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Wholesale News

Vol. IX.—No. 24

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1874.

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THE HON. A. A. DORION,
CHIEF JUSTICE, COURT OF QUEEN'S BENCH, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

Canadian Illustrated News.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1874.

IS THERE AN ANNEXATION FEELING IN CANADA ?

A fortnight ago we published a long article on Reciprocity and Annexation which attracted considerable attention throughout the press. There was one point, however, on which we insisted with the distinct view of calling out a general and emphatic expression of opinion, but which, to our astonishment, was passed over in utter silence. This was the bold statement of a writer in the *Republic*—a monthly magazine of some pretensions, published at Washington—who declared that a majority and, in some Provinces, nine-tenths of the people are in favour of a peaceable union with the States. If a different sentiment exists at all, it is found merely among officials. The speeches on the Murray resolutions in Nova Scotia, and the Cudlip resolutions in the New Brunswick Legislature, and the debates in the legislatures of all the Provinces outside of the Canadas proper, clearly indicate the public desire for closer relations with the United States. At Ottawa, when the Parliament was convened on the 13th August last, the writer, in conversation with a large number of members affirms that he found a great unanimity of sentiment and even enthusiasm in favour of a union; but the wish was frequently accompanied with an expression of grave doubts as to its probability, on the ground of their present relations with England.

An extra edition of the article in which this audacious statement appeared was sent to nearly every newspaper of the United States and the Dominion, for the express purpose of defeating any scheme of Reciprocity and promoting, instead, a project of speedy Annexation. It might be that, judged on its own merits, the article was beneath notice, but considering whence it came, for what end it was written, and to whom it was addressed, we are decidedly of opinion that it should have been animadverted on by every paper in the Dominion. That this course was not pursued we regard as a capital mistake. For either the very grave statements of the Washington magazine are true or they are not true. If they are not true, it is well that the Americans should know it and thus be spared a needless misapprehension. If they are true, it is time the Mother Country should know it and thus be freed from the farce of mock manifestations of loyalty. It will not do for Canadian papers to maintain an indifferent silence when almost the totality of their representatives at Ottawa are openly charged with favouring a transfer of their allegiance from Great Britain to the United States.

For ourselves, we deem it a duty to speak out and say all we know of the matter. We shall deal only with fact, leaving sentiment out of sight altogether, for the reason that we have no theoretical scruples in the premises. We are not of those who regard British connection as a *quæ qua non* of our national existence; we have no objection to Independence except as to the mere detail of its possible prematureness, and if we saw the feeling of the country leaning towards Annexation, led by that unerring instinct which conducts a free, intelligent people toward its own amelioration, we are far, very far from having that foolish aversion to American institutions which would induce us to believe that, in adopting them, the Dominion of Canada would be making a bad bargain. On the contrary, we should be among the first to encourage our people to follow their destiny, spite of taunts of treason and the outcries of effete Toryism. But, as a matter of fact, is there any Annexation feeling in Canada? There is, unquestionably. Is it general? It exists in every Province. Is it preponderating? No. Is it outspoken? No. Is it active? No. Does it command a majority in any one Province? We believe not. In Ontario, which is the Empire Province of the Dominion and which naturally takes the lead in all public questions, the population may be said to be divided into three parties—the Liberal, the Conservative, and the National. The Liberal record is clear and unequivocal on this point. There are no truer friends of Confederation, no stauncher supporters of British connection than Messrs. Mackenzie, Blake and Brown. We mention the latter because we must believe the utterances of his paper, although we are aware that he has always been accused by his enemies of secretly favouring Annexation. The Conservative party in Ontario is also above suspicion and its great leader has proved by acts, more than by words, how much he loves the land whose destinies he may be said to have shaped, and how

fondly he clings to the traditions of the Empire. As to the National party, besides the distinct declaration of its programme, we have the statement of Mr. Moss, one of its exponents in Parliament, squarely antagonistic to Annexation. In Quebec, the Conservatives are strict Confederationists, but the Liberals are divided. The French fraction of these are in favour of Annexation, and although they are quiescent at present, their real feelings on the subject are a secret for nobody. Among the English-speaking Liberals, a certain number are also known to tend in the same direction. Nova Scotia is the Province where Annexation has met with most sympathy. There are traditional and geographical reasons for this, outside of any discontent arising from political complications. We have been assured by native Nova Scotians that it would require no revolution to put that Province among the galaxy of States. As to New Brunswick, we have less information, but judging from its press, we should say that the Annexation feeling is very partial there indeed, and quite dormant. We should put British Columbia nearly on a level with Nova Scotia. Its geographical isolation from the rest of the Empire for many years, has unconsciously drawn it towards the United States, and if its terms of Union with Canada are not carried out entirely and promptly by the building of the Pacific Railway, we should not be surprised to find it disposed to drift away from the Dominion.

From this general survey of the Provinces, it appears clear that the statement of the writer in the *Republic* must be strongly qualified. There is indeed an annexation feeling in Canada, but it is far from being such as represented by him. There is one feature about this feeling, however, which even he has overlooked. Under certain circumstances it could be made to grow, to widen, to predominate and become irresistible. The people of Canada are sincerely devoted to the Mother Country. They love the old traditions and take pride in the old history, but they are thoroughly practical withal, and rightly deem that their own interest must take precedence of mere sentiment. Since the establishment of Confederation a national feeling has been engendered among them, and they now understand that their first loyalty is to Canada. If they think that Canada will be benefited by remaining a colony, they will advocate the continuance of British connection. If they believe that Independence will suit them better, nothing will deter them from adopting it. Persuade them that their advantage lies in Annexation to the United States, and what feeling there is in the country on that score will soon ripen and bear fruit. Meantime, they let things take their course, producing their natural inevitable results. Meantime, too, let theorists and factionists hold aloof. Their interference would only do harm. And whether they regret the present condition of Canadian feeling or not, let them not misrepresent it in the public prints and thus induce hopes on the part of others which for years to come are doomed to disappointment.

THE PRESIDENT ON SPECIE PAYMENTS.

PRESIDENT GRANT has at length come forward with a plain statement of his views on the vexed question of finance. He joins issue with the inflationists and declares unequivocally in favour of a return to specie payments. His views are well worth consideration, especially as they will be made a test issue between the parties at the next elections. He believes it a high and plain duty to return to a specie basis at the earliest practicable day, not only in compliance with legislative and party pledges, but as a step indispensable to lasting national prosperity. He thinks, further, that the time has come when this can be done, or, at least, to begin with less embarrassment to every branch of industry than at any future time after resort has been had to unstable and temporary expedients to stimulate unreal prosperity and speculation on a basis other than coin as the recognized medium of exchange throughout the commercial world. The particular mode selected to bring about a restoration of the specie standard is not of so much consequence as that some adequate plan be devised and the time fixed when currency shall be exchangeable for specie at par, and the plan strictly adhered to. The general features of his plan are these: First, he would like to see the legal tender clause, so called, repealed, the repeal to take effect at a future time, say July 1st, 1875. This would cause all contracts made after that date for wages, sales, &c., to be estimated in coin. The specie dollar would be the only dollar known as the measure of equivalents when debts afterwards contracted were paid in currency. Instead of calling the paper dollar a dollar, and quoting gold at so much premium, we should think and speak of paper as at so much discount. This alone would aid greatly in bringing the two currencies near together at par. Secondly, he would like to see

a provision that at a fixed day—say July 1, 1876—the currency issued by the United States should be redeemed in coin, on presentation to any Assistant Treasurer, and that all the currency so redeemed should be cancelled and never re-issued. To effect this it would be necessary to authorize the issue of bonds, payable in gold, bearing such interest as would command par in gold to be put out by the Treasury, but only in such sums as should from time to time be needed for the purpose of redemption. Such legislation would insure a return to sound financial principles in two years, and would work less hardships to the debtors' interests than is likely to come from putting off the day of final reckoning. It must be borne in mind, too, that the creditors' interest had its day of disadvantage also, when the present financial system was brought on by the supreme needs of the nation at the time. He would further provide that from and after the day fixed for redemption no bills, whether of national bonds or of the United States, returned to the Treasury to be exchanged for new bills, should be replaced by bills of less denomination than ten dollars, and that in one year after resumption all bills of less than five dollars should be withdrawn from circulation, and that in two years all bills of less than ten dollars should be withdrawn. The advantage of this would be strength given to the country against times of depression, resulting from war, failure of crops, or any other cause. By keeping always in the hands of the people a large supply of the precious metals, with all smaller transactions conducted in coin, many millions of it would be kept in constant use, and of course prevented from leaving the country. Undoubtedly a poorer currency will always drive the better out of circulation. With paper a legal tender and at a discount, gold and silver becomes articles of merchandise as much as wheat or cotton. The surplus will find the best market it can. With small bills in circulation there is no use for coin, except to keep it in vaults of banks to redeem circulation. During periods of great speculation and apparent prosperity there is little demand for coin, and it will flow out to a market where it can be made to earn something, which it cannot while lying idle. Gold, like anything else, when not needed becomes a surplus, and like every other surplus it seeks a market where it can find one by giving active employment. Coin, however, can be secured. The panics and depressions which have occurred periodically in times of nominal specie payments, if they cannot be wholly prevented, can at least be greatly mitigated. Indeed, it is questionable whether it would have been found necessary to depart from the standard of specie in the trying days which gave birth to the first Legal Tender Act had the country taken the ground of no small bills as early as 1856. Again, the President would provide an excess of revenue over current expenditure. He would do this by rigid economy and by taxation where taxation can best be borne. Increased revenue would work a constant reduction of debt and interest, and would provide coin to meet the demand on the treasury, for the redemption of it, not thereby diminishing the amount of bonds needed for that purpose. All taxes that begins after redemption should be paid in coin or in notes. This would force redemption on national banks. With a measure or measures like these, which would work out such results, General Grant sees no danger in authorizing free banking without limit.

We have already referred to the magnificent demonstration which the French-Canadians of this Province and of the United States intend making on the 24th instant, the feast of St. Jean-Baptiste, their patron. The utmost enthusiasm is prevailing in regard to this celebration, and from present appearances there seems no doubt that we shall have the pleasure of recording a brilliant success. No less than 2,500 delegates, representing fifty or more national societies, will be present on the occasion from the United States alone. It is proposed to lodge these at the Crystal Palace and to extend to them all the hospitalities of the city. The festival will last two days. On the 24th religious services will be performed, and a monster convention held. On the 25th there will be a picnic and open air concert on St. Helen's Island.

That the object of this gathering is to be a practical one is evidenced from the following series of questions addressed to the presidents, officers and members of the Canadian Societies in the United States and the Dominion, and which will be discussed at the Convention on the 24th and 25th inst.

- I. What is the total of the French-Canadian population in the place where you reside?
- II. What are the diverse occupations of that population?
- III. Give the number of persons engaged in the different professions, trades, etc.
- IV. Give the number and character of the manufactures

or industries established in your locality, with the number of French-Canadians—men, women and children—in each; the salaries they gain, the position they occupy; and mention what protection is granted by the American tariff to these manufactures.

- V. Have you French-Canadian professional men, lawyers, physicians, notaries and teachers; do you require any and what advantages can you offer them?
- VI. What are the religious helps which you enjoy; how many churches have you and by whom are they administered?
- VII. Have you schools, colleges and convents, and what are your means of education?
- VIII. Give the number of children who frequent these institutions and the number of persons who can read and write?
- IX. What is the religious and moral condition of your population?
- X. Are there any men of large wealth among you, and what is the financial standing of your population?
- XI. What is the political influence of French-Canadians in your locality? Do any hold public positions?
- XII. How many families are there in your colony, and what is the ratio of children in each family?
- XIII. Are there any among you who desire to return to their native country?
- XIV. What are the obstacles preventing them from doing so?

In common with every true friend of the Dominion, we trust that the Convention of St. Jean-Baptiste day may result in cementing the bonds of brotherhood which ought to unite French-Canadians together, and in inducing hundreds to return from the United States to the homes of their forefathers.

Mr. DORION's acceptance of the Chief Justiceship of the Province of Quebec has taken the whole country by surprise. It is true that some time ago the Government organ at Ottawa announced that it was likely the Hon. Minister of Justice would elevate himself to that high position. But in this case the trumpet gave forth an uncertain sound. At least we have Mr. DORION's authority for saying so. On the 18th of May last SIR JOHN A. MAUDONALD, in the carping spirit which has throughout the session characterized his action as leader of the Opposition, seized upon the statement of the *Times*, and in the House accused the Minister of Justice of having, in spirit, his commission in his pocket. He further challenged the honourable gentleman to get up in his place and deny that he was to take the position of Chief Justice after the session. Unlike his colleague, the Hon. Mr. ROSS, Mr. DORION did not hesitate an instant to give the accusation an indignant denial. Amid the approving cheers of the House he replied: "I can answer the hon. gentleman that nothing of the kind is contemplated." Even this plain statement did not satisfy SIR JOHN, who insisted with more straightforwardness than courtesy, that notwithstanding the honourable gentleman's denial, he thought that if the *Official Gazette* were watched, in less than three months it would be seen that the honourable gentleman would have changed his mind. True enough Mr. DORION has changed his mind. The eleventh day after his denial witnessed his acceptance of the Chief Justiceship. But it seems that his acceptance of the position was due to the pressure brought to bear upon him by his fellow-members of the Cabinet, among whom a very pretty little conspiracy appears to have existed for the purpose of rewarding the Minister of Justice for his long and valuable services to the party, by quietly shelving him. Mr. DORION, we are told by the Government organs, had no idea of this appointment until the last moment, and even when it was made known to him he felt some scruples—as well he might after his declaration in the House—about accepting it. These scruples finally vanished under the pressure of his friends, who conceived that he was not called upon from any motives of delicacy to make the personal sacrifice involved in a refusal, and who also urged the importance of the post, Mr. DORION's acknowledged fitness for it, and the necessity for the Chief Justiceship being occupied by a lawyer possessed of the public confidence. It is certainly a singular spectacle that offered by eleven members of a Cabinet plotting to remove the twelfth—and that one the ablest of their number. To a mind uncharitably inclined the action of Ministers might be suggestive of jealousy akin to that which led the sons of Jacob to sell their more highly favoured brother to the Egyptians. What! shall this dreamer rule over us! Mr. DORION, however, is more fortunate than Joseph.

As to the appointment itself there can be but one opinion: a better choice could not have been made.

It was pleasant to see the hearty manner in which Canon BALDWIN lately discussed the all-absorbing sanitary question—we say, all-absorbing, because our discussions, moral and material, are evidently, all of them, in a sadly unpromising condition, if we are weak enough to allow the discussing machine—the earthly frame of intelligent man—to be destroyed in so unnecessary a way. Some people seem too full of refinements, too ready for cremation, we suppose, to give a thought to this great living interest. But it will not do. Our elegancies must be built upon the solid foundation of the public health—what are they worth else? The course they are following is not suited to the conditions of the present life at any rate, and we are all assured how greatly the future is affected by the mundane existence they would seem to despise. Montreal is far from a well-drained city, and yet she has grand capacities for drainage. It is always just about as well to have no drainage system at all as a bad one. We may have a word to say yet upon the general subject, but when the summer with its heats and special dangers is upon us, there is little to be actually done beyond a general cleansing of the neighbourhood of our dwellings and an energetic use of disinfectants on the part of all. We rely greatly upon this latter arrangement. It becomes, indeed, a sort of sheet-anchor when everything else has been neglected. We consider that a vote ought to be immediately come to by the City Council for the supply of the requisite substances, which could be applied to the drains by the agency of the civic police. We also believe such disinfectants should be furnished gratis at a central depot to all applying for them. The mortality of Montreal should cease to be excessive. It has always been a difficult subject of investigation, and we have long considered that no sound conclusions will be come to upon it until a separate death-rate shall be struck for each ward in the city. We trust some of our sanitary friends may see their way to adopt so simple a suggestion.

An effort which we have reason to believe was in an important degree successful in its results, was made last summer to spread the knowledge needed for warding off that terrible although truly needless infliction known as sunstroke. The *ILLUSTRATED NEWS* took part in that discussion, and several of the New York as well as the Canadian papers gave it the benefit of their extended circulation and influence. What is to be done this year to put a stop to those doleful statistics with which the telegraph has so often disturbed our breakfast table musings? The conditions to be dealt with are the same as heretofore—the memory of last summer's heats recalling probably with most of us more thoughts of former picnics and steamboat trips, and pleasant saunters by wood and glade than of preventive measures of any kind. All sober-minded folk know the value of shade in hot weather; but for the more impetuous there is, we assure them, the effectual protection of the limpid fluid used externally and internally before the frame becomes too much heated, and—a thing to be specially noted—the great preservative of a moistened handkerchief—a kerchief wrung-out after being dipped in cold water, and placed in the crown of the beaver. Let this expedient by no means be thought lightly of by those necessarily exposed to the sun's rays, for it is capable of delivering many a life from a premature and needless destruction, amid the wailings of surrounding friends, or from the scarcely lesser infliction of the dragging along through the remainder of the years a frame enfeebled by the permanent disturbance of the cerebral force.

Perhaps the most sensible thing which has come to us from the French Assembly for some time back is the platform of the Left Centre calling for the proclamation of a definitive republic or the dissolution of the Assembly. The dilemma is a logical one. It is admitted on all hands, that the overwhelming feeling of the French people, at the present time, is in a favour of a republic. This being granted, and we notice that the chief organs of the Legitimists, the strongest of the Monarchical fractions, are forced thus to grant, it follows either that the present Assembly should recognize the fact and proclaim the republic, or resign and leave the people to choose representatives who will carry out their behests. It is said that one hundred and ten members of the Left Centre have given in their adhesion to the programme cited above. If so, there is no longer any hope of an alliance between the Right and Left Centres. It may be expecting too much that the present Assembly will proclaim the republic, but the chances are now more favorable that this body will be dissolved and that new general elections will take place. In the latter event, the septennate would be *ipso facto* overturned and the position of Marshal MACMURON jeopardized. M. THIERS would be elected by a large number of Departments and perhaps there would be no means to withstand this

expression of the popular desire that he should once more preside over the destinies of France.

The New York papers are doing their level best to attain the proficiency of the French journals in blundering over English names and news. A recent issue of one of the most carefully edited Gothamite dailies, speaking of the latest sensation lecturer to be brought over from England, suggests Spurgeon or Sir John Dilke. Such a blunder from the New York *Herald* would not surprise us, but coming as it does from the one paper which above all its brethren looks down with contempt on *Herald* intellectualities, it is unpardonable. Is the Republican baronet, the author of "Greater Britain," so much beneath the notice of American writers that they cannot even give his name correctly? Again the journal alluded to, in a still later issue, indulges in wild surmises as to the true reason for the quietness of the reception accorded to the Czar in England, and darkly hints at the likelihood of unpleasantness arising on this score between Russia and Great Britain. As it was at the Czar's special request that his reception did not equal in splendour that accorded to other foreign potentates, the New York sensation-monger's little story falls rather flat.

Mr. JAMES LICK, one of the wealthy men of San Francisco has just given an example of enlightened philanthropy which we feel inclined to recommend to the merchant princes and royal capitalists of Canada. He gives \$10,000 to the Society for the Protection of Animals, \$10,000 to the Mechanics' Library, \$25,000 to the Ladies' Relief Society, \$100,000 to the Old Ladies' Home, \$150,000 to public baths, \$420,000 for public monuments, \$25,000 to an orphan asylum in San Francisco and \$25,000 to another in San Jose, \$150,000 for a monument to the author of the "Star-spangled Banner," \$300,000 for the endowment of a school of mechanic arts, and \$700,000 for the construction of the best telescope in the world. Mr. LICK has no idea of dying just yet, but he wished to enjoy the luxury of safe and benevolent investments while he still lives.

The Women's Temperance Crusade is ended, and it remains to inquire whether the movement has really accomplished anything? Materially, perhaps not much; morally, without question a great deal. It has set people thinking on the terrible ravages of drink. And this is half the winning of the battle. The offset to the good effected is doubtless to be found in the impropriety of females appearing in the public ways, on such a strange mission and among so many rude men. But barring certain comic aspects of the case, he would be a hard man who would look with ought save respect on a noble work well meant and bravely performed by the weak ones of God's children.

Mark the modest man. Mr. Cunningham, of Marquette, has informed a New York *Herald* interviewer that "the people of Manitoba are better educated, wealthier, and more intelligent than the people of any other Province in the Dominion." Thus is Mr. Cunningham patriotic; his heart swells with pride when he speaks of his adopted province. But speaking of himself he is humble; he abases himself in the dust; he is "a poor man, who can ill afford his election expenses." Such modesty is indeed rare, and has by this time met with its deserved reward. But if Mr. Cunningham's statement be correct, and the people of Manitoba really are better educated, wealthier, and more intelligent than those of the other Provinces, why did the Marquette folks not send a representative man to Ottawa?

We hear now and again rumours of the negotiation of bonds on behalf of the Northern Colonization Railway. We hardly know whether these refer to a mere deposit of bonds as security to obtain a temporary advance of a fraction of their nominal value, or their actual sale in the market for what they will fetch. If the latter is intended, it will be a most regrettable circumstance that lines forming integral sections of the great Canadian Pacific, though called by other names, should not have the protection of the Dominion guarantee. It is evident that any discount submitted to will be a pure unnecessary loss of the public means, if we regard the interests of the community as one, which in the case of this great railway we have a perfect right to do.

Too much legislation is a thing to be deprecated, but there are cases where humanity seems to require the interference of the authorities to prevent practices which natural affection and parental prudence are found impotent to restrain. The Massachusetts Legislature is moving in a case of this nature, and, we believe, with much reason. It intends to pass a bill prohibiting the exhibition of boys and girls under the age of fifteen as acrobats, and imposing a penalty of \$500 for every violation of the statute.

THE POPE-MACDONALD LETTER

In furnishing the portraits of Messrs. Palmer and Boyes, we append the remarkable evidence which withdrew the blame of the nefarious theft of Sir John A. Macdonald's letter to Mr. Pope, from an innocent man, to the shoulders of the true culprit. The Post Office Investigating Commission was just about closing its labors, and Mr. Mercier, the chairman, had openly stated that he would recommend the removal of Mr. J. L. Palmer, from the Montreal Post Office, when to the surprise of everybody, the following letter was handed to the secretary of the Commission.

"MONTREAL, 11th April, 1874.

"219 VISITATION-STREET.

"SIR,—Seeing that Mr. Palmer of the Montreal Post Office is suspected of complicity in the so-called abstraction of the Pope-Macdonald letter, I desire, for the purpose of clearing that gentleman's character, to state the following facts of the matter for the information of the Commissioners. On the morning of the 22nd September last I called at the Post Office for any letters there might be for the Militia Office, where I am employed as a clerk. I received a number, and when sorting them at the Militia Office I found one addressed to the Hon. J. H. Pope. The envelope had evidently been imperfectly fastened, for when I found it it was open. Noticing that the envelope was franked with the name of the Deputy of the Minister of Justice, and being aware of the position Mr. Pope held in the Government, I concluded that the contents of the letter were of a political nature, and made myself acquainted with them. Considering that Mr. Young was being unfairly treated, I addressed another envelope to that gentleman, forwarding the letter for his information, and I solemnly assert that neither Mr. Young nor Mr. Palmer nor any one else, either in or out of the Post Office, except myself, knew anything of the matter; and while I neither wish this letter to be understood as an attempt at justification or extenuation, I distinctly disclaim any idea of receiving any personal advantage, directly or indirectly, for the course I took. Mr. Young is ignorant of my existence, and I believe Mr. Palmer scarcely knows me by name. My only desire is at any cost to prevent others from suffering for an act of mine. Foreseeing a possibility of having to leave the country, as I have not the slightest intention, if I can avoid it, of becoming a martyr to political meddling, this letter will not be mailed to your address until

THE
POPE-MACDONALD LETTER.

MR. J. L. PALMER,

THE P. O. EMPLOYEE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

I consider circumstances demand its production. In conclusion I beg respectfully to assure you that the history of this notorious letter is exactly as I have stated. Further means of comparison and identification of handwriting may be had at the Militia Office in this city, unless those infallible experts know more about the matter than I do.

"I remain, sir,

"Your obedient servant,
"THOMAS BOYES."

The above letter had been left in the hands of Boyes' wife to forward in case any one should be wrongly accused. Boyes left for the States immediately after writing the letter, and only returned to Canada on Friday the 22nd ult. He had the letter forwarded on Saturday, and again left the country.

On the 14th May, he had written the following letter to Mr. Dorion which sufficiently explains itself.

MONTREAL, May 14th.

"SIR,—The Commission of Investigation at the Montreal Post Office having nearly completed their labors, I beg respectfully to submit to your consideration the following statement and proposition concerning the Pope-Macdonald letter case:—

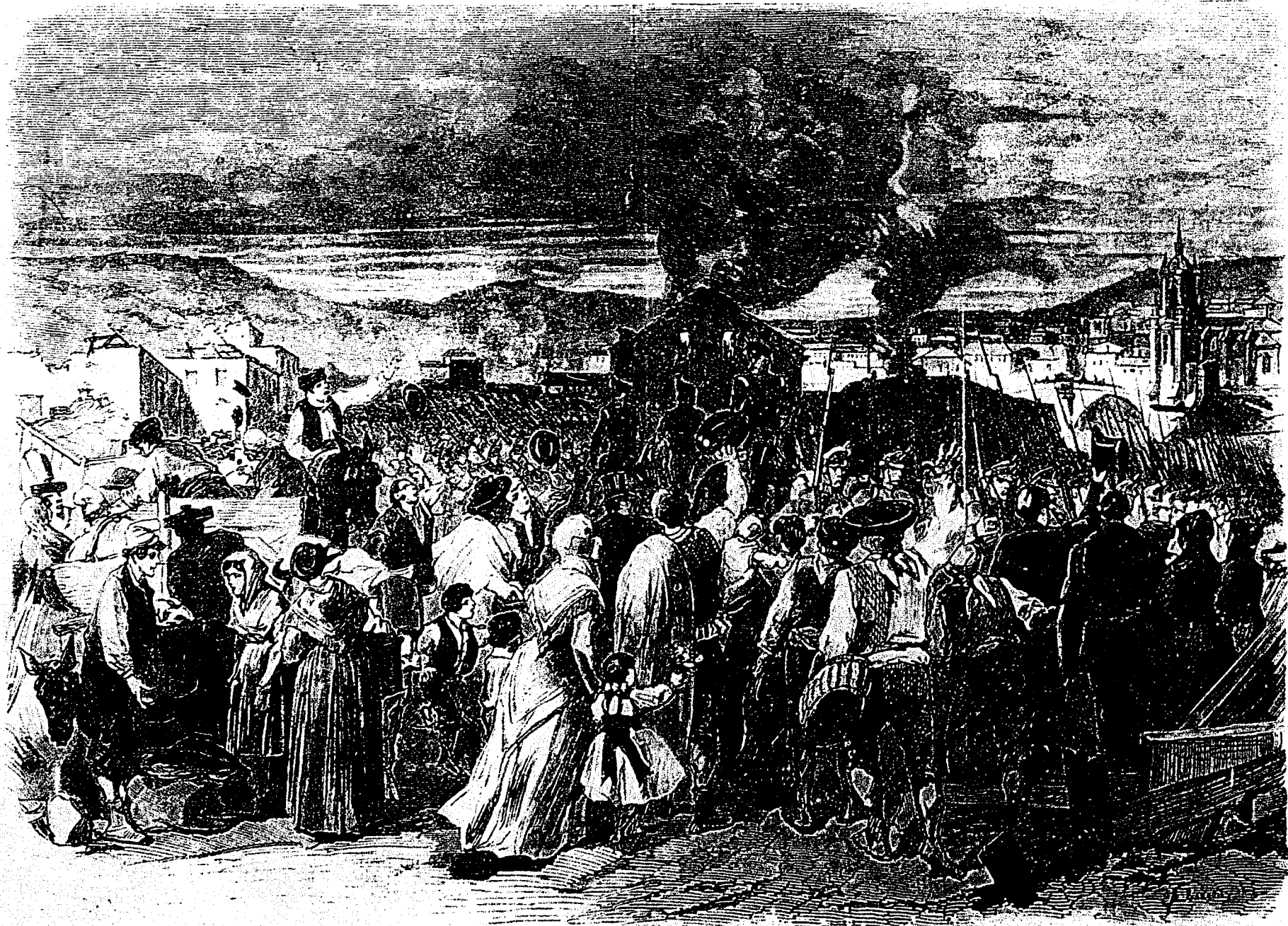
"It appears that a considerable amount of evidence having been brought to bear against Mr. Palmer, that gentleman is at present suspended from duty. Now, there is no one better acquainted with the facts of this case than myself, and I most positively assert that Mr. Palmer is entirely innocent of any participation in the so-called abstraction of the notorious letter, and my object in now addressing you is simply to clear that gentleman of the stigma now resting upon him. For this purpose I am prepared to give you a detailed statement, over my correct name and address, covering the whole history of the letter case, providing that you indemnify me from subsequent punishment or exposure.

"With reference to the letter in question, I may here state that it was not stolen—that no breach of trust was committed—that I am not an employee in the Post Office, and that no one except myself knows anything of the way the letter reached Mr. Young and his party.

"If therefore the Montreal Herald of the 25th or 26th instant contains a notice to the effect that my proposition is accepted, I shall rely upon your acting in good faith, and on my part will immediately put you in possession of the facts relating to this case, the truth of which can easily be ascertained.

"I remain, Sir, your obdt. servt.,

"FAIR PLAY.



THE CARLIST WAR.—ENTRY OF THE REPUBLICAN ARMY INTO BILBAO.

THE POPE-MACDONALD LETTER.

No reply was returned to this letter. The subjoined testimony of Thomas Hurst throws full light on the whole story: I am in the employ of Henry Prince, who keeps a music store in this city. I have been with him since 1867. I have known Thomas Boyes, clerk in the Militia Office, since 1866. On the day the Pope-Macdonald letter was published in the Montreal Herald in September last, Mr. Boyes was passing the store as I was taking down the shutters. He stopped and asked me if I had seen the Herald. I then went into the store with him, when he picked up the Herald, which was on the counter, shewed me a letter which was therein inserted, and, after asking me not to say anything about it, he said he was the party who had sent the letter to the Hon. John Young; that he had received the letter at the Post Office with other letters for the Militia Office; that in sorting these letters on his arrival at the Militia Office he had discovered amongst them the letter addressed to the Hon. J. H. Pope; that it was open, not having been properly fastened; that he took it out of the envelope and read it; when he found what it contained, he thought it would be a good joke to send it to the Hon. John Young. When Mr. Prince came to the store soon afterwards I showed him the letter in the Herald, and he said he thought it was a bogus letter, and I then told him that the letter had been sent to Mr. Young by a man named Boyes, in the Militia Office, and that Boyes admitted the fact to me that morning. A few days afterwards Boyes said had he known that what had happened was going to happen, he would never have meddled with the thing at all. When Mr. Palmer was suspended in April last, Boyes called on me, and promised that at the end of the month, when he got his pay, he would make a confession and leave the country, as he did not wish to see any one suffer on his account; he said he had no money then, and could not leave before he got his money. This interview took place at my house at eight o'clock in the morning, I being at the time sick in bed. I next met Boyes early in May of the present year, when one morning between ten and

twelve he passed several times before Mr. Prince's store; noticing him and believing he wanted to see me, I went out. On that very same day, previous to my seeing Boyes, being urged by Mr. Prince that something should be done, I determined to write Boyes to come and see me. When I went out I said to him—Well, Boyes, you have done nothing yet. He answered—yes, I have, and he proceeded to tell me that he had written to Mr. Dorion, the Minister of Justice, stating that if a pardon was promised, he would divulge who had taken the Pope-Macdonald letter; the answer was to be sent through the Herald by the 25th or 26th of the month. He told me that if no answer was received by the last named date he would leave the country, leaving a full confession behind him. He also stated that he had his confession already written. He told me that he had suffered a good deal through the affair, and that he would not see an innocent man suffer. He also told me then that he destroyed the pen with which he had written the statement and that he chewed up the blotting paper. I have never seen Boyes since. It is so long since I have seen Boyes' handwriting that I would not like to speak in regard to the identity of his writing. I omitted to mention that in the interview last mentioned he stated he had some few days before gone to the States, because he was afraid that something would leak out during the cross-examination of witnesses by Mr. Davidson. He said he was away about ten or eleven days. When Boyes called upon me at my house he had been drinking, and he told me then that he had spent nearly one hundred dollars for brandy. I told Mr. Geo. Hubbard some time in April last, and he and Prince are the only persons to whom I ever have spoken on the subject. This morning I met Mr. Palmer accidentally on the street, and informed him of all I knew about the letter. I told him also that Mr. Hubbard and Mr. Prince knew it. I never before to-day told Mr. Palmer or made him directly or indirectly acquainted that I was possessed of any such information. I always understood from Boyes that no one but himself was concerned in any way in the abstraction of



WM. BOYES,
THE LETTER THIEF.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



THE CARLIST WAR.—CAPTURED REPUBLICAN OFFICERS BROUGHT BEFORE DORREGARAY.

the letter. He told me that he had never received nor expected to get anything for what he had done, and that he never was advised nor asked to do it. I consider Boyes to be an enthusiastic politician on the Liberal side, and a great admirer of Mr. Young. I do not know where Boyes is now, and I have never been in his house. At first Boyes seemed to treat the matter as a joke, but latterly he seemed to be in great trouble and seemed to be earnest in all his statements, and he told me that he did not know Mr. Young nor Mr. Palmer.

Thanks to this overwhelming evidence, Mr. Palmer, we are most happy to state, has not only been reinstated in the responsible and honorable position which he held in the Montreal Post Office, but he has received the most flattering testimonials of personal respect from his superior officers, who have offered him a three months leave of absence, and pledged themselves to pay all reasonable expenses incurred by the defense which he was obliged to enter upon.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FALLACIES OF FREE-TRADE.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

SIR.—To the unthinking mind there is a charm in the word "free." What is free in one sense may be very costly and dangerous in other senses. As familiarity is said to beget contempt, so freedom is very liable to degenerate into folly. What is called free-trade might be called *foolish-trade* with a great deal more propriety. It is bad economy. It looks only to immediate saving or profit; and nothing is well done in which this is the main motive. Immediate saving or profit causes the farmer to crop without manuring his land. Immediate saving or profit causes the consumer to buy and use inferior articles. In both cases, however, it is well known that the saving, in the first instance, is more than compensated by the loss in the end.

We spend money to make money. Little is ever made otherwise. When we increase the duties on imports, to bring about a permanent reduction in the price of home manufactures, this is our motive. It is not partiality to home manufacturers, as a class, but foresight and self interest which cause us to do so.

Protection is foresight. It is simply looking at the question in all its bearings, from beginning to end. Free-trade principles correspond exactly with certain customs of barbarous tribes and nations. Persons who from age or other illness, for the time being, are unable to keep up with the rest of the tribe in their journeys or emigrations are left behind and allowed to perish. So it is with free-traders; an industry, however useful, which is temporarily unable to compete with older and stronger industries, is allowed to perish for want of some trifling relief. Each industry or trade for which a nation is adapted should be made to assist all other industries, and they in return should aid in its development. Trades or industries, like individuals, should conform more to the habits of civilized man than to those of the brute creation. For example, if a human being is about to perish, nothing is more common than for another human being to afford him relief. It is otherwise with the brute creation. One beast may starve in the midst of a numerous flock, without another offering to place a mouthful of food within his reach. Free-trade is an unnatural doctrine and opposed to the higher order of nature's economy. Free-trade reminds me of the saying—"root hog or die." It is well known, however, that this advice very seldom holds good. It would not pay. There are times when it is much wiser to afford certain ones a little extra food and care.

Protection shapes the back to the burden. If a man buys a farm, a team, a waggon, a plough, a spade, clears a fallow, or drains a field, he increases his immediate liabilities on expenses. This, however, does not increase his poverty, or incapacity for meeting his requirements. With such increased expenses his ways and means for meeting them increase also. Where protection increases the cost of an article to any extent it also increases the purchasing power of consumers to a much greater extent. For example, this country imports thousands of tons of iron annually, while it has iron ore in abundance and wood for fuel for smelting purposes. At present getting rid of the wood is an expensive operation in farming, but were the mines being worked it would become a source of profit. Frequent changes in the tariff and the advocacy of free-trade principles are what prevent capitalists from engaging in these enterprises. Till a settled protective policy is adopted all these enterprises will be neglected. If protection tended to withdraw capital from agriculture or other existing industries it would be different, but this is not the case. Where capital or labour is thus drawn, it is from the foreign countries which would have supplied the goods in the absence of protective duties, and home manufactures. Thus if we exclude any portion of American manufactures and replace them with home manufactures, the capital and skilled labour required to do so will come from America directly or indirectly. It is only a question with us where our workshops will be. If work will not go to the workshops the workshops will come to it. When J. & P. Coats were prevented by the duties from sending their thread to the States, they simply established a factory there by exporting capital and skilled labour for the purpose. It is the capital and skilled labour of foreign countries we want; not their manufactured goods. It is only by rendering the latter unprofitable that we can get the former. Protection, in a country like this, puts every industry into healthy operation. It brings more immigrants than all the agents Government could employ. Better still, it keeps them here when they come. This is not the case under a free-trade policy. Immigrants brought here now, at the public expense, are known to go right over to the States for want of the very conditions which home manufactures would supply. With protection we have work for all classes, with free-trade we can employ little more than agricultural labourers. No large stream of immigration will ever set into our shores till we have employment for all classes. The agricultural labourer will follow his mechanical friend. We want a larger home market for our own produce. For this purpose we want immigrants capable of producing what we now import. There are persons in England who oppose emigration. It is not long since Mr. Roebuck, M. P., said in a speech that he hoped "England's family of children will still cling to her, and that he holds to be a dastard any Englishman who incites them to seek a new home across the sea." Now every manufacturer in England is naturally opposed to emigration and

will be, so long as our tariff permits him to sell his goods here with profit. But raise our tariff, so as to enable home manufacturers to undersell him, and he will immediately come here with both capital and skilled labour. If we want to draw immigration we must also draw the capital which is employing those immigrants where they are now. If that capital comes, immigrants will follow without any effort on our part. On the other hand if we get the immigrants to come without the capital, we cannot keep them when they are here. Cheap labour is essential to English manufacturers, and for this reason they discourage emigration, especially of the better class of skilled labourers.

Protection against goods alone can never expose the consumer to extortion. The free importation of labour and capital renders monopoly impossible. If, B, a Canadian manufacturer, is making large profits, C, a foreign manufacturer, will soon be here with his skilled labour and capital to compete for a share of the business. In doing so, C must, if possible, undersell B, otherwise he cannot establish a business. Then if both B and C, are making exorbitant profits other foreigners will come into competition with them. Each can secure business only by underselling his predecessors. Thus free-trade in goods is not necessary to protect consumers from extortion. While the door is open for the importation of capital and labour a new country has all the free-trade its real interests require.

Yours truly,

W. DEWART.

RELIGION AND THE DRAMA.

Many things and many customs we respect only because of their antiquity, and on this ground, if on no other, the drama, claims our highest consideration. Through all ages and times the drama has come down to us, even from the creation of the world. What we have to consider is the relation of the drama to ancient and modern religion. The learned writers of antiquity agree in stating that tragedy, as well as comedy, was primarily a choral song. It was, therefore, the choral element that gave the religious tone to the drama. To the sacred choral songs and dances the Greek drama owed its origin, and that dramatic representations should enter into the ceremonial of public worship is quite consistent with the Greek religious belief. This worship was addressed to Dionysus, the God of Wine, whose death and birth symbolized the decay of nature and its revival in the spring; the latter the cause of much rejoicing, the former of great lamentations. The introduction of subjects not connected with the history of subjects not connected with the history of Dionysus is attributed to Thespis, who flourished B. C. 560, when Pisistratus, a man of splendid talents, had control of affairs at Athens, and used every means to cultivate the tastes and intellects of his people. By him Thespis was encouraged to introduce a single performer, who recited some mythological legend relating to Dionysus, and accompanied his recitation with suitable action, and was therefore styled an actor. Not long after Thespis, Aeschylus appeared, who added a second speaker to the individual reciter of Thespis, and thus the germ of tragedy—Dialogue—was created. Sophocles added a third speaker to the dialogue and advanced the drama in every respect to perfection. The sublime tragedies of these three great master minds breathe the highest moral tone, the deepest religious fervor, the truest wisdom and are in full sympathy with all that is pure and holy. That the drama comprehends and develops the events of human life with a force and depth that no other style of poetry can reach no lover of the classic poets or student of Shakespeare will deny. Nothing in our modern literature can compare with the antique poets, and it is a noticeable fact that the sublimest ideas of our great modern poets are expressive in a dramatic form, which so fully satisfies the wants of both sense and soul. The Book of Job may be considered as either an epic or dramatic poem.

B. C. 304 dramatic exhibitions were first introduced at Rome because of a pestilence which afflicted that city, and, in order to appease divine wrath, a company of stage-players was sent for from Greece as a means of propitiating the favour of Heaven—the true reason, no doubt, being to divert the minds of the people from their sufferings. The drama was not to the Romans, as it was to the Greeks, a handmaid of religion. And it never flourished at Rome as it did at Athens, its birthplace. The Romans were not an intellectual people, and chose the bloody combats of the gladiators, and other amusements of a brutalizing character, rather than tragedy, which appeals to the higher feelings.

Nævius presented comedy in a form which enabled him to hold up to public scorn the prevailing vices and follies of the day.

Horace considered the stage as a public instructor, and but for the introduction of the pantomime, B. C. 107, which threw such discredit on the stage as to call forth the well-deserved attacks of the early Christian fathers, the drama would yet be preserved in all its original purity, and would have carried out the object attributed to it by Aristotle: "The world would have seen in the drama not only an innocent amusement, but a powerful engine to form the tastes, to improve the morals, and to purify the feelings of the people."

With the introduction of the pantomime the stage lost the patronage of religion and from that time degenerated, until plays became of a character so lascivious that both actors and poets were banished. And for more than a thousand years the drama was lost to the world. But at the dawn of the Christian era the drama was resurrected, and in many countries the dramatic art was used for the furtherance of religion. And as civilization progressed, theatrical entertainments, consisting of representations of the Old and New Testaments, with an occasional play founded upon the life of some saint, were performed by or under the direct management of the clergy. These were called miracle and moral plays, and were for the instruction of the people and for the diffusion of religious feeling. At the time of the Reformation the drama was a powerful auxiliary in events of national as well as of religious importance, and was made the instrument of both Catholics and Protestants. Bishop Bail, under the patronage of Queen Elizabeth, wrote plays designed to promote the cause of the Reformation, and Haywood strengthened by his dramas the opposing side. During Cromwell's protectorate the drama severely suffered by the persecution of the fanatical Puritans, who declared it to be wicked and diabolical, and in February, 1647, succeeded in closing the last play-house left open in London. And not until Charles the Second was firmly established on the throne did the drama again raise its head.

A. D. C.

THE LITERARY WORLD.

A new edition of Chambers' Encyclopedia appears in England this month.

A translation of "Othello" into Hebrew has just been published at Vienna.

A new quarterly magazine, *Mayfair*, will shortly be published in London.

A new political novel, by Mr. Laurence Oliphant, author of "Piccadilly," will shortly be published in England.

Two translations of Byron's "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" have appeared at Florence within the last few months.

L'Illustrazione Ticinese, a new Swiss periodical, has been brought out at Lugano. The first number is devoted to the history of Switzerland.

Alexandre Dumas's "L'Homme-Femme" ("El Hombre-Mujer") is being published in Spanish in *La Idea*, a new journal of Montevideo.

Mr. Alexander C. Ewald has in preparation a life of the "Young Pretender," founded upon letters and State papers in the Public Record Office, which have been unknown to previous writers on the Rebellion of '45.

The Emperor of China has commanded a collection of Chinese poems from the earliest times to be made. The collection will be published in 200 volumes. The Emperor, it is said, possesses a library of more than 400,000 volumes.

A new Irish magazine, to be called *Now-a-Days*, is to be started in July, to which Mrs. Cashel Hoey, Miss Mulholland, Miss Catherine King, authoress of "Petite's Romance," Mr. W. G. Wills, and other Irish men and women will contribute.

The public will hear with interest that the collection of Speeches and other Unpublished Political Writings of the late Lord Lytton, now in the press, will be accompanied by a biographical memoir and a review of his political career, of considerable length, by his son.

A letter of Keats to John Reynolds, written in 1818, has just been published for the first time. In it the poet says: "Man should not dispute or assert but whisper results to his neighbour; and thus by every germ of spirit sucking the sap from mould ethereal every human might become great, and humanity instead of being a wide heath of furze and briars—with here and there a remote oak or vine—would become a great democracy of forest trees."

The London *Athenæum* says George Eliot's latest volume of poems, which we noticed the other day, is "in all poetic respects an advance upon the 'Spanish Gypsy.' In those qualities which, without being indispensable to poetry, supplement and elevate it; in large-heartedness, tenderness, and humour, it is worthy of the author of 'The Mill on the Floss.' It cannot fail to advance its author's reputation, bringing her nearer our sympathies, as well as placing her higher in our admiration."

Two curious Manuscripts have recently been added to the Library of the British Museum. One is a portion of a treatise by King Edward VI., on "The Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ," written in French in the King's own hand, with corrections by his tutors; the other, brought from the Peking Summer Palace, is an account of the Chinese conquest of Nepal in A. D. 1790, written in verse by the Emperor of China, the text being embroidered in red silk on a blue ground by the ladies of the Imperial family, and bound in quaintly carved wooden covers.

Some attention has been directed of late years by writers in America and in England to the literature of tobacco, which, to the surprise of many bibliophiles, is found to constitute a respectable class of itself. An exceedingly curious little book on this subject has just been privately printed for Mr. Wm. Bagge, of Shirle Hall, Sheffield, under the title of "Bibliotheca Nicotiana—a First Catalogue of Books about Tobacco." It comprises the title in full of about 170 separate works of various dates from 1547 to the present time upon the properties and uses of this popular herb. The collection of titles covers, in fact, with tolerable completeness the special literature of tobacco since its original introduction to Europe, and is in a remarkable degree curious and interesting.

Mr. Swinburne's tragedy of "Bothwell" has just been published. It begins with the murder of Rizzio, and ends with the flight of the Queen to England. The poet's delineation of the vacillating character of Darnley is said to be a fine piece of analysis. One of the most stirring scenes in the tragedy represents Darnley as apprehending the evil which was about to befall him, but without knowing when or how the blow would be struck. Mr. Swinburne follows Mr. Burton in assuming that Mary Stuart was a party to the murder of her husband, and that her subjection to Bothwell was a voluntary act on her part. Bothwell himself is made very rough and violent to his wife after he has once got her in his power. The tragedy is in five acts, but it contains innumerable scenes. It is the poet's intention to follow it up with another and last poem on Mary Stuart, the subject of which will be her exile and death.

The Temptation of St. Anthony has been made a novel of by Gustave Flaubert, in such wise as to make the *Athenæum* call it "the strongest book that France, famed in novelty of all kinds, has given the world in recent years." It is full of pedantic display, soliloquy, and sentimentality. The temptations are elaborated from those set before the Saviour; the lusts of the body are assailed; the thirst for blood, ambition; and the strongest siege is laid to the desire for knowledge. The saint "is whirled through the mysteries of the universe, views planets and suns in their course, and sees the birth of new worlds. Before his view pass also the endless cycles of humanity, with their gods, wooden, metal, animal, and human. The Hierarchy of Olympus, the Sphinx, the Chimera, and other strange, shadowy, and terrible forms pass on to oblivion. With a final picture of the development of matter from the universal world through the vegetable to the animal, night passes, and the saint regards the face of Christ shining from the sun's disk, and betakes himself once more to his customary employment of prayers. Nothing can exceed the crude realism of the descriptions. The mysteries of ancient worship are described as though Paris were Eden, and the world had not yet learned the use or beauty of drapery."

RECENT LITERATURE.

I.

A BOSTON SCHOOL FORTY YEARS AGO.*

Those who have read "Little Men"—and in these days of cheap editions, who has not—have doubtless often wondered if there ever was or could be a school like Plumfield, and have probably long ere this decided that the dear home-school was, as the saying goes, too good to be true, and existed only in Miss Alcott's fertile imagination. Few, perhaps, were aware that nearly forty years ago a book appeared in Boston giving a description of the original Plumfield, the very school which suggested many of the best scenes in "Little Men." Of this work a third edition has just appeared, on the proposal of Miss Alcott. This book doubtless serves to explain much that seems unlikely or incomprehensible in the story of the Plumfield children, but we cannot imagine that any but the most enthusiastic admirers of Mr. Alcott, who must also be the possessors of his unlimited patience, will care to wade through the three hundred pages that his quondam assistant has filled with dry descriptions of his plans, his system, and what we may term, more expressively than elegantly perhaps, his educational 'fads.' We shall, therefore, confine ourselves to as brief an account of the contents of the book as will serve to give the reader a fair insight into the peculiar regime adopted by Mr. Alcott.

The *Record of Mr. Alcott's School* is the work of a lady assistant of Mr. Alcott, who tells us in her preface to the original edition that "being led, by her confidence in his general principles, to look with interest upon the details of his instruction, she found that so much of children's minds were brought out upon moral and intellectual subjects in words, that she was induced to keep a record by way of verifying to herself and others the principles acted upon." The book is, however, something more than a mere record. And fortunately so. A diary is not at any time the most cheerful of reading; but for deadly dullness, and an all too fatal absence of interest we can recommend anyone in search of such commodities to the record proper of the proceedings in Mr. Alcott's moral hot-house. The volume is divided into five parts, under the respective headings:—Plans, Journal of the School, Self Analysis, Conclusion, and Explanatory. Of these parts the journal, or record proper, as we have termed it, extends over more than half of the entire book, of which the Plans form perhaps the most readable portion.

In September, 1834, the chronicler tells us, Mr. Alcott reopened his school in Boston, after four years' interval, at the Masonic Temple. Where he had carried it on previously, when he first opened it, and how he first picked up his singular ideas on the subject of education, we are not informed. With the brief preliminary information contained in the opening paragraph of the book the writer plunges at once into a description of the school-room. As there certainly never was such a school-room before, and probably not since, we do not hesitate to quote this description at length:—

"Conceiving that the objects which meet the senses every day for years must necessarily mould the mind, he chose a spacious room, and ornamented it, not with such furniture as only an upholsterer can appreciate, but with such forms as would address and cultivate the imagination and heart. In the four corners of the room, therefore, he placed, upon pedestals, busts of Socrates, Shakspeare, Milton, and Scott; and on a table, before the large gothic window by which the room is lighted, the image of Silence, with his finger up, as though he said, Beware." Opposite this window was his own desk, whose front is the arc of a circle. On this he placed a small figure of a child aspiring, (whatever that may be.) Behind was a very large bookcase, with closets below, a black tablet above, and two shelves filled with books. A fine cast of Christ in basso-relievo, fixed into this bookcase, is made to appear to the scholars just over the teacher's head. The bookcase itself is surmounted with a bust of Plato. On the northern side of the room, just opposite the door, was the table of the assistant, with a small figure of Atlas bending under the weight of the world. On a small bookcase behind the assistant's chair were placed figures of a child reading and a child drawing. Some old pictures, one of Harding's portraits, and several maps were hung on the walls. The desks for the scholars, with conveniences for placing all their books in sight, and with black tablets hung over them, which swing forward when they wish to use them, are placed against the wall round the room, so that when in their seats for study no scholar need look at another. . . . Mr. Alcott sat behind his desk, and the children were placed in chairs in a large arc around him; the chairs so far apart that they could not easily touch each other."

Such were the surroundings in which Mr. Alcott carried on his educational experiments, so successfully, his daughter tells us, that the truths he taught have, for thirty years, been silently, helpfully living in the hearts and memories of the pupils, who never have forgotten the influences of that time and teacher. Briefly Mr. Alcott's theories may be summed up as follows:—Education must be moral, intellectual, and spiritual, as well as physical, from the very beginning of life. In teaching his aim was not merely to convey information, but also to exercise the reasoning faculties of the child, to elicit from him his own opinions, and to cultivate the habit of analysis. Thus one favourite method with him was to converse with his pupils and by a series of questions to lead them to come to conclusions for themselves upon moral conduct in various particulars; teaching them how to examine themselves, and to discriminate between their animal and spiritual natures, or their outward and inward life, and showing them how the inward moulds the outward. Much time was also given to explaining the philosophy of Expression (we hope Mr. Alcott did not use the term to his ten year olds), that sculpture, painting, and words are only different modes of expression; and to exercising the faculty of putting ideas into language—of course all this in addition to the more usual kind of instruction given to children of a tender age. So far few will have any fault to find with his

system; but in addition to all this he indulges in a number of what we appropriately termed "fads." A boy does wrong. He punishes the culprit by forcing him to administer corporal punishment to his master; and then would have us believe that "this is the most complete punishment that a master ever invented;" and that there was "not a boy in school but what (sic) would a great deal rather be punished himself than punish him." Either Mr. Alcott's boys must have been of an extraordinarily fine cast, the mould for which has long since been broken; or else they were the most consummate little hypocrites the world ever produced. Another of Mr. Alcott's peculiarities is the tinge of transcendentalism which is visible throughout his ideas as set forth by his chronicler. We spoke just now of spiritual education. Most people would agree in a definition of spiritual education as the education, the raising up to a higher tone, of the spiritual faculties of man. But this hardly would seem to be what Mr. Alcott means. Unfortunately, too, we are not told what he does mean, but are left to evolve his idea from obscure jargon such as the following:—"as if any full, complete, and lively intellectual culture could take place without constant reference, on the part both of teacher and of pupil, to that spiritual nature, a consciousness of which precedes the development of the understanding, and is to outlive and look back on the greatest attainments of natural science, as the child looks back on his picture alphabet from the height of communion with the highest expression of genius in human language."

We think we have gone far enough into the information given by the *Record of a School*, to allow the reader as deep an insight as he will care for into the mysteries of Mr. Alcott's system. Notwithstanding the success which, his daughter tells us, it achieved, we are not inclined to believe that its general adoption would lead to any practical benefit. Rud as our educational system is confessed to be, we prefer it to Mr. Alcott's. As to the book itself we doubt very much the wisdom displayed in republishing it. Coming in connection with, and after Miss Alcott's charming stories of little folk, it is a disappointment—a valley of dry bones after a land of green meadows and fruitful trees.

II.

THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE. †

In a large octavo volume of nearly eight hundred pages the Harpers have issued the proceedings, speeches, and other documents of the sixth general conference of the Evangelical Alliance, held in New York in October last. The editorial supervision of the work—a labour of great magnitude and involving much skill and patient toil—was confided by the Programme Committee to the Rev. Dr. Schaff, Honorary and Acting Corresponding Secretary of the United States Alliance, and to the Rev. Dr. Prime, General Secretary of the Conference, the latter taking charge of the general arrangement of the volume, and the former the charge of the papers delivered before the Conference, their classification, etc. In addition to the essays and orations delivered before the Conference, the book contains a historical sketch of the circumstances which led to the Conference being held in New York, together with a number of documents relating to the Association, and portraits and biographical notices of the three members of the Conference since deceased, viz: the Rev. Antonio Carrasco and Prof. César Pradier, who were lost with the "Ville du Havre," and the Rev. Emile F. Cook, who died in January at Hyères. The volume is full of matter of the deepest interest to all concerned in the welfare of Evangelicism, and will doubtless meet with the full measure of success which it deserves. We notice that the Messrs. Harper are bringing out the work at their own risk, without any expense to the Alliance. Members and friends of the Alliance will, we trust, take a note of this fact, and endeavour to their utmost to ensure a return to the publishers for their liberality and enterprise in this matter.

RECEIVED.

The Life and Death of John of Barneveld: John Lothrop Motley. New York: Harper & Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

REMARKABLE MEMORIES.

Gregory de Feinaigle published—as no doubt his predecessors did, though times *edax rerum*, has devoured their paper—a prospectus of practical success. In this advertisement M. le Maire, of the seventh *arrondissement*, gives an account of an examination, after two days' instruction by M. Feinaigle, of some half dozen children about ten years old, to M. le Councillor d'Etat, Prefect of the Department of the Seine. One of these unfortunate infants is said to have given the names of all the principal towns in Europe with their degrees of longitude and latitude. Another repeated a hundred decimal places, part of a conclusion arrived at by a member of the Academy of St. Petersburg as to the relation of the diameter to the circumference. Another made a classification of the first book of the Civil Code, with its divisions and titles, chapters and sections, giving the subject of each. All these wretched ones invariably answered with smiling faces and without hesitation, or at the most after an instant's reflection. But the most extraordinary case is the last. In this a child "le jeune Chevrier, âgé de 10 ans"—his name certainly deserves, for his own memory, to be remembered—made an exposition of Jussieu's Botanical System. After dividing it into its three parts of acotyledons, monocotyledons, and dicotyledons, the child divided these each into fifteen classes, and each class into families; each family bore a name which alone would have been sufficient to frighten any ordinary child, but the young Chevrier, like a second Maseppa, urged his way undismayed through Orobranchoides, Rhinotoides, Acantoides, Convolvulacées, Polemonacées, &c., explaining politely at intervals when called upon. Later on we read that even M. le Maire was astonished. After this success M. Feinaigle certainly deserved that increase of subscribers which his pamphlet touches on cursorily and with a side wind of signification. Such instances of remarkable memory, generally suppose to be assisted by mnemotechny, have been given from the time of Cicero, who concludes

that memory is not therefore of the heart, blood, brain, or atoms; whether of air or fire he is not, like the rest, ashamed to say he is ignorant; he undertakes, however, to swear that it is divine, having regard to such men as Cineas, the ambassador of Pyrrhus, who saluted the senate and all the people by their names the second day after his arrival at Rome; of Theodectes, the disciple of Aristotle; and of Hortensius, a man of his own time. We have most of us heard of Joseph Scaliger, who learnt the twice twenty-four books of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" in three weeks; of Avicenna who repeated by heart the whole of the Koran at the age of ten; of Lipsius, who was willing to recite the histories of Tacitus word for word, giving any one leave to plunge a dagger into his body if he made a mistake—an idle license, for few would have cared to run the resultant risk; of the youth of Corsica of good appearance, mentioned by Muræus, who recited all the barbarous words the latter had written till he was tired of writing, and stopped at last, as it was necessary to stop somewhere, while the youth, like Oliver, asked for more. "Certainly," says Muretus, "he was no boaster, and he told me he could repeat in that way 36,000 words. For my own part I made trial of him after many days, and found what he said true." This Corsican, as those others, was no doubt of a soul disdainful silver and gold, or he might have made his fortune by offering his services to an Emperor. Of Frances Suarez, who, after the witness of Strada, could quote the whole of Augustine (the father's works would fill a small library) from the egg to the apple. Of Dr. Thomas Fuller, who could name in order all the signs on both sides of the way from the beginning of Pater-noster-row at Ave Maria-lans to the bottom of Cheapside to Stock's Market, now the Mansion House. Of Magliabochi, whose name is pleasantly and permanently associated with spiders and the proof of the lost MS. Of William Lyon, who for a bowl of punch, a liquor of which he was exceedingly fond, repeated a *Daily Advertiser* in the morning, which he had read once only, and then in the course of a debauch, over-night. We might extend this paper far beyond its normal dimensions by mention of such names as Jedediah Buxton, who, if his witness be true, could by some strange mnemotechny of his own, multiply 39 figures by 39, without paper, and amused himself when at the theatre by a compilation of the words used by Garrick, and at another time by that of the pots of beer drank during twelve years of his life; of Zerah Colburn, a mere child, of whom there remains on record a testimony that he could tell the number of seconds in fifty-eight years in less time than the question could be written down; or of that prodigy of parts, Pascal, to whom reference was made at the beginning of this paper, who is said to have forgot nothing thought, read, or done during his rational age.—*Overhill Magazine*.

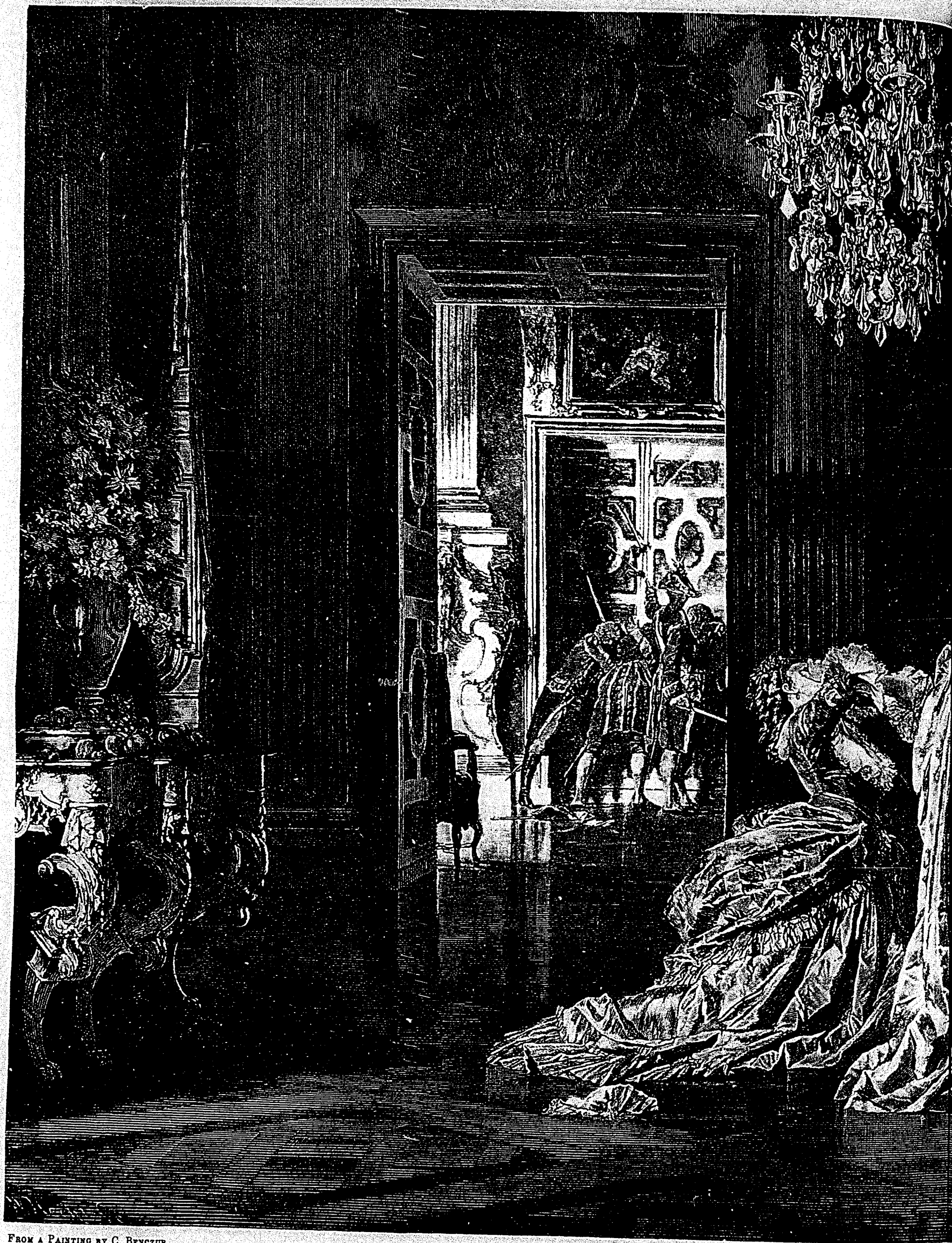
A TRANSFORMATION AND A TRIUMPH.

M. About writes of the late M. Baulé: "I knew him in 1852 at the Ecole Française at Athens, where he was my senior. The young man of five and twenty had already a history. After quitting the Ecole Normale, he had been *sous-préfet* under Desolme, in a Northern department, intrusted with the task of revolutionising a shrewd and conservative population. But he was not proud of this brief campaign, and on the morrow of the second of December he accepted accomplished facts with a good grace. His *début* at Athens was that of a youth whom the laurels of Alcibiades prevented from sleeping. He was a musician, an elegant dancer, and tolerable rider, and much more occupied with the modern world than with Greek archæology. A queer accident changed the course of his life. His mother, whom he left in Paris, turned up one fine morning at Athens as governess of the young Soutsos. She had accepted this humble position in order to be near her son, without ever thinking that she was killing his prospects as a man of fashion in a little city where the vanities of birth and wealth are all-powerful. I must say that he recovered from the shock in a creditably short time. He shaved off his moustaches, sold his horse, sent his piano back to the man of whom he hired it, broke with the world, and threw himself into archæology, as a man of less energy would have thrown himself into a well. The Académie des Inscriptions, the guardian of the Ecole d'Athènes, happened to ask for a work on the Acropolis. He undertook it, and was successful. He had the singular good luck to settle the celebrated question of the staircase; which an architect of the name of Titeux had solved *a priori*, without an experimental proof. Titeux maintained that the ancient entrance must have been in the axis of the Propylæa, towards the road from the Piræus. He had even commenced an excavation on the site of the supposed staircase; but he died of the effects of a sunstroke, in the middle of his researches, at the distance of some few feet from the object of his quest. Ernest Baulé recommenced the task on his own account, with no other resources than the modest stipend of 300 francs which France used to pay us monthly. He had to struggle against, not merely the difficulties to enterprise, but also the hostility of the Greek archæologists, who found fault with him for employing gunpowder, and declared that he was a second Morosini. Never shall I forget his joy and mine, and that of our friend Charles Garnier, the architect of the new Opera-house, the day that he discovered the first steps. From that moment the fortunes of Baulé were made. The French Embassy, the Académie des Inscriptions, the Minister of Public Instruction, M. Fortoul, who had a fancy for archæology, the Emperor Napoleon III., and King Otho himself, vied with one another in rewarding the young *savant*. He walked, he ran from success to success; and, in the course of a few years, he was Docteur-ès-Lettres, Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, Professor of Archæology at the Bibliothèque Impériale, rich through a lucky marriage, member of the Académie des Inscriptions, and Perpetual Secretary of the Académie des Beaux-Arts."

The number of *bona fide* testimonials—some of them from persons well-known all over the Dominion—which have been received by the proprietors of the Diamond Rheumatic Cure, are a sufficient guarantee of the real efficacy and sterling value of this remarkable remedy. In all cases of Rheumatism and kindred complaints it is an infallible cure. No surgery, no vessel, and no dwelling house should be without it. Full particulars on last page.

* Record of Mr. Alcott's School, Exemplifying the Principles and Methods of Moral Culture. Third Edition, Revised. Boston: Roberts Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

† History, Essays, Orations, and other Documents of the Sixth General Conference of The Evangelical Alliance, held in New York, October 2-12, 1873. Edited by Rev. Philip Schaff, D.D., and Rev. S. Irenæus Prime, D.D. Cloth, 8vo., pp. 778. New York: Harper & Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.



FROM A PAINTING BY C. BENCZUR.

LOUIS XVI AND HIS FAMILY DURING



CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, JUNE 13, 1874.

THE STORMING OF VERSAILLES.

DAS FISCHERMAEDCHEN.

(Literally translated from the German of Eckstein.)

How sadly, O how sadly,
Does the wind of the autumn roar!
And a year is gone for ever,
Since we parted on this shore.

There, by the glimmering shingle,
His kiss on my cheek did glow;
He said: "Grieve not, my darling,
That I abroad must go.

"I'll come again in the spring-time,
With the light of the warm sunshine;—
When the swallows circle homeward,
Then, Mary, thou wilt be mine."

The swallows have come, and the roses,
And melts the snow on the sea,
And the warm rays of the sunshine
Lie still on the azure sea.

The roses have come and the swallows,
And spring-time creeps through the land;
Mournfully thunder the billows,
On the desolate rocky strand.

How oft from the edge of these breakers
Have I gazed on the sea below—
The surges tower and topple,
The great tides come and go.

My spring-time is gone forever,
The North blows chill o'er my head,
The flowers have long since departed,
I wish that I too were dead.

JOHN LESPERANCE.

FOR EVERYBODY.

A Vegetable Methusalem.

Some time ago a vase which had been buried in the time of Saint Louis was unearthed in Saint Astier, France. Among other things it contained an onion which, after having been exposed for a short time to the air, was set. In spite of its age, 600 years, it has grown into a healthy plant.

Mr. Disraeli And The Grand Duchess.

M. Disraeli is said to have formed a warm friendship for the Duchess of Edinburgh, who, he declares, is one of the most gifted and cultivated young women he has met. Mr. Disraeli is the pet of all the feminine royal highnesses, for he knoweth the conversation that pleaseth the feminine E. H.

The British Workman.

A philosopher has predicted the early extermination of the British workman. He founds his views on the reported purchase of a two guinea wedding-cake by two men, and their eating it to the accompaniment of beer. The philosopher may mean extermination by luxurious habits or by indigestion. The latter most probably.

Characteristic.

That there is no love lost between France and Prussia is pretty well known. A striking illustration of it is the following paragraph in a French newspaper: "We learn with satisfaction that a celebrated locomotive factory in Prussia, not being able to work at a profit in consequence of the demands of Prussian workmen, is about to remove to Russia, where labour costs only one-fifth of the wages required by the Prussians."

To Preserve Specimens.

Entomologists may be glad to hear of a new method of rapidly killing and preserving for a considerable time without harm specimens collected in expeditions. A few drops of bitter almonds should be placed in some sawdust, which should be enclosed in a flask and hermetically sealed. M. Ansoix has received from Ceylon specimens thus preserved, which were still so flexible as to permit of their being prepared and mounted.

Liberty's Leanings.

The expansion and contraction of metals by alternate heat and cold are neatly illustrated by the unsettled demeanour of Crawford's statue of Liberty on the iron dome of the Capitol at Washington. In the forepart of the day, when the sun is upon the eastern surface of the dome, expanding it, the colossal figure inclines four and a half inches towards the west, and in the afternoon, with the heat from the west, the inclination is as much to the east.

A Safe Bet.

An English gentleman, celebrated for his vast mineral properties, has laid £1,000 to £1 sixteen times that the Prince Imperial of France does not succeed to the throne of his father, so that if the Bonapartists should be in the ascendant within a reasonable time the noble lord stands to lose £16,000. It has been remarked, and perhaps this was the cause of the bet, that no grown-up son of a King or Emperor has sat on the French throne for 300 years.

Philosophic Cabby.

A distinguished professor was in Edinburgh one wet Sunday, and, desiring to go to church, he hired a cab. On reaching the church door he tendered a shilling—the legal fare—to the cabby, and was somewhat surprised to hear the cabman say "Twa shillin', sir." The professor, fixing his eagle eyes upon the extortioner, demanded why he charged two shillings, upon which the cabman drily answered, "We wish to discourage travelling on the Sabbath as much as possible, sir."

Cremation vs. Petrification.

A formidable rival to cremation has appeared in the form of a project for petrification, suggested by an eminent Italian

medico. By this means, instead of ornamenting our chimney-pieces with the urns containing the ashes of our forefathers, we are to embellish our staircases, conservatories, and gardens with our dearest friends turned to stone in the attitude we liked them best in life. *Apropos* of cremation, the Cambridge University has adopted a motion in its favour by 101 to 42 votes.

A Determined Debtor.

M. Guizot is making himself ridiculous in the law courts. It will be remembered that on a late occasion he insisted on returning to the heir of Napoleon III. the sum of 50,000fr. which his late Majesty gave to Guizot's son, William Guizot, to assist in paying his debts. The Bonaparte family refusing to receive the money, M. Guizot gets up a *proceeds* to make them do so. The case came on last week, but was put off for eight days. Advanced years do not always bring wisdom, and ingratitude may accompany old age.

The Beardless Model.

An artist found a model in a beggar with a splendid long beard—dirty and unkempt—just such as he wanted for some venerable, saintly person he was going to put on canvas in the old master style. He gave the man twopenny, and told him he could earn a shilling a day if he would call at the studio (address so-and-so). The man called the next morning, and had cut off his beard to make himself tidy and fit for the artist's society. The artist gave him a penny, and told him to go away or he would send the police after him.

Music Hath Charms.

A French physician has discovered a new remedial agent in cases of disease which may be expected before long to figure along with other advertised "infallible cures" in the quarters where such things obtain publicity. Dr. Chomet finds that music has remarkable hygienic effects when properly administered. The violin, he says, has been experimentally shown capable of curing a nervous illness, and a fit of catalepsy that defied other remedial agency has yielded to the sound of a trumpet. He quotes George Sand as attributing in one of her letters her restoration to health to a persistent application of one of Meyerbeer's touching airs.

Strange, If True.

A strange story is circulating of the intention of the English Government with regard to Rochefort and the other French Communists who escaped from New Caledonia. The story is to the effect that the Earl of Derby has given instructions to be informed as to the movements of these refugees, and has caused them to be warned that they will not be permitted to land in the kingdom or to make it their home. It is added that this step has been taken at the instance of the French Ambassador, and that it is justified by the fact that Rochefort and his companions are not merely political offenders, but are guilty of crimes which would render them liable to be claimed by France under the extradition treaty.

Anecdotes Of French Artists.

Some curious anecdotes are told of the leading artists and their works in the Paris Salon. For instance, it is said that the "Christ on the Cross" of M. Bonnat was painted from an actual dead body, and that the artist for a week was forced to live in an atmosphere of chloride of lime! Munkacsy, the Hungarian painter, whose works now readily command from five to six thousand dollars each, according to the papers, and who is making a comfortable income of some \$20,000 per annum, was originally employed in the shop of a trunk and packing-box maker, and it was his skill in tracing vases and cups, &c., on the boxes intended to contain chinaware that first revealed his artistic talent.

A Pulpit Sensationalist.

A correspondent writes: "There is a Rev. Mr. Peck in Worcester, Mass., whose performances in the pulpit are beginning to enjoy more than a local fame. He throws Fulton and Talmage completely in the shade for eccentricity. The subjects of his sermons are announced beforehand in the newspapers and on the dead-walls, and are such as 'Cremation,' 'Paul's and Shoo-Fly,' 'Who's Your Hatter?' 'Popping the Question,' and 'All Aboard for Heaven, with Peck for Conductor of the Train.' He draws vast crowds to see him gesticulate and tear passion to tatters at the sacred desk, and it is related of him that on one occasion recently, while in the midst of an impassioned harangue, he threw one of his legs over the top of the pulpit and asked the congregation 'How's that for high?' Dr. Talmage never went as far as that."

Personal.

During the greater part of their visit to Ireland the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh will be the guests of the Earl and Countess of Kenmare at Killarney.—Owing to ill-health, Bishop Colenso will shortly visit England.—The ex-Empress Eugenie lately presented the winner of a quarter mile race at the West Kent Football Club sports with a gold watch formerly worn by the Emperor.—The Grand Duke Nicholas Constantine is at the head of the Russian scientific expedition which has left St. Petersburg to explore the valley of Amou-Duria in Central Asia.—The King of the Belgians has set aside the large sum of money presented by his subjects on his last birth-day for the education of children of artistic taste and ability.—Millie-Christine, the French "double-girl," has had her life saved and has fallen in love with the man who rescued her. He would like to marry her, but fears to commit bigamy.

The Advantages Of Groaning.

A French physician is out with a long dissertation on the advantages of groaning and crying in general, and especially during operations. He contends that groaning and crying are the two grand operations by which nature allays anguish; that those patients who give way to their natural feelings more speedily recover from accidents and operations than those who suppose it unworthy for a man to betray such symptoms of cowardice as either to cry or groan. He tells of a man who reduced his pulse from 126 to 80 in the course of two hours by giving vent to his emotions. If people feel at all unhappy about anything let them go to their rooms and

comfort themselves with a loud boohoo, and they will feel a hundred per cent. better afterwards. In accordance with the above, the crying of children should not be too greatly discouraged.

A "Universal Trader."

The French penal colony of New Caledonia has its Marquis of Carabas in the shape of a capitalist and universal trader of the name of Eglingson, of whom the *Temps* gives an account. He provides the government with flour and beef from Melbourne, and the public with groceries, issues notes which he will take as payment for his own goods; and accommodates his clients with anything they require, from a bushel of apples to a church or a factory. All the wine in Noumea is in his cellars, in anticipation of the day when government will need a supply; meantime he lets a friend have a barrel at 350 francs which sold last year at 155. Having once, while visiting Sydney, met two young musicians of merit, he induced them to come to Noumea, promising them receipts to the amount of 5,000 francs. Seeing them under his patronage, the Freemasons of the place gave them a ball, where the young musicians performed for 2,000 francs—so much off Eglingson's guarantee.

The Lorraine Brick.

Says the Virginia *Enterprise*: The silver brick which is to be forwarded to Sir Lambton Lorraine by citizens of this portion of Nevada, in testimony of their appreciation of his noble humanity in the Santiago de Cuba affair, is now completed and will be sent away as soon as a suitable box has been manufactured in which to ship it. The bar weighs over fourteen pounds Troy, and was purchased by contributions of one dollar each, made by citizens of this town, Gold Hill and Carson—no man being allowed to contribute over one dollar. The brick is very handsomely proportioned, pure and smooth. The upper surface is polished until it is as bright as a mirror, while the bottom and sides were left just as the bar was taken from the mould. The inscription, which is as follows, is engraved on the polished face in old English text and old-style Roman letters: "Blood is Thicker than Water. Santiago de Cuba, November, 1873. To Sir Lambton Lorraine. From the Comstock mines, Virginia; Nevada, U. S. A." This inscription is surrounded by a neat ornamental border, which runs round the whole face of the brick.

An Arrangement For Fashion's Sake.

A writer in *Lippincott's* relates the following *apropos* of Worth, the man-dressmaker, which may be supposed to refer to the eccentric Princess Metternich, whose husband has just fought a duel with the Count de Montebello: "The story is told of a celebrated foreign princess and leader of fashion that being unable to pay her bills she compounded the matter by giving Worth the *entree* of her salons and her opera-box, to the intense indignation of the dignitaries of the court of her native country, and she narrowly escaped social ostracism on her return home. It is also told of this same dashing *elégante* that being anxious to make much display at comparatively little cost she made an arrangement with Worth whereby she was to take dresses from his establishment, wear each of them once, and then return them to him to be sold to those ladies who were anxious to imitate the toilets of the celebrated Madame de M—. As she was setting the fashion in those days, and her dresses were everywhere noted and copied, she had no difficulty in making the desired arrangement, paying a stipulated sum for the use for a single occasion of each garment."

"Put-up" Thunder.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "A thunder-storm is so unusual an occurrence in the beginning of the month of May that the slight storm which took place a few days ago has led to a suspicion in many quarters that it was not genuine, but was ingeniously 'got up' by umbrella vendors and cabmen for business purposes. It is not impossible that in these days of political and commercial activity tricks of this description may be played by the unscrupulous, and 'imitation thunder' is but the revival of a scheme at one time successfully adopted in the interests of trade. Pepys in his diary mentions how spurious thunder was used two hundred years ago for the purpose of cheapening claret. On the 21st of August, 1666, Mr. Batelier told him 'how, being with some others at Bordeaux, making a bargain with another man at a tavern for some clarets, they did hire a fellow to thunder (which he had the art of doing on a deale board) and to rain and hail, that is, make the noise of, so as did give them a pretence of undervaluing their merchants' wines by saying this thunder would spoil and turn them, which was so reasonable to the merchant that he did abate two pistoles per tun for the wine in belief of that.'"

Brevities.

A church is to be erected at St. Petersburg in commemoration of the marriage of the Grand Duchess Marie.—The Sumner memorial fund now amounts to over \$13,000.—The Russian Government is reducing the number of liquor shops in St. Petersburg and Moscow.—The house in which Voltaire lived at Berlin is being pulled down.—Camel's-hair brushes have been satisfactorily substituted in some of the London hospitals for sponges for the purpose of cleansing wounds.—Murillo's well-known painting, "El Pastorello," given by ex-Queen Isabella to M. Guizot, has been sold in Paris for \$24,000.—The 79th Highlanders is the best shooting regiment stationed in the United Kingdom and colonies for the year 1873-4.—Advices from Bourgogne and the Bordelais state that the vines have been in great part destroyed by the excessive cold.—It is expected that a team from the East Indies will compete at Wimbledon this year for the Rajah of Kolapore's prize.—The 99th Regiment of Foot has been permitted to assume the title of the Duke of Edinburgh's Regiment and to bear on its regimental colour the Duke's coronet and cypher.—The Ceylon Pearl Fishery, just closed for the season, realized a million and a quarter of oysters, worth \$60,000.—Attempts are about to be made to acclimatise and propagate the prairie fowl in England.—A mule and donkey show is the latest London novelty; Lord Shaftesbury, who is a member of the fraternity of costers, as well as a K.G., was one of the exhibitors.—Nearly 5,000 labourers left England for New Zealand during the month of April.

PIO NONO AT HOME.

Charles Warren Stoddard writes to the San Francisco *Chronicle* of a visit to the Vatican as follows: "There was a hum of voices, a few of the Pope's guards entered, followed by men in splendid dresses, the nature of which there was scarcely time to notice, for at once a figure clad in white, followed by a small army of attendants clad in various colours, entered, and we were on our knees in a moment, for this was none other than Pope Pius IX. There is something marvellously magnetic in the atmosphere of this wonderful Pope. I defy any man who is a man to stand in that audience chamber and not feel an instinctive desire to go down on his knees, and, of course, the very next minute down he goes. It is not necessary to be a Catholic; it is not necessary even to feel a particular reverence for the Pope as you would for any man the purity of whose life has never been attacked by his enemies. It is the indescribable something that possesses you the moment he enters the room and holds you fascinated so long as you are in his presence. And then it doesn't leave you at once; you remember him with a sense of uncommon pleasure. It is much like the spiritual elevation, the delicious calm a fellow feels after he has made a good confession, if you know what that is, and probably most of you don't. The Holy Father was not more than ten minutes in our room, for there were roomfuls of other folk anxiously waiting his approach. To one he gave his benediction and passed on; to another, a general of distinction, he spoke rapidly and with great spirit, and yet he spoke to this man of war as if he were speaking to a child—a son who had merited his father's love—and it was charming to witness the intercourse. Some of the gentlemen were introduced by the proper officer, who learned from their official documents their nationality and the few items relating to them which might interest His Holiness. Then came my turn. Before my presentation I was immediately recognized, and with a twinkle in his eye and a gracious familiarity, he leaned on my shoulder and said to my companion, whom he greeted cordially: 'Ah, this is an American!' I was never so flattered in all my life, for of late I have been taken for an Englishman in England, a Frenchman in France, and even an Italian in Italy; but it was wonderfully good to be classified at last. But then you see the Pope is infallible, and that accounts for it. We had some little conversation, as much as a man may recall easily; it was all in French, but I should have enjoyed it in any language under the sun. He was glad to hear that I came from California; spoke of Archbishop Alemany; told me to be good; and I shall enjoy trying, hereafter, though it is rather a bore sometimes. Then he passed his magnetic hand over my rosaries and little statuette of St. Peter—just like the big one which we all kiss—and then he left me for the next fellow, and the supreme moment was over."

DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

Five new dramas are said to have been brought to London by Boucicault from this continent.

A "North-West German Musical Festival" is announced to be held at Oldenburg in the course of the summer.

M. Faure contemplates an appearance as "Rigoletto" in London—a rôle which he has been studying for some time.

Miss Adelaide Phillips, the best of American contraltos, proposes to retire from the operatic stage at the close of the next season.

The Leeds Musical Festival has been definitely fixed to begin on October 5th, and will last four days. Sir Michael Costa will be the conductor.

The Ashantee War is the subject of a grand lyrical drama, to which M. Hervé is composing the music. It will shortly be produced in London.

A duet between an automaton and a musical-box is one of the features of "Cent Mille Francs et ma Fille," a new operetta at the Menus-Plaisirs, Paris.

The Parisians exclaim against the fastidious morality of the Americans, because they excised from and altered "Monsieur Alphonse," Alexander Dumas' piece.

A Paris journal states that during the theatrical campaign of 1873-4 the fees to theatrical authors have exceeded by 100,000fr. those of any previous seasons.

Joachim has sent a sum of 8,000 thalers (\$8,000) to the monument which is to be erected at Eisenach to Sebastian Bach. This is the amount of his recent concert receipts in England.

List has written a letter declining an invitation to take part in the musical festival at Cincinnati next year on the ground that he is too old to undergo the fatigue of such a long journey.

Mlle. Albani has appeared in "Puritani" and the *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "In the *Vien diletto* her brilliant vocalization gained for her as great a triumph as she had ever achieved in the part of *Aminta* or of *Lucia*, with which Mlle. Albani's *Elvira* must now be classed."

A league has been formed in Paris for the purification of the stage, and has been joined by a large number of ladies of prominence who have promised to discountenance degrading and indecent plays. Similar leagues have been formed in several other European cities.

Miss Kate Field is leaving the platform for the stage. She made her *début* in Philadelphia June 4. Her father was an actor, and a good one too, and Miss Kate has cleverness enough to fill any rôle. Her friends will wish her a brilliant success, and she has no enemies.

A venerable actress took her leave of the Brussels public lately at the Théâtre des Galeries—viz., Madame Achille, aged 70 years, and having been on the stage for 51 years, 23 of which were passed on the Brussels stage. She retires with a yearly pension of 500 francs.

A proposal is on foot to erect a bust or statue in Dublin of the late Michael Balfe, the musical composer, who was born in that city. If a sufficient sum be obtained it is also proposed to establish Balfe Scholarships in connection with the Royal Irish Academy of Music.

The Duchess de Castries is such an accomplished amateur actress that a Russian manager, seeing her play at a private

entertainment in Paris, hastened behind the scenes to engage her at an enormous salary. Madame laughingly explained that the only contract she had ever made or expected to make was her marriage one.

The New York stage will receive a great accession next season in the person of the widely-celebrated Shakespearean reader, Mr. George Vandenhoff, who is to play *Macbeth* and *Cardinal Wolsey* at Booth's Theatre. Mr. Vandenhoff, it is understood, will not abandon his public readings entirely, but will accept engagements in that and neighbouring States.

The project of a theatrical performance in Paris to raise funds for the erection of a tomb to Aimée Desclée has been abandoned, Parisian susceptibilities having been shocked at the idea of so frivolous a representation for so solemn a subject. The tomb will therefore be raised by gifts of MM. Alexander Dumas, Meilhac, Halévy, and Montigny, the manager of the Gymnase Theatre.

Parisian ballet girls will shortly be celebrating the bi-centenary of their first appearance on the stage of the capital. Up to 1681 the women's parts in ballets were invariably filled by men with masks, with the exception of court ballets, where the princesses danced themselves. On the 11th May in that year, however, the first professional *danceuses* made their appearance at the opera in a ballet called "Le Triomphe de l'Amour."

The Paris *Figaro* contains a sensational mention of Mlle. Croizette, who is performing in the "Sphinx" at the Théâtre Français. In the enactment of her character in the play she assumes to poison herself, and dies upon the stage—a personation which she is said to perform with such truthfulness to nature as to call forth long comments in the daily press. One physician comes out in a card, and declares over his own signature that she does virtually poison herself nightly, and that such reality will sooner or later prove fatal if persisted in.

The *Gaulois* publishes an interesting letter of M. Gounod, addressed to M. Oscar Cometant, in which the author of "Faust" blames somewhat severely the "outré-evidence," as he calls it, of Wagner, to have dared to rescure Beethoven's great symphony and chorus. As to the difficulties of the score, he avers they do not exist for Germans, although English musicians are wont to cry *non possumus*; and concludes with: "It is better to leave to a great master his imperfections, if he has any, than to try to impose our own on him."

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

HON. ANTOINE AIME DORION is the son of the late P. A. Dorion, and was born at St. Anne de la Pérade, on the 17th of January, 1818. In 1842 he was admitted to the Lower Canada Bar, and in 1848 created Queen's Counsel. He was first returned for Montreal in 1854, and sat for that constituency until 1861. In 1862 he was returned for Hochelaga, and again in 1867, being elected by the small majority of 23 out of 2,600 votes. M. Dorion was the Lower Canada leader of the Brown-Dorion Cabinet of August 1858, and entered office in May, 1862, as Provincial Secretary in the Macdonald-Slocote Government. This position he resigned in the following January, being dissatisfied with his colleagues regarding the Intercolonial Railway, the construction of which they were then supposed to favour. When that government was remodelled, in May, 1863, Mr. Dorion succeeded Mr. Slocote as Attorney-General and Lower Canada leader, which position he held until the defeat of the Cabinet in March of the following year. His gentlemanly manner and fluent and elegant diction soon marked him out as the foremost man of the party whose sympathies he shared, and he was for years the acknowledged leader of the Lower Canada Liberals. In 1872 he announced his intention of retiring from public life and was tendered a complimentary banquet, along with Mr. Holton, by his friends in Montreal, but in the general elections of that year he was induced to stand for Napierville, where he was successful. He then resumed his old position at the head of his party, till the 5th November 1873, when he was called to the Mackenzie Administration, as Minister of Justice. His appointment to the Chief Justiceship of Quebec bears date the 30th May 1874.

THE ENTRANCE INTO BILBAO closed one important episode of the Carlist war. The town presented an animated appearance; the balconies were covered with draperies of a variety of colours, some of which blended well with each other, and others made everything about them look hideous. Curtains, table-cloths, bed-quilts, carpets, lace shawls, &c., were brought into requisition, and even the poorest inhabitants hung out whatever rags seemed to them best suited to astonish, if not charm, the eye. At about five P. M. Marshal Concha, attended by a numerous staff, rode in and took up his position with the Ayuntamiento to see the troops march past, receiving as he did so a shower of rose-leaves, bouquets, and garlands. General Martinez Campos came at the head of the troops smiling and bowing to all around, especially to the ladies, who were never wearied of waving their handkerchiefs and shouting their *vivas*. The flowers and garlands were all very well for young bachelor generals, but private soldiers might not have been so much impressed with such favours, so to them, in addition to flowers—for they had their fair share of flowers also—cigars and cigarettes were thrown in abundance, causing a confusion in the ranks that even a Carlist charge might not have produced. The men, as they marched past, looked dusty and travel-stained; their marching, too, although light and springy, was not at all good according to our ideas of good marching, but they all had a very fine appearance. When we consider what forced marches, harassing fights, and bad food these men have had, it was a pleasure to see them so cheerful, so hearty, and so ready for further work.

DORREGARAY AND CARLIST OFFICERS.—This sketch represents a number of republican officers made prisoners (taken into the presence of Dorregaray, one of the principal generals of the Carlist army. Judging from the attitude of that Commander, as he sits upon his charger, with drawn sword, the parley does not appear of the most cordial nature.

LOUIS XVI AT THE INVASION OF THE PALACE OF VERSAILLES.—Our double page represents an historical incident of the French revolution which is replete with pathos. The utter misery and helplessness displayed in the whole attitude of the unfortunate Monarch are true to life and explain the singular role which Louis played throughout all those terrible scenes. The women of his Court, notably the Queen, Marie Antoinette, were far more resolute than he.

THE PUERTA DEL SOL.—OF Gate of the Sun—is the principal open place in Madrid. It is situated in the centre of the city, and from it radiate, much in the same way as the spokes of a wheel from the axle, the main streets.

THE BOUQUETIERS.—This admirable picture—from this year's Paris Salon—represents one of the many flower stalls that cluster around the Madeleine. The Paris flower markets are a regular and flourishing institution, being largely patronized by all classes. A visit to such a market is well worth the trouble. A

writer thus describes the varying scene:—"Let us watch the scene for a moment, and see who they are that form the purchasers and appreciators of these delightful products of nature. Here is a vehicle fit for a princess, with its liveried servants and richly caparisoned horses. The lady occupant descends lightly, and wandering among the long paths between the tables, selects first a rich and dainty bouquet, and then several pots of blossoming flowers, which are duly despatched in accordance with her orders. Here is another customer (let us go from one extreme to another), a pale-faced but sweet-featured grisette; it is easy to understand her situation. She carefully counts the few sous in her purse; she must perhaps, forego her dinner, but she resolves, and the sweet little pot of mignonette in hers! Here is a burly, plethoric individual, who looks as though he must inevitably be a butcher; surely he does not seek for flowers! Ah, but he does, and with a degree of appreciation which might well surprise us. He, too, selects his bouquet and takes away with him a full-blown pot of pansies; thereby hangs, perhaps, some pleasant domestic tale. Here is a sad-faced woman, in widow's weeds; the wreath of immortelles which she pays for tells its own story; it will to-night decorate a tomb in Père la Chaise. This giddy and nervous fellow, full of smiles and ready to pay any price, takes away a wedding wreath, delicately packed in a box, under his arm—he is only too happy! But stay; this party, who is also paying for white flowers, with a few blue bellotropes intermixed, sighs heavily as he receives the sad emblem, to be devoted to the last ceremony over a loved child, perhaps, or maybe a wife from whom he parts forever. And so we stood for an hour by the banks of the Seine, watching the comers and goers of the flower market, and thinking of the bridal, the cradle, and the tomb."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE DOMINION.—Hon. Mr. Dorion has been appointed Chief Justice of Quebec.—Their Excellencies the Governor General and the Countess of Dufferin, with their family, arrived at Quebec last Saturday. They purpose spending four or five days there, and then proceeding to their summer villa at Tadoussac.

THE UNITED KINGDOM.—The House of Commons, by a vote of 161 against 126 adopted the proposition of Government that public-houses in London shall be kept open on week days from 7 o'clock in the morning until 12:30 at night. The House also, by a vote of 382 against 42, approved of the Government's proposal that such houses shall be open on the same days in towns having over 2,500 population, from 7 a.m., to 11 p.m., and in towns with a less number of people from 6 a.m., to 10 p.m. Mr. Disraeli said he would take occasion to correct the misapprehension that this would be a short session. Bills of extra importance were to be presented to Parliament. They would be introduced at an early day, and if members frittered away time, the session, instead of being short, would be unusually long.

Communists in London will tender a complimentary banquet to Rochefort on his arrival in England.—A letter from Levuka, Fiji Islands, states that on the 22nd March the King abdicated his throne and ceded the Islands to Great Britain and that a British Commission were then arranging a form of Government for the new acquisition to the English throne.

THE UNITED STATES.—Henri Rochefort lectured at the N.Y. Academy of Music on the 4th, on the "History of France since the fall of the late Empire." The audience was slim and consisted almost entirely of French of the Communistic element, the representation of the more wealthy class of the French residents of New York being very small.—Physicians pronounce diphtheria epidemic in New York, and attribute it to long continued humidity of the atmosphere. The deaths from this disease since January are 608, or three times more than during the same time in the previous year.—Soon after the adjournment of Congress, the President will visit his family relations on the Kanawha, West Virginia, then return to Washington and resume his summer residence at Long Branch about July 4.—The House of Representatives passed a bill appointing a Commission to report on the occupation, ownership and disposition of lands awarded to the United States by the Emperor of Germany under the Treaty of Washington.

FRANCE.—The Council of War has pronounced a verdict of "guilty" against Melvil Blancourt, the Deputy for Guadaloupe, for participating in the acts of the Commune, and has condemned him to death *in contumaciam*.—*Le Pays* newspaper says the friends of the Prince Imperial strongly oppose the nomination of Prince Jerome Napoleon for the Assembly.—The Left Centre has adopted a platform which calls for proclamation of a definitive republic or the dissolution of the Assembly; one hundred and ten Deputies have given in their adhesion to this programme; there is no longer any hope of an alliance between Left and Right Centres.—The American Pilgrims on the 5th went in procession to the grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes. At the close of the ceremonies the pilgrims proceeded to Marseilles to take the steamer for Civita Vecchia.—The Left have organized a pamphlet campaign against Bonapartists. Documents warning the people against their designs, exposing their sophistries and recounting the fatal history of the Imperialist party will be thoroughly circulated in Paris and the Provinces.

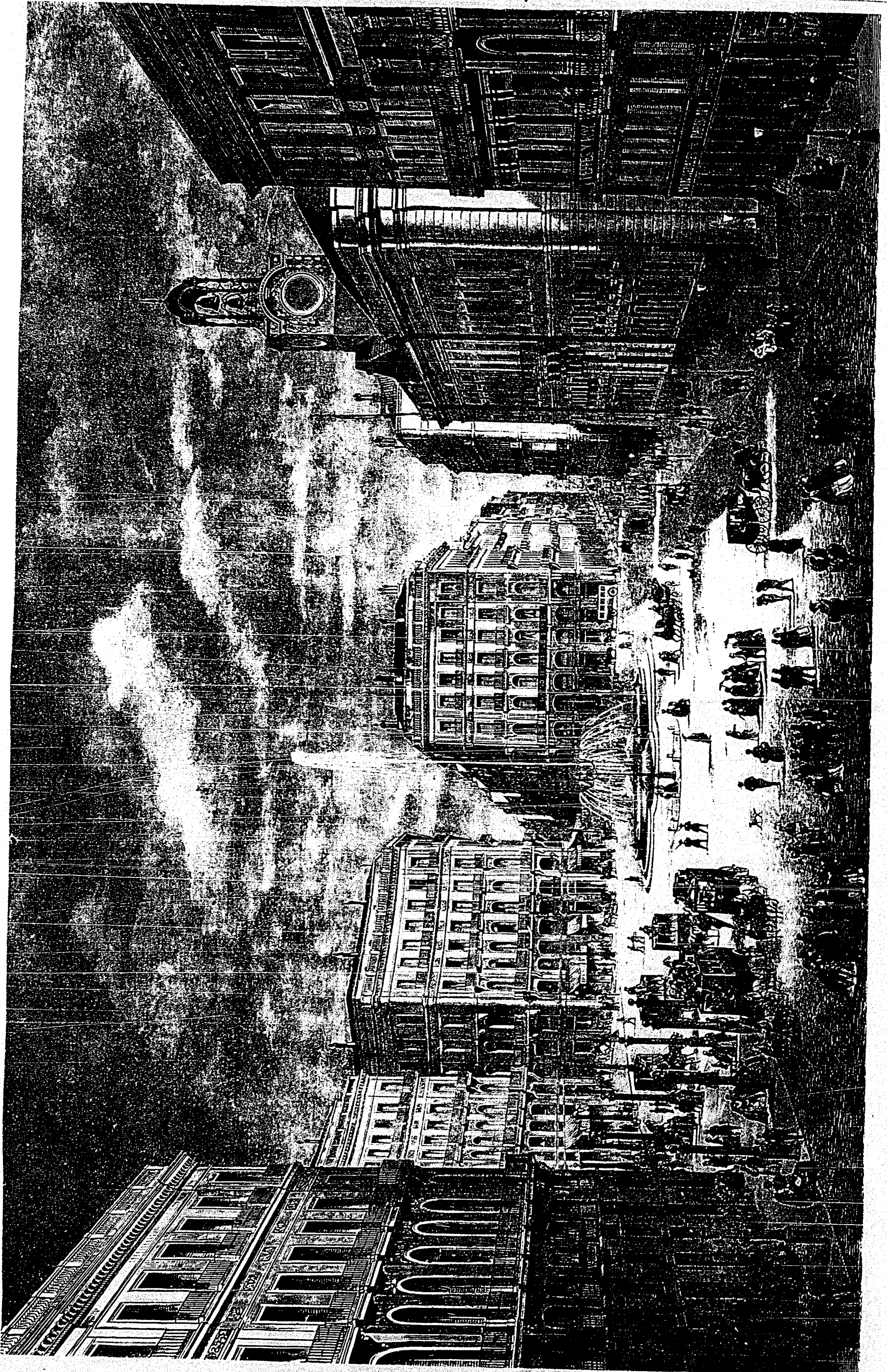
SPAIN.—It is rumoured that the Carlists have been routed at Ganges with a loss of 150 killed and wounded.—Senor Vaga Armigo has accepted the Appointment of Spanish Ambassador to France.—Five hundred convicts engaged in the Intransigente rebellion at Cathagena have been embarked on a Spanish steamer at Duran to be taken back to Spain. Over \$200,000 worth of plunder was found in their possession.—General Concha has entered Logrono.

ITALY.—The Italian Senate has given its approval of the treaty of commerce with Mexico and a postal convention with Brazil.—The Pope was able to celebrate Mass on Monday and subsequently walked to his library. He is very feeble, but the fever has left him.

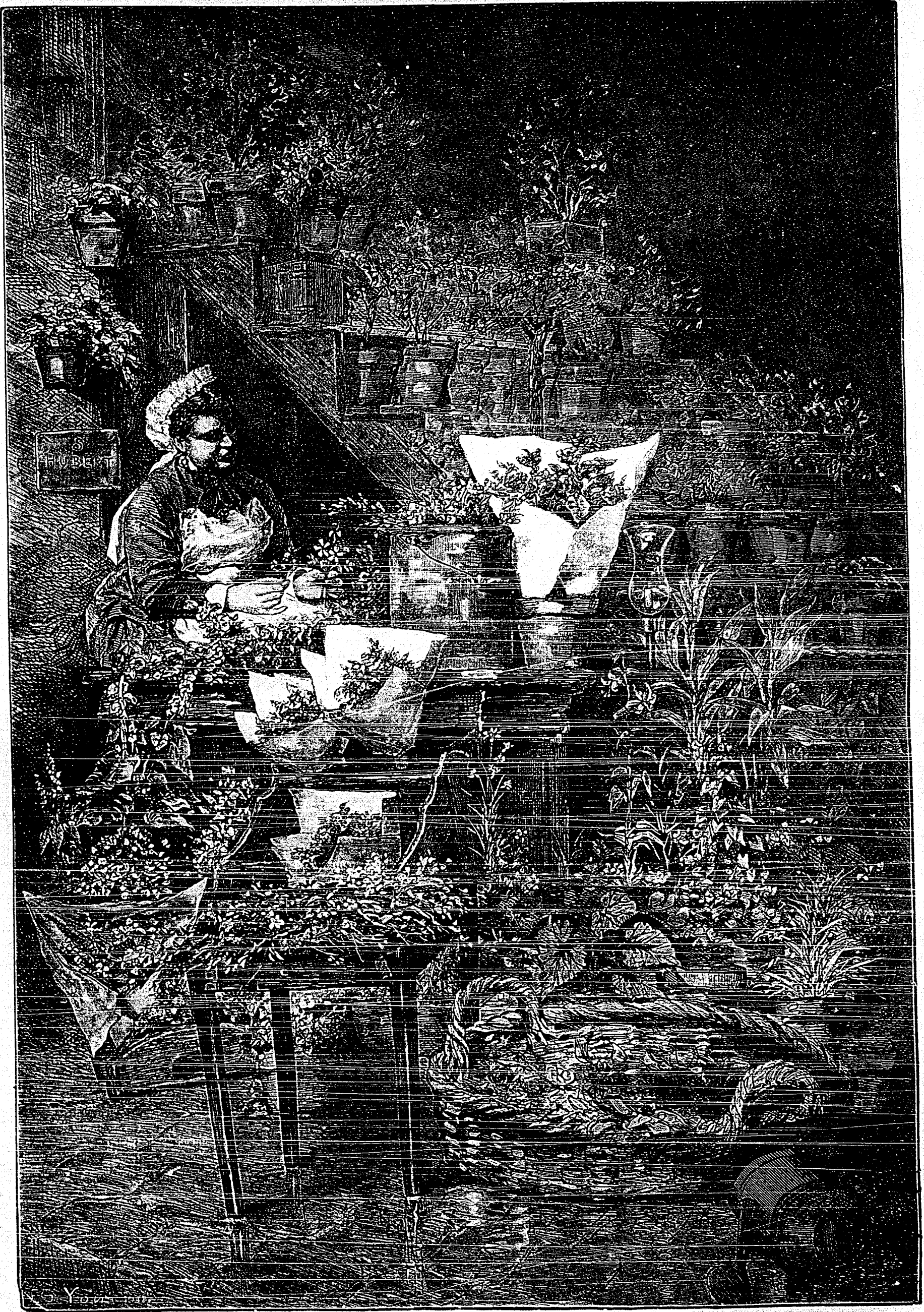
The "personal" announcements in very Western papers combine conciseness with a pleasant vagueness, as, for example, a Nevada journal says: "There was no regular trial in the case of John Flanders yesterday. He had an interview in the woods with a few friends, however, and it is perfectly certain that John will never burgle any more."

A lady from the South has enjoyed an interview with Emerson, and writes to the Memphis *Avant-courier* that she was delighted with "the fitting and frilling of his involuted words." The Detroit *Post* is surprised to hear this, as only last year the philosopher had his words "cut biasing, but with plain borders, tastefully folded back, and secured with a blue ribbon."

As Foote, in the early part of his life, was one night walking down a street in the neighbourhood of Oxford Road, he was accosted, with great civility, by a shabby fellow, who asked the way to Tyburn. To which Foote replied, "My good fellow, you have only to rob the first person you meet, and you'll find your way easily." The fellow very politely thanked him for his advice, and presenting a pistol, ordered him to deliver his money on pain of having his brains blown out. With this injunction he was obliged to comply, though to his great mortification, as he lost his money and his jest, and was punished for his unkind reply when asked "the way."



SPAIN—THE PUERTA DEL SOL, MADRID.



THE "BOUQUETIÈRE."—BY M. E. YON.—FROM THE PARIS SALON, 1874.

DROWNING.

I lie amid the short green grass,
Whose whispering is too fine for sound,
And watch the coupled outlines pass
Of bird and shadow on the ground.

Oh, blithe bird, home from alien shores,
What romance can you tell for me—
Brought from the sea-bound blue Azores
To our barbarian Tappan Zee?

Pipe me a strain of warm love-lay,
Such as the grave Greek sweethearts sing.
But no! farewell! he will not stay
For me his upward soaring wing.

A single pearl of liquid song
Drops through the dark blue heaven above;
I hear it lulling, low and long,
The echo of the sigh of love.

Hah! half the day has sauntered by;
A snake winds through the billowy moss
Beneath my head, and on the sky
The crossed and bent birch branches toss.

From leaf to leaf a tumult creeps,
A coolness drops upon my face,
And down the west a light rain sweeps—
A mist as fine as ladies' lace.

Aye! dear are summer dreams, and sweet
The sensuous scent and song of June,
And dear the brook's brawl through the heat—
The perfect rest and hush of noon.

MILLIE W. CARPENTER.

NINETY-THREE.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

BOOK THE SECOND.

THE CORVETTE CLAYMORE.

V.—VIS ET VIE.

The cannon came and went along the deck. One might have fancied it the living chariot of the Apocalypse. The marine lantern o'illating from the ceiling added a dawning whirl of lights and shadows to this vision. The shape of the cannon was undistinguishable from the rapidity of its course; now it looked black in the light, now it cast weird reflections through the gloom.

It kept on its work of destruction. It had already shattered four other pieces, and dug two crevices in the side, fortunately above the water-line, though they would leak in case a squall should come on. It dashed itself frantically against the framework; the solid tie-beams resisted, their curved form giving them great strength, but they creaked ominously under the assaults of this terrible club, which seemed endowed with a sort of appalling ubiquity, striking on every side at once. The strokes of a bullet shaken in a bottle would not be madder or more rapid. The four wheels passed and re-passed above the dead men, cut, carved, slashed them, till the five corpses were a score of stumps rolling about the deck; the heads seemed to cry out, and streams of blood twisted in and out the planks with every pitch of the vessel; the ceiling, damaged in several places, began to gape. The whole ship was filled with the awful tumult.

The captain promptly recovered his composure, and at his order the sailors threw down into the deck everything which could check the mad rush of the gun—mattresses, hammocks, spare sails, coils of rope, extra equipments, and the bales of false assignats of which the corvette carried a whole cargo; an infamous deception which the English considered a fair trick in war.

But what could these rags avail? No one dared descend to arrange them in any useful fashion, and in a few instants they were mere heaps of lint.

There was just sea enough to render the accident as complete as possible. A tempest would have been desirable, it might have thrown the gun upside down, and the four wheels once in the air the monster could have been mastered. But the devastation increased. There were gashes and even fractures in the masts, which, imbedded in the woodwork of the keel, pierce the decks of ships like great round pillars. The mainmast was cracked, and the mainmast itself was injured under the convulsive blows of the gun. The battery was being destroyed. Ten pieces out of the thirty were disabled, the breaches multiplied in the side, and the corvette began to take in water.

The old passenger, who had descended to the gun-deck, looked like a form of stone stationed at the foot of the stairs. He stood motionless, gazing sternly about upon the devastation. Indeed, it seemed impossible to take a single step forward.

Each bound of the liberated carronade menaced the destruction of the vessel. A few minutes more and shipwreck would be inevitable.

They must perish or put a summary end to the disaster—a decision must be made, but how?

What a combatant, this cannon! They must check this mad monster. They must seize this flash of lightning. They must overthrow this thunderbolt.

Boisberthelot said to La Vieuville, "Do you believe in God, chevalier?"

La Vieuville replied, "Yes—no—sometimes."

"In a tempest?"

"Yes, and in moments like this."

"Only God can aid us here," said Boisberthelot.

All were silent—the cannon kept up its horrible fracas.

The waves beat against the ship; their blows from without responded to the strokes of the cannon.

It was like two hammers alternating.

Suddenly, into the midst of this sort of inaccessible circus, where the escaped cannon leaped and bounded, there sprang a man with an iron bar in his hand. It was the author of this catastrophe, the gunner whose culpable negligence had caused the accident—the captain of the gun. Having been the means of bringing about the misfortune, he desired to repair it. He had caught up a handspike in one fist, a tiller-ropes with a slipping noose in the other, and jumped down into

the gun-deck. Then a strange combat began—a titanic strife—the struggle of the gun against the gunner—a battle between matter and intelligence—a duel between the inanimate and the human.

The man was posted in an angle, the bar and rope in his two fists; backed against one of the riders, settled firmly on his legs as on two pillars of steel; livid, calm, tragic, rooted, as it were, in the planks, he waited.

He waited for the cannon to pass near him.

The gunner knew his piece, and it seemed to him that she must recognise her master. He had lived a long while with her. How many times he had thrust his hand between her jaws! It was his tame monster. He began to address it as he might have done his dog.

"Come," said he. Perhaps he loved it.

He seemed to wish that it would turn towards him.

But to come towards him would be to spring upon him. Then he would be lost. How to avoid the crush—there was the question. All stared in terrified silence.

Not a breath breathed freely, except perchance that of the old man who alone stood in the deck with the two combatants, a stern second.

He might himself be crushed by the piece. He did not stir. Beneath them the blind sea directed the battle.

At the instant when, accepting this awful hand-to-hand contest, the gunner approached to challenge the cannon, some chance fluctuation of the waves kept it for a moment immovable as if suddenly stupified.

"Come on," said the man to it. It seemed to listen.

Suddenly it darted upon him. The gunner avoided the shock.

The struggle began—struggle unheard of. The fragile matching itself against the invulnerable. The thing of flesh attacking the brazen brute. On the one side blind force, on the other a soul.

The whole passed in a half-light. It was like the indistinct vision of a miracle.

A soul—strange thing; but you would have said that the cannon had one also, a soul filled with rage and hatred. This blindness appeared to have eyes. The monster had the air of watching the man. There was—one might have fancied so at least—cunning in this mass. It also chose its moment. It became some gigantic insect of metal, having, or seeming to have, the will of a demon. Sometimes this colossal grasshopper would strike the low ceiling of the gun-deck, then fall back on its four wheels like a tiger upon his four claws, and dart anew on the man. He, supple, agile, adroit, would glide away like a snake from the reach of these lightning-like movements. He avoided the encounters, but the blows which he escaped fell upon the vessel and continued the havoc.

An end of broken chain remained attached to the carronade. This chain had twisted itself, one could not tell how, about the screw of the breech-button. One extremity of the chain was fastened to the carriage. The other, hanging loose, whirled wildly about the gun, and added to the danger of its blows.

The screw held it like a clenched hand, and the chain, multiplying the strokes of the battering-ram by its strokes of a thong, made a fearful whirlwind about the cannon—a whip of iron in a fist of brass. This chain complicated the battle.

Nevertheless the man fought. Sometimes, even, it was the man who attacked the cannon. He crept along the side, bar and rope in hand, and the cannon had the air of understanding, and fled as if it perceived a snare. The man pursued it, formidable, fearless.

Such a duel could not last long. The gun seemed suddenly to say to itself, "Come, we must make an end!" and it paused. One felt the approach of the crisis. The cannon, as if in suspense, appeared to have, or had—because it seemed to all a sentient being—a furious premeditation. It sprang unexpectedly upon the gunner. He jumped aside, let it pass, and cried out with a laugh, "Try again." The gun, as if in a fury, broke a carronade to larboard, then, seized anew by the invisible sling which held it, was flung to starboard towards the man, who escaped.

Three carronades gave way under the blows of the gun, then, as if blind and no longer conscious of what it was doing, it turned its back on the man, rolled from the stern to the bow, bruising the stem and making a breach in the planking of the prow. The gunner had taken refuge at the foot of the stairs, a few steps from the old man, who was watching.

The gunner held his handspike in rest. The cannon seemed to perceive him, and, without taking the trouble to turn itself, backed upon him with the quickness of an axe-stroke. The gunner, if driven back against the side, was lost. The crew uttered a simultaneous cry.

But the old passenger, until now immovable, made a spring more rapid than all those wild whirls. He seized a bale of the false assignats, and at the risk of being crushed, succeeded in flinging it between the wheels of the carronade. The manoeuvre, decisive and dangerous, could not have been executed with more adroitness and precision by a man trained to all the exercises set down in Durosel's "Manual of Sea Gunnery."

The bale had the effect of a plug. A pebble may stop a log, a tree branch turn an avalanche. The carronade stumbled. The gunner, in his turn, seizing this terrible chance plunged his iron bar between the spokes of one of the hind wheels. The cannon was stopped—it was staggered. The man, using the bar as a lever, rocked it to and fro. The heavy mass turned over with a clang like a falling bell, and the gunner, dripping with sweat, rushed forward headlong and passed the slipping noose of the tiller-ropes about the bronze neck of the overthrown monster.

It was ended. The man had conquered. The ant had subdued the mastodon—the pigmy had taken the thunderbolt prisoner.

The marines and the sailors clapped their hands.

The whole crew hurried down with cables and chains, and in an instant the cannon was securely lashed.

The gunner saluted the passenger.

"Sir," he said to him, "you have saved my life."

The old man had resumed his impassable attitude, and did not reply.

VI.—THE TWO ENDS OF THE SCALE.

The man had conquered, but one might say that the cannon had conquered also. Immediate shipwreck had been avoided, but the corvette was by no means saved. The delapidation of the vessel seemed irremediable. The sides had five breaches, one of which, very large, was in the bow. Out of the thirty carronades twenty lay useless in their frames.

The carronade, which had been captured and recharged, was itself disabled; the screw of the breech-button was forced, and the levelling of the piece impossible in consequence. The battery was reduced to nine pieces. The hold had sprung a leak. It was necessary at once to repair the damages and set the pumps to work.

The gun-deck, now that one had time to look about it, offered a terrible spectacle. The interior of a mad elephant's cage could not have been more completely dismantled.

However great the necessity that the corvette should escape observation, a still more imperious necessity presented itself—immediate safety. It had been necessary to light up the deck by lanterns placed here and there along the sides.

But during the whole time this tragic diversion had lasted, the crew were so absorbed by the one question of life or death that they noticed little what was passing outside the scene of the duel. The fog had thickened; the weather had changed; the wind had driven the vessel at will; it had got out of its route, in plain sight of Jersey and Guernsey, farther to the south than it ought to have gone, and was surrounded by a troubled sea. The great waves kissed the gaping wounds of the corvette—kisses full of peril. The sea rocked her menacingly. The breeze became a gale. A squall, a tempest perhaps, threatened. It was impossible to see before one four oars' length.

While the crew were repairing summarily and in haste the ravages of the gun-deck, stopping the leaks and putting back into position the guns which had escaped the disaster, the old passenger had gone on deck.

He stood with his back against the mainmast.

He had paid no attention to a proceeding which had taken place on the vessel. The Chevalier La Vieuville had drawn up the marines in line on either side of the mainmast, and at the whistle of the boatswain the sailors busy in the rigging stood upright on the yards.

Count du Boisberthelot advanced toward the passenger. Behind the captain marched a man haggard, breathless, his dress in disorder, yet wearing a satisfied look under it all. It was the gunner who had just now so opportunely shown himself a tamer of monsters, and who had got the better of the cannon.

The Count made a military salute to the unknown in peasant garb, and said to him—"General, here is the man."

The gunner held himself erect, his eyes downcast, standing in a soldierly attitude.

Count du Boisberthelot continued—"General, taking into consideration what this man has done, do you not think there is something for his commanders to do?"

"I think there is," said the old man.

"Be good enough to give the orders," returned Boisberthelot.

"It is for you to give them. You are the captain."

"But you are the general," answered Boisberthelot.

The old man looked at the gunner. "Approach," said he.

The gunner moved forward a step. The old man turned towards Count du Boisberthelot, detached the cross of Saint Louis from the captain's uniform and fastened it on the jacket of the gunner.

"Hurrah!" cried the sailors.

The marines presented arms. The old passenger, pointing with his finger towards the bewildered gunner, added—"Now let that man be shot."

Stupor succeeded the applause.

Then, in the midst of a silence like that of the tomb, the old man raised his voice. He said:

"A negligence has endangered this ship. At this moment she is perhaps lost. To be at sea is to face the enemy. A vessel at open sea is an army which gives battle. The tempest conceals, but does not absent itself. The whole sea is an ambushade. Death is the penalty of any fault committed in the face of the enemy. No fault is reparable. Courage ought to be rewarded and negligence punished."

These words fell one after the other slowly, solemnly, with a sort of inexorable measure, like the blows of an axe upon an oak.

And the old man, turning to the soldiers, added—"Do your duty."

The man upon whose breast shone the cross of Saint Louis bowed his head.

At a sign from Count du Boisberthelot, two sailors descended between decks, then returned, bringing the hammock winding-sheet. The ship's chaplain, who since the time of sailing had been at prayer in the officers' quarters, accompanied the two sailors; a sergeant detached from the line twelve marines, whom he arranged in two ranks, six by six; the gunner, without uttering a word, placed himself between the two files. The chaplain, crucifix in hand, advanced and stood near him.

"March!" said the sergeant.

The platoon moved with slow steps towards the bow. The two sailors who carried the shroud followed.

A gloomy silence fell upon the corvette. A hurricane moaned in the distance.

A few instants later there was a flash; a report followed, echoing among the shadows; then all was silent; then came the thud of a body falling into the sea.

The old passenger still leaned back against the mainmast with folded arms, thinking silently.

Boisberthelot pointed towards him with the forefinger of his left hand, and said in a low voice to La Vieuville:

"The Vendée has found a head!"

VII.—HE WHO SETS SAIL PUTS INTO A LOTTERY.

But what was to become of the corvette?

The clouds, which the whole night through had touched the waves, now lowered so thickly that the horizon was no longer visible; the sea seemed covered with a pall. Nothing to be seen but fog—a situation always perilous, even for a vessel in good condition.

Added to the mist came the surging swell.

The time had been used to good purpose; the corvette had been lightened by throwing overboard everything which could be cleared from the havoc made by the carronade—the dismantled guns, the broken carriages, frames twisted or un-nailed, the fragments of splintered wood and iron: the port-holes had been opened, and the corpses and part of bodies, enveloped in tarpaulin, were slid down planks into the waves.

The sea was no longer manageable. Not that the tempest was imminent; it seemed on the contrary that the hurricane rustling behind the horizon decreased, and the squall was moving northward; but the waves were very high still, which indicated disturbance in the depths; the corvette could offer

slight resistance to shocks in her crippled condition, so that the great waves might prove fatal to her.

Gacquoil stood thoughtfully at the helm. To face ill fortune with a bold front is the habit of those accustomed to rule at sea.

La Vieuville, who was the sort of man that becomes gay in the midst of disaster, accosted Gacquoil.

"Well, pilot," said he, "the squall has missed fire. Its attempt at sneezing comes to nothing. We shall get out of it. We shall have wind, and that is all."

Gacquoil replied seriously—"Where there is wind there are waves."

Neither laughing or sad, such is the sailor. The response had a disquieting significance. For a leaky ship to encounter a high sea is to fill rapidly. Gacquoil emphasised his prognostic by a frown. Perhaps La Vieuville had spoken almost jovial and gay words a little too soon after the catastrophe of the gun and its gunner. There are things which bring bad luck at sea. The ocean is secretive; one never knows what it means to do; it is necessary to be always on guard against it.

La Vieuville felt the necessity of getting back to gravity. "Where are we, pilot?" he asked.

The pilot replied—"We are in the hands of God." A pilot is a master; he must always be allowed to do what he will, and often he must be allowed to say what he pleases. Generally this species of man speaks little.

La Vieuville moved away. He had asked a question of the pilot; it was the horizon which replied. The sea suddenly cleared.

The fogs which spread across the waves were quickly rent; the dark confusion of the billows spread out to the horizon's verge in a shadowy half-light, and this was what became visible.

The sky seemed covered with a lid of clouds, but they no longer touched the water; in the east appeared a whiteness, which was the dawn; in the west trembled a corresponding pallor, which was the setting moon. These two ghostly presences drew opposite each other narrow bands of pale lights along the horizon, between the sombre sea and the gloomy sky. Across each of these lines of light were sketched black profiles upright and immovable.

To the west, against the moonlit sky, stood out sharply three lofty rocks, erect as Celtic cromlechs.

To the east, against the pale horizon of morning, rose eight sail ranged in order at regular intervals in a formidable array.

The three rocks were a reef; the eight ships a squadron. Behind the vessel was the Minquiers, a rock of an evil renown; before her, the French cruisers. To the west, the abyss; to the east, carnage; she was between a shipwreck and a combat.

For meeting the reef, the corvette had a broken hull, rigging disjointed, masts tottering in their foundations; for facing battle, she had a battery where one-and-twenty cannon out of thirty were dismantled, and whose best gunners were dead. The dawn was yet faint; there still remained a little night to them. This might even last for some time, since it was principally made by thick high clouds presenting the solid appearance of a vault. The wind, which had succeeded in dispersing the lower mists, was forcing the corvette towards the Minquiers. In her excessive feebleness and dilapidation, she scarcely obeyed the helm; she rolled rather than sailed, and smitten by the waves, she yielded passively to their impulse. The Minquiers, a dangerous reef, was still more rugged at that time than it is now. Several towers of this citadel of the abyss have been razed by the incessant chopping of the sea. The configuration of reefs changes; it is not idly that waves are called the swords of the ocean; each tide is the stroke of a saw. At that period, to strike on the Minquiers was to perish.

As for the cruisers, they were the squadron of Cancale afterwards so celebrated under the command of that Captain Duchesne whom Loquino called "Father Duchesne."

The situation was critical. During the struggle of the unchained carronade, the corvette had, unobserved, got out of her course, and sailed rather towards Granville than Saint Malo. Even if she had been in a condition to have been handled and to carry sail, the Minquiers would have barred her return towards Jersey, and the cruisers would have prevented her reaching France.

For the rest, tempest there was none. But, as the pilot had said, there was a swell. The sea, rolling under a rough wind and above a rocky bottom, was savage.

The sea never says at once what it wishes. The gulf hides everything, even trickery. One might almost say that the sea has a plan; it advances and recoils; it proposes and contradicts itself; it sketches a storm and renounces its design; it promises the abyss and does not hold to it; it threatens the north and strikes the south.

All night the corvette *Claymore* had had the fog and the fear of the storm; the sea had belied itself, but in a savage fashion; it had sketched in the tempest, but developed the reef. It was shipwreck just the same, under another form.

So that to destruction upon the rocks was added extermination by combat—one enemy complementing the other.

La Vieuville cried amidst his brave merriment—"Shipwreck here—battle there! We have thrown double-fives!"

VIII.—9 = 380.

The corvette was little more than a wreck.

In the wan, dim light, amidst the blackness of the clouds, in the confused, changing line of the horizon, in the sullenness of the waves, there was a sepulchral solemnity. Except for the hissing breath of the hostile wind, all was silent. The catastrophe rose with majesty from the gulf. It resembled rather an apparition than an attack. Nothing stirred among the rocks; nothing moved on the vessels. It was an indescribable, colossal silence. Had they to deal with something real? One might have believed it a dream sweeping across the sea. There are legends of such visions; the corvette was in a manner between the demon reef and the phantom fleet.

Count du Boisberthelot gave orders in a half-voice to La Vieuville, who descended to the gun-deck; then the captain seized his telescope and stationed himself at the stern by the side of the pilot.

Gacquoil's whole effort was to keep the corvette to the wind; for if struck on the side by the wind and the sea she would inevitably capsize.

"Pilot," said the captain, "where are we?"

"Off the Minquiers."

"On which side?"

"The bad one."

"What bottom?"

"Small rocks."

"Can we turn broadside on?"

"We can always die," said the pilot.

The captain levelled his glass towards the west and examined the Minquiers; then he turned to the east and studied the sail in sight.

The pilot continued, as if talking to himself—"It is the Minquiers. It is where the laughing sea-mew and the great black-hooded gull rest, when they make for Holland."

In the meantime the captain counted the sail.

There were, indeed, eight vessels, drawn up in line, and lifting their warlike profiles above the water. In the centre was seen the lofty sweep of a three-decker.

The captain questioned the pilot. "Do you know those ships?"

"Indeed, yes!" replied Gacquoil.

"What are they?"

"It is the squadron."

"Of France?"

"Of the devil."

There was a silence. The captain resumed—"The whole body of cruisers are there."

"Not all."

In fact, on the 2nd of April, Valasé had announced to the Convention that ten frigates and six ships of the line were cruising in the channel. The recollection of this came into the captain's mind.

"Right," said he; "the squadron consists of sixteen vessels. There are only eight here."

"The rest," said Gacquoil, "are lagging below, the whole length of the coast, and on the look-out."

The captain, still with his glass to his eye, murmured—"A three-decker, two first-class frigates, and five second-class."

"But I too," growled Gacquoil, "have marked them out."

"Good vessels," said the captain; "I have done something myself towards commanding them."

"As for me," said Gacquoil, "I have seen them close by. I do not mistake one for the other. I have their description in my head."

The captain handed his telescope to the pilot.

"Pilot, can you make out the three-decker clearly?"

"Yes, captain: it is the *Obé d'Or*."

"Which they have re-baptized," said the captain. "She was formerly the *Etats de Bourgogne*. A new vessel. A hundred and twenty-eight guns."

He took a pencil and note-book from his pocket and made the figure 128 on one of the leaves.

He continued—"Pilot, what is the first sail to larboard?"

"It is the *Expérimentée*. The"

"First class frigate. Fifty-two guns. She was fitted out at Brest two months since."

The captain marked the figures 52 on his note-book.

"Pilot," he asked, "what is the second sail to larboard?"

"The *Dryade*."

"First-class frigate. Forty eighteen-pounders. She has been in India. She has a good naval reputation."

And beneath the 52 he put the figure 40; then lifting his head—"Now to starboard."

"Commander, those are all second-class frigates. There are five of them."

"Which is the first, starting from the vessel?"

"The *Résolue*."

"Thirty-two pieces of eighteen. And the second?"

"The *Richemont*."

"Same. The next?"

"The *Athéiste*."

"Odd name to take to sea. What next?"

"The *Calypso*."

"And then?"

"The *Preneuse*."

"Five frigates, each of thirty-two guns."

The captain wrote 160 below the first figures.

"Pilot," said he, "you recognise them perfectly."

"And you," replied Gacquoil, "you know them well, captain. To recognise is something, to know is better."

The captain had his eyes fixed on his note book, and added between his teeth—"One hundred and twenty-eight; fifty-two; forty; a hundred and sixty"

At this moment La Vieuville came on deck again.

"Chevalier," the captain cried out to him, "we are in sight of three hundred and eighty cannon."

"So be it," said La Vieuville.

"You come from the inspection, La Vieuville: how many guns exactly have we fit for firing?"

"Nine."

"So be it," said Boisberthelot, in his turn.

He took the telescope from the pilot's hands and studied the horizon.

The eight vessels, silent and black, seemed motionless, but they grew larger.

They were approaching imperceptibly.

La Vieuville made a military salute. "Commander," said he, "this is my report. I distrusted this corvette *Claymore*. It is always annoying to embark suddenly on a vessel that does not know you or that does not love you. English ship—traitor to Frenchmen. That slut of a carronade proved it. I have made the round. Anchors good. They are not made of half-finished iron, but forged bars soldered under the till-hammer. The flukes are solid. Cables excellent: easy to pay out; regulation length, a hundred and twenty fathoms. Munitions in plenty. Six gunners dead. A hundred and seventy-one rounds apiece."

"Because there are but nine pieces left," murmured the captain.

Boisberthelot levelled his telescope with the horizon. The squadron was still slowly approaching.

The carronades possess one advantage—three men are enough to work them; but they have one inconvenience—they do not carry so far or aim so true as guns. It would be necessary to let the squadron get within range of the carronades.

The captain gave his orders in a low voice. There was silence throughout the vessel. No signal to clear for battle had been given, but it was done. The corvette was as much disabled for combat with men as against the waves. Everything that was possible was done with this ruin of a war-vessel. By the gangway near the tiller-ropes were heaped all the hawsers and spare cables for strengthening the masts in case of need. The cockpit was put in order for the wounded. According to the naval use of that time, the deck was barricaded, which is a guaranty against balls, but not against bullets. The ball-gauges were brought, although it was a little late, to verify the calibres; but so many incidents had not been foreseen. Each sailor received a cartridge-box, and stuck into his belt a pair of pistols and a dirk. The hammocks were stowed away, the artillery pointed, the musketry prepared, the axes and grapples laid out, the cartridge and bullet stores made ready, and the powder-room opened. Every man was at his post. All was done without a word being spoken, like arrangements carried on in the chamber of a dying person. All was haste and gloom.

Then the corvette showed her broadside. She had six anchors, like a frigate. The whole six were cast; the cock-bill anchor forward, the kedger aft, the flood-anchor towards the open, the ebb-anchor on the side to the rocks, the bower-anchor to starboard, and the sheet-anchor to larboard.

The nine carronades still in condition were put into form; the whole nine on one side, that towards the enemy.

The squadron had on its part not less silently completed its manœuvres. The eight vessels now formed a semicircle, of which the Minquiers made the chord. The *Claymore*, enclosed in this semicircle, and into the bargain tied down by her anchors, was backed by the reef—that is to say, by shipwreck.

It was like a pack of hounds about a wild boar, not yet giving tongue, but showing their teeth.

It seemed as if on the one side and the other they awaited some signal.

The gunners of the *Claymore* stood to their pieces.

Boisberthelot said to La Vieuville, "I should like to open fire."

"A coquette's whim," replied La Vieuville.

To be continued.

* Marine Archives: State of the Fleet in 1793.

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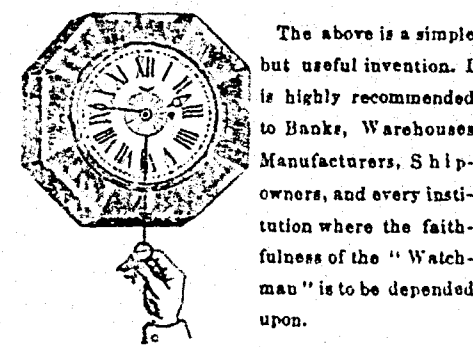
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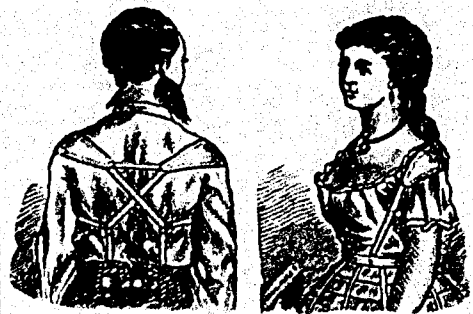
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