;
I wash my hands too white to touch a bribe;
I owe no man a debt I cannot pay—
Except the love that man should always owe.

Withal, each day, before the blessed heaven,
I open wide the chambers of my soul,
And pray the Holy Ghost to enter in.

Thus reads the fair confession of my faith,
So crossed with contradictions by my life,
That now may God forgive the written lie!
Yet still, by help of Him who helpeth men,
I face two worlds, and fear not life nor death!
O Father! lead me by thy hand! Amen.

NINETY-THREE.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

PART THE SECOND.

IN PARIS.

BOOK THE SECOND.

IV.—LIFE UNDERGROUND.

The men grew weary of their wild-beast lairs. Sometimes in the night they came forth at any risk, and went to dance upon the neighbouring moor, else they prayed, in order to kill time. "Every day," says Bourdoiseau, "Jean Chouan made us count our rosaries."

It was almost impossible to keep those of the Bas-Maine from going out for the Fête de la Gerbe, when the season came. Some of them had ideas peculiar to themselves. "Denys," says Franche Montagne, "disguised himself as a woman, in order to go to the theatre at Laval, then went back into his hole."

Suddenly they would rush forth in search of death, exchanging the dungeon for the sepulchre.

Sometimes they raised the cover of their trench, and listened to hear if there was fighting in the distance; they followed the combat with their ears. The firing of the Republicans was regular; the firing of the Royalists open and dropping; this guided them. If the platoon-firing ceased suddenly, it was a sign that the Royalists were defeated; if the irregular firing continued, and retreated towards the horizon, it was a sign that they had the advantage. The Whites always pursued; the Blues never, because they had the country against them.

These underground belligerents were kept perfectly informed of what was going on. Nothing could be more rapid, nothing more mysterious, than their means of communication. They had cut all the bridges, broken up all the waggons, yet they found means to tell each other everything, to give each other timely warning. Relays of emissaries were established from forest to forest, from village to village, from farm to farm, from cottage to cottage, from bush to bush. A peasant with a stupid air passed by;—he carried despatches in his hollow stick.

A former constituent, Boétidoux, furnished them, to pass from one end of Brittany to the other, with Republican passports according to the new form, with blanks for the names, of which this traitor had bundles. It was impossible to discover these emissaries. Puysage says, "The secrets confided to more than four hundred thousand individuals were religiously guarded."

It appeared that this quadrilateral, closed on the south by the line of the Sables to Thouars on the east by the line of Thouars le Saumur and the river of Thoué, on the north by the Loire, and on the west by the ocean, possessed everywhere the same nervous activity, and not a single point of this soil could stir without shaking the whole. In the twinkling of an eye Luçon had information in regard to Noirmoutier, and the camp of La Loué knew what the camp of Croix-Morineau was doing. It seemed as if the very birds of the air carried tidings. The 7th Messidor, Year III., Hoche wrote: "One might believe that they have telegraphs."

They were in clans, as in Scotland. Each parish had its captain. In that war my father fought, and I can speak advisedly thereof.

V.—THEIR LIFE IN WARFARE.

Many of them were only armed with pikes. Good fowling-pieces were abundant. No marksman could be more expert than the poachers of the Bocage and the smugglers of the

Loroux. They were strange combatants—terrible and intrepid. The decree for the levy of three hundred thousand men had been the signal for the tocsin to sound in six hundred villages. The blaze of the conflagration burst forth in all quarters at the same time. Poitou and Anjou exploded on one day. Let us add that a premonitory rumbling had made itself heard on the moor of Kerbader upon the 8th of July, 1792, a month before the 10th of August. Alain Redeler, to-day forgotten, was the precursor of La Rochejacquelein and Jean Chouan. The Royalists forced all able-bodied men to march under pain of death. They requisitioned harnesses, carts, and provisions. At once Sapinaud had three thousand soldiers, Cathelineau ten thousand, Stofflet twenty thousand, and Charette was master of Noirmoutier. The Viscount de Scepeaux roused the Haut Anjou; the Chevalier de Dienzie, the approaches of Vilaine et Loire; Tristan l'Hermite, the Bas-Maine; the barber Gaston, the city of Gueméné; and Abbé Bernier all the rest. It needed but little to rouse all those multitudes. In the altar of a sworn priest—a "priest swearer," as the people said—was placed a great black cat, which sprang suddenly out during mass. "It is the devil!" cried the peasants, and a whole canton rose in revolt. A breath of fire issued from the confessionals. In order to attack the Blues and to leap the ravines, they had their poles fifteen feet in length, called *ferles*, an arm available for combat and for flight. In the thickest of the frays, when the peasants were attacking the Republican squares, if they chanced to meet upon the battle-field a cross or a chapel, all fell upon their knees and said a prayer under the enemy's fire; the rosary counted, such as were still living sprang up again and rushed upon the foe. Alas, what giants! They loaded their guns as they ran; that was their peculiar talent. They were made to believe whatever their leaders chose. The priests showed them other priests whose necks had been reddened by means of a cord, and said to them, "These are the guillotined who have been brought back to life." They had their spasms of chivalry; they honoured Fesque, a Republican standard-bearer, who allowed himself to be sabred without his losing hold of his flag. The peasants had a vein of mockery; they called the Republican and married priests "*des sans-calottes devenus sans-culottes*," "the un-tonsured become the un-breeched."

They began by being afraid of the cannon, then they dashed forward with their sticks and took them. They captured first a fine bronze cannon, which they baptized "The Missionary;" then another which dated from the Roman Catholic wars, upon which were engraved the arms of Richelieu and a head of the Virgin; this they named "Marie Jeanne." When they lost Fontenay, they lost Marie Jeanne, about which six hundred peasants fell without finching; then they retook Fontenay in order to recover Marie Jeanne; they brought it back beneath a fleur-de-lys-embroidered banner and, covered with flowers, forced the women who passed to kiss it. But two cannons were a small store. Stofflet had taken Marie Jeanne; Cathelineau, jealous of his success, started out of Pin-en-Mange, assaulted Jallais, and captured a third. Forest attacked Saint Florent and took a fourth. Two other captains, Choupée and Saint Pol, did better; they simulated cannons by the trunks of trees, gunners by mannikins, and with this artillery, about which they laughed heartily, made the Blues retreat to Mareuil. This was their great era. Later, when Chablos routed La Massonière, the peasants left behind them on the dishonoured field of battle thirty-two cannon bearing the arms of England. England at that time paid the French princes, and, as Nantial wrote on the 10th of May, 1794, "sent funds to Monseigneur, because Pitt had been told that it was proper so to do."

Mellinel, in a report of the 31st of March, said, "Long live the English! is the cry of the rebels!" The peasants delayed themselves by pillage. These devotees were robbers. Savages have their vices. It is by these that civilization captures hem later. Puysage says, volume ii. page 187: "I several times preserved the burg of Phélan from pillage." And further on, page 434, he recounts how he avoided entering Montfort: "I made a circuit in order to prevent the plundering of the Jacobins' houses."

They robbed Chotet; they sacked Chalons. After having failed at Granville, they pillaged Ville-Dieu. They styled the "Jacobin herd" those of the country people who had joined the Blues, and exterminated such with more ferocity than other foes. They loved battle like soldiers, and massacre like brigands. To shoot the "clumsy fellows," that is, the bourgeois, pleased them; they called that "breaking Lent." At Fontenay, one of their priests, the Curé Barbotin, struck down an old man by a sabre stroke. At Saint-Germain-sur-Ille, one of their captains, a nobleman, shot the solicitor of the Commune and took his watch. At Machecoul, for five weeks, they shot Republicans at the rate of thirty a day, setting them in a row, which was called "the rosary." Back of the line was a trench, into which some of the victims fell alive; they were buried all the same. We have seen a revival of such actions. Joubert, the president of the district, had his hands sawed off. They put sharp handcuffs, forged expressly, on the Blues whom they made prisoners. They massacred them in the public places, uttering fierce war-whoops.

Charette, who signed "Fraternity, the Chevalier Charette," and who wore for head-covering a handkerchief knotted about his brows after Marat's fashion, burned the city of Pornic and the inhabitants in their houses. During that time Carrier was horrible. Terror replied to terror. The Breton insurgent had almost the appearance of a Greek rebel with his short jacket, his gun slung over his shoulder, his leggings, and large breeches similar to the capote. The peasant lad resembled the Scioti.

Henri de la Rochejacquelein, at the age of one-and-twenty, set out for this war armed with a stick and a pair of pistols. The Vendean army counted a hundred and fifty-four divisions. They undertook regular sieges; they held Bressuire invested for three days. One Good Friday ten thousand peasants canonaded the town of the Sables with red-hot balls. They succeeded in a single day in destroying fourteen Republican cantons, from Montigné to Courbevilles. On the high wall of Thouars this dialogue was heard between La Rochejacquelein and a peasant lad as they stood below:—"Charles! Here I am. Stand so that I can mount on your shoulders. Jump up. Your gun. Take it." And Rochejacquelein leaped into the town, and the towers which Duguesclin had besieged were taken without the aid of ladders. They preferred a cartridge to a gold louis. They wept when they lost sight of their vil-

* *La Calotte Noire* is the black cap of a priest; but the antithesis perhaps requires the above rendering.

† Puysage, vol. ii. p. 35.

age belfry. To run away seemed perfectly natural to them; at such times the leaders would cry, "Throw off your sabots, but keep hold of your guns." When munitions were wanting they counted their rosaries and rushed forth to seize the powder in the caissons of the Republican artillery; later, D'Elbée demanded powder from the English. If they had wounded men among them, at the approach of the enemy they concealed these in the grain-fields or among the ferns, and went back in search of them when the fight was ended. They had no uniforms. Their garments were torn to bits. Peasants and nobles wrapped themselves in any rags they could find. Roger Mouliniers wore a turban and a pelisse taken from the wardrobe of the theatre of Flèche; the Chevalier de Beauvilliers wore a barrister's gown, and set a woman's bonnet on his head over a woollen cap. All wore the white belt and a scarf; different grades were marked by the knots. Stofflet had a red knot; La Rochejacquelein had a black knot; Wimpfen, who was half a Girondist, and who for that matter never left Normandy, wore the leather jacket of the Carabots of Caen. They had women in their ranks; Madame de Lescure, who became Madame de la Rochejacquelein; Thérèse de Mollien, the mistress of La Rouarie; she who burned the list of the chiefs of the parishes; Madame de la Rochefoucauld, beautiful, young, who, sabre in hand, rallied the peasants to the foot of the great tower of the castle of Puy Rousseau; and that Antoinette Adams, styled the Chevalier Adams, who was so brave that, when captured, she was shot standing, out of respect for her courage.

This epic period was a cruel one. Men were mad. Madame de Lescure made her horse tread upon the Republicans stretched on the ground; they were dead, she averred; they were only wounded, perhaps. Sometimes the men proved traitors; the women, never. Mademoiselle Fleury, of the Théâtre Français, went from La Rouarie to Marat, but it was for love. The captains were often as ignorant as the soldiers. Monsieur de Sapinaud could not spell; he was at fault in regard to the orthography of the commonest word. There was enmity among the leaders. The captains of the Marais cried—"Down with those of the High County!" Their cavalry was not numerous and difficult to form. Puysage writes: "Many a man who would cheerfully give me his two sons grows lukewarm if I ask for one of his horses." Poles, pitchforks, reaping-hooks, guns (old and new), poachers' knives, spits, cudgels bound and studded with iron, these were their arms; some of them carried crosses made of dead men's bones.

They rushed to an attack with loud cries, springing up suddenly from every quarter, from the woods, the hills, the bushes, the hollows of the roads, killing, exterminating, destroying, then were gone. When they marched through a Republican town they cut down the Liberty Pole, set it on fire, and danced in circles about it as it burned. All their habits were nocturnal. The Vendean rule was always to appear unexpectedly. They would march fifteen leagues in silence, not so much as stirring a blade of grass as they went. When evening came, after the chiefs had settled what Republican posts should be surprised on the morrow, the men loaded their guns, mumbled their prayers, pulled off their sabots, and filed in long columns through the woods, marching barefoot across the heath and moss, without a sound, without a word, without an audible breath. It was like the march of wild cats through the darkness.

VI.—THE SPIRIT OF THE PLACE.

The Vendée in insurrection did not number less than five hundred thousand, counting men, women, and children. A half million of combatants is the sum total given by Tuffin de la Rouarie.

The Federalists helped them; the Vendée had the Gironde for accomplice. La Lozère sent thirty thousand men into the Bocage. Eight departments coalesced; five in Brittany, three in Normandy. Évereux, which fraternised with Caen, was represented in the rebellion by Chaumont, its mayor, and Gardembas, a man of note. Buzot, Gorsas, and Barbaroux, at Caen; Brissot, at Moulins; Chassau, at Lyons; Babant Saint-Étienne, at Nîmes; Mollien and Duchâtel, in Brittany; all these mouths blew the furnace.

There were two Vendean armies; the great, which carried on the war of the forests, and the little, which waged the war of the thickets; it is that shade which separates Charette from Jean Chouan. The little Vendée was honest, the great corrupt; the little was much the better. Charette was made a marquis, lieutenant-general of the king's armies, and received the great cross of Saint Louis; Jean Chouan remained Jean Chouan. Charette borders on the bandit; Jean Chouan resembled a paladin.

As to the magnanimous chiefs, Bonchamps, Lescure, La Rochejacquelein, they deceived themselves. The grand Catholic army was an insane attempt; disaster could not fail to follow it. Let any one imagine a tempest of peasants attacking Paris, a coalition of villages besieging the Pantheon, a troop of herdsmen flinging themselves upon a host governed by the light of intellect. Le Mans and Savenay chastised this madness. It was impossible for the Vendée to cross the Loire. She could accomplish everything except that leap. Civil war does not conquer. To pass the Rhine establishes a Caesar and strengthens a Napoleon; to cross the Loire killed La Rochejacquelein. The real strength of Vendée was Vendée at home; there she was invulnerable, unconquerable. The Vendean at home was smuggler, labourer, soldier, shepherd, poacher, sharpshooter, goatherd, bell-ringer, peasant, spy, assassin, sacristan, wild beast of the wood.

La Rochejacquelein is only Achilles; Jean Chouan is Proteus.

The rebellion of the Vendée failed. Other revolts have succeeded; that of Switzerland, for example. There is this difference between the mountain insurgent like the Swiss and forest insurgent like the Vendean, that the one almost always fights for an ideal, the other for a prejudice. The one soars, the other crawls. The one combats for humanity, the other for solitude. The one desires liberty, the other wishes isolation. The one defends the commune, the other the parish. "Commons! commons!" cried the heroes of Marat. The one has to deal with precipices, the other with quagmires; the one is the man of torrents and foaming streams, the other of stagnant puddles, where pestilence lurks; the one has his head in the blue sky, the other in the thicket; the one is on a summit, the other in a shadow.

What we learn from heights and shallows is very different. The mountain is a citadel, the forest is an ambushade; the one inspires audacity, the other teaches trickery. Antiquity placed the gods on heights and the satyrs in copses. The

satyr is the savage, half man, half brute. Free countries have Apennines, Alps, Pyrenees, an Olympus. Parnassus is a mountain. Mont Blanc is the colossal auxiliary of William Tell. Below and above those immense struggles of souls against the night which fills the poems of India, the Himalayas may be seen. Greece, Spain, Italy, Helvetia have for force the mountain; Cimmericia, be it Germany or Brittany, has the wood. The forest is barbarous.

The configuration of soil decides many of man's actions. The earth is more his accomplice than people believe. In presence of certain savage landscapes one is tempted to exonerate man and criminate creation: one feels a certain hidden provocation on the part of nature; the desert is sometimes unhealthy for the conscience, especially for the conscience that is little illuminated; conscience may be a giant—then it produces a Socrates, a Christ; it may be a dwarf—then it moulds Atrous and Judas. The narrow conscience becomes quickly reptile in its instincts; forests where twilight reigns, the bushes, the thorns, the marshes beneath the branches, all have a fatal attraction for it; it undergoes the mysterious infiltration of evil persuasions. Optical illusions, unexplained mirages, the terrors of the hour, or the scene, throw man into this sort of fright, half religious, half bestial, which engenders superstition in ordinary times, and brutality at violent epochs. Hallucinations hold the torch which lights the road to murder. The brigand is dizzy by a vertigo. Nature in her immensity has a double meaning which dazzles great minds and blinds savage souls. When man is ignorant, when his desert is peopled with visions, the obscurity of solitude adds itself to the obscurity of intelligence; hence come depths in the human soul black and profound as an abyss. Certain rocks, certain ravines, certain thickets, certain wild openings in the trees through which light looks down, push men on to mad and atrocious actions. One might almost say that there are places which are the home of the spirit of evil.

How many tragic sights have been watched by the sombre hill between Baignon and Piélan!

Vast horizons lead the soul on to wide, general ideas; circumscribed horizons engender narrow, one-sided conceptions, which condemn great hearts to be little in point of soul. Jean Chouan was an example of this truth. Broad ideas are hated by partial ideas; this is, in fact, the struggle of progress.

Neighbourhood—country. These two words sum up the whole of the Vendean war; a quarrel of the local idea against the universal—of the peasant against the patriot.

VII.—BRITANNY THE REBEL.

Brittany is an ancient rebel. Each time she revolted during two thousand years she was in the right; but the last time she was wrong. Still at bottom, against the revolution as against monarchy, against the acting representatives as against governing dukes and peers, against the rules of assignats as against the sway of excise officer; whosoever might be the men who fought, Nicolas Rabin, François de la None, Captain Pluviant, and the Lady of La Garnache, Stofflet, Coquereau, and Lechandelier de Pierreville; under De Rohan against the king and under La Rochejacquelein for the king, it was always the same war that Brittan waged—the war of the local spirit against the central.

Those ancient provinces were ponds; that stagnant water could not bear to flow; the wind which swept across did not revivify, it irritated them.

Finistère formed the bounds of France; there the space given to man ended, and the march of generations stopped. "Halt!" the ocean cried to the land, to barbarism and to civilization. Each time that the centre—Paris—gives an impulse, whether that impulse comes from royalty or republicanism, whether it be in the interest of despotism or liberty, it is something new, and Brittany bristles up against it. "Leave us in peace! what is it they want of us?" The Marais seizes the pitchfork, the Bocage its carbine. All our attempts, our initiative movement in legislation and in education, our encyclopedias, our philosophies, our genius, our glories, all fall before the Houroux; the tocsin of Bazouges menaces the French Revolution, the moor of Faon rises in rebellion against the voice of our towns, and the bell of the Haut-des-Pères declares war against the Tower of the Louvre.

Terrible blindness. The Vendean insurrection was the result of a fatal misunderstanding.

A colossal scuffle, a jangling of Titans, an immeasurable rebellion, destined to leave in history only one word—the Vendée—word illustrious yet dark; committing suicide for the absent, devoted to egotism, passing its time in making to cowardice the offer of a boundless bravery; without calculation, without strategy, without tactics, without plan, without aim, without chief, without responsibility; showing to what extent Will can be impotent; chivalric and savage; absurdity at its climax, a building up a barrier of black shadows against the light; ignorance making a long resistance at once idiotic and superb against justice, right, reason, and deliverance; the terror of eight years, the rendering desolate fourteen departments, the devastation of fields, the destruction of har-

vests, the burning of villages, the ruin of cities, the pillage of houses, the massacre of women and children, the torch in the thatch, the sword in the heart, the terror of civilization, the hope of Mr. Pitt; such was this war, the unreasoning of the parricide.

In short, by proving the necessity of perforating in every direction the old Breton shadows, and piercing this thicket with arrows of light from every quarter at once, the Vendée served Progress. The catastrophes had their uses.

PART THE THIRD.

IN VENDÉE.

BOOK THE FIRST.

I.—PLUSQUAM CIVILLA BELLA.

The summer of 1792 had been very rainy; the summer of 1793 was dry and hot. In consequence of the civil war there were no roads left, so to speak, in Brittany. Still it was possible to get about, thanks to the beauty of the season. Dry fields make an easy route.

At the close of a lovely July day, about an hour before sunset, a man on horseback, who came from the direction of Avranches, drew rein before the little inn called the Croix-Brancard, which stood at the entrance of Pontorson, and which for years past had borne this inscription on its sign—"Good cider sold here." It had been warm all day, but the wind was beginning now to rise.

This traveller was enveloped in an ample cloak which covered the back of his horse. He wore a broad hat with a tri-coloured cockade, which was a sufficiently bold thing to do in this country of hedges and gunshots, where a cockade was a target. The cloak, fastened about his neck, was thrown back to leave his arms free, and beneath glimpses could be had of a tri-coloured sash and two pistols thrust in it. A sabre hung down below the cloak. At the sound of the horse's hoofs the door of the inn opened and the landlord appeared, a lantern in his hand. It was the intermediate hour between day and night; still light along the highway, but dark in the house. The host looked at the cockade. "Citizen," said he, "do you stop here?"

"No."
"Where are you going then?"
"To Dol."
"In that case go back to Avranches or remain at Pontorson."

"Why?"
"Because there is fighting at Dol."
"Ah!" said the horseman.
Then he added: "Give my horse some oats."
The host brought the trough, emptied a measure of oats into it, and took the bridle off the horse, which began to snuff and eat.

The dialogue continued.
"Citizen, is that a horse of requisition?"
"No."
"It belongs to you?"
"Yes. I bought and paid for it."
"Where do you come from?"
"Paris."
"Not direct?"
"No."
"I should think not! The roads are closed. But the post runs still."

"As far as Alençon. I left it there."
"Ah! Very soon there will be no longer any posts in France. There are no more horses. A horse worth three hundred francs costs six hundred, and fodder is beyond all price. I have been postmaster and now I am keeper of a cookshop. Out of thirteen hundred and thirteen postmasters that there used to be, two hundred have resigned. Citizen, you travelled according to the new tariff?"

(To be continued.)

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

AUG. 5.—The French Assembly, having passed the Budget, has adjourned.

The Public Worship Regulation Bill has passed the House of Commons.

The German Government deny that they intend interfering with the Carlists.

Beauchesne, Conservative, has been returned for Bonaventure to the Quebec Local House.

There is strong opposition in St. John to the appointment of Mr. Brydges as Superintendent of the Intercolonial Railway.

AUG. 6.—The bill of exceptions in Tweed's case has been signed by the District Attorney.

The order for the British squadron to go to Barcelona has been countermanded.

The difficulty between China and Japan seems to become more serious every day.

Judge Morris says there never was a case so strongly fortified on all points as his client Tilton's.

The bodies of several additional victims of the steamer Rogers disaster have been recovered and recognized.

There has been a terrible gale off the coast of Aberdeenshire, and it is feared that several overdue fishing boats have been lost.

Ulloa, Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs, has addressed a circular note to the European Powers protesting against the Carlists.

AUG. 7.—In a cricket match, at London, England, between the American Base Ball clubs and the English team the former won.

The Argentine Republic is now in telegraphic communication with the United States.

There has been rioting at elections between the whites and blacks at several points in the south and south-west.

Governor Dix has ordered an investigation into the charges against Mayor Havemeyer, of New York. The investigation will be conducted by the State Attorney-General before a judge.

Shocks of earthquake, accompanied by unusual noises underground, have greatly startled the inhabitants in the quiet parish of St. Basil, County of Portneuf, who are reported as fleeing from the locality where these strange phenomena are occurring, possibly in the expectation that a volcano is about to break forth and inundate the surrounding country with a sea of red-hot lava. Further developments are looked for.

The Queen's speech, on proroguing Parliament, refers to the friendly relations with foreign powers, and England's position in regard to the International Congress at Brussels; it favours the renewal of the Reciprocity Treaty between Canada and the United States; it expresses regret at the condition of Spain, but favours non-intervention; it rejoices at the suppression of the slave trade and the pacification of the Gold Coast; the passing of the Factory Act, by which over-work will be prevented; also the Public Worship Regulation Bill.

AUG. 8.—The Pope is intending to create four new cardinals. Japanese troops are still in occupation of the island of Formosa.

It is said that Mr. Disraeli intends visiting Ireland at an early date.

Small-pox is raging in Jamaica. An earthquake was felt on the island on this date.

Colonel Miles, with an expeditionary force, is about to take the field in Texas against the Indians.

The French Government have agreed to withdraw the warship "Orenoque" from Civita Vecchia.

Two thousand steerage passengers sailed this day from New York on Euro pean-bound steamers.

There was a serious riot at Portsmouth, England, to-day, on account of the pier authorities having closed up a thoroughfare.

The German Government are said to have notified their representatives abroad of the time having arrived for the recognition of the Spanish Republic.

Marshal Serrano notifies the Powers that the Spanish Government intend declaring the blockade of the Gulf of Calabria, against which England protests.

AUG. 10.—Sioux Indians report that the Arapahoes and Cheyennes are preparing for war.

It is rumoured that Sir Alexander Cockburn is about to resign his Chief-Justiceship.

Gen. Dorregaray, the commander of the Carlist army, has resumed hostilities in Navarre.

Telegraphic communication between Uruguay and the United States has been completed.

News comes from Bombay of terrible floods in Upper Scinde, by which several towns have been swept away.

The Governor-General of Havana orders the United States to collect a Customs duty of 50 per cent. on gold imported from Cuba.

The Government advertise for tenders for the Pembina branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway, giving a fortnight's notice for the reception of the tenders.

The London Telegraph states that Russia has consented to recognise the Spanish Republic. Germany intends to follow suit, and asks Austria to do the same.

A cable despatch from Ireland announce the death of Jack Hussey, formerly captain of the "Mulligan Guards," and who has, within the last ten years, saved seventeen persons from drowning.

Moulton says his statement will not be given to the press till eleven o'clock this morning. The Brooklyn Argus says the statement covers more than twice the amount of the MS. used by Tilton in his deposition, and is based entirely on documentary evidence. From the brief summary given by the Argus, revelations not very favourable to Beecher are expected. The Brooklyn Eagle, however, gives an exactly opposite report of the statement, declaring that Moulton's evidence is very favourable to Beecher.

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