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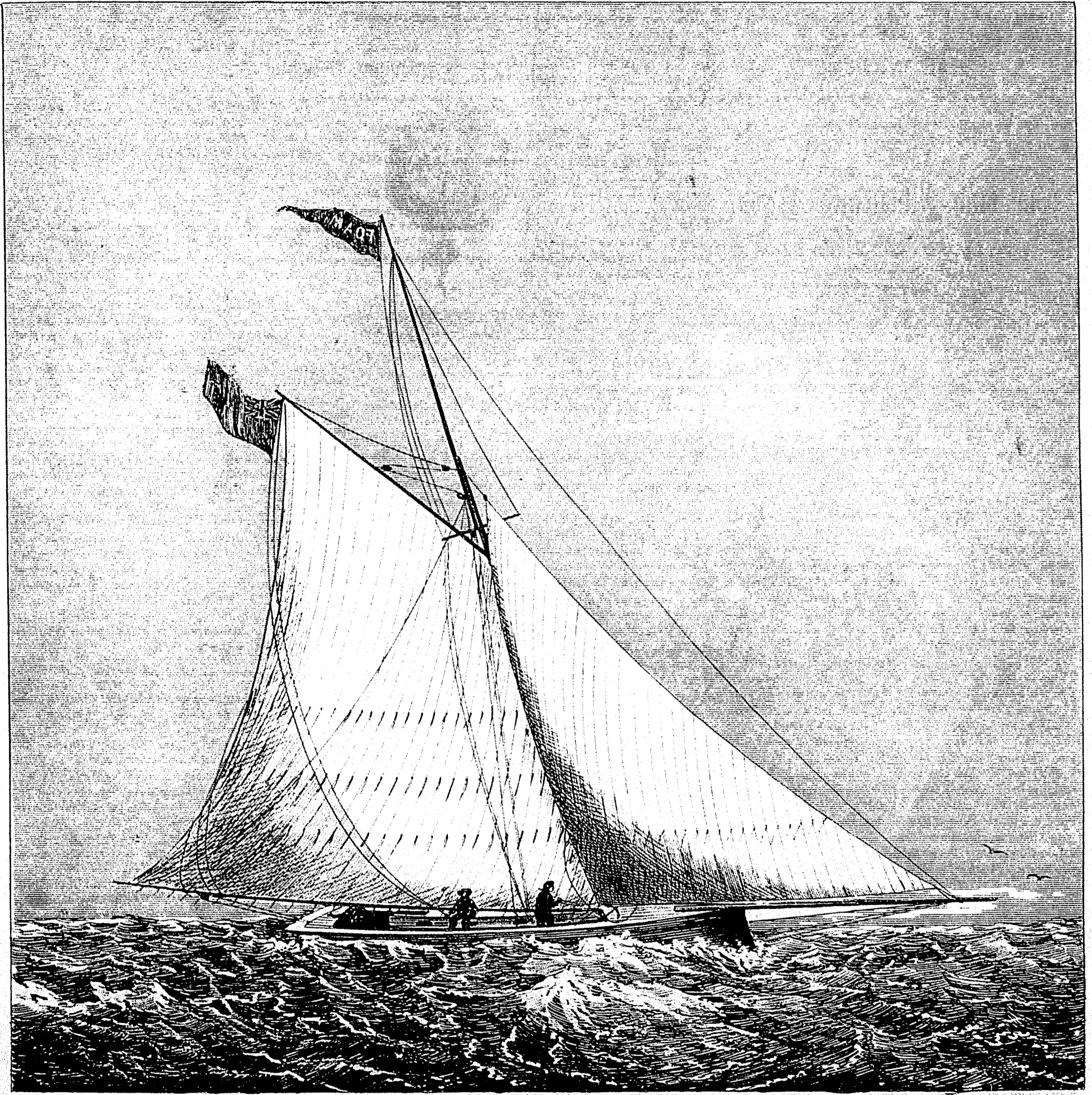
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Wholesale News

Vol. X.—No. 5.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1874.

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THE YACHT "FOAM."—FROM A SKETCH BY W. ARMSTRONG, TORONTO.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS..... \$4.00 per annum
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Notice.

Owing to unavoidable delay in obtaining portraits of
 the officers of the

DEAF AND DUMB

Teachers' Association,

we shall be unable to produce such portraits before the
 number of the 15th August.

Canadian Illustrated News.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1874.

THE BEECHER-TILTON AFFAIR.

The scandal over which the cities of Brooklyn and New York in particular, and the continent of North America in general, are now agitated, may fairly be said to have taken its place among the *causes célèbres* of the world. The high social position of the parties concerned, the well-known religious character of the accused and the equally well-known erratic views of the accuser, the grave nature of the charges made, and the persistence with which these charges have been denied, all combine to raise the Beecher-Tilton affair far above the ordinary run of scandals. It is very far from being our intention to enter into the details of the case or to discuss the probability or improbability of the evidence elicited by the Plymouth Church Committee of Investigation. Indeed it is with the utmost reluctance that we touch upon the matter at all. The subject is not an inviting one, though unfortunately the issues involved are so great that a thorough discussion is not to be avoided. There are, however, two points in the matter which cannot be dismissed without notice, and in neglecting which the journalist would fail in his duty.

The first of these is the remarkable tone of hostility to Tilton for which the New York journals have been remarkable since the "scandal" became matter of public attention. The whole number of New York dailies, with one honourable exception, seem to have combined to pour the vials of their wrath upon the accuser's head. No language has been too strong for them to describe his action; no epithet too rude to depict himself. In the torrents of abuse they have lavished upon him they have exhausted the vocabulary of Billingsgate. They have held him up to scorn and contumely as the blight of his wife's honour, and the would-be destroyer of his pastor's reputation; they have condemned him as a liar and a profligate—a being for whom there should be no place among his kind. Their violence in denouncing him has only been equalled by the petulance with which they cried out against any aspersion on the character of Mr. Beecher. Without the slightest fact upon which to base their assertions, or the merest shadow of an argument beyond the feminine chain of reasoning, 'it is so, because it is so,' they have taken upon themselves, even while an inquiry is pending, to decide as to the merits of the case, to set up the pastor of Plymouth Church as a much persecuted member of the noble army of martyrs, and to brand his accuser as a villain of the true diabolic dye. Such a course of action was hardly to be expected from journals of the class to which the New York dailies belong. From them at least we were entitled to look for a suspension of judgment until the facts of the case should have been elicited. By their headlong eagerness to defend Mr. Beecher they have only injured his cause and strengthened the hands of the enemy.

But if the leaders of public opinion in the States have grossly erred on the side of favouritism, what must be said of the court of investigation before which the inquiry is now going on. The inquiry must necessarily lead to the life-long ruin of at least one person. It is a matter of the deepest importance, involving a question of moral life and death. Naturally one would have supposed that a matter of such vital interest would have been committed to an impartial arbitration for thorough investigation and final decision. It was necessary that no question of favouritism or personal interest should have been allowed to blind the judgment or corrupt the honesty of those to whom was committed the difficult task of sifting the evidence upon which lay the honour and reputation of accuser and accused alike. And it was further indispensable that the proper means should have been taken to allow of none but reliable and truthful evidence being adduced. But what are the facts of the case? The members of the committee of investigation represent Plymouth Church. They were chosen by Mr. Beecher. They are personal friends of Mr. Beecher. They have an interest in his acquittal. Again, as to the evidence adduced. It is mere assertion, unsupported by oath; and therefore utterly valueless. Should Mr. Beecher be absolved by his judges, the absolution, in such circumstances would carry no weight with it. Matters would stand just where they did before, with the additional feature that a cloud of suspicion would rest upon Mr. Beecher's following. The public will never be satisfied with any decision that does not come from a competent court of law, and the proceedings now being carried on, be they as long, (as wearisome they already are) as those in the Tichborne case, will never have the slightest effect upon the general opinion. This hole-and-corner business will not do. If Mr. Tilton wants justice he must take his case into the courts. If Mr. Beecher wants to free himself from a grave suspicion, he will never rest until the charges against him are submitted to a full, free, and unprejudiced enquiry, such as can only be obtained in a court of law.

CANADIAN MANUFACTURES.

The Select Committee appointed at the last Session of Parliament, to inquire into the extent and condition of the manufactures of the Dominion, have published a very interesting and important report. The chief conclusions to which they have arrived are altogether deserving of public attention. It appears that the competition with the United States is seriously complained of. American manufacturers, having the exclusive control of their own market, find it convenient to relieve themselves of their surplus products in Canada, in many instances at prices less than the cost of production, thus making of Canada what is popularly denominated a "Slaughter Market." This disturbing element in the manufacturing industry of the Dominion is so great as to induce even those who may regard free trade as a correct principle, in the abstract, to recognize the necessity of a modification of that principle as a measure of self-protection, and the Committee do not hesitate to recommend the enactment of such laws as will regulate the evil complained of. The almost universal testimony of manufacturers is to the effect that an increased protection to manufactures will not necessarily increase the cost of the manufactured article to the consumer, as it is a well-established principle that the cost of manufacturing decreases as the quantity of goods manufactured increases. Although the export trade in manufactured articles has not yet been developed to any extent, it has been ascertained that in some classes of goods already a successful attempt has been made to place them upon foreign markets. Therefore, the encouragement of this trade, as tending to enlarge the market for our manufactures, and thus to promote their prosperity, and at the same time to increase our foreign commerce, should be effected by all legitimate means. To accomplish this object the Committee recommend that a drawback should be granted on all materials used in manufactures used for export. Attention has been called to the condition of certain classes of manufacturers who pay, under the existing tariff, the same amount of duty upon what to them is raw material as is paid on the manufactured article. More particularly is this true of clothing and haberdashery. The woollen manufacturers complain that they suffer in their business by the importation from Europe of low-priced woollen cloths, and ask the Government to impose a scale of duties graduated upon the quality of the article. Evidence was taken touching the introduction into Canada of American reprints of British copyright works. While the privilege of publishing the aforesaid reprints in Canada is granted to the publishers of the United States, it is denied, under severe penalties, to the publishers of Canada. It goes without saying that this state of things calls

far a prompt and energetic remedy." The Committee publishes the emphatic belief that permanency is an important element in any tariff, and that it should be so adjusted as to afford adequate protection to existing industries, and to invite the attention of capitalists to branches of industry which as yet have not been successful in this country, and which are yet untried.

The loss of the "Foam" must carry its moral. Vessels of her class sacrifice everything to speed. The quarters run down to almost nothing above the water and not even a little bulwark is allowed around them for safety. That this mode of construction is all wrong may be guessed from the fact that the English clubs will not allow any centre board yacht to enter for a race. Such boats as the ill-fated "Foam" require experienced, hard-fisted sailors to work them, and even they admit that they never feel safe while on board in anything like bad weather. "Skimming dishes" is a term that has been applied to those models and we fear it is only too truthfully expressive.

THE DEAF AND DUMB.

THEIR MENTAL AND MORAL CONDITION.—HISTORY OF THEIR INSTRUCTION.—WHAT HAS BEEN DONE FOR THEM.—THE PROTESTANT INSTITUTION FOR DEAF-MUTES, MONTREAL.—METHODS OF INSTRUCTION.

BY THOMAS WIDD, MONTREAL.

For many centuries a mystery has hung over the deaf and dumb which few persons have been able to fathom. They are continually confounded with the blind and idiotic, and many intelligent and benevolent people have suggested that they should be shut up in asylums for feeble-minded! Another mistake, or rather superstition, of greater antiquity, concerning deaf-mutes is that where nature takes away one sense, she supplies the next to it in importance in greater perfection, and on this principle it is believed that the person afflicted with deafness is to some extent compensated by greater acuteness of vision and mental perception. This is an error which teachers in deaf-mute institutions are striving to correct in all countries at the present day. Deaf-mutes have generally very imperfect sight, and in almost every instance there is great dullness of intellect, so much so that they are only a little removed from cretinism. Their condition before education is terrible to contemplate. The natural avenues to the mind are hermetically sealed and other means of reaching it have to be employed. As long as he remains uneducated he can never know the wondrous love of God, or have any ideas of right or wrong. He is an irresponsible being and is held as such in the courts of justice in several civilized countries. The heathen possesses a vocal language and is accessible to the missionary, but the deaf-mute knows no language previous to instruction. He does not know his own name or the alphabet of his mother tongue. From this fact the reader will be enabled to form some idea of the difficulties to be encountered by the teacher in the instruction of this class of people.

HISTORY OF THEIR INSTRUCTION.

No record of the deaf and dumb has been found in ancient history previous to the Christian Era. The first mention we have of a deaf-mute is found in Scripture, where Christ pronounced the potent "Ephphatha." The Venerable Bede mentions an instance in the seventh century, of an English deaf-mute having been taught to repeat sentences by John, Bishop of Hesham, but we are not told by what method he was instructed. About 800 years later, in 1442, we find that one Rodolphus Agricola, of Fröningen, succeeded in teaching a deaf-mute to write his thoughts. This was regarded at the time as miraculous, and was attributed to Satanic influences by the ignorant clergy, who for a long time afterwards opposed and discouraged all attempts to ameliorate the condition of this afflicted class, stating "that by educating the deaf and dumb they are exposed to the danger of damnation, from which, left unobstructed, they would be exempt." But, notwithstanding this opposition, we find one, Father Ronce, an enlightened Benedictine, devoting all his energies and talents to their education in 1580. In the year 1620 another Benedictine, named Juan Paulo Bonet, invented the one-hand alphabet for their instruction, which gave birth to the system of dactylogogy. This invention was quickly followed by another of no less importance—the two-hand alphabet. The inventor of this alphabet was a Scotchman named George Dalgarno, a man of no small learning and ability, who, we regret to say, now lies in a nameless grave in St. Mary's Churchyard, Oxford, England.

From the invention of the finger alphabet dates the era proper of deaf-mute instruction. The high honour of having conceived a plan for their instruction belongs to Dr. John Wallis, a distinguished mathematician and cryptologist, who for many years was connected with the colleges at Oxford, where he died about the year 1676. The celebrated Abbé de l'Épée next came into the field and started the famous Institution at Paris. He was followed almost simul-

taneously by Braidwood in Britain, and others in different countries in Europe, where several Institutions for the instruction of deaf-mutes were commenced. In America the pioneers in this branch of education, were Professors Gallaudet, Clec, Weld, Hutton, Day, and Peel. In 1817 the American Asylum for deaf-mutes at Hartford, Connecticut, was opened, where, until a few years ago, many deaf-mutes from Canada have been instructed. Soon after the Asylum at Hartford was begun, the celebrated Institution at New York was opened with five or six pupils, which has gone on increasing in usefulness and numbers to the present day. It has now the largest number of pupils in any deaf-mute Institution in the world—between 500 and 600. The good work had now taken root in almost every civilized country in Europe and America and it was pushed on with great energy. But the deaf-mute was still a puzzle to many great men, and an object of awe and superstition to the ignorant people, who believed them to be gifted with supernatural powers. The difficulties now were not with the mode of instructing the deaf-mutes, but with the public at large. Parents would not believe it possible that their afflicted children could be instructed till they had had sufficient optical demonstration of the fact, and many others looked on the scheme of instruction as a new imposture, and thought the "bubble would soon burst." But a few years of quiet and patient labour by those good men has removed much of the prejudice and doubt, and the number of schools for the deaf and dumb increase fast everywhere.

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE FOR THEM

We have it on the best authority that there are 445 institutions of all kinds for the deaf and dumb in the world, the great majority of them being in Europe and America. The United States has 38, and Great Britain 24 well-managed institutions for children. Asia has only three schools for her many thousands of deaf-mutes; while in Africa there is not one yet established, although the latest returns show that Cape Colony has 375 deaf-mutes. There has been a school for them very recently opened in Madagascar, on a small scale, by English missionaries. Australia has two excellent schools, but New Zealand has none. These 445 schools or institutions are to provide for the moral, religious, and intellectual training of some 650,000 deaf-mutes, scattered over the world. About 200 of them have been in active operation during the past fifty years, and on the most careful investigation, we find they have educated during that period no less than 96,500 deaf-mutes, who otherwise would have lived and died in total ignorance. To educate this large number of the human family, upwards of \$37,565,000 has been expended, a very large portion of which has been contributed by the benevolent. In some of the countries in Europe and the United States the education of deaf-mutes is taken up by Government, which has relieved the teachers of no little anxiety and labour to collect funds.

In Great Britain there are 22,400 deaf-mutes of all ages; no less than 6,000 are of school age. The number of deaf-mutes now under instruction is given at 2,120, taught by 96 teachers, leaving 3,880 totally unprovided for. The schools in Great Britain have educated during the past sixty years about 8,250 deaf-mutes, at a total expenditure of about \$12,855,000, raised entirely by subscriptions and fees of pupils. This large sum includes cost of buildings, wages and all the incidental expenses pertaining to deaf-mute institutions.

The census returns of the United States for 1870, show that there are 16,205 deaf and dumb in that great republic. About 7,562 are of school age; but we find that there are only 4,068 at present under instruction in the 38 institutions erected and maintained there for their benefit. These 4,068 pupils require the services of 260 teachers. Of the 16,205 deaf-mutes, 14,937 are white, and only 1,298 coloured. There are about 1,000 more deaf and dumb males than females in the United States, and in Great Britain there are about 1,500 more males than females of this class.

It is here worthy of remark that the large institution in Old Kent Road, London, has instructed no fewer than 2,270 deaf-mute children since it was opened in 1792. The Paris institution was founded as early as 1760, and has benefited some 2,000 deaf-mutes. The Yorkshire institution at Doncaster, where the writer was educated, has instructed 754 during 40 years of its existence. The American Asylum at Hartford has a list of 1,900 deaf-mutes on its books, who have been taught there during the past 53 years. The New York institution, after 40 years existence, under the management of Dr. Peel and his son, has given instruction to 1,600 pupils. Other institutions in the States and Britain have done similar good work.

The census returns of Canada of 1871 contain much valuable and interesting information about the deaf and dumb, who are, strange to say, classed with the number of persons unable to read and write! This is not a bad thing, because deaf-mutes are really unable to read or write until educated, and the compiler ought rather to be commended for the classification. The census bears evidence of having been very carefully taken, for the number of deaf-mutes returned in 1871 is almost twice as large as that returned in 1861, viz:—

NUMBER OF DEAF-MUTES IN CANADA IN 1871.

Quebec.....	1669
Ontario.....	1412
New Brunswick.....	306
Nova Scotia.....	441
Total in the four provinces.....	3828

Of these 2049 are males and 1779 females. If we include the deaf-mutes in Prince Edward Island, Newfoundland, British Columbia and the North West, the number in British North America would not be less than 4,000. To educate this large number of unfortunates there are five schools, which are filled at present to their utmost capacities. The honour of first taking up this benevolent work belongs to our Roman Catholic brethren in Montreal, who about thirty years ago opened two schools for them, and have under instruction at present about 150 pupils. Ontario next came forward to extend the hand of fellowship and sympathy to her deaf-mutes, by opening a school for them at Toronto, which was afterwards removed to Hamilton, and subsequently to Belleville. About fifteen years ago Nova Scotia commenced to instruct her deaf and dumb. We next come to

THE PROTESTANT INSTITUTION FOR DEAF-MUTES, MONTREAL.

In 1868-69 the Protestants in Montreal took a lively interest in the deaf-mute, and felt that it would not be fair to leave

their share of the good work to be done by their Roman Catholic fellow citizens, who had enough to do to educate deaf-mutes of their own faith. The subject was kept before the public for some months by the press of Montreal, and the deplorable condition of the uneducated deaf-mute was brought to light. The sympathies of the benevolent were aroused and a series of public meetings was held in Montreal. Diligent inquiry and investigation was made to ascertain whether there were enough deaf-mutes of Protestant parents to warrant the establishment of a school for their instruction. The number of deaf-mutes of school age in the province being found large enough, a society was formed, comprising all the most prominent Protestant citizens in Montreal, well known for their disinterested benevolence and activity in every good and Christian work. In 1869 they secured an Act of Incorporation for the Institution, which was opened in 1870 at Côte St. Antoine and the following officers were appointed:—

President, Charles Alexander; Vice-President, Thomas Cramp; Hon. Sec.-Treasurer, F. Mackenzie; Hon. Physician, Dr. Scott; Principal, Thomas Widd; Matron, Mrs. Widd.

The management was vested in a board of managers, largely consisting of ladies, well-known supporters of other charitable institutions in Montreal. The school opened with fifteen pupils on the 15th September 1870. The opening ceremony was performed by the present Metropolitan. The Principal and Matron immediately set to work with energy to instruct the pupils, who were nearly all totally ignorant of the Alphabet, and many people wondered how a beginning in their instruction could be made; but the teachers knew their business and the success of the school was complete, as was shown at the first public examination in the Mechanics' Hall, in June 1871, which was presided over by Principal Dawson of McGill College. During the summer of 1871 an examination tour throughout the province was made with two of the pupils, accompanied by the Principal and Secretary-Treasurer, and the results witnessed after nine months' instruction convinced all of the value of the training the pupils had received in the school. When the school re-opened in September 1871, the number of pupils increased, and an assistant teacher (Miss Clara Bulmer) was employed to teach articulation. But the accommodation being very limited, no more pupils could be admitted and efforts are now being made to secure a larger building with more land, to accommodate all the deaf-mutes of school age of the Protestant faith in the province of Quebec. The movement in this direction is making good progress, and it is to be hoped, that before long a suitable edifice will be erected.

The pupils are taught two trades besides the regular course of a good English education, viz: printing and carpentry. The former trade is taught by the Principal, and the success attained is witnessed in the annual Reports of the Institution printed by the boys, which would be a credit to any city printing office. They have also turned out an interesting little volume written by the Principal entitled, "A Companion and Guide for Deaf-mutes." A large quantity of the furniture used by the Institution has been made by the boys in the carpentry shop. Prof. Duncan has recently been employed teaching the pupils the higher branches of drawing and sepia and some of the pupils have much talent in this line.

More money is needed to extend the usefulness of this benevolent Institution. Much of the expense is borne by a few Montreal Protestant citizens. The Government of the Province gives it a grant of \$1,000, and some of the pupils who are able pay \$100 a year for board and tuition, but the majority of the pupils are free.

THE METHODS OF INSTRUCTION.

There are three distinct systems of instruction employed in deaf-mute schools, which have been in force for about a century:

1. The *Natural Method*. This system is based on a free use of the natural language of the deaf-mute, and is known as Pantomime. This is employed only as a means to the end in view, which is to give the mute a knowledge of grammar and the idioms of his vernacular, and empower him to read understandingly and write correctly the language of his country. This system was founded by the good Abbé de l'Épée of Paris, and is employed in the British and American schools. The study of the articulation forms but a small part of the regular education where this system is employed.

2. The *Artificial Method* is a system founded by one Heinicke, a Saxon, who pursued successfully the occupations of farmer, soldier, schoolmaster, and chanter at Opendorff, and who died in 1790. This system aims at developing, by unnatural processes, the power of speech, and the educating of the eye of the pupil to perform as far as possible the part of the ear by discussing the meaning of spoken words from the changes of the vocal organs. It takes a much longer time to educate the pupils by this system than by other methods, and more painful efforts on the part of the pupil. Indeed in many cases it is so painful to the poor deaf-mute as to cause blood to issue from the mouth.

3. The *Combined Method* is a system embracing the first and second methods above named. In schools employing this system the greatest success is attained. The teachers recognize the utility of the sign language at every stage of instruction. They give more or less attention to spoken language, especially to pupils who lost their hearing after learning to talk and who have thus acquired some knowledge through the ear. This system is now the most successful and popular in Europe and America, and it is doubtful if a better can be invented to take its place. It is the system employed in the Protestant Institution for deaf-mutes at Montreal.

The founders of the artificial method asserted that the command of spoken language was absolutely necessary to the development of the intellectual powers and education depended on the ability of the pupil to acquire speech! The system founded by the good Abbé de l'Épée differs widely from that of Heinicke. The former, who, as mentioned elsewhere, was the father of the natural method, "found no inherent obstacles in the way of mental development, took the poor deaf-mute as he found him, already possessed of a language—the language of natural signs." Heinicke is said to have based his principles on a metaphysical blunder, assigning the deaf-mute to an abnormal state, affirming that "the written word could never become the medium of thought!" If the time is to come when the deaf-mute will be taught articulation with any degree of success and lasting benefit, it will be by a new system called "Visible Speech." This system has been invented by Prof. A. M. Bell, the celebrated elocutionist, late of London, Eng., and now residing in Brantford, Ont. It constitutes a

new species of phonetic writing, based, not on sounds, but on the actions of the vocal organs in producing them. The sounds of all languages can be represented by this system, which claims to be so perfect as to represent any sound the human mouth can utter, so that a person unacquainted with a language could pronounce it at sight. The system is being tried in several large deaf-mute Institutions in the States and Britain, with the most encouraging results. Time alone will decide as to what amount of success this wonderful system will attain in teaching the deaf and dumb to talk. The following are the uses to which Visible Speech is adapted:—

1. The teaching of the illiterate in all countries to read their vernacular tongue in a few days.
2. The teaching of the blind to read.
3. The teaching of articulation to deaf-mutes.
4. The communication of the exact sounds of foreign languages to learners in all countries.
5. The establishment of a standard of the native pronunciation of any language.
6. The prevention and removal of defects and impediments of speech.
7. The telegraphic communication of messages in any language through all countries without translation.
8. The study, comparison, and pre-ervation of fast-disappearing dialects, and the universal tracing of the affinities of words.
9. The speedy diffusion of the languages of another country throughout the most widely separated colonies.
10. The world-wide communication of any specific sounds with absolute uniformity, and consequently, the possible construction and establishment of a universal language.

THE DEAF-MUTE CONVENTION.

In accordance with a resolution adopted by the Executive Committee of Deaf-Mute teachers at Belleville in October last, the delegates to the eighth Convention of that body assembled in Belleville on the 15th ult. All told they numbered between one hundred and fifty and two hundred persons, including members from all parts of the States and Canada, and representatives of the press from New York, Boston, Montreal, Toronto, and other cities. The visitors began to arrive already on the Tuesday preceding the opening day, but by far the larger number came in with the early trains on the Wednesday morning. At the depot they were met and conveyed to the Institution, which had been transformed into an immense hotel for their especial accommodation.

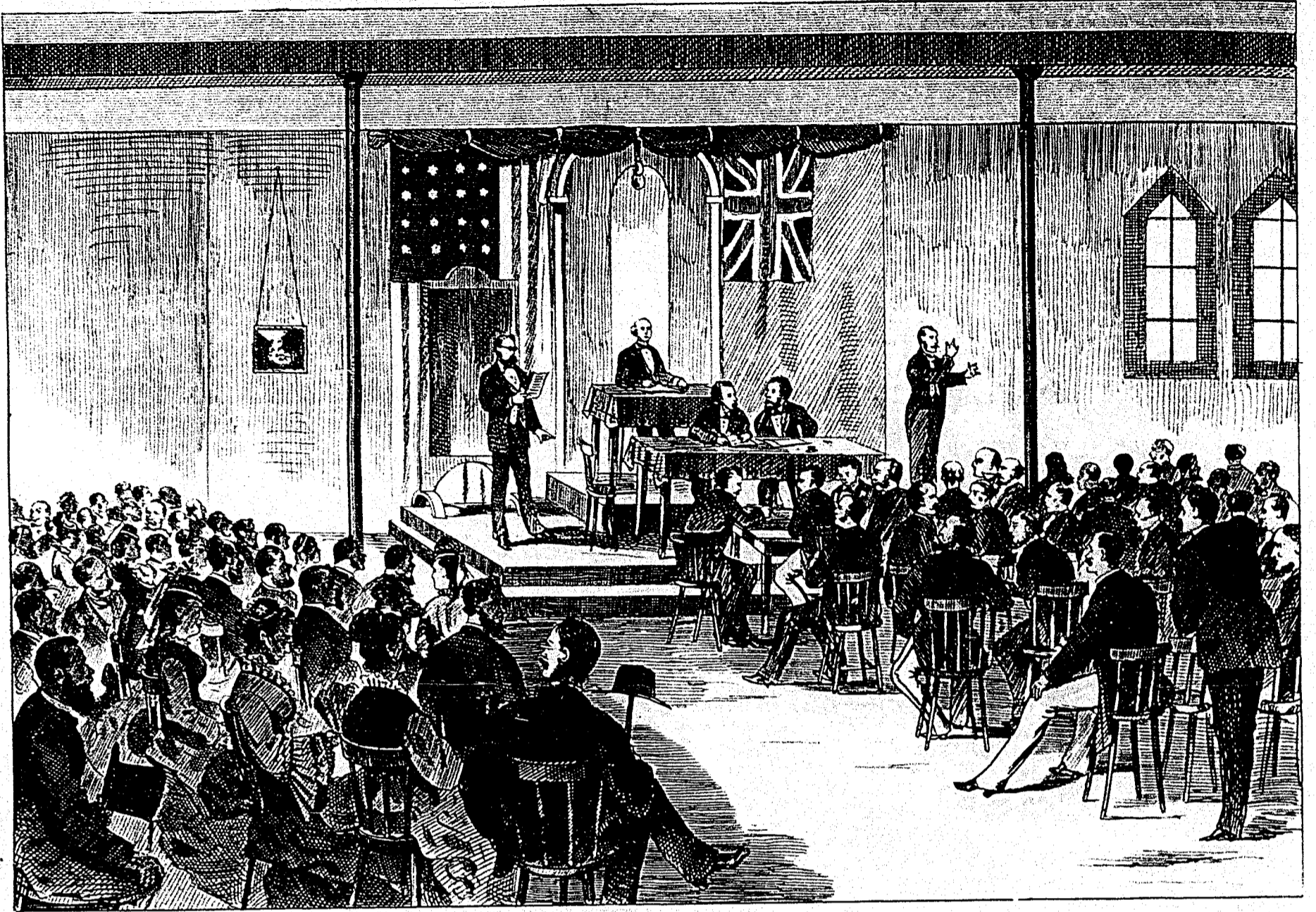
The Belleville Institution is a large red brick building, standing about a mile and a half out of town on the road to Trenton. It was opened by Lieut.-Governor Howland in October, 1870, and has since that time been under the efficient supervision of Dr. W. J. Palmer, who has long been engaged in the instruction of deaf-mutes in connection with the Institution at Raleigh, N. C. On Dr. Palmer's shoulders fell the whole onus of entertaining his numerous visitors, and the hearty and grateful leave-takings between the guests and their host at the close of the sittings of the Convention bore ample testimony to the genial and generous manner in which he carried out his difficult undertaking. During the six days that the Convention lasted he was ubiquitous and indefatigable in attending to the wants of his guests, all of whom have carried away with them the most pleasant recollections of their stay in Belleville and of the unvarying kindness and equanimity of the much taxed but ever good humoured Principal of the Institution.

On arriving at the Institution buildings the visitors were assigned their quarters, and at two o'clock in the afternoon all sat down to dinner. Here some amusing *contretemps* occurred, and happy were those who understood the sign language. As the majority of the waiters were deaf-mutes those to whom it had not been given to go to Corinth found themselves in a predicament. But difficulties soon vanished, the arbitrary signs for the various viands were quickly acquired, and thereafter the uninitiated had no difficulty in obtaining what they desired. But it was sufficiently amusing to see an elderly gentleman who had brought to table a fine appetite edged by a hard morning's work compelled, owing to his ignorance of the sign language, to make the greater part of his dinner off soup. Thrice did this unhappy mortal endeavour to give the attendant to understand that he did not want soup; and thrice did his plate come to him filled with soup. The fourth time he changed his tactics, and presented the waiter with his plate inverted. But it was useless; the gods were unpropitious, and a fourth time he was served with soup. Fortunately at this juncture timely rescue arrived and the persecuted gentleman was enabled to pursue his dinner *secundum artem*. It was amusing too, to watch the animated conversation kept up between the deaf-mutes in that bewildering sign-language of theirs, which they manage so smoothly and so rapidly that it is difficult for an outsider to distinguish any one sign. How they chattered in dumb show; how their eyes lightened up as they nodded to each other in token of comprehension. *Apropos* of the eyes, here is a physiological query we would like to address to the deaf-mute instructors: Is the proportion of deaf-mutes larger among dark than among fair people? Certainly those present at Belleville were, we believe without an exception, dark—the possessors of magnificent brown eyes, deep, soft, and intensely intelligent, the true Homeric "ox-eye."

Dinner over the company strolled about the buildings and grounds until four o'clock, when the Convention was formally opened. Our artist has given us a sketch of the scene. In the chair sits Dr. Turner, of Connecticut, the newly elected president, a venerable gentleman who for fifty-three years has been engaged in teaching the deaf and dumb; on his right the chairman of a committee is reading his report, which the interpreter, on the opposite side of the platform, is translating as quick as the reader utters the words, into the sign language. The audience is composed of a number of ladies and gentlemen, the latter slightly preponderating. The ladies, however, were in full enjoyment of their rights, voting on the same footing as the gentlemen.

While the afternoon's proceedings, which were confined to mere details of organization, were going on in the lecture room, Dr. May, of the Ontario Educational Department, was

THE CONVENTION OF TEACHERS OF THE DEAF AND DUMB IN BELLEVILLE.



OPENING OF THE CONVENTION IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM OF THE ONTARIO INSTITUTION.

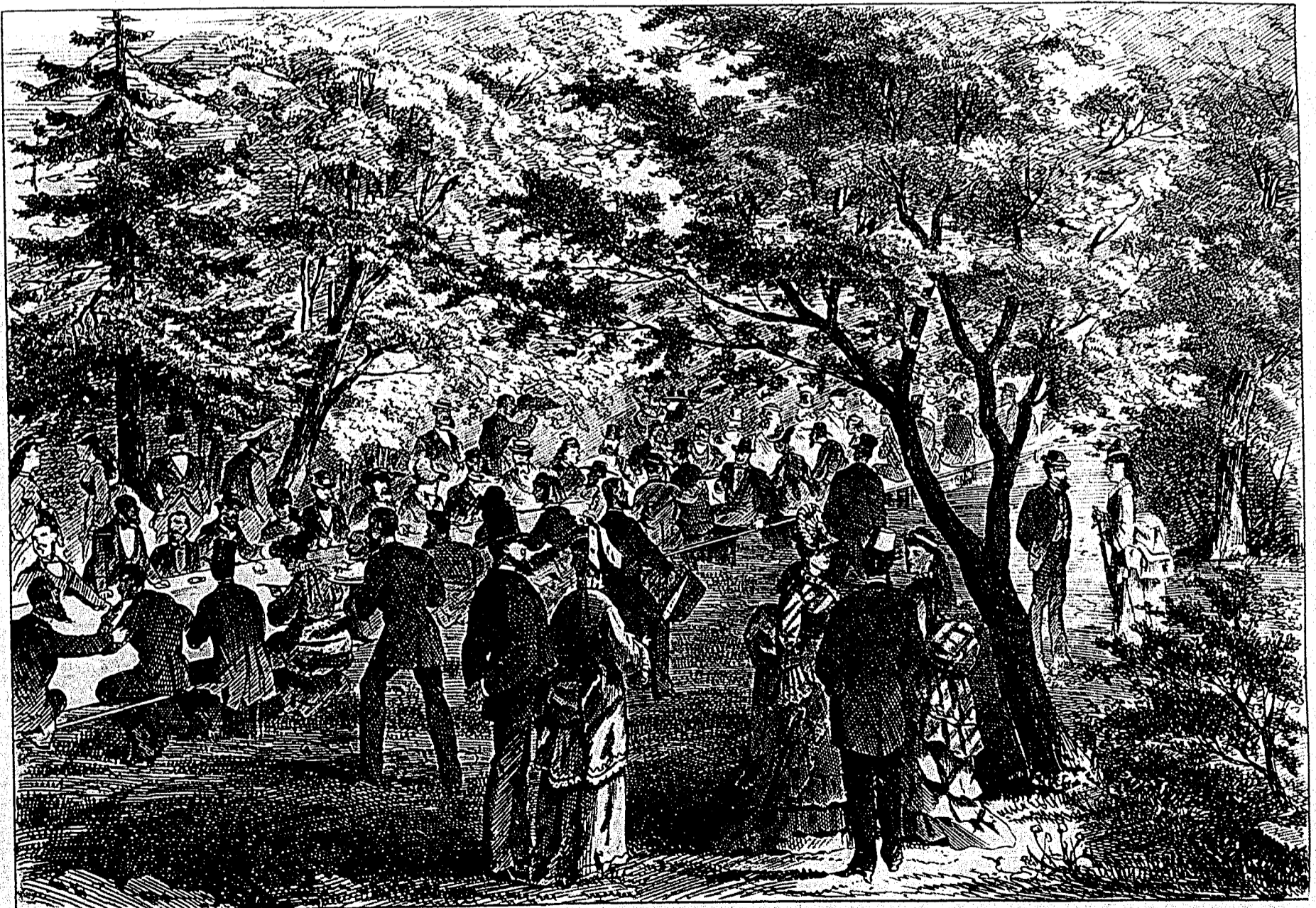


THE BANQUET IN THE TOWN HALL.

THE CONVENTION OF TEACHERS OF THE DEAF AND DUMB IN BELLEVILLE.



EXHIBITION OF EDUCATIONAL APPLIANCES.



THE DINNER IN THE GROVE, AT THE SAND BANKS.

busy with two assistants in the museum, arranging the collection of educational appliances he had brought with him from the Toronto Normal School. This embraced a number of text-books, charts, anatomical models, philosophical instruments, &c., on which the Dr. on the following Friday evening delivered an interesting, but all too short lecture to the delegates.

At six o'clock the convention rose to meet next morning for the reading of certain papers, &c., of which, as of the other business transacted during the week, a complete *résumé* was given in last week's issue. In the evenings, when no third session took place, the visitors at the Institution indulged in a dance, which was heartily enjoyed by speakers and speechless alike, and which doubtless gave rise to much saying of soft nothings and finger flirting on both sides. There is, at least, good reason to believe so, from the fact that several young gentlemen present on these occasions, who at the time of their arrival at Belleville were totally ignorant of the sign language, on a future occasion developed an all-to-be-wondered-at proficiency therein, much to the envy and disgust of their less favoured brethren.

On Thursday evening, the 16th, the delegates and visitors were entertained by the Mayor and Corporation of Belleville and the County Council at the Town Hall. An address of welcome was delivered by the Hon. Billa Flint, and after a number of sentiments had been proposed and responded to the company adjourned to the covered market below the Hall, where refreshments were served.

On Sunday services were held in the sign language at the Institute, both morning and evening. These services consisted of prayer, discourses, and singing, all in the sign language. The last, hymn-singing, is performed by the audience signing the words of the hymn in time, following the conductor. As may be imagined, the effect is most singular to those who witness it for the first time. In the afternoon a special service was held in St. Thomas's Episcopal Church by the incumbent, the Rev. Dr. Burke, Dr. Gallaudet acting as interpreter. A feature of this service was the baptism of the child of a deaf-mute couple resident in Belleville; the infant, it is interesting to know, is not afflicted with the infirmity of its parents.

Monday, the 20th ult., was set apart for the crowning event of the visit to Belleville, viz., the excursion to Picton and the picnic at the Sand Banks. This was another of Dr. Palmer's 'happy thoughts' for the entertainment of his guests, and one in which, as in all others, he succeeded à merveille. At 7 a.m. the steamer "Rochester" left the wharf at Belleville, after having previously called at the Institution for the Principal's guests. The boat was crowded, and a great deal of quiet fun took place among the more lively passengers as she steamed swiftly down the Bay. Picton was reached shortly after eleven. The whole population of this lovely little town seemed to be collected on the banks to welcome the excursionists, and cheer upon cheer was given as the steamer reached her moorings. It was an understood thing that the entertainment at the Sand Banks was to be given by the people of the county of Prince Edward, but the visitors were certainly not aware of the length the Prince Edward people were prepared to go in their welcome. On reaching the top of the hill on which the town stands, the road was found to be covered for a half mile in length with vehicles—gigs, chaises, carriages, standing three deep. Into these the guests were drafted, and then the secret came out. All through the county the farmers had volunteered their services, with horses and carriages, free, gratis, and for nothing, to convey the visitors to the Sand Banks—a distance of fifteen miles—and back. And this, be it borne in mind, in the height of the haying season. Some of these good-hearted fellows were even disappointed that the number of visitors was not large enough to fill all the accommodation that offered. Others, again, were surprised at not getting a load of deaf-mutes. "They told me," said one of these last, (whom a little party of five will always hold in kindly and grateful remembrance) as his carriage stopped at Picton on the return—"they told me that I'd have to drive thirty miles without speaking a word or having a word spoken to me, but blame me if I've ever had better fun; and for deaf and dumb people I never saw such a lively crowd."

When all the visitors had been accommodated the carriages, some seventy-five in number, formed in line, with the Picton band at its head and a band from Belleville behind. In this manner did the procession parade through the streets of Picton, where all business seemed to have been suspended, and the people crowded to the doors and windows to see the show. At a little after one the long line of carriages reached the Sand Banks, after a pleasant fifteen mile drive through some of the most thriving country in the Dominion, and over roads that would put to shame the leading thoroughfares in many of our cities. More than one jaded dweller in cities felt like exclaiming: "It is good to be in Prince Edward; come, let us set up our tabernacle here." But it was of no use; Stern Necessity sat in the distance beckoning with her instruments of compulsion. So there was nothing for it but to drop the subject, and to follow the Epicurean poet's advice about enjoying the present. And a thoroughly pleasant present it proved to be. On alighting the visitor's eyes were greeted by the delightful spectacle of a pleasantly cool and shady grove under which a long table covered with good things stretched far away into the distance. The seats were soon filled, notwithstanding the length of the accommodation, and the table soon cleared. The truthful chronicler blushes to record the fact, but truth is mighty and will prevail. Three times was that long stretch of table laid by Prince Edward hospitality, and three times was it cleared by the famished guests. Fortunately the eaters were from all parts of North America, so it is impossible for any one State or Province to make invidious comparisons. Dinner over the visitors adjourned to the Sand Banks. These are one vast drift of fine white sand, extending for a distance of over half a mile along the shore of Lake Ontario, and running back a quarter of a mile. Everything, with the exception of one huge poplar, has been overcome by the sand as it drifts in across the lake. In some places it rises into hillocks sixty feet high, in others it sinks into hollows with a depth of only twenty feet. But it is constantly shifting, and consequently the conformation of the bank continually changes. Under the solitary poplar tree the delegates to the Convention had their last meeting, and having closed their business with several votes of thanks returned to the grove at the foot of the bank. Here a group of huxom Prince Edward lasses had gathered in evident expectation of a dance. For what else had the visitors brought two bands with them, to be sure? But they were doomed to disappointment. Speech-

making was the order of the day, and the Prince Edward belles—and well do they deserve the name, for prettier are not in the Dominion—were fain to content themselves with a pout at their visitors' unhandsome return for their generosity and their efforts to please. But their revenge was at hand. Long before the speech-makers were wearied of hearing themselves talk, their audience was tired of listening. The carriages were brought out and before eight o'clock the advance guard of the returning crowd had reached Picton. At nine the "Rochester" came in and the party of visitors embarked. There was some dancing on the return trip and a light repast had been provided by Dr. Palmer, but neither the one nor the other were very extensively patronized. Between twelve and one the boat reached the wharf at the Institution, and landed those who intended staying for the night. Here, however, she too was compelled to stay, for a thick fog suddenly fell, which completely obscured all the lights of the Bay. It was on this occasion that his Worship the Mayor of Belleville distinguished himself by a *bon mot*. "Am I," he cried indignantly, as he watched the fast falling fog, "Am I, or am I not the Mayor of Belleville, that this miserable fog dares to visit the city without my leave?" (N.B. The writer is not responsible for this story. He had it from a friend of the can't-see-a-joke-without-a-surgical-operation kind, who at the same time, while watching the fog, confided his opinion that the Mayor was a fool.)

Thus the proceedings of the Eighth Convention of the Teachers of the Deaf and Dumb came to a close, after a most successful and satisfactory series of meetings. Several of the visitors remained a day or two in the town to enjoy the hospitality of their friends, and the beautiful scenery in the neighbourhood, as also to take advantage of the admirable fishing that the Bay affords. Certainly those who had occasion to be present in Belleville during the sitting of the Convention will not quickly forget the lovely little City of the Bay or the boundless hospitality of its inhabitants. The very places of public entertainment are more like homes than hotels. At the Dafeo House, where several of the delegates stopped, enough could hardly be done to make visitors comfortable, and the general verdict was that the city hotels would do well to take a leaf from this admirably conducted establishment. There is not that curse of caravanserai-life, the "gentlemanly hotel clerk," so called, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, on account of the absence in his composition of any one gentleman-like quality. The Dafeo is fortunate in the absence of this being from between its walls, and is still more fortunate in the presence of a manager whose name is known among the travelling community as a sure guarantee for comfort and attention. Under Mr. Borradaile's proprietorship and with Mr. Benson as manager the Dafeo may be reckoned upon as a model house, where the guest will at once find himself on a home footing, and where the sportsman can make the best arrangements for seeking his pleasure. And, *en passant*, we may mention that some famous fishing is to be had in the neighbourhood, while the boating is not to be surpassed.

The next Convention of the Association of Teachers will be held four years from this. Next year a Convention for Principals of Institutions only will be held at some place yet to be fixed.

In the issue of the News of the 15th will appear the portraits of the new office-holders and of Dr. W. J. Palmer, and also a view of the Ontario Institution at Belleville.

DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

The annual subvention of 800,000fr. is to be maintained to the French Opera.

Active efforts are again being made to provide the necessary funds for a monument to Mendelssohn at Leipzig.

The Boston *Transcript* says that Mr. Ernest Perabo, of that city, has received a note from the Rev. W. H. Beecher, enclosing a cheque for a handsome sum for the relatives of Beethoven.

Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Mdle. Albani, and Signor Bettini had the honour of singing before the Queen and the Royal Family on the 4th ult. at Windsor Castle. Mr. W. G. Cousins presided at the piano-forte.

At Strasbourg, for the first time since 1870, the Prussian authorities have permitted the performance of French plays. "La Fille de Madame Angot" was lately performed amid great applause. The house was crowded, although the prices for admission were high. The German plays, which had been performed previously at very low prices, had completely failed to attract the inhabitants.

A new opera has just been written by a Frenchman, M. Saint-Saens. The subject is "Samson," and there are three principal parts—Samson, written for a barytone, a Philistine priest, who is the tenor, and Delila, a contralto.

The Palais Royal Theatre is the only theatre in Paris in which the employés are benefited by the receipts of the theatre, they having a certain percentage on the moneys received, and it is stated that it is a profitable arrangement for the director of the theatre.

Madame Nilsson, after the completion of her Russian engagement, will come to Paris to open the new Grand Opera House, if it be finished, on the 1st of January, 1875, as Ophelia, in "Hamlet," with M. Faure in the title part.

It is stated that M. Marc, formerly director of the Strasbourg Theatre, has abandoned his establishment there, as he cannot submit to amuse a German public. To recompense him for his patriotic conduct, the Préfet of the Seine has offered him the lease of the Théâtre Lyrique.

Meyerbeer's "Camp de Silésie," composed for Berlin, with Madame Jenny Lind as prima donna, is to be revived, to celebrate the confirmation of the eldest son of the Imperial Prince. Frederick the Great is the hero of the "Camp of Silesia," the music of which the composer transferred to the "Etoile du Nord," when that opera was produced in Paris.

The fifth centenary of Petrarch's death was to have been commemorated at Avignon. The fêtes were to last three days, the 18th, 19th, and 20th inst., and begin by a formal reception of delegates from the French Académie and similar provincial bodies, and Italian literary societies. Subsequently the bust of Petrarch was to be carried in triumph to the Hotel de Ville. On the 19th there was a grand bull-fight, and on the concluding day a musical festival, where the prize poems on the great poet were read, and the prizes awarded.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE YACHT "FOAM."—This ill-fated vessel was lost in Lake Ontario, on the 11th ult. She has since been raised and found to be only partially injured. Seven young men were lost in her: Charles Edward Anderson, Weir Anderson, Robert C. Henderson, Jas. H. Murray, C. V. W. Vernon, V. H. Taylor, and Philip Braddon. Several of the bodies have since been recovered and buried at Niagara. We have expressed our opinion editorially on the build of the "Foam" in another column.

THE DEAF AND DUMB CONVENTION.—We give a series of sketches by our own artist of this interesting convention, held in Belleville, week before last, of which we gave a report in our preceding issue. For an explanation of the sketches we refer to a detailed account in another part of the present number. In connection with the same subject, we append a portrait of Thos. Wild, Principal of the Montreal Protestant Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and a view of that establishment, for full particulars of which the reader's attention is called to a paper by that gentleman printed elsewhere.

THE ORANGE PROCESSION IN TORONTO is a representation of the anniversary of the 12th July, as celebrated this year in the metropolis of Ontario.

THE RUINS OF THE CHICAGO FIRE.—The late fire in Chicago created an almost world-wide excitement, in view of the former disaster which almost ruined the Prairie City. Our sketch, obtained from an artist on the spot, gives an idea of the melancholy ruins.

TEMPORARY QUARTERS.—These animals are taking it easy in their snug quarters, under the delusion that the elegant new room was intended specially for their exclusive use. The housemaid will come along pretty soon, however, and her flashing broom-handle will speedily disabuse the intruders.

ODDITIES.

OFF 'CHANGE.—A financial speculator of great energy and enterprise, being stricken with a dangerous malady, said, sharply, "What's my chance, doctor?" "Not worth speaking of." "Oae in twenty?" "Oh, no!" "In thirty?" "No." "Fifty?" "I think not." "A hundred?" "Well, perhaps there may be one in a hundred." "I say, then, doctor," pulling him close down, and whispering with feeble earnestness in his ear, "just go in a smasher on that one chance!"

A Saratoga belle, who six months ago was so languid that she could scarcely support herself at the altar, now throws a flat-iron fifty-five feet, and hits her husband every time.

A gentleman met a half-witted lad in the road, and, placing in one of his hands a sixpence and a penny, asked him which of the two he would choose. The lad replied that "he wouldn't be greedy; he'd keep the littles."

When Lord Palmerston was asked to support the bill for legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister, he said that the only advantage of the change of law would be that the man who married twice under such circumstances would not have two mothers-in-law.

The unheard-of defence was lately set up by a young man who was sued for a breach of promise of marriage, that he broke off the engagement because the young lady was deficient in conversational powers. He couldn't make the jury, who were all married men, swallow any such nonsense, and they mulcted him in a verdict of a thousand pounds.

A temperance gentleman named Todd has sued a licensed victualler for addressing a letter to him as Mr. Toddy.

After dinner one day at a Liverpool table d'hôte, a young man was relating how he had miraculously escaped from a fearful shipwreck. "Yes," said he, "fifteen of my friends were on board. The vessel went down, and they were all lost." "But how," asked a listener, whose interest was painfully excited, "did you manage to escape?" "Oh," was the calm reply, "I was on board another vessel."

The St. Louis *Globe* wants its rural correspondents to be as brief as woman's love.

A spinster of the upper ten recently purchased an Egyptian mummy. She said it would seem better to have a man around, even if he was advanced in life and withered.

An American paper, looking at England through a microscope, exclaims—"England is so small that the late mail trains set these slips down at the newspaper offices at Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Bristol, and a score of other places before midnight, where the copy, being 'reprint,' is speedily and easily taken care of."

A popular preacher enriched his sermons occasionally with this jewel: "Remember, I beseech you, that we are sailing down the stream of time, and must inevitably land in the ocean of eternity."

An American Jenkins describes a young lady at a ball as a graceful little toad.

"A new bustle, highly improved, is made of cork."—*Jennie June*. Conceive the unfortunate situation of that bustled woman if she should fall into the water.

Ardent lover: "Adeline, if I could only die at your feet what contentment! Then would I be happy!" Adeline (unappreciately): "I beg your pardon, but in that case the enjoyment would be wholly on my side!"

The editor of the *Golden Globe*, Colorado, informs his subscribers that neither he nor his paper has been suspended, and they are cordially invited to call and pay their subscriptions.

The San Francisco *News Letter* says: "Milton's masterpiece is undoubtedly his 'Paradise Lost.' Had he, however, in his day visited San Rafael, and put up at the Marin Hotel, he would have been so thoroughly carried away by his delightful experiences that his 'Paradise Regained' would certainly have surpassed his previous effort."

A Wisconsin barrister turns Cassio's lament, that "a man should put an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains," against one he calls a brainless rival, by saying: "He is one of the few barristers who can put an enemy in their mouths without a fear of its stealing anything."

A traveller stopping overnight with a Texan farmer whose estate was miles upon miles in extent, said to him, "You must have begun life very early to accumulate such an estate as this." "Yes," replied the farmer, "I began life when I was a mere baby."

"I fear," said an Aberdeen minister to his flock, "when I explained to you in my last charity sermon, that philanthropy was the love of our species, you must have understood me to say specie, which may account for the smallness of the collection. You will now prove, I hope, by your present contribution, that you are no longer labouring under the same mistake."

A Scotch temperance lecturer thus impressively concluded his remark: "Be temperate in diet. Our first parents ate themselves out of house and home."

SACRIFICED.

He leads me to the altar on the morrow,
And I may well be proud to be his bride;
He tells me he will shelter me from sorrow,
And be a shield for ever by my side;
And yet I fear,
He loaded me with jewels bright and gleaming,
And bows before me as before a queen;
And all the while I listlessly sit dreaming,
For ever thinking of ' what might have been '
Hadst thou been here.

He lifts me to a realm of wealth and beauty,
And gives to me the truest heart and best,
Ah me! I can but strive to do my duty,
And blessing him, hope that I may be blest,
And yet I fear,
Why did I let my heart slip from my keeping?
Why did I learn the charm of love's first kiss?
Only to break my heart with bitter weeping
And scorn the mockery of a love like this,
So cold, so drear.

He leads me to the altar on the morrow,
This the last eve that I may give to thee,
I'll gather up my wealth of love and sorrow,
And send them to thee far across the sea;
And thou shalt hear
A wail commingling with the voice of ocean
Wild as a spirit turned from heav'n away,
And thou shalt know by thine own heart's emotion
A something hath been lost to thee for aye,
Once passing dear.

FOR EVERYBODY.

New Sealing-Wax.

A novel introduction consists in small sticks of variously-coloured sealing-wax, tipped with an inflammable compound, which, when ignited by friction, burns and fuses the wax, permitting it to be used very conveniently, without wasting or dropping, as is usually the case. The quantity in each stick is sufficient for one common or two small seals.

The Widow's Rings.

A question often asked is, "How does a widow, married a second time, arrange about her wedding ring?" Tastes differ: some wear the former one on the little finger of the left hand, with a memorial ring as a keeper; others wear it suspended by a chain from the neck, and others lay it carefully away among their cherished treasures; but the most usual course is to retain it on the proper finger, placing the new one over it.

Quid Pro Quo.

The King of Persia once ordered his vizier to make out a list of all the fools in his dominions. He did so, and put his majesty's name at the head of them. The king asked him why, and he immediately answered—"Because you entrusted a lac of rupees to men you don't know, to buy horses for you a thousand miles off, and who'll never come back." "Ay, but suppose they come back?" "Then I shall erase your name and insert theirs."

Brandy And Water For Soldiers.

The French Minister of War has ordered that large stone jars, filled with brandy and water, shall be placed in each barrack-room for the use of the soldiers. The Minister has issued this order at the suggestion of the military medical authorities, who consider this beverage indispensable for the health of the troops whilst the dog star rages thus fiercely.

Tokay.

Imperial Tokay is a disappointing draught. It is one of those wines which owe their sweetness and richness to the custom of leaving the grapes on the vine till they ripen and dry up into cloying lumps of sweetness. As dessert wines Tokay, Constantia, Lunel, and Frontignan are well enough for those who like them, and, taken as a liqueur, simply pour *se parfumer la bouche*, fulfil their mission admirably; but it is not possible to regard these choice and costly fluids as wine *pur et simple*.

A Reading Country.

Holland, with its 3,515,316 well-educated inhabitants, has 1,004 booksellers, 367 hand-press printers, and 93 printers by steam; 153 paper manufacturers and wholesale paper dealers, 87 bookbinders, 61 music sellers, 48 print-sellers, and 10 map and chart publishers. In no country in the world is there so large a number of booksellers compared with the total population. Scotland, perhaps, would take the next rank.

French Politeness.

A citizen of France had unfortunately done something which necessitated his being hanged; and, as there was no professional executioner available for the occasion, the painful duty of carrying out the sentence devolved upon an amateur, who apologised for any possible shortcomings to the person principally concerned. "I hope you will pardon me," said he, "if I put you to any unnecessary inconvenience; but the fact is, I have never hanged any one before." "Pray do not mention it," replied the other, with the greatest sangfroid; "for that matter, I have never been hanged before. We must each do our best."

A True Picture Of The Queen.

A writer who has had the privilege of seeing, and it may be of possessing, a penny coined during the present year, informs us that the authorities of the Mint have made the Queen's head something like the Queen. We are further told that "she is no longer the puny girl of fifteen, embarrassed with a

laurel crown, and grieving at the minimisation of her chignon," but that the head is at least a quarter of a century nearer historic truth. All this is as it should be, and is reasonable enough. But the sentence that follows is somewhat enigmatical: "As it is well known, and no treason to repeat, that Her Majesty has had twenty-two grandchildren, we have great hopes for the portrait on the new half-crowns and florins."

"Spell It With An 'e,' Samivel."

A Washington correspondent says: "A scintillation of genuine wit—quick, brief, and apposite—came from Butler at the close of his great speech the other night. Mr. Butler commented with unsparing severity—and he is master of invective—on the action of the Ways and Means Committee in relation to the Phelps, Dodge & Co. case. The peroration was eloquent, and before the speaker had time to resume his seat Foster, of Ohio (member of that committee), who had been personally alluded to, arose and said in a loud voice: 'Let us pray!' It raised a laugh; but without an instant's hesitation 'Old Cockeye,' as Foster had insolently called his antagonist, turned to the stenographers and said: 'Spell it with an e.' Such a storm of applause followed that even the Speaker's gavel was drowned in the confusion."

A Satirical Coin.

A copper piece, affecting to be of ten centimes, has got into a certain circulation in France, of which a note may be fittingly made. It bears the head of Napoleon III. in a Prussian helmet. Around the neck is a dog's collar, with a ring. Upon it is inscribed "Sé-lan." The circular legend is "Napoléon III., le Misérable; 80,000 Prisonniers." On the reverse, an owl on a cannon; around "Vampire Français. 2 Déc., 1851. Sept., 1870."

A Monster Chorus and Orchestra

At the late Handel festival the choralists and instrumentalists were thus divided:

Sopranos.....	757	Tenors.....	600
Altos (male).....	217	Basses.....	721
Contraltos.....	531		
Total.....			2966
First violins.....	95	Bassoons.....	7
Second violins.....	93	Double bassoons.....	2
Violas.....	62	Cornets, trumpets.....	12
Violoncellos.....	62	Horns.....	12
Double basses.....	59	Trombones.....	8
Flutes.....	8	Ophicleides, euphoniums.....	3
Piccolo flutes.....	3	Drums.....	8
Oboes.....	8		
Clarionets.....	7		
Grand total.....			3,415

Moore At Gore House.

N. P. Willis thus records an incident during an evening at Gore House: "We all sat round the piano, and, after two or three songs of Lady Blessington's choosing, Moore rambled over the keys awhile, and then sang 'When first I met thee,' with a pathos that beggars description. When the last word had faltered out, he rose and took Lady Blessington's hand, said good night, and was gone before a word was uttered. I have heard of women fainting at a song of Moore's; and if the burden of it answered by chance to a secret in the bosom of the listener, I should think, from its comparative effect upon so old a stager as myself, that the heart would break with it."

Solomon In Ireland.

The following story comes from the green island. Two men had a quarrel in a tavern. They adjourned outside to settle the dispute. The first man, being from Connaught, immediately seized a lump of stone and let fly at the head of his opponent, who dipped his head and missed the stone, which went through an expensive plate-glass window, and did much damage. A magistrate was called upon next morning to determine which of the two should pay the cost. The evidence clearly showed that the aim was a good one, and that if the second man had not dipped his head he would have been struck. "Therefore," said the magistrate, "he must pay the damages, as it is certain the first man didn't intend to injure the window, and the window would not have been injured if it had not been for the act of the second man."

Economy.

If all town and city sewerage and excrements could be saved and applied to the soil they would be of untold wealth to the country, and add greatly to the health of its people. Liebig, in his *Modern Agriculture*, says: "The fields of the Chinese cultivator have preserved their fertility unimpaired and in continued vigour ever since the days of Abraham, and of the building of the first pyramid in Egypt. This result has been attained solely by the restoration to the soil of the mineral constituents removed in the produce, or, what amounts to the same thing, this has been effected by the aid of a manure of which the greater portion is lost to the land in the European system of cultivation."

Puss in Parliament.

In the House of Commons recently, a fine tom cat, which had strayed into the House unseen, sprang from under the table in front of the Ministers, and darted past Mr. Hardy along the House towards the Bar, where it turned to the right, and flew wildly over the heads and shoulders of members below the gangway to an open door, causing a feeling of great terror and temporary confusion; but it ended in courageous laughter as a gentleman flung a ruler (not a Home Ruler) at puss as she skeddaddled. Of such are the mighty who are law-makers.]

Wedding Breakfast.

When breakfast is announced, the bride and bridegroom lead the way, followed by the bridegroom's mother on the arm of the bride's father, and the bride's mother on that of the bridegroom's father. It is now most unusual to have a sitting down breakfast. A long buffet is provided, as at a ball supper; but it is becoming the custom to have a few small round

tables to accommodate eight persons. At one of these the newly-married couple and their parents sit, often joined by the couple of highest rank present. The custom of many or long speeches is happily past. The gentleman of highest rank proposes in as few words as possible the health of the newly-married couple; the bridegroom as briefly responds. The bride rises, and, the knife having been placed in the cake, cuts the first slice, and then retires to change her dress. The company finish their breakfast and return to the drawing room, and in a short time the bride re-appears to make her adieux. Very often she divides the bridal bouquet among her bridesmaids. On departure, the task of throwing the white satin shoe belongs to the "best man." As soon as the young couple have departed the guests at once disperse. The custom of sending either cake or cards is now quite out of fashion.

A Hungry Judge.

Lord Chief-Justice Ellenborough, at a large dinner party at the Chancellor's, was seated next to the Countess Lieven, a lady in that age of considerable fashion, but of very lean proportions, and much remarked upon for displaying to an unnecessary degree a neck not lovely to look upon. By some accident, the Chief-Justice remained unserved, his fair neighbour meanwhile being busy. The host, seeing the plight of the hungry and discontented judge, recommended him to some particular dish. "I wish I could get some," growled Ellenborough, casting a savage glance at the angular bust bending over the table at his side, "for I have had nothing before me this quarter of an hour but a raw bladebone."

Double Epigram.

An epigram is just now current at Cambridge upon Froude and Kingsley. Froude, in his recent inaugural address as Rector of the University of Edinburgh, ascribed a want of veracity to clerical writers, and his friend, Canon Kingsley, when resigning his professorship at Oxford, dwelt on the proneness of historians to indulge in fiction. The wits of the Common Room have put the two observations together, and this is the result:

"Froude informs the Scottish youth
That persons have no care for truth;
While Canon Kingsley loudly cries
That history is a pack of lies.

"What cause for judgment so malign;
A brief reflection solves the mystery;
For Froude thinks Kingsley a divine,
And Kingsley goes to Froude for history."

It is not very brilliant, but it is the best that has been turned out of the workshop for some time.

Mormon Political Economy.

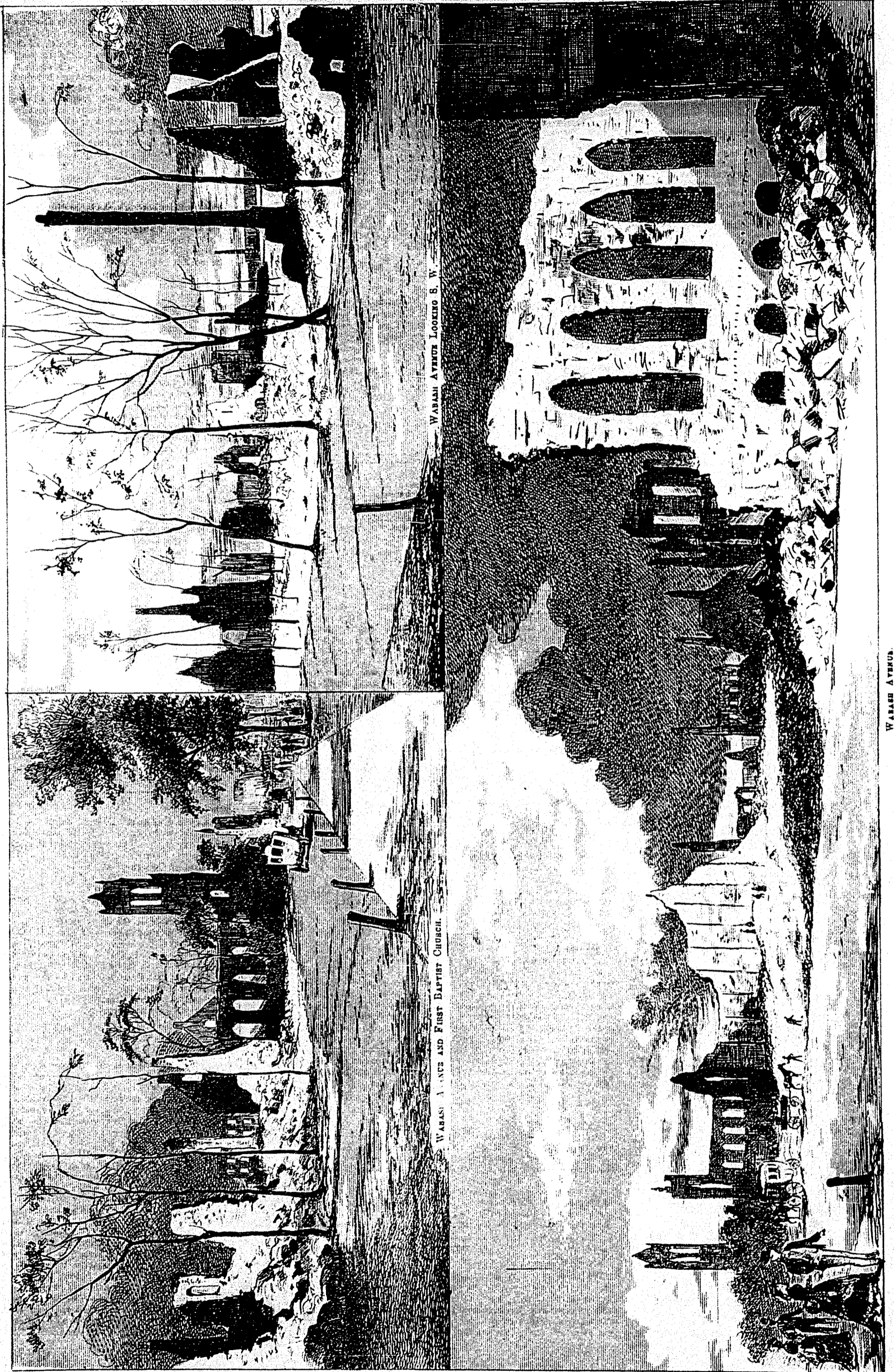
Brigham Young has lately been making a tour of his Mormon diocese, preaching the gospel of economy and co-operation. To the saints at Kananah he thus held forth—"We want to organise the people into co-operations to raise grain, cotton, cattle, and everything that is necessary for our sustenance. We want to manufacture every article that is needed for our own use. We do not want this people to import any more goods from the States, but we wish to manufacture everything at home that is needed. The day will soon come that we will manufacture every article that we need. At present we are behind the world in a knowledge of financial matters, but we must learn to make ourselves self-sustaining. We will have the best of schools, where all the sciences will be taught."

Cremating French Cannon.

It appears that even inanimate French metal has recently made an obstinate display of patriotism. We are told that the Prussian in the intoxication of victory decided that the first guns captured from the enemy should go to found an Imperial bell for the cathedral of Cologne, but the bronze has hitherto resisted cremation, "as if possessed of a French soul," and has rebelled against the decrees of William I. The three first attempts to cast the bell failed entirely, and on the fourth trial, though the bell in itself was a success, it came out minus the Imperial crown, the symbol of Germany unity. The French chroniclers also assure us that the tone of the bell has always been defective, and that it produces strange sounds, which resemble sighs and groans. A disciple of Heine is said to have written to a friend in Paris on this rather startling demonstration, saying, "Can it be that French guns, like the sacred vessels of the temples, are fatal to those who profane them? One thing is certain; the tale of this refractory bell has sent a shudder through uneasy and dreamy Germany."

Gunpowder Plot.

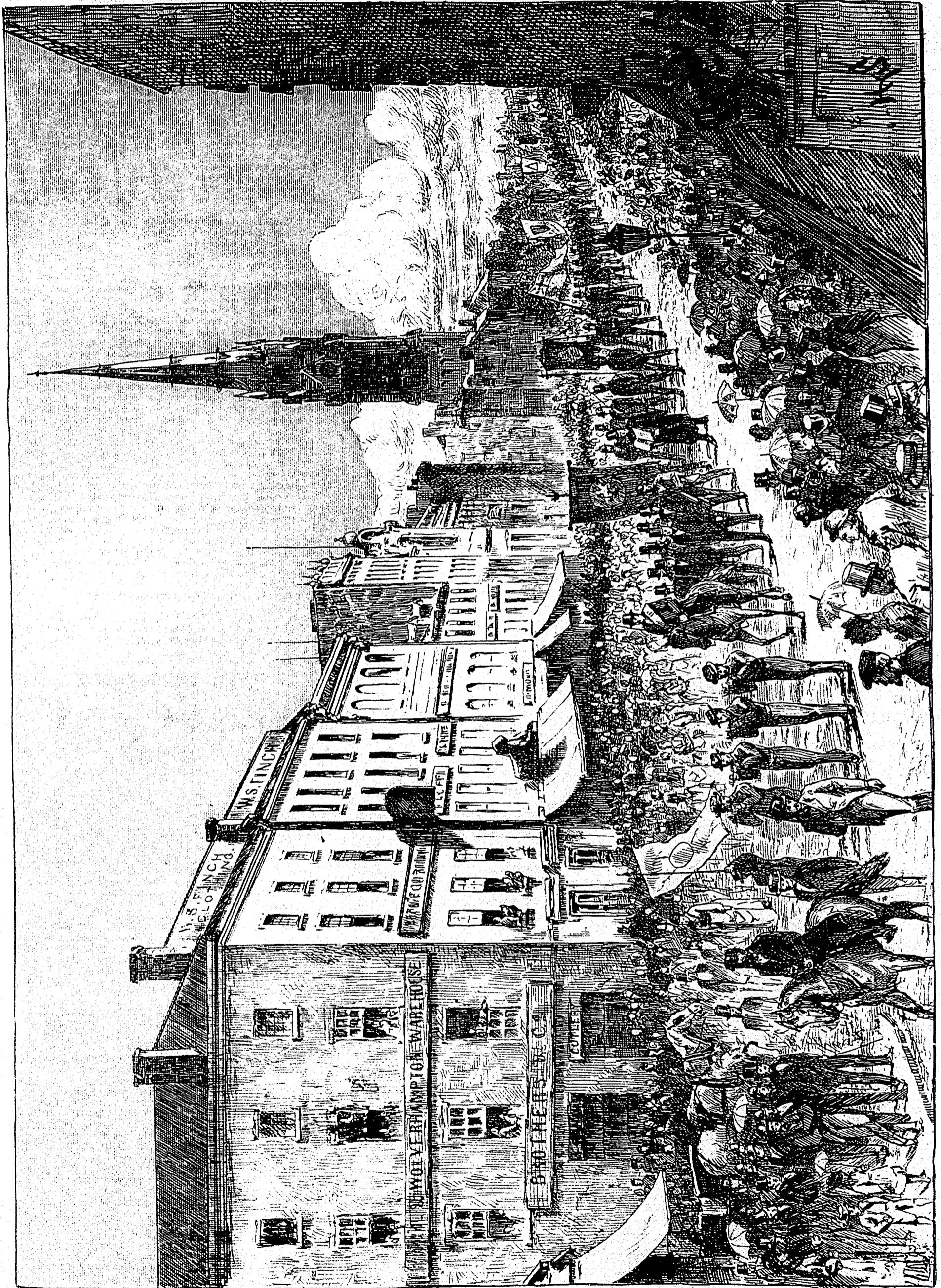
A gunpowder plot has lately been discovered in Illinois, United States, and happily frustrated before it could be carried into effect. In the district of Rock Island the interference of ladies in the "temperance movement" has created much angry feeling, and it was determined by the advocates of intemperance to give a gentle hint to woman that the closing of wine stores and saloons forms no legitimate part of her mission, by blowing up with gunpowder several temperance ladies while sitting in a car *en route* to Rock Island. A can, therefore, with a perforated bottom, filled with gunpowder, was deposited the other day in a cuivert under the street car track between Rock Island and Moline. Close by the can was a candle attached to a string so ingeniously arranged that on lighting the candle and pulling the string an explosion would follow, and the ladies be blown into the air. The string, it is stated, "extending a long distance south," enabling the person entrusted with the delicate duty of conducting the explosion to retire from the scene after the distressing finale without having his feelings further unnecessarily harrowed by disagreeable inquiries. The ladies who belong to the Moline Temperance League had visited Rock Island in the cars a day or two previous to the discovery of the scheme for their destruction, and there can be little doubt that this can with the powder was all ready for them, but owing to some hitch in the arrangements the explosion had to be deferred.



WARREN AVENUE LOOKING S. W.

WARREN AVENUE AND FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

WARREN AVENUE.
THE RUINS OF THE RECENT FIRE IN CHICAGO.



THE ORANGE PROCESSION IN TORONTO ON THE 13th JULY.

THE OLD FARM-HOUSE.

"Misfortune never comes singly" is an old saying, the truth of which we found, my good papa and I, during the eventful year that followed the death of my lamented and dear mamma. We had scarcely recovered from the grief occasioned by her loss, when some commercial transactions in which papa was engaged proved failures, by which he lost a large sum of money. Then our private residence took fire, and the excitement and exposure I suffered, having barely escaped with life from the burning building, told heavily on a system already enfeebled from sorrow and anxiety. The consequence was that I became ill and continued so for some weeks; but youth, and a naturally good constitution, together with the assiduity of a skilled physician, and the unwearied care of a doting father, triumphed in the end, and I was saved.

When I was convalescent, the good doctor declared I needed change, much of my ailment having been due to mental disquiet. "The very thing!" cried papa, "I find the state of my affairs will compel me to visit England this summer, and I will take Ada with me."

But Dr. A— gravely shook his head: "Say, my dear sir," he replied, "your daughter certainly requires change, but change combined with quiet, and entirely free from excitement; and that, I think you will agree, we could scarcely look for in what you propose. No, what I should recommend would be a sojourn of a few months at some pleasant, country place, where she would have the advantage of quiet, and pure air."

Papa looked puzzled, for we had no relatives or even acquaintances living in the country; and he knew that I should be unhappy among total strangers who might be persons with whom I could have no sympathies in common.

But coming home from business, that same evening, the look of anxiety had vanished from his good-natured countenance.

"You know Burt, Ada? Burt, of Burt and Fawcett?" he exclaimed questioningly.

Yes, I knew the gentleman by name, having heard papa casually mention him in connection with business. He was a merchant, I knew, and a bachelor, and lived in a boarding-house down town. This was all I knew of him and much I marvelled whether the enquiry tended.

"Well," pursued papa, "I met Burt to-day, and speaking of my approaching departure, I happened to mention how the doctor had put his veto on my little scheme of taking you with me, and his recommendation of country board; and fortunately enough Burt knows the very place that will suit."

"But is Mr. Burt sure?" I began. "Why it's his own brother," interrupted papa, "he is a well-to-do farmer, living out at St. C—, a retired romantic place, Burt tells me. There won't be any children to annoy you with their noise, for the family consists of Mr. and Mrs. Burt and an only daughter, a young lady of about your own age, who will, I judge, be a agreeable companion for you. There is an only son too, I believe," continued papa, "but much to his father's regret, and his uncle's delight, he has forsaken the plough for the pen, and has commenced his commercial training in his uncle's office."

I could offer no reasonable objection to papa's plan, which promised to suit admirably; so he lost no time in communicating with Farmer Burt, to whom his brother had likewise dispatched a letter to the same effect. We received a prompt answer from the worthy farmer, expressing his pleasure, and that of his family at the prospect of having me for a guest.

So I began to pack up immediately; for papa desired to see me settled in my new home before his own departure. I had some pretty jewels, much prized both for their intrinsic worth, and the halo of sentiment that hung about them; for all had been living gifts to my deceased mother and myself. They were all contained in a little casket of rare wood, strongly banded with steel; and as I placed it in my trunk, papa laughingly told me to be very careful of them, for he was not so rich as he had been, and would be ill able to replace them in the event of their being stolen.

Of course I replied in the same spirit; for we both desired to appear cheerful before each other in view of our impending separation, the first we had experienced since our bereavement.

Off at last; through the dusty city streets; on board the shrieking cars, and flying along through the pleasant open country, to the little station of L—, the nearest point from which to reach our destination. Past farms, where the labourers stopped their work, and shaded their eyes with their sunburnt hands, to watch the flying train. Past little barelegged urchins, leisurely driving meek cattle along and staring curiously up at us as we rushed by. Past little villages, with the neat white cottages clustering round the little central church, like sheep about a shepherd. Past gardens gay with poppies, and tall hollyhocks, and roses, and scarlet runner beans, all mingled in sweet confusion; and past lonely pastures, out of sight of any dwelling, but dotted with a few sheep and cows.

L— station at last, and we got out, nervously and apprehensively, on my part at least. There is a long rambling building something like a cattle shed, this is the station. There is a two-story house with many windows, and a sign, "The Railway Hotel." There is a less pretentious one in which the station master lives, and two or three little stores, that is all, and this is L—.

A quiet-looking young fellow clad in homespun steps up to papa and enquires deferentially, "if he is the gentleman to go to John Burt's," the prefix "Mr." is seldom heard in this primitive region; the minister almost invariably enjoys an unquestioned monopoly of the title.

This is the hired man sent to meet us, and drive us to the farm which we reach in about an hour.

I know not how it was, but I felt confident of being happy, directly the Burt homestead greeted my vision. I was delighted with the old farm-house and its surroundings. The house stood at some little distance from the road, and was approached by a straight avenue, bordered with poplar, and evergreen fir trees, planted alternately. A neat fence ran along on either side this avenue, with its trees, intended to keep off predatory cattle. As the man descended and opened a white gate, allowing us to pass in, a young foal galloped up to the fence, and greeted our mare, evidently its dam, with a gentle whinney, which she returned.

The house was painted white, with red doors, and window frames; but the somewhat glaring effect of this was toned down by the luxuriant hop vine, which ran up over the gables and hung in festoons from the roof. A large clear space in front of the house was occupied on our approach, by a graceful young girl, engaged in feeding poultry. A broad brimmed home-made sunhat shaded her face; but as we approached, the scared poultry scattering on either side, she lifted the heavy brim with her little shapely, but sunburned hand, and revealed to us a pair of bright eyes, filled with an expression half shy, and half pleased.

Her first impulse seemed to be to hide herself, probably remembering the corn still held in her large useful-looking apron; but taking sober second thought, she did what was certainly the most pleasing, because the most natural thing she could have done, came forward, and gave us welcome with a heightened colour certainly, but in a few well-chosen and courteous words.

Arrived in doors, we were duly presented to our hostess, Mrs. Burt, a comely buxom dame of fifty, resplendent in a cap with mauve ribbons, and one of her best dresses, a black alpaca, evidently donned in honour of our arrival. I knew it was one of her best dresses, because of the apologetic air with which she wore it, and from the fact that directly night began to close in, she suddenly appeared in one more suited to her tastes and occupations, a homely calico. About the same time, farmer Burt put in an appearance, he having been absent superintending some fence repairs on a distant part of the farm, they told us.

He was soon in high confabulations with papa, principally about brother Wal, whose affairs he imagined papa must be thoroughly conversant with, even to the average amount of customs he enjoyed in a day. He did not seem to be aware that none are such strangers to each other, as those who are crowded together in a great city.

The next morning papa left, after committing me to the tender care of Mr. and Mrs. Burt, and the sisterly companionship of their daughter Fanny.

Fanny and I soon became like sisters in very truth. Together we roamed over the broad fields, and confided to each other our girlish dreams and fancies. I told Fanny about my city home and city friends. And she told me of her troubles in poultry raising, which interested her because the profits were exclusively hers; about the two years she had spent at a city boarding-school; about brother Walter and his many noble qualities; and finally about a certain blue-eyed young farmer who admired her greatly, and to whom I soon felt convinced pretty Fanny had lost her heart.

And not only on personal or local topics did we converse; Fanny was fond of reading and in her quiet life had found much time to indulge her taste in this respect; she was a wise and intelligent girl, a thinker as well as a reader, and I soon found that in her I had a most instructive companion.

On Sunday we went to church. It being at some distance, the old folks drove thither, but Fanny declared there was a charming short cut across some fields, and through a narrow strip of woodland, which we would take; and as I was always delighted to have the opportunity of a quiet chat with her, I consented, and we set off.

The little stone church was not quite in the village, but stood some distance from it, on a grassy eminence, starred with dandelions, and with a background of dark firs.

The small congregation was gathered outside when we arrived, and many were the furtive glances bestowed on the young "town's lady," by the younger members.

"You'll set the fashions!" laughed Fanny as we took our homeward route along a grass covered woodland path, the thick branches interlacing above our heads, and sheltering us from the hot rays of the sun, which, however, stole in at intervals, and formed fantastic patterns of light and shadow beneath our feet.

And she spoke truly; for next Sunday I perceived some one had been endeavouring to copy the fashion of my new silk mantilla, poor Madame Mode's *chef-d'œuvre*; but it was so execrably done, that I imagined how Madame would have held up her hands in professional horror, could she have seen it.

This circumstance formed a fresh subject for mirth between Fanny and myself; in fact, I was always observing some new item of interest, in studying the habits of this primitive people.

And so the peaceful days went by, and I was soon rejoicing in more than my former strength, and in what I had not known for months before, an exuberant flow of spirits. I had received a cheerful letter from papa, announcing his safe arrival at Liverpool, and his continued good health. This I answered with a glowing account of the good people with whom I was domiciliated.

I began to take a great interest in all the details of farming and in the farm servants. One man in particular I noticed as appearing to be very strongly attached to the family. Seeing that I noticed this, Fanny gave me his brief history: "He is a town-man of yours, dear Ada," she said, "and was employed as a porter. He was a great drunkard and was several times sent to prison for being found intoxicated. At last a graver crime brought a greater punishment. His appetite for drink drove him to steal a quantity of liquor from his employer, a wine merchant, and so when he regained his liberty, no one would employ one whose dishonesty had become so well known. My brother Wal had known him (his name's McCabe) during a short time he had been employed in uncle Walter's store, and meeting him one day, ragged, and starving, and hearing his pitiful story, he took compassion on him, and sent him out here to work on the farm, where there is no liquor to tempt him; and we are none of us sorry for it, for the poor fellow has proved his gratitude in many ways."

Of course I thought it was a noble thing for her brother Walter to do, and a good thing for poor McCabe; but still I did not relish the fact of his actually having been in prison for stealing, and while scarcely knowing the reason why, I took a careful survey of my little jewel box, that night, before retiring, and securely locked it up.

Fanny had been telling me her brother Walter was expected home in few weeks, for the summer holidays, but we were none of us prepared to see him enter, one evening when we were all at tea, hot, dusty, and tired, having walked from the station. He seemed in a perturbed state of mind too, although he tried to appear natural and cheerful. He was a fine-looking young fellow, and made a favourable impression upon me, even under the disadvantageous circumstances of his first appearance. He had his mother's clear, ruddy complexion, his father's manly height and breadth of shoulder, and his sister Fanny's shy, brown, earnest eyes.

I saw a rapid glance pass between Fanny and her mother, when he came in. It expressed mute enquiry on the part of the daughter, and pained conviction on that of the mother. Evidently they feared something was wrong.

The trouble was soon revealed to the fond and sympathizing mother, however, who told Fanny, who told me.

Walter had been in company with some young men, who had either a greater command of funds, or a greater contempt of the bugbear called debt than he had. Their example had led him into expenditures scarcely warranted by his means; the fact had come to his uncle's ears, who being a self-made man, regarded everything like this with holy aversion; the uncle had expressed his disapproval in terms more forcible than satisfactory; a quarrel had ensued, the uncle refusing to receive him back, till his father had settled these liabilities, and so poor Walter had come home to break the news as best he could.

He had a powerful auxiliary in his mother, however, who ruled her household in love, and exerted an influence over her husband, greater perhaps than the good farmer would have cared to acknowledge; so Walter's mind seemed more at ease with his mother in his confidence, as I suppose he trusted implicitly in her will and ability to carry him through the ordeal.

"Walter's room was fitted up for you," observed Fanny to me, "so Walter takes the wool room now."

Next day her brother joined Fanny, and myself, in our customary ramble, and my previously formed impression of this young gentleman was assuredly not changed for the worse, as I became better acquainted with him. He was polite and attentive without obtrusiveness, and I mentally decided that his sister's praise had not been dictated by mere partiality.

We were on a berrying expedition that day, and our ramble was extended beyond its usual limits. We had to cross some fences, and Walter's strong arm was ever in readiness to lift me over these obstructions, which Fanny laughingly sealed without assistance, being rather proud of her superior training in this respect.

Arrived at home, we made a delicious repast on the raspberries we had gathered, with the addition of some cool, rich cream from Mrs. Burt's dairy; and after tea went out into the garden, an immense irregular inclosure, half orchard, and half garden; for there were vegetable plots between apple and plum trees, and marigolds forming a border for cabbage beds. To my mind there was something homely and comfortable in this old-fashioned, unpretentious spot, and it was a favourite haunt of Fanny's and mine. McCabe had put us up a swing between two hoary apple trees, and here we had been wont to amuse ourselves by the hour, like two school girls.

This evening, Walter and Fanny showed me what I had before been unaware of, the existence of a shady little grotto completely concealed by giant gooseberry bushes, where they had played "house" together as children. A large stone being rolled away, disclosed a cavity beneath the garden wall, which Fanny recalled to Walter, had served them for a cupboard, in their early attempt at housekeeping. This incident furnished us a subject for a little innocent gossip, but repassing the swing we were led to speak of the man McCabe.

Walter, as his early patron, made some inquiries as to his general behaviour.

"It is irreproachable," replied Fanny, "but I am almost sorry I told Miss Gower his history, as I am convinced she trembles for the safety of her jewels, in the vicinity of a man like McCabe."

She spoke jestingly, but Walter turned his earnest brown eyes gravely towards me:

"Be sure yourself on that point, Miss Gower," he said, "I fully believe the man's act to have been prompted by his excessive love of liquor, and not from dishonest predilections. Even if this were not the case, as he does not sleep in the house he has little opportunity of justifying your fears. However, I suppose the existence of your valuables is not known to the servant, and I advise that this may remain so, for I should never forgive myself if anything unpleasant were to occur from my act in sending this unfortunate fellow out here."

The latter part of his speech filled me with a vague uneasiness, although no more was said on the subject, and I could not dismiss the man McCabe from my mind, even after I had assured myself of the safety of those treasured gifts, disrobed myself and gone to bed. My temperament is such that if an idea ever so extravagant once enters my mind, I dwell upon it in spite of my better judgment, until in my fertile imagination it becomes like a fulfilled reality. On this occasion I even recalled my papa's jest about the trinkets, and persuaded my foolish little heart that he had a foreboding that his words would come true. I had had too keen a sense of the folly of such speculations to breathe a word of them to the household, and Fanny's thoughtless remark had been prompted more by a merry, teasing spirit which sometimes possessed her, than by anything I had led her to infer, so that none suspected the effect the few words they had uttered had upon me. I fell asleep at last, thinking thus, and my pillow was visited by many wild intangible visions; I rested badly, and next morning arose late and unrefreshed by slumber.

I heard Mr. Burt telling his wife to keep the cats in-doors next night, as he feared rats were getting into the house, having heard some slight noise which awakened him. I may remark, *entre parenthèse*, that the cats were shut into the barn at night to keep off those troublesome little pests, the mice.

Hay-making was just commencing, and the Burt family were going to be busy. Walter mounted a handsome bay horse early in the morning and rode away to visit a relative living some fifteen miles distant. He was the bearer of some sort of commission from his father. The man McCabe was dispatched to the station to bring home some implements that were to arrive by train. The two "girls" went out to assist in the fields, and Fanny, good little housewife, began to assist her mother in the increased labour thus devolving upon her in-doors. Left all alone, I established myself in the shady parlour, with the last novel sent me by a friend in town. We all met at tea, Walter having returned and taken his place in a fine flow of spirits. He spoke vaguely of returning to town, and I judged that his father had opened his heart and purse strings to the relief of his son.

We all spent a pleasant, peaceful evening. Good Mrs. Burt folded her hands placidly on her lap, and nodded at intervals with eyes and ears closed to surrounding influences. The farmer smoked his evening pipe in the open doorway, keeping a vigilant eye on the proceedings of his men as they did up the various "chores." Fanny, tired with her unaccustomed labours, reclined on a couch beneath the half-open window, buried in a reverie in which I have no doubt a vision of blue

eyes formed a prominent object. At times the breeze gently stirred the hop vine, which garnished the window, and a few stray tendrils wafted in brushed the pure fair cheek as it rested on the little brown hand. I observed all this; I, seated at the other window, looking out upon the sunset, and talking to Walter. At this late date I cannot tell you exactly what we talked about; I only know that Walter spoke in low, earnest tones, that I answered him principally in monosyllables, and that I studiously avoided encountering the glances of those brown eyes (so like Fanny's), and found an absorbing study in those crimson and gold tinted sunset clouds.

We separated early, for "early to bed and early to rise" was the good old maxim daily acted up to in that household, and perhaps might have accounted in no small measure for the comfortable sum lying by in bank, the product of the good farmer's unweary industry.

I retired to my chamber in a happier frame of mind than on the preceding evening. The events of the last few hours had left their mark on my impressionable temperament. Feelings hidden away deep down in my heart had sprung into activity in that hour of summer twilight, beneath the fascination of my companion's whispered words.

The only daughter of a reputed wealthy merchant, and, if I say it myself, passing fair to look upon, I had had many admirers. In the bright glare of the ball-room, amid the sweet melodies of the concert hall, beneath the cold wintry stars gliding over the glossy roads in a comfortable sleigh drawn by a spirited horse, I had listened to the breathings of open admiration and covert affection; and had heard with a deprecating laugh, a gay word, even a feeling of gratified vanity, perhaps; but not with downcast eyes, throbbing heart, or quickened pulse. How different on this eventful evening. Surrounded by all the associations which go to make up an existence of perfect beauty, I had felt that our conversation, Walter's and mine, though trivial sounding enough, had a deeper meaning for both than the mere words of honeyed flattery or empty phrases of conventional courtesy. How could it be otherwise? Looking out upon that quiet scene of pastoral beauty, in the presence of the gray-haired father, the kindly mother, the gentle sister. No wondrous music to stir the depths of young hearts; no exciting influences of noisy pleasure to prompt words forgotten or regretted, perhaps, under the calmer influences of the morrow. No, the events of this night, a subtle instinct warned me, were to give a colouring to my whole future.

Standing before the mirror, musing thus while unbraiding my hair, a remark of one of my sometime admirers suddenly occurred to my mind. He prided himself on being poetical, and had assured me "the whiteness of my neck had shamed the pearls I wore." The thought struck me to clasp the necklace once more upon my neck, now, I imagined, somewhat embrowned by my sojourn in the country. I passed to the trunk where, ever since my arrival, I had kept locked up the casket containing my trinkets, and in my hurry, not remarking that it now stood unlocked, I placed my hand with assurance on the very spot where had rested the box. *It was not there!*

A frenzied search through all my effects, even where I felt previously certain I would not find it, and then scarce knowing what I did, I ran out of the chamber screaming for Fanny!

She had been more expeditious than I, for she had already retired. The farmer and Mrs. Burt had not, however, and, attracted by my frantic calls, they, together with Walter, made their appearance. Fanny, too, arrived upon the scene while I was still incoherently attempting to explain the cause of my alarm. With the commendable prudence that always distinguished her, though in my agitation I scarcely noticed the action then, she sent away the two maid servants, who were staring and listening open-mouthed.

It was Fanny who first gained from me a clear knowledge of what had occurred. Of course another futile search followed, the result being that we all stood speechless at this mysterious loss.

The tell-tale glances of my companions convinced me, however, that one name was uppermost in the minds of all; that name was McCabe, and I believe we were equally unanimous in feeling, with what pain may be imagined, that Walter, who had sent him there, was the indirect cause of the present trouble.

Of course no other conclusion was open to us than that the jewel box had been stolen.

On being cross-examined by Mr. Burt, I had to confess that I was totally at a loss to know whether I had locked my trunk the night before or not. My impression was that I had. One thing was certain, I had not examined the trunk that morning on getting up, so was unable to judge whether my chamber had been entered at that time or subsequently. We all inclined at first to the belief that the robbery had taken place in the day time, for I was certain I had locked my door at night and found it locked in the morning. Then again the question rose who had access to the chamber then or opportunity to carry off such a large object unnoticed. No one but Sarah, the girl who did the chamber work, had entered my room, and she only for a brief period before she went to the hayfield. At this juncture the two girls, who had again unobserved stolen to listen, burst forth into the demand that their effects should be searched forthwith. In justice to them and to me, this was done, but the solution of the mystery was as far off as ever.

I know not when the unwelcome idea first forced itself upon me, that Walter Burt was something more than indirectly to blame for what had happened. Certain it is that though I scouted it at first as the absurd vagary of an over-excited mind, each new result of our enquiries seemed but to enhance the probability of this monstrous supposition. When the farmer demanded if there were more than one key to fit the lock, his son was forced to confess there had been two. The room was formerly occupied by himself, one key had been lost and another procured; the first one had subsequently been recovered, so that there were two in existence. No one, however, could tell the whereabouts of the other key. Mr. Burt then proceeded to make enquiries of the men, who slept in a room above one of the outhouses; but here again we were at fault. McCabe and his companions had been absent the night before at a wake, where they remained all night, as there were plenty of witnesses to prove. Not one of the men could have been suspected of perpetrating the robbery in the day-time; it was simply impossible.

Weary and heart-sick we all once more retired, convinced that nothing more could be done till next day; but sleep was a stranger to my pillow that night. I tossed about, revolving in my mind the strange events of that day. Thinking of Walter's prolonged absence, of his return in an unnatural flow

of spirits, and of his scared, haggard look when I made known my own loss. He had had money difficulties, and after all what did I know of the principles of this young man. I knew his parents and sister believed in him, and my rebellious heart pleaded for him; but still the grim fact remained—the jewels were gone, and their loss could be explained only by the painful theory I had formed, or rather had forced upon me. Dearly prized as were the ill-fated trinkets, their loss faded into insignificance before the untold bitterness that accompanied my surmise. If Walter were guilty, it meant that I might never place faith in human being again—a dreadful state of feeling to arrive at the age of twenty years. So much did I repel the idea of having to mistrust the owner of those brown eyes, so honest and true in expression, that a prayerful feeling welled up in my heart that night, to the end that the man McCabe, or some of his *confères*, might be found missing in the morning. But so it was not to be.

Morning dawned on my wakeful eyes, and I descended to the breakfast-table, where we all, except Walter, assembled to make the pretence of eating. Pretence and nothing more, for even the burly farmer's healthy appetite had forsaken him.

Walter's absence seemed another confirmation of my worst fears. Through the open window I saw him thoughtfully pacing the garden. Could it be that he dared not meet me?

The morning passed in a repetition of the previous night's futile investigations; when, as a forlorn hope, Mr. Burt mounted his horse and rode away to the railway station of L—, there to make cautious enquiries as to the proceedings of McCabe the day before; for all but myself seemed to cling to the belief that this poor fellow was guilty. If any of them suspected the son and brother they commanded themselves wonderfully, for not a look of suspicion escaped them; and I had rather have bitten out my tongue than given utterance to my dark doubts.

Noticing my wan and weary looks, motherly Mrs. Burt persuaded me to lie down. Scarcely had my head touched my pillow than tired nature gave way, and I slept profoundly till sunset. On awakening I was told that Mr. Burt had sent back his horse by a boy from the station, together with the message that he had gone in pursuit of a strange-looking man, who had been seen in conversation with McCabe. On hearing this I knew we must expect no more development that night; but man proposes, God disposes.

I did not fall asleep very soon that night, which did not surprise me, considering the beneficial nap I had enjoyed in the afternoon.

At length I knew no more—I was asleep.

I awoke with a start and a cry of dismay. The feeble rays of a candle revealed to my upturned eyes the brown rafters of the farm-house kitchen. Somebody held me in their arms. I was clad in my white wrapper, with a breakfast shawl about my shoulders. Walter's brown eyes were looking down anxiously into mine, and Walter's voice calling his mother had awakened me. Just as Mrs. Burt and her daughter entered I burst into a wild fit of weeping. The truth had burst upon me—I was a somnambulist!

Tenderly I was carried into the parlour and laid upon the soft couch; motherly and sisterly caresses were lavished upon me to restore my calmness. My passionate weeping was merely the result of the nervous shock; truth to say I was rather glad of this *dénoûment*. One word of Walter's had enkindled a ray of hope in my heart: as he carried me into the parlour he said, "I think, mother, I have caught the thief."

When I was tolerably calm we questioned 'him' as to the mode of my discovery. He answered readily that, being disturbed in his mind by the inexplicable event that had occurred, he had been unable to sleep, but had sat up dressed, and tried to occupy his thoughts in reading by the light of his bed-room candle. In this situation he heard light steps descending the stair, and hastening to the landing, light in hand, had observed the flutter of my white garments. He followed me hastily, and had been just in time to prevent my egress by the back door, by means of the key which I had taken from the nail where it always hung.

His mother censured him for putting such a summary stop to my proceedings, as in all probability if left to myself I would have revealed the whereabouts of the missing box; for we all were now satisfied I had stolen my own property. Circumstances seemed to point to the garden as the probable hiding-place, for it would seem to have been the destination for which I had set out.

Furnished, then, with this new clue we recommenced our search at sunrise, by exploring every nook and cranny of the garden. After spending some time vainly, we were about to give over in despair, when I recollected the little hidden grotto. Without a word, but with a renewed hope which seemed almost a certainty, I took my swift way thither. Rolling away the stone from the little impromptu cupboard of Fanny's childish days, the welcome sight of my precious casket met my eyes!

Laughing and crying in a breath, I hastened back to my companions, and placed the box in Walter's arms, more delighted for his sake than my own, I must confess.

When the farmer returned, dispirited, and weary, having overtaken his man and found in him an honest storekeeper of the village, he was met by the gratifying intelligence that the painful mystery was now cleared up. His low spirits disappeared immediately and he became the jovial centre of one merry group.

I was happy in the restoration of my cherished possessions, but happier far in the thought that I could now return Walter's warm hand pressure, without one lingering shade of doubt, and meet the gaze of those truthful eyes without suspicion.

I will not dwell on the details of the remainder of my story, those sweet expressive lines of Tennyson embody all that I would say:—

"Love took up the glass of time, and turned it in his glowing hands;
"Every moment lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands."

When papa returned, having satisfactorily arranged his affairs in England, he was much troubled on my account, fearing that the habit of sleep walking might again manifest itself, although such an event had not occurred since I had found my jewels. Dr. A—, however, gave it as his opinion that no fears need be entertained as this particular freak of mine might be easily traced to my sensitive imagination, and the facts that my nerves had at that time scarcely recovered their healthy tone, since the immense strain to which they had been subjected. I may add that time has but confirmed the doctor's opinion, I have been no more troubled with somnambulism.

It was September when I returned to town. Autumn, winter, and spring passed away, and when June came, rose crowned, and sun bright, there was a wedding, at which I figured as bride and Walter as bridegroom, where pretty Fanny officiated as first bridesmaid, and a certain broad-shouldered blue-eyed personage as best man.

Farmer John Burt and his kindly wife were present of course. Uncle Walter, now on the best of terms with his nephew and namesake, was also present, felicitating the happy couple in a neat speech, which he supplemented by a handsome cheque, an example which was followed in the most liberal manner by Walter's father.

The firm is Gower & Burt. The infusion of fresh capital and young healthy energy into the business, has enabled my father to tide over the pressure in his affairs, and he and Walter declare that all looks bright and promising for the future, while I, living in the light of my husband's unvarying love, have never found reason to regret my summer sojourn at the "Old Farm-House."

MARY J. WISE.

THE LITERARY WORLD.

Mr. R. B. Wormald, B.A., has been appointed successor to the late Mr. Staunton as editor of the chess column in the *Illustrated London News*. The whole of the deceased gentleman's chess memoranda have been placed by his widow at Mr. Wormald's disposal. He is writing a memoir of Mr. Staunton.

The Petrarch Centenary Committee sitting at Aix has received more than a thousand poems in French, Provençal and Italian. The prizes will consist of gold and silver flowers, crowns, gold, silver-gilt, silver, and bronze medals, cups, &c.

Professor J. E. Cairnes is engaged in writing a reply for *Macmillan's Magazine*, to Mr. Goldwin Smith's article, "On Women's Suffrage," which recently appeared in that periodical.

Among some books and MSS. shortly to be sold in England is a rolled manuscript of the Hebrew Pentateuch, acquired a few years ago from a synagogue in Palestine. This manuscript was written in the twelfth century on sixty skins of leather, and measures 120 feet in length by 2 feet 2 in. in breadth.

"Out of the Hurly Burly," by Max Adeler, is one of the best books of American humour. It professes to relate the experiences of a gentleman who has retired to a country village for quiet, but is replete with anecdotes that keep the reader anything but quiet, and it may be recommended to every one desirous of a good laugh.

Mr. Winwood Reade, the traveller, and who was special correspondent to the *Times* during the Ashantee war, has been elected a member of the Royal Institution of Great Britain.

Mr. J. T. Field says, in one of his lectures, that the extravagant indolent man who, having overspent his income, is sumptuously living on the principal, is like Helne's monkey, who was found one day hilariously seated by the fire and cooking his own tail in a copper kettle for dinner.

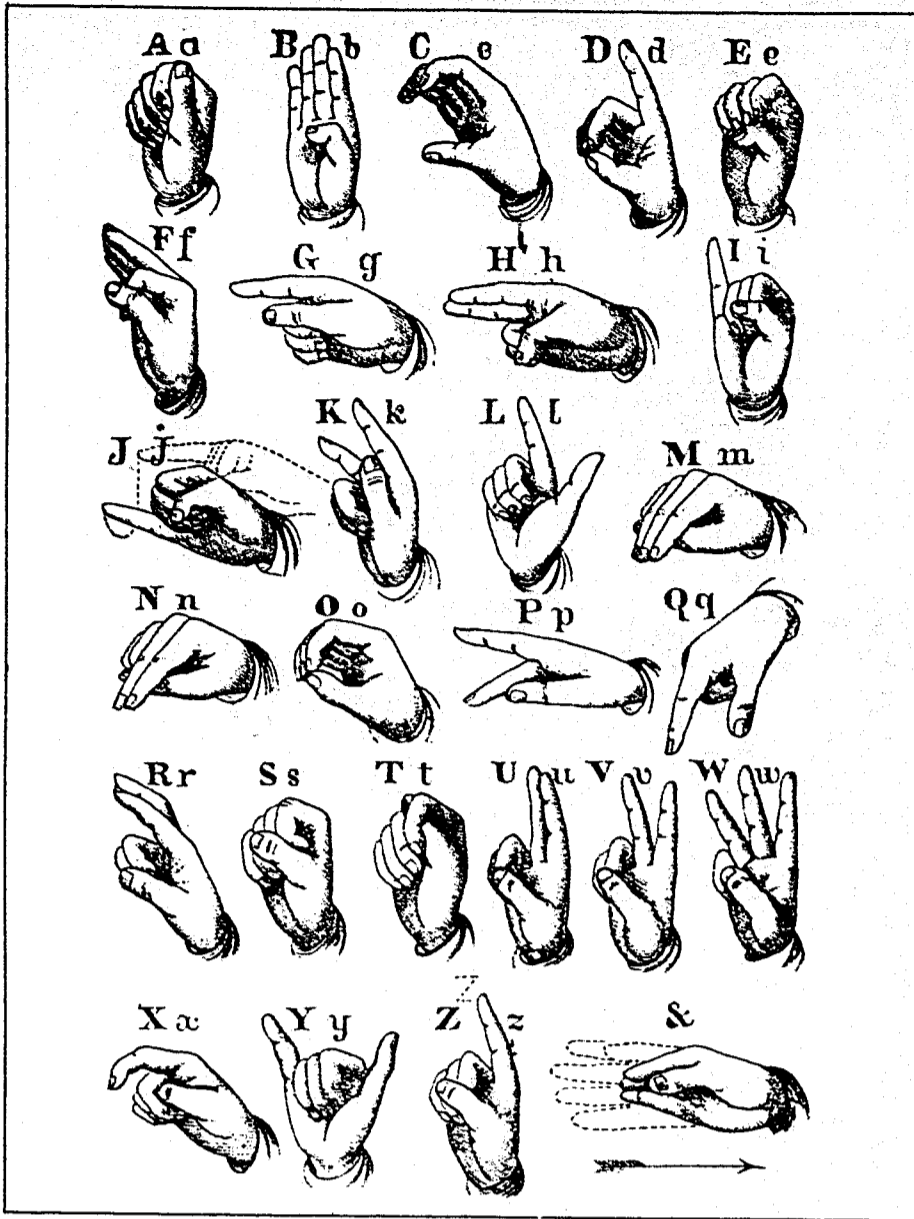
"THE PRICE OF A SHAKESPEAREAN PLAY."—It is said that the expense of keeping the Shakespeare fountain playing in Leicester-square is 25s. an hour.

MATHEWS QUITE AT HOME.—The dinner to Mr. Toole at Willis's Rooms was strongly dramatic, all the principal actors and managers being present in force. A screaming speech was made by Mr. Mathews in proposing the toast of the "Drama." He said, "I have been called upon rather suddenly for this toast. My extemporaneous speeches are always the better for a little preparation. (Loud laughter.) I have been acquainted with the drama for some years—a laugh—a sort of distant connection—a laugh—a sort of bowing acquaintance; but I cannot do justice to its beauties. (Cheers.) However, I do not see what the drama has to do with our meeting to-night. It is not the drama that is going to America; it is Mr. Toole. (Great laughter.) I have heard people say that all his pieces have been played to death in America; but people do not go to see the pieces, they go to see Toole, and they care no more about the authors than Mr. Toole himself." (Tremendous laughter.) And so he went on in this strain.

Proposers of the large cheque for Northumberland House, £497,000 (at which our readers can exercise their hands as a good copy), it is not generally known that the largest Bank of England note is only for the miserable sum of £500,000, and that there are but three of them, very disappointing to those who have big notions. The Bank of England Directors, when old Mehemet Ali visited the city of bullion, put a parcel into his hand to astonish him, saying it contained two millions sterling. He replied "Thank you," and it was long before he could understand the nature of the illustration of compressed values, as he was on the point of putting it into his pocket as a present.

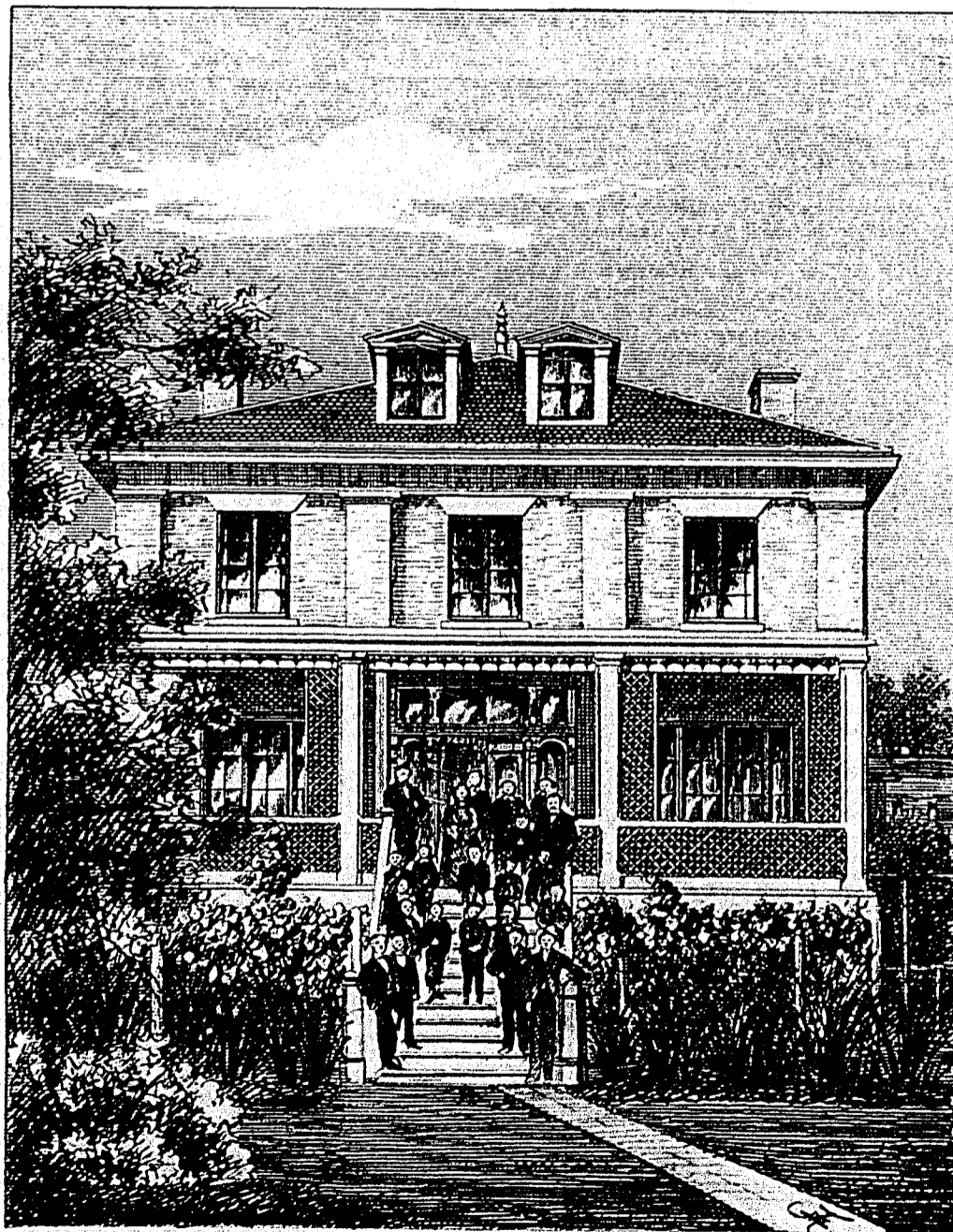
Galignani's Messenger has just completed its sixtieth year. It was established shortly after Louis XVIII. had made his entry into Paris, when the Continent having just been thrown open to travellers, English people in large numbers were availing themselves of the facility allowed them of visiting the French capital.

A female, who had a large collecting-book, went into the office of Messrs. Jones Brothers, when Jones was alone, the other day. The lady began to say that she was collecting for the Ladies' Emancipation and Precipitation of Female Rights Society. Jones said, "What did you say? We're deaf." She started again in a loud voice, and repeated her rigmorole. When she had finished, Jones went and got a roll of paper, made it into a speaking trumpet, placed one end to his ear, and told her to proceed. She nearly broke a blood vessel in her effort to make herself heard. She commenced—"I am alone in the world—" "It doesn't make the slightest difference to us. We are a husband and a father. Bigamy is not allowed in this country. We are not eligible to proposals." "Oh, what a fool the man is," she said in a low tone. Then, at the top of her voice, "I don't want to marry you. I want you to subscribe to," &c. This last sentence was howled, "I don't want a cook, Jones remarked, blandly; "our wife does the cooking, and she wouldn't allow as good-looking a woman as you to stay in the house five minutes." She looked at Jones in despair. Gathering her robes about her, giving Jones a glance of contempt, she exclaimed—"I do believe that if a great cannon were let off alongside of that deaf fool's head, he'd think somebody was knocking at the door." She went out and banged the door like that cannon.



THE MANUAL ALPHABET FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

THOMAS WIDD, PRINCIPAL OF THE MONTREAL PROTESTANT INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB



THE PROTESTANT INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB, MONTREAL.



TEMPORARY QUARTERS.—FROM A PAINTING BY L. E. LAMBERT.

WITH HER.

With her I've wandered oft,
Breathing the fragrance soft
Which gently steals aloft
At morn.

With her I've sought the shade
By gentle foliage made
In some sweet fairy glade
At noon.

With her, in bliss complete,
On some old arbour seat
I've watched the shadows meet
At eve.

With her I stood and wept
When from my gaze she stept,
And like an angel slept
At night.

With her in sweetest thought,
Though now no longer sought,
I'll linger as she taught
For aye.

NINETY-THREE.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

PART THE SECOND.

IN PARIS.

BOOK THE SECOND.

Below, in the horse-shoe at the foot of the tribune, the usher had their places.

On one side of the tribune, a placard nine feet in length was fastened to the wall in a black wooden frame, bearing on two leaves, separated by a sort of sceptre, the "Declaration of the Rights of Man"; on the other side was a vacant place, at a later period occupied by a similar frame, containing the Constitution of Year II., with the leaves divided by a sword. Above the tribune, over the head of the orator, from a deep *loge* with double compartments always filled with people, floated three immense tri-coloured flags, almost horizontal, resting on an altar upon which could be read the word—*LAW*. Behind this altar there arose, tall as a column, an enormous Roman fasces like the sentinel of free speech. Colossal statues, erect against the wall, faced the representatives. The President had Lycurgus on his right hand and Solon on his left; Plato towered above the Mountain.

These statues had plain blocks of wood for pedestals, resting on a long cornice which encircled the hall, and separated the people from the assembly. The spectators could lean their elbows on this cornice.

The black wooden frame of the proclamation of the Rights of Man reached to the cornice and broke the regularity of the entablature, an infraction of the straight line which caused Chabot to murmur. "It is ugly," he said to Vadier.

On the heads of the statues alternated crowns of oak-leaves and laurel. A green drapery, on which similar crowns were painted in deeper green, fell in heavy folds straight down from the cornice of circumference and covered the whole wall of the ground-floor occupied by the assembly. Above this drapery the wall was white and naked. In it, as if hollowed out by a gigantic axe, without moulding or foliage, were two stories of public tribunes, the lower ones square, the upper ones round. According to rule, the archivolts were superimposed upon the architraves. There were ten tribunes on each side of the hall, and two huge boxes at either end; in all, twenty-four. There the crowds gathered thickly.

The spectators in the lower tribunes, overflowing their borders, grouped themselves along the reliefs of the cornice. A long iron bar, firmly fixed at the point of support, served as a rail to the upper tribunes and guarded the spectators against the pressure of the throngs mounting the stairs. Nevertheless, a man was once thrown headlong into the assembly; he fell partly upon Massieu, Bishop of Beauvais, and thus was not killed; he said: "Hallo! Why a bishop is really good for something!"

The hall of the Convention could hold two thousand persons comfortably—on the days of insurrection it held three.

The Convention held two sittings, one in the daytime and one in the evening.

The back of the President's chair was curved, and studded with gilt nails. The table was upheld by four winged monsters, with a single foot—one might have thought they had come out of the Apocalypse to assist at the Revolution. They seemed to have been unharnessed from Ezekiel's chariot to drag the dung-cart of Samson.

On the president's table was a huge hand-bell, almost large enough to have served for a church; a great copper inkstand, and a parchment folio, which was the book of official reports.

Many times freshly severed heads, borne aloft on the tops of pikes, sprinkled their blood-drops over this table.

The tribune was reached by a staircase of nine steps. These steps were high, steep, and hard to mount; one day Genoné stumbled as he was going up. "It is a scaffold-ladder," said he. "Serve your apprenticeship," Carrier cried out to him.

In the angles of the hall, where the wall had looked too naked, the architect had put Roman fasces for decorations, with the axe turned to the people.

At the right and left of the tribune were square blocks supporting two candelabra twelve feet in height, having each four pairs of lamps. There was a similar caudelabrum in each public box. On the pedestals were carved circles, which the people called "guillotine-collars."

The benches of the assembly reached almost to the cornice of the tribunes; so that the representatives and the spectators could talk together.

The outlets from the tribunes led into a labyrinth of sombre corridors, often filled with a savage din.

The Convention overcrowded the palace and flowed into the neighbouring mansions — the Hôtel de Longueville and the Hôtel de Coigny. It was to the Hôtel de Coigny, if one may believe a letter of Lord Bradford's, that the royal furniture was carried after the 10th of August. It took two months to empty the Tuileries.

The committees were lodged in the neighbourhood of the hall; in the Pavillon-Egalité were those of Legislation, Agriculture, and Commerce; in the Pavilion of Liberty were the Marine, the Colonies, Finance, Assignats, and Public Safety; the War Department was at the Pavilion of Unity.

The Committee of General Security communicated directly with that of the Public Safety by an obscure passage, lighted day and night with a reflector lamp, where the spies of all parties came and went. People spoke there in whispers.

The bar of the Convention was several times displaced. Generally it was at the right of the president.

At the far ends of the hall the vertical partitions which closed the concentric semicircles of the amphitheatre left between them and the wall a couple of narrow, deep passages, from which opened two dark square doors.

The representatives entered directly into the hall by a door opening on the Terrace des Feuillants.

This hall, dimly lighted during the day by deep-set windows took a strange nocturnal aspect, when, with the approach of twilight, it was badly illuminated by lamps. Their pale glare intensified the evening shadows and the lamplight sessions were lugubrious.

It was impossible to see clearly; from the opposite ends of the hall, to the right and to the left, indistinct groups of faces insulted each other. People met without recognising one another. One day Laiguelot, hurrying toward the tribune, hit against some person in the sloping passage between the benches. "Pardon, Robespierre," said he. "For whom do you take me?" replied a hoarse voice. "Pardon, Marat," said Laiguelot.

At the bottom, to the right and left of the president, were two reserved tribunes, for, strange to say, the Convention had its privileged spectators. These tribunes were the only ones that had draperies. In the middle of the architrave two gold tassels held up the curtains. The tribunes of the people were bare. The whole surroundings were peculiar and savage, yet correct. Regularity in barbarism is rather a type of revolution. The hall of the Convention offered the most complete specimen of what artists have since called "architecture Messidor"; it was massive, and yet frail. The builders of that time mistook symmetry for beauty. The last word of the Renaissance had been uttered under Louis XV., and a reaction followed. The noble was pushed to insipidity and the pure to absurdity. Prudery may exist in architecture. After the dazzling orgies of form and colour of the eighteenth century, Art took to fasting and only allowed herself the straight line. This species of progress ends in ugliness, and art reduced to a skeleton is the phenomenon which results. The fault of this sort of wisdom and abstinence is that the style is so severe that it becomes meagre.

Outside of all political emotion, there was something in the very architecture of this hall which made one shiver. One recalled confusedly the ancient theatre with its garlanded boxes, its blue and crimson ceiling, its prismatic lustres, its girandoles with diamond reflections, its brilliant hangings, its profusion of Cupids and Nymphs on the curtain and draperies, the whole royal and amorous idyl, painted, sculptured, gilded, which had brightened this sombre spot with its smile, where now one saw on every side hard rectilinear angles, cold and sharp as steel; it was something like Boucher guillotined by David.

IV.

But when one saw the Assembly, the hall was forgotten. Whoever looked at the drama no longer remembered the theatre. Nothing more chaotic and more sublime. A crowd of heroes; a mob of cowards. Fallow deer on a mountain; reptiles in a marsh. Therein swarmed, elbowed one another, provoked one another, threatened, struggled, and lived, all those combatants who are phantoms to-day.

A convocation of Titans.

To the right, the Gironde, a legion of thinkers; to the left, the Mountain, a group of athletes. On one side Brissot, who had received the keys of the Bastille; Barbaroux, whom the Marseilles troops obeyed; Kervélégan, who had under his hand the battalion of Brest, garrisoned in the Faubourg Saint-Marceau; Genoué, who had established the supremacy of the representatives over the generals; the fatal Gaudet, to whom the Queen one night, at the Tuileries, showed the sleeping Dauphin; Gaudet kissed the forehead of the child and caused the head of the father to fall. Salles, the crack-brained denouncer of the intimacy between the Mountain and Austria. Sillery, the cripple of the Right, as Couthon was the paralytic of the Left. Lause Duperret, who having been called scoundrel by a journalist, invited him to dinner, saying, "I know that by scoundrel you simply mean a man who does not think like yourself." Rabaut Saint-Etienne, who commenced his Almanac for 1790 with this saying—"The revolution is ended." Quinette, one of those who overthrew Louis XVI.; the Jansenist Camus, who drew up the civil constitution of the clergy, believed in the miracles of the Deacon Paris, and prostrated himself each night before a figure of Christ seven feet high, which was nailed to the wall of his chamber. Fouchet, a priest, who, with Camille Desmoulins, brought about the 14th of July; Isnard, who committed the crime of saying, "Paris will be destroyed," at the same moment when Brunswick was saying, "Paris shall be burnt." Jacob Dupont, the first who cried, "I am an Atheist," and to whom Robespierre replied, "Atheism is aristocratic." Lanjuinais, stern, sagacious, and valiant Breton; Ducos, the Euryales of Boyerfrède; Rebecqui, the Pylades of Barbaroux; Rebecqui gave in his resignation because Robespierre had not yet been guillotined. Richaud, who combatted the permanency of the Sections. Lasource, who had given utterance to the murderous apophthegm: "Woe to grateful nations!" and who was afterwards to contradict himself at the foot of the scaffold by this haughty sarcasm flung at the Mountainists; "We die because the people sleep; you will die because the people awake." Biroteau, who caused the abolition of inviolability to be decreed, who was also, without knowing it, the forger of the axe, and raised the scaffold for himself. Charles Villatte, who sheltered his conscience behind this protest, "I will not vote under the hatchet." Louvet, the author of *Faustas*, who was to end as a bookseller in the Palais Royal with Lodoiska behind the counter. Mercier, author of the *Picture of Paris*, who exclaimed—"On the 21st of

January, all kings felt for the backs of their necks!" Marie, whose anxiety was "the faction of the ancient limits." The journalist Carra, who said to the headman at the foot of the scaffold, "It bores me to die. I would have liked to see the continuation." Vigée, who called himself a grenadier in the second battalion of Mayenne and Loire, and who, when menaced by the public tribunals, cried, "I demand that at the first murmur of the tribunals we all withdraw and march on Versailles, sabre in hand?" Buzot, reserved for death by famine; Valazé, destined to die by his own dagger; Condorcet, who was to perish at Bourg-la-Reine (become Bourg-Egalité), betrayed by the Horace which he had in his pocket; Pétion, whose destiny was to be adored by the crowd in 1792—and devoured by wolves in 1794, twenty others still,—Pontecoulant, Marboz, Lidon, Saint-Martin, Dussaulx, the translator of Juvenal, who had been in the Hanover campaign; Boileau, Bertrand, Lesterp Beauvais, Lesage, Gomaire, Gardieu, Mainville, Duplentur, Lacaze, Antiboul, and at their head a Barnave, who was styled Vergniaud.

On the other side, Antoine Louis Léon Florelle de Saint-Just, pale, with a low forehead, a regular profile, eye mysterious, a profound sadness, aged twenty-three. Merlin de Thionville, whom the Germans called *Feuertoufel*—"the fire-devil." Merlin de Douai, the culpable author of the *Law of the Suspected*. Soubranz, whom the people of Paris at the first Prairial demanded for general. The ancient priest Lebon, holding a sabre in the hand which had sprinkled holy water; Billaud Varennes, who foresaw the magistracy of the future, without judges or arbiters; Fabre d'Églantine, who fell upon a delightful God-send—the republican calendar, just as Rouget de Lisle had a single sublime inspiration—the Marseillaise; neither one nor the other ever produced a second. Manuel, the attorney of the Commune, who had said, "A dead king is not a man the less." Goujon, who had entered Tripstadt, Neustadt, and Spire, and had seen the Prussian army flee. Lacroix, a lawyer turned into a general, named Chevalier of Saint Louis six days before the 10th of August. Freron Thersite, the son of Freron Zoilus. Ruth, the inexorable of the iron press, predestined to a great republican suicide—he was to kill himself the day the Republic died. Fouché, with the soul of a demon, and the face of a corpse. Camboulas, the friend of Father Duchesne, who said to Guillotin, "Thou belongest to the Club of the Feuillants, but thy daughter belongs to the Jacobin Club." Jagot, who to such as complained to him of the nudity of the prisoners replied by this savage saying. "A prison is a dress of stone." Javogues, the terrible desecrator of the tombs of Saint-Denis. Osselin, a proscriber, who hid one of the proscribed (Madame Charry) in his house. Bentabole, who, when he was in the chair, made signs to the tribunes to applaud or hoot. The journalist Robert, the husband of Mademoiselle Kéralio, who wrote, "Neither Robespierre nor Marat come to my house. Robespierre may come when he wishes—Marat, never." Garan Coulon, who, when Spain interfered in the trial of Louis XVI., haughtily demanded that the Assembly should not deign to read the letter of a king in behalf of a king. Grégoire, a bishop, at first worthy of the Primitive Church, but who afterwards, under the Empire, effaced Grégoire the republican beneath the Count Grégoire. Amar, who said, "The whole earth condemns Louis XVI. To whom then appeal for judgment? To the planets?" Rouger, who, on the 21st of January, opposed the firing of the cannon of Pont Neuf, saying, "A king's head ought to make no more noise in falling than the head of another man."

Chénier, the brother of André; Vadier, one of those who laid a pistol on the tribune; Panis, who said to Momoro, "I wish Marat and Robespierre to embrace at my table"—"Where dost thou live?"—"At Charenton."—"Anywhere else would have astonished me," replied Momoro. Legendre, who was the butcher of the French Revolution, as Pridge has been of the English. "Come, that I may knock you down," he cried to Lanjuinais. "First have it decreed that I am a bullock," replied Lanjuinais. Collet d'Herbois, that lugubrious comedian who had the face of the antique mask with two mouths which said yes and no, approving with one while he blamed with the other; branding Carrier at Nantes and defying Châlier at Lyons; sending Robespierre to the scaffold and Marat to the Panthéon. Goussier, who demanded the penalty of death against whomsoever should have upon him a medallion of "Louis XVI., martyrized." Léonard Bourdon, the schoolmaster, who had offered his house to the old men of Mont Jura. Topsent, sailor; Goupilleau, lawyer; Laurent Lecointre, merchant; Duhem, physician; Sergent, sculptor; David, painter; Joseph Egalité, prince.

Others still: Lecointre Puiraveau, who asked that a decree should be passed declaring Marat mad. Robert Liadet, the disquieting creator of that devil-fish whose head was the Committee of General Surety, and which covered France with its one-and-twenty thousand arms called revolutionary committees. Lebon, upon whom Girez-Dupré, in his *Christmas of False Patriot*, had made this epigram: "*Lebon vit Legendre et beugla.*"

Thomas Payne, the gentle American; † Anacharsis Cloots, German, baron, millionaire, atheist; Hébertist, out-spoken. The upright Lebas, the friend of the Duplays. Rovère, one of those strange men who are wicked for wickedness' sake; for the art, from love of the art, exists more frequently than people believe. Charlier, who wished that "you" should be employed in addressing aristocrats. Tallion, elegiac and ferocious, who will bring about the 9th Thermidor from love. Cambacérés, a lawyer, who will be a prince later. Carrier, an attorney, who will become a tiger. Laplanche, who will one day cry, "I demand priority for the alarm-gun." Thuriot, who desired the vote of the Revolutionary Tribunal to be given aloud. Bourdon de l'Oise, who challenged Chambon to a duel, denounced Payne, and was himself denounced by Hébert. Fayau, who proposed the sending of "an army of incendiaries" into the Vendée. Tavaux, who, on the 13th of April, was almost a mediator between the Gironde and the

* Boswell, the laird, father of Johnson's biographer, had said the same some years before of Cromwell.

† Thomas Payne, American et olément—"Thomas Payne, an American and merciful." M. Hugo here means Tom Paine, the stay-maker and revolutionary Englishman, the author of the *Age of Reason*, and Mr. Carlyle's "rebellious needlemaker." Paine voted against the death of Louis XVI., was himself denounced, and escaped the guillotine as by miracle, his door, marked for his execution, being turned back. So far from being an American he had returned thence and had lived for years in England; he was born at Thetford, in Norfolk, and was an English busybody, intruding in an assembly which should have been entirely French. He died in America, and William Cobbett brought his bones to England. They excited no attention.

Mountain. Vernier, who proposed that the chiefs of the Girondins and the Mountain should be sent to serve as common soldiers. Rewbell, who shut himself up in Mayence. Bourbotte, who had his horse killed under him at the taking of Saumur. Guimberteau, who directed the army of the Cherbourg coast. Jard Panvilliers, who managed the army of the coasts of Rochelle. Lecarpentier, who led the squadron of Cancale. Roberjot, for whom the ambush of Rastadt was waiting. Prieur of the Marne, who bore in camp his old rank of major. Levasseur de la Sarthe, who by a word decided Serrent, commandant of the battalion of Saint-Amand, to kill himself. Reverchon, Maure, Bernard de Saintes, Charles Richard, Lequinio, and at the summit of this group, a Mirabeau, who was called Danton.

Outside the two camps, and keeping both in awe, rose the man Robespierre.

V.

Below crouched Dismay, which may be noble; and Fear, which is base. Beneath passions, beneath heroisms, beneath devotion, beneath rage, was the gloomy cohort of the Anonymous. The shoals of the assembly were called the Plain. There was everything which floats; the men who doubt, who hesitate, who recoil, who adjourn, who wait, each one fearing somebody. The Mountain was made up of the Select; the Girondin of the Select; the Plain was a crowd. The Plain was summed up and condensed in Siyès.

Siyès, a profound man, who had grown chimerical. He had stopped at the Tiers-Etat, and had not been able to mount up to the people. Certain minds are made to rest halfway. Siyès called Robespierre a tiger, and was called a mole by Robespierre. This metaphysician had stranded, not on wisdom, but prudence. He was the courtier, not the servitor, of the Revolution. He seized a shovel and went with the people to work in the Champ de Mars; harnessed to the same cart as Alexander de Beauharnais. He counselled energy, but never showed it. He said to the Girondists, "Put the cannon on your side." There were thinkers who were wrestlers; those were like Condorcet, with Vergniaud; or, like Camille Desmoulins, with Danton. There were thinkers, whose aim was to preserve their lives; such were with Siyès. The best working vats have their lees. Underneath the Plain even was the Marsh, a hideous stagnation which exposed to view the transparencies of egotism. There shivered the fearful in dumb expectation. Nothing could be more abject. A conglomeration of shames feeling no shame; hidden rage; revolt under servitude. They were afraid in a cynical fashion; they had all the desperation of cowardice; they preferred the Girondin and chose the Mountain; the final catastrophe depended upon them; they poured toward the successful side; they delivered Louis XVI. to Vergniaud, Vergniaud to Danton, Danton to Robespierre, Robespierre to Tallien. They put Marat in the pillory when living, and defied him when dead. They upheld everything up to the day when they overtook everything. They had the instinct to give the decisive push to whatever tottered. In their eyes—since they had undertaken to serve on condition that the basis was solid—to waver was to betray them. They were number; they were force; they were fear. From thence came the audacity of turpitude. Thence came May 31st, the 11th Terminal, the 9th Thermidor; tragedies knotted by giants and untied by dwarfs.

VI.

Among these men full of passions were mingled men filled with dreams. Utopia was there under all its forms; under its warlike form, which admitted the scaffold, and under its innocent form, which would abolish capital punishment; phantom as it faced thrones; angel as it regarded the people. Side by side with the spirits that fought were the spirits that brooded. These had war in their heads, those peace. One brain, Carnot, brought forth fourteen armies; another intellect, Jean Debry, meditated a universal democratic federation. Amid this furious eloquence, among these shrieking and growling voices, there were fruitful silences. Lakanal remained voiceless, and combined in his thoughts the system of public national education; Lanthenas held his peace, and created the primary schools; Revellère Lépeaux kept still, and dreamed of the elevation of Philosophy to the dignity of Religion. Others occupied themselves with questions of detail, smaller and more practical. Guyton Morveaux studied means for rendering the hospitals healthy; Maire, the abolition of existing servitudes. Jean Bon Saint-André, the suppression of imprisonment for debt and constraint of the person; Romme, the proposition of Chappe; Duboë, the putting the archives in order; Coren Fustier, the creation of the Cabinet of Anatomy and the Museum of Natural History; Guyonard, river navigation and the damming of the Escant. Art had its fanatics and even its monomaniacs. On the 21st of January, while the head of monarchy was falling on the Place de la Révolution, Bézard, the representative of the Oise, went to see a picture of Rubens, which had been found in a garret in the Rue Saint-Lazarre. Artists, orators, prophets, men-giants like Danton, child-men like Cloots, gladiators, and philosophers, all had the same goal—Progress. Nothing disconcerted them. The grandeur of the Convention was, the searching how much reality there is in what men call the impossible. At one extreme, Robespierre had his eye fixed on Law; at the other, Condorcet had his fixed on Duty. Condorcet was a man of revery and enlightenment; Robespierre was a man of execution; and sometimes in the final crises of worn-out orders, execution means extermination. Revolutions have two currents—an ebb and a flow; and on these float all seasons, from that of ice to flowers. Each one of these currents produces men adapted to its climate, from those who live in the sun to those who dwell among the thunderbolts.

VII.

People showed each other the recess of the left-hand passage, where Robespierre had uttered low in the ear of Garat, Clavière's friend, this terrible epigram: "Clavière has conspired wherever he has respired. In this same recess, convenient for words needed to be spoken aside and for half-voiced cholera, Fabre d'Églantine had quarrelled with Romme and reproached him for having disfigured his calendar by changing Fervidor into Thermidor. So, too, was shown the angle where,

elbow to elbow, sat the seven representatives of the Haute-Garonne who, first called to pronounce their verdict upon Louis XVI., thus responded one after the other—Mailhe, "Death;" Delmas, "Death;" Projean, "Death;" Calès, "Death;" Ayral, "Death;" Julien, "Death;" Desaby, "Death."

Eternal reverberation, which fills all history, and which, since human justice has existed, has always given an echo of the sepulchre to the wall of the tribunal. People pointed out with their fingers, among that group of stormy faces, all the men from whose mouths had come the uproar of tragic notes. Paganel, who said—"Death! A king is only made useful by death." Millaud, who said—"To-day, if death did not exist, it would be necessary to invent it." The old Raffon du Trouillet, who said—"Speedy death!" Goupilleau, who cried—"The scaffold at once. Delay aggravates dying." Siyès, who said, with funeral brevity—"Death." Thuriot, who had rejected the appeal to the people proposed by Buzot, "What! The primary assemblies! What! Forty-four thousand tribunals! A case without limit. The head of Louis XVI. would have time to whiten before it would fall." Augustin Bon Robespierre, who, after his brother, cried—"I know nothing of the humanity which slaughters the people and pardons despots. Death! To demand a reprieve is to substitute an appeal to tyrants for the appeal to the people." Fousseidoire, the substitute of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, who had said—"I have a horror of human bloodshed, but the blood of a king is not a man's blood. Death!" Jean Bon Saint-André, who said—"No free people without a dead tyrant." Lavicomterie, who proclaimed this formula—"So long as the tyrant breathes, Liberty is suffocated. Death!"

Châteauneuf Randon, who had uttered this cry, "Death to the last Louis." Guyardin, who had said, "Let the Barrière Renversée (the overturned barrier) be executed." The Barrière Renversée was the Barrière du Trône. Tellier, who had said, "Let there be forged, to aim against the enemy, a cannon of the calibre of Louis XVI's head." And the indulgent—Gentil, who said, "I vote for confinement. To make a Charles I. is to make a Cromwell." Bancal, who said, "Exile. I want to see the first king of the earth condemned to a trade in order to earn his livelihood." Albouys, who said, "Banishment. Let this living ghost go wander among the thrones." Zangiacom, who said, "Confinement. Let us keep Capet alive as a scarecrow." Chaillon, who said, "Let him live. I do not wish to make a dead man of whom Rome will make a saint."

While these sentences fell from those severe lips and dispersed themselves one after another into history, women in low-naked dresses and decorated with gems sat in the tribunes, list in hand, counting the voices and pricking each vote with a pin.

Where tragedy entered horror and pity remain.

To see the Convention, no matter at what period of its reign, was to see anew the trial of the last Capet. The legend of the 21st of January seemed mingled with all its acts; the formidable assembly was full of those fatal breaths which blew upon the old torch of monarchy, that had burned for eighteen centuries, and extinguished it. The decisive trials of all kings in that judgment pronounced upon one king was like the point of departure in the great war made against the Past. Whatever might be the sitting of the Convention at which one was present, the shadow of Louis XVI's scaffold was seen thrust forward within it. Spectators recounted to one another the resignation of Kersaint, the resignation of Roland, Duchâtel, the deputy of the Deux-Sèvres, who, being ill, had himself carried to the Convention on his bed, and, dying, voted the king's life, which caused Marat to laugh; and they sought with their eyes the representative whom history has forgotten, he who, after that session of thirty-seven hours, fell back on his bench overcome by fatigue and sleep, and when roused by the usher as his turn to vote arrived, half opened his eyes, said "Death," and fell asleep again.

At the moment Louis XVI. was condemned to death Robespierre had still eighteen months to live; Danton, fifteen months; Vergniaud, nine months; Marat, five months and three weeks; Lepelletier Saint-Fargeau, one day. Quick and terrible blasts from human mouths!

VIII.

The people had a window opening on the Convention—the public tribunes; and, when the window was not sufficient, they opened the door, and the street entered the Assembly. These invasions of the crowd into that senate make one of the most astounding visions of history. Ordinarily those irruptions were amicable. The market-place fraternized with the curule chair. But it was a formidable cordiality, that of a people who one day took within three hours the cannon of the Invalides and forty thousand muskets besides. At each instant a troop interrupted the deliberations; deputations presented at the bar petitions, homages, offerings. The pike of honour of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine entered, borne by women. Certain English offered twenty thousand pairs of shoes for the naked feet of our soldiers. "The citizen Arnoux," announced the *Moniteur*, "Curé of Aubignan, Commandant of the Battalion of Drôme, asks to march to the frontiers, and desires that his cure may be preserved to him."

Delegates from the Sections arrived, bringing, on hand-barrons, dishes, patens, chalices, monstrances, heaps of gold, silver, and enamel, presented to the country by this multitude in rags, who demanded for recompense the permission to dance the Carmagnole before the Convention. Chenard, Narbonne, and Vallière came to sing couplets in honour of the Mountain. The Section of Mont Blanc brought the bust of Lepelletier, and a woman placed a red cap on the head of the president, who embraced her. The citizenesses of the Section of the Mail "flung flowers" to the legislators. "The pupils of the country" came, headed by music, to thank the Convention for having prepared the prosperity of the century. The women of the Section of the Gardes Françaises offered roses; the women of the Champs Élysées Section gave a crown of oak-leaves; the women of the Section of the Temple came to the bar to swear "only to unite themselves with true republicans." The Section of Molière presented a medal of Franklin, which was suspended by decree to the crown of the statue of Liberty. The Foundlings—declared the Children of the Republic—fled through, habited in the national uniform. The young girls of the Section of Ninety-two arrived in long white robes, and the *Moniteur* of the following morning contained this line—"The president received a bouquet from the innocent hands

of a young beauty." The orators saluted the crowds, sometimes flattered them; they said to the multitude, "Thou art infallible; thou art irrevocable; thou art sublime." The people has an infantile side; it likes those sugar-plums. Sometimes Riot traversed the Assembly; entered furious and withdrew appeased, like the Rhone which traverses Lake Lemane, and is mud when it enters and pure and azure when it pours out.

Sometimes the crowd was less pacific, and Henriot was obliged to come with his "bullet-heaters" to the entrance of the Tuileries.

(To be continued.)

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

JULY 23.—The Lord Mayor of London, Mr. Andrew Lusk, has been created a Baronet.

The Carlists shot every tenth man of the volunteer battalions captured at Cuenca.

The bodies of forty Republicans, murdered by Carlists, have been found in a house in Cuenca, mutilated beyond recognition. The Spanish Minister of Finance says he has funds sufficient to arm 150,000 reserves and meet the ordinary expenses of the State till September.

Mrs. Tilton denies *in toto*, the charges made by her husband against Mr. Beecher and herself.

In the Imperial House of Commons last night, Mr. Disraeli moved, seconded by Mr. Gladstone, for an annual grant to Prince Leopold of \$75,000. The motion was adopted almost unanimously.

JULY 24.—The Sublime Porte has given orders for two hundred and thirty pieces of ordnance.

General Moriones is reported to have won a great victory in Navarre, and captured 1,500 Carlists.

Eight detectives have been sent to Kissengen to exercise a personal superintendence over Bismarck's safety.

Serrano, Castelar and Zabala are said to be concerting measures for the definite establishment of a Conservative Republic for Spain.

Mr. Disraeli announces the withdrawal of the Land Transfer, the Judicature, and the Endowed Schools Bills, and the prorogation of the House on the 8th proximo.

Mayor Havemeyer has sent in to Governor Dix his answer against the Tammany charges. He refuses to allow its publication, but is confident the Governor will dismiss the charge.

On account of an alarming outbreak of small-pox at Newmarket, England, the authorities have asked the Jockey Club's permission to convert the Grand Stand into an hospital.

Earl Russell says there should be no unnecessary delay in the recognition of Spain by Great Britain. Lord Derby thinks such recognition premature, and that it should be the collective act of the European powers.

The steamer City of Guatemala, of the Pacific Mail Line, was lost on the 16th instant, off Watling Island, Bahamas. The crew were saved, but the vessel, valued at \$270,000, will be a total loss. She was insured for \$220,000.

The Spanish Legation have been instructed, from Madrid, to ascertain whether the United States would intervene with an armed force in Cuba, with a view of discovering whether the inhabitants desire separation from Spain or not.

Victoria Woodhull has arrived in New York in connection with the Beecher scandal, but will reserve her statement till all the others have finished with theirs.

In case the Investigation Committee exonerate him, Beecher's friends will bring an action for slander against Tilton. The latter, on the other hand, promises to take the case before a court of law—whatever the Committee's verdict—where Beecher will not be permitted to choose his own jury.

JULY 25.—The medical chief reports, upon examination, indication of a "possible apoplectic disease" in Tweed's physical condition.

The German squadron has been ordered to cruise off the coast of Spain, in consequence of German subjects having been shot by the Carlists.

In accordance with instructions from the Head Offices in England, some of the Chicago insurance agents have ceased taking risks, while others have raised the rates 50 per cent.

The motion for the dissolution of the Assembly is to be reconsidered. The Government have accepted the proposition, adopted by the Committee of Thirty, for the creation of a Senate.

Archbishop McClosky sailed from New York on Saturday for Europe, where he is to superintend the building of altars and the selection of stained glass windows for the new Cathedral in South Fifth Avenue.

A water spout broke over the town of Eureka, Nevada, on Friday, carrying away over thirty houses. Between twenty-five and thirty lives are supposed to have been lost. Twenty-four bodies have already been recovered.

JULY 27.—It has been decided to hold the sittings of the Brussels Congress with closed doors.

Thirty men were killed last week by the explosion of a Carlist magazine at Quiza.

Sir Alfred Horsfield is the representative of Great Britain at the Brussels Congress.

The Suffragan Bishop of Posen, in Prussia, has been arrested and sentenced to fifteen months' imprisonment for violation of the Ecclesiastical Laws.

The Philadelphia police have parties in custody through whom it is believed a clue may be obtained as to the whereabouts of the missing boy, Charlie Ross.

Disastrous accounts are received from Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, of the effects of the recent floods in that vicinity. Over a hundred persons are said to have perished.

A terrible land slide occurred in Spain, in the Province of Navarre. The catastrophe was so sudden that few of the inhabitants of the town destroyed escaped. Over a hundred corpses are said to have been already discovered.

An extensive Republican demonstration against the grant to Prince Leopold was made in London on Sunday. The Prince is officially reported as being seriously ill. There is, however, no cause for alarm, though his recovery, it is said, will be tedious.

Tilton publishes a card, wherein he enumerates several important items in his cross-examination by the Investigating Committee, which he said were purposely omitted from the Committee's report. He further states that Moulton will only give evidence before a tribunal that can compel him to speak.

Forty-one Carlists, most of them ecclesiastics or members of the nobility, have been arrested at Barcelona by way of reprisal against the inhuman conduct of Carlists.

The Committee of the Agricultural Labourers' Union have adopted a resolution declaring that "as we are not justified in appealing to the public for support for locked out labourers in the eastern counties during harvest, therefore we offer them the alternative of emigrating or depending on their own resources." The Committee is negotiating for easier terms of emigration to Canada.

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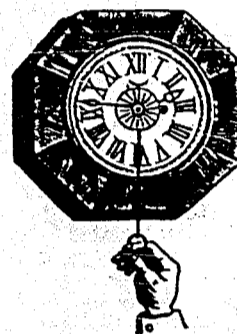
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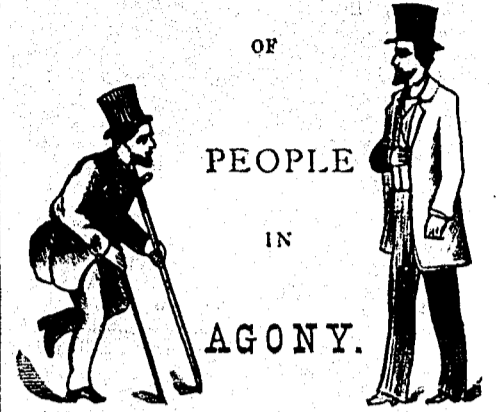
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Considered in relation to Canada, with the last two reports of S. J. DAWSON, Esq., C.E., on the line of route between Lake Superior and the

RED RIVER SETTLEMENT.

ACCOMPANIED BY A MAP.

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