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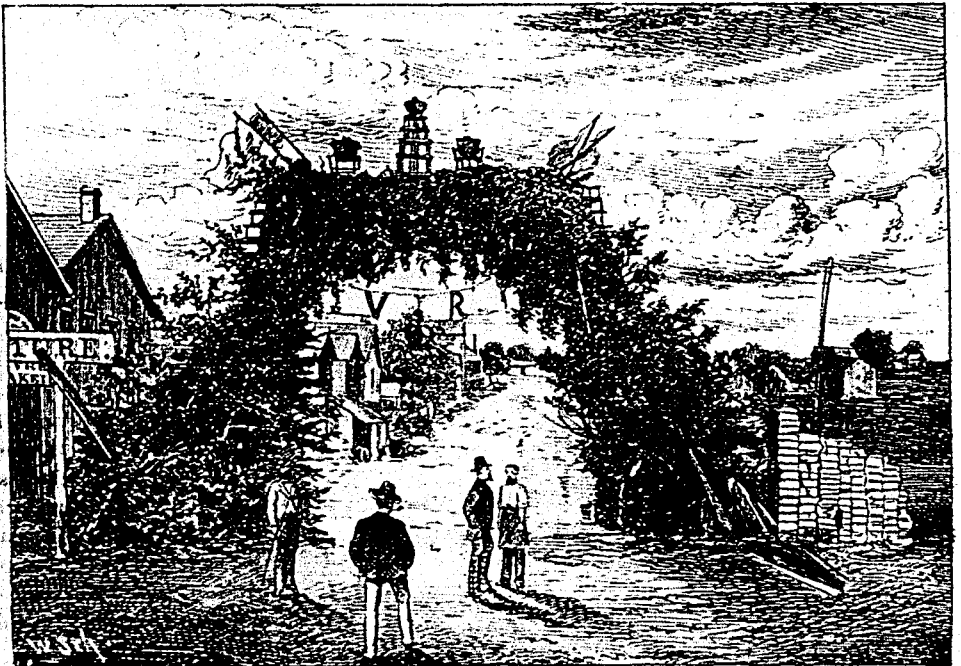
Vol. X.—No. 11.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1874.

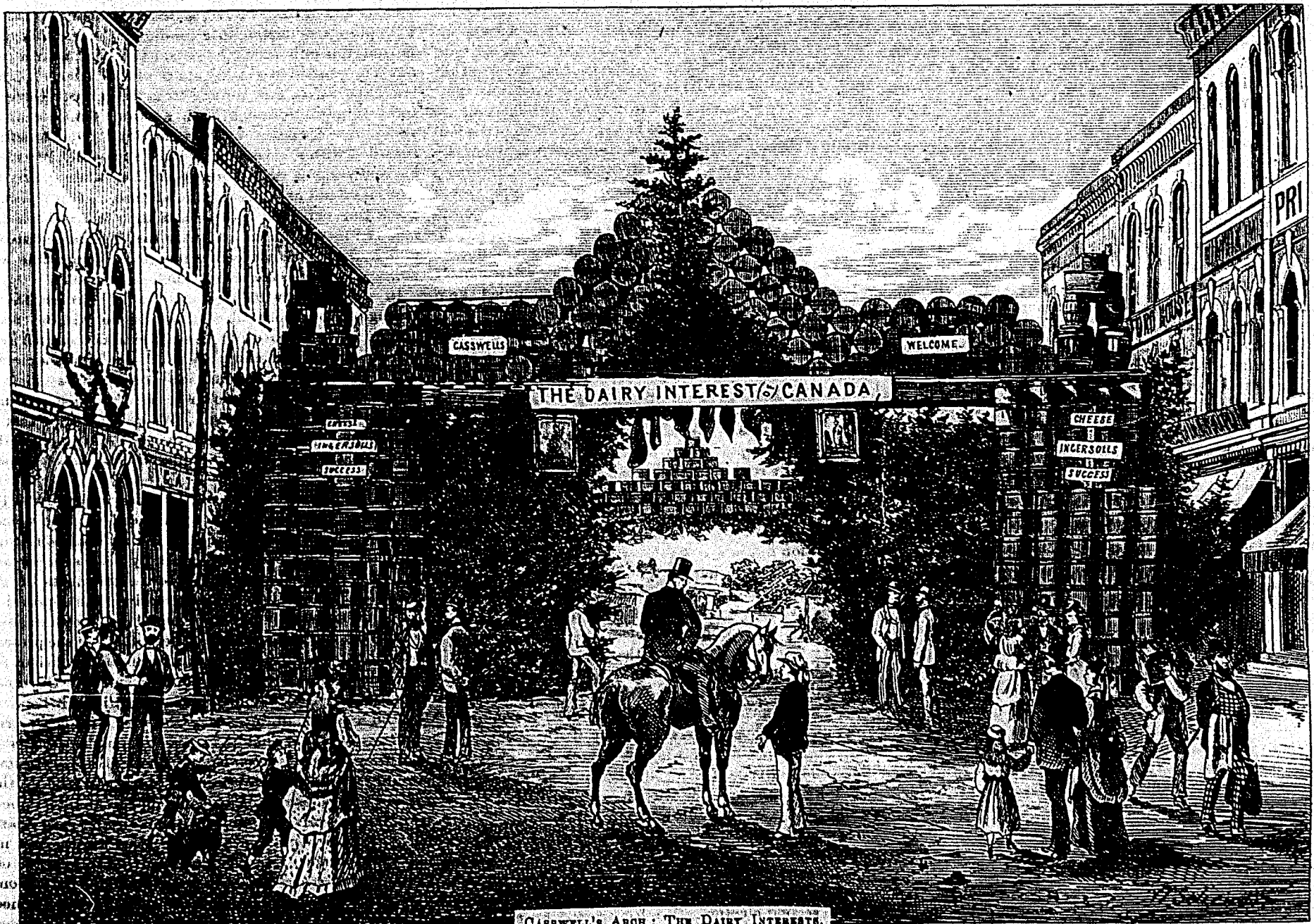
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Canadian Illustrated News.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPT. 12, 1874.

ELECTORAL CORRUPTION.

The Conservative papers are exultant. Some three or four cases of contested elections have been tried, in each of which there were produced the most palpable proofs of bribery and corruption on the part of Reform politicians. In Essex, McGregor's case was so bad that it was given up as hopeless before the trial was over and that member was unseated. In Marquette, poor Cunningham was shown to have been elected by fifty or more non-registered votes, and his doubly vacant seat was made over to his adversary. In Cornwall, the Postmaster-General appears to have meddled in no very creditable manner, and Mr. George Stephens was called upon, as President of the Cornwall Manufacturing Company, to lay a pressure on the workmen in his employ. In South Ontario a most damaging letter from Hon. John Simpson, Senator and President of the Ontario Bank, has been published, which, if authentic, is about the most impudent and disgraceful bit of electioneering ever attempted in this country.

With all these facts before them, it was too much to expect that the Conservatives would not set up a cry of contempt and triumph. Still, if instead of allowing themselves to be carried away by their feelings, they had consulted their judgment instead, they would perhaps have reserved their jubilation. The trials of contested elections are only just beginning. There are some fifty more to take place. In that number, fully half of the respondents are Conservatives, including Sir John A. McDonald himself. It is safe to say that by the time all the cases are disposed of, there will be as many Conservative members unseated as there will be Liberals. And it will be further proved that the same disreputable tricks, the same reckless attempts at intimidation, the same barefaced buying and selling, will have been resorted to by the former as by the latter. When the balance is struck, both parties will have to look each other honestly in the face and confess that in the matter of elections, at least, there is little or nothing to choose between them.

The Conservative party is under a cloud just now. The unfortunate Pacific Railway business and the miserable Tanneries' Land Exchange have sorely shaken the pillars of its strength and almost driven the public mind to obliviousness of the splendid services it rendered the country during an administration of twenty years. The party journals feel this, and hence their eagerness to seize upon every occasion to retaliate in kind upon their adversaries. The Reform party, on the other hand, has

started on a false and dangerous tack. When Mr. Blake, from his place in Parliament, proudly declared that he and his colleagues represented the party of purity and honesty, he raised an issue very embarrassing to his followers and very tempting to the criticism of his opponents. We regarded the statement as clap-trap at the time, and we regard it as such still. We know of nothing in the history of the party—taken as a whole—which could justify any one in pronouncing it a whit purer or more honest than the party which it has displaced. True it has no administrative delinquencies to account for, but that is because it was almost always in Opposition. But in its electioneering campaigns and in its parliamentary tactics, we have yet to learn that it behaved any better than its adversaries. If Mr. Blake had promised purity and honesty as the distinctive badge of his party in the future, the matter would be very different. We should then have hailed it as a good omen, and implicitly relied upon the pledge. The party is young in power, and has the sympathy of every independent voter. It replaces men whose official life was too long for the strain on human weakness, and whose purposes were gradually eaten into, as an old hulk is with barnacles. The present Government is able, and we believe that it is sincere in its determination to be upright. But it will increase the faith of us all in its integrity if it buries past issues, stops relying for support on abuse of its fallen enemies, and forces its Parliamentary supporters to give a better example of electoral purity than they have done in Essex, Cornwall and Marquette.

RIEL'S RE-ELECTION.

The free and independent electors of Provencher have again returned LOUIS RIEL to Parliament, whence he was expelled last session by a large majority. This news will take no one by surprise. The position held by the ex-Provincial President in the esteem of his fellow-countrymen did not permit of the slightest doubt as to the result of any election in which he appeared as a candidate. He is looked upon by the Métis as a martyr for their cause—doubly martyred by his expulsion from the Parliament in which he more than any other represented them and their interests. And he will acquire an additional hold upon them, an additional title to their sympathy and support, from the fact that the action of Parliament must infallibly be repeated during the coming session. Of this there can be no possible doubt. Unless Dr. Bown's appeal against RIEL's election is successful, the House of Commons will owe it to itself and to the country to repeat the verdict passed during its last session. Fortunately there will be no necessity for going over the wearisome and not always dignified procedure of last spring. The precedent then established will allow of a comparatively summary method of dealing with the matter. We are not informed upon what grounds Dr. Bown has based his appeal; but it is satisfactory to know, with the case of the Marquette election trial before us, that justice will be dealt out without fear or favour. Should the contestant's grounds be found sufficient, and the election reversed, a satisfactory termination of what promises to be a very tangled skein may be reached.

As to the action of Riel's constituents there can be but one verdict. They have undoubtedly shown a high spirit in a matter that they consider affected their rights. They look upon themselves as having been hardly treated, and are determined, with more inflexibility than reflection, to resent the treatment offered them. They are acting after their lights, and upon the advice and instigation of others, though totally regardless of the fact that by so acting, by flying in the face of Parliament, not to say by defying the accepted opinion of the majority, they are grievously injuring their own interests and placing themselves in a false position in the eyes of the world. It is at any time a difficult matter to induce an injured man to consider his wrongs in a calm and reasoning manner. The Métis would be more than human did they decline to resent the injustice under which they feel themselves to be labouring. But it is surprising that their leaders and advisers should have allowed themselves to be carried away by a flood of useless passion. The question of amnesty is one. The question of returning to Parliament an expelled member is another, and a very distinct one. No one can deny that RIEL was legally expelled, and that, as long as the sentence of expulsion hangs over him, he can never take his seat. It is also an undeniable fact, that whether it has been promised or no, an amnesty has not been granted. RIEL still stands in the position of an outcast, a man lying under the charge of murder. And it showed questionable prudence on the part of his advisers that they induced him to brave public opinion by standing for a second election. He has carried his point, but by so doing he has gained nothing. Should his election

be sustained, expulsion must necessarily follow, and the result will be that the constituency will suffer by being unrepresented. Knowing this, RIEL has by his action shown a marked want of public spirit. He has sacrificed the interests he is supposed to have most at heart to the sentiment of a section, and to his own overweening pride. Had he bent gracefully to public feeling, and shown a proper respect for the law and for the Commons, he would have done his own cause and the cause of the Métis incalculable benefit. By so doing he would have in great measure conciliated his enemies, and opened a way to the consideration and settlement of a vexed question the end of which it is difficult to predict.

BRAVE WORDS.

The Governor General has many qualities which endear him as a man and a ruler, but perhaps the gift which stands him in best stead is his facility of appropriate speech. In the lengthy tour just completed by him throughout Western Ontario, the Lakes and as far as Chicago, he was the recipient of multitudinous addresses, diverse indeed in local statement, but almost monotonously alike in iteration of sentiment. Yet his replies were remarkable for their variety and the ease with which he adapted himself to the circumstances surrounding him. His language was free from formality, frequently flavoured with delicate humour and, at times, elevated to the tone of genuine eloquence. But the speech delivered by him at the banquet of the Toronto Club was the crowning of all, and deserves the attention of the country, both for its masterly manner and the valuable information which it imparts.

Lord DUFFERIN, in giving a glowing account of his journey, testifies to the personal respect with which he was everywhere received and to the unmistakable proof which greeted his eyes of the happiness of the people in their individual prospects and the prospects of their country. But he takes even higher ground and declares that quite apart from the advantages to himself, his yearly journeyings through the Provinces will be of public benefit, as exemplifying with what spontaneous, unconcerted unanimity of language the entire Dominion has proclaimed its faith in itself, in its destiny, in its connection with the Mother Country, and in the well ordered freedom of a constitutional monarchy. He had no words to express the pride which he felt as an Englishman in the loyalty of Canada to England. Nevertheless, he should be the first to deplore this feeling if it rendered Canada disloyal to herself, if it either dwarfed or smothered Canadian patriotism or generated a sickly spirit of dependence. These are brave words, and, coming from the lips of a Governor General, they are fraught with a lesson of manliness and generous self reliance. Canadian loyalty is sometimes regarded with suspicion in Britain as needlessly exuberant and verging on fulsomeness. But when personally witnessed and officially examined into, as it has been by Lord DUFFERIN, we are pleased that it has been pronounced by so high an authority the legitimate outcome of a healthy æsthetic feeling, altogether compatible with political and even commercial independence.

In describing, with great and rapid strokes, the advantages of our political institutions, we wish we could be sure that the Governor General was not carried away by his enthusiasm and good will. He draws a picture of our government and its accessories, almost ideal in perfection, the effect of which it were ungracious to mar by even the hint of criticism. We can only hope that all he says may prove true and that the destinies of this Dominion may correspond in full to the details of his poetic prophecy.

There is one point, however, on which we agree with His Excellency. His observant eye noticed that the women of Canada are remarkably prolific and that the scriptural injunction, "increase and multiply" is scrupulously carried out even in the remotest settlements of the interior. This sensible conduct receives the approval of Lord DUFFERIN and thereupon he relates a capital anecdote which will be found in another column of the present issue. But Canadian reproduction is not sufficient for the increasing wants of the country and the Governor earnestly advocates the cause of immigration. He believes it to be a benefit to those who go and to those who remain, at the same time that it is the most effectual and legitimate weapon which labour can wield against capital. He fully recognizes the claims of Canada as a field for the emigrant. Wherever he has gone, he has found numberless persons who came here without anything, and have since risen to competence and wealth. He has met no one who did not gladly acknowledge himself better off than on his first arrival, and amongst thousands of persons with whom he has been brought into contact, none seemed to regret that they had come here. Let a man be sober, healthy and industrious; let him come out at a proper

time of the year, let him be content with small beginnings and not afraid of hard work and it is scarcely possible that he can fail in his career. These be brave words again and for them Lord DUFFERIN must accept the hearty thanks of us all. From a man so disinterested, so impartial and so capable by his position and his talents, to observe the true condition of things in Canada, this encouragement to emigrants cannot but be of potential efficacy. That portion of his Lordship's speech, indeed the whole speech, should be struck off by the thousand copies, sent to our emigration agents in Europe, and by them scattered broadcast. It will work its way for good, where official statements and dry statistics will be of no avail.

This speech of Lord DUFFERIN will place him in more salient light before the Canadian public. It will hardly exalt our estimate of his amiability and tact, for these qualities have been appreciated from the first, but it will enhance our idea of his statesmanship and enlarge our confidence in him as intermediary between ourselves and the Mother Country. Even admitting His Excellency's own views on the stability of our political institutions and the harmony of our governmental machinery, we feel additional security in having a Governor who understands our situation thoroughly and who has ability, character and willingness to fulfil the type of living link between this colony and the empire. From such a point of view, the personality of Lord DUFFERIN is as a tower of strength.

THE REFORMED EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN CANADA.

The recent visit of Bishop CHENEY to Montreal has called forth from one of the English papers published in this city a somewhat mildly indignant protest against what seems to look upon as an intrusion on Canadian ground on the part of a hitherto exclusively American sect. In a lengthy article the *Gazette* insists that the reverend leaders of the new movement are playing the part of interlopers by endeavouring to spread their doctrines in Canadian territory, and advises them in a friendly but unmistakably earnest manner, to stay at home, where they will find work enough to suit their reforming tendencies. It is not very difficult to penetrate the motive that influenced the *Gazette* in thus tendering gratuitously its unasked advice on a matter which hardly belongs to the province of a purely political journal. The soreness has evidently been occasioned by the neglect of Bishop CHENEY to communicate with the Bishop of Montreal before delivering his lecture in Association Hall. This, we are informed, was his Christian duty. Granting that it would have been a matter of courtesy to consult the Metropolitan in the matter, we fail to see that Bishop CHENEY has committed any offence of sufficient gravity to warrant even the remonstrance—mild as it is—of the *Gazette*. Much as we deplore any schism, and especially such a schism as that inaugurated by Bishop CUMMINS, we are forced to admit that both Bishop CUMMINS and Bishop CHENEY—who evidently believe themselves to be as much in the right as their opponents think them in the wrong—have a perfect right to disseminate their doctrines where they will. It strikes one as rather absurd that a public journal should advise them “to tend the flocks already gathered under the Stars and Stripes, and to leave Canadians to manage their own business.” This dragging in of a national emblem where a purely religious question is at point is eminently out of place. By the same process of reasoning the objects of the English missions to the Jews and Roman Catholics—even of the missions to the heathen—might with equal justice say of the missionaries sent out to them: “We would advise the reverend gentlemen to tend their flocks already under the Union Jack, and to leave us to manage our own business.” All such attacks upon a new religious departure—and this, we are bound to confess, we believe to have been an unnecessary one—are to be deprecated as tending to further the very object they aim at destroying. The Reformed Episcopal Church movement has not reached such proportions in Canada as to give any serious cause of alarm even to the most ardent upholder of the Anglican Church. At present, we believe, Bishop CUMMINS can count but three congregations throughout the whole country: one, and that the first established, at Moncton, N.B., a second at Ottawa; and a third, formed only a few weeks ago, at Toronto. As yet the Movement in this country does not give any great promise of future vitality; and there appears to be every ground for hope, if matters are carefully managed, of bringing about before very long a reunion of the seceders with the Mother Church. Should the Reformed Church, however, continue to grow until it gains sufficient strength to raise its head with its sister Churches, we shall see no cause whatever for deploring its success. Its object is a good one and none but the sternest and most bigoted sectarian would refuse to extend to it the right hand of fellowship.

Off to the Black Hills! Such is the cry which will ring throughout the country this year, as the cry “off to California” resounded in 1849. El Dorado has been discovered again in the Organ-Pipe range of Dakota. A new gold fever will seize the thousands. If half the story be true which Custer and his men relate, the Black Hills are charged with treasure, and there will be no restraining the cupidity of fortune hunters. The facts are briefly these: A military expedition consisting of ten companies of U. S. cavalry, two companies of infantry, and three pieces of artillery, in all about seven hundred men, with the addition of a train of one hundred and twenty wagons and about as many teamsters, the whole under command of Gen. Custer, left Fort Lincoln, Dakota Territory, on the 2nd last July, for the purpose of exploring the Black Hills. These were reached on the 20th July. On the 31st, gold was discovered along the banks of the creek on which the expedition was encamped, and since then further explorations have determined the existence of large auriferous deposits in the heart of the dark mountains. These facts were telegraphed all over the country and great excitement has been the result. At once companies were organized at Sioux City and Yankton to repair to the gold fields. But what will prevent their expedition and, indeed, tend temporarily to allay the sensation, is the fact that the Black Hills lie within the Sioux reservation, and that no white man is allowed to penetrate therein. Orders have already been given to eject by force any trespassers on these grounds. Of course the check is only momentary. If the Black Hill country is such as it is represented to be, there is no doubt that Congress will extinguish the treaty rights of the Indians, give the Sioux another reservation, and open that part of Dakota for white settlement. Indeed, between this and the meeting of Congress, perhaps the Secretary of War may find some means of satisfying the impatience of gold seekers without trenching on the prerogatives of the Indians. Unless some such provision is made, it is more than probable that there will be trouble and bloodshed there, as nothing will stem the rush of the invaders who will brave every danger in their thirst for the glittering dust.

In reading a recent Blue Book, we were surprised to learn of certain annoyances under which our German fellow citizens lie, in consequence of an anomaly of the law regulating the claims of British subjects. This matter was very properly referred to by President KLOTZ, at the Gesangfest of the German Canadian Sangesbund, held last week, in Waterloo and Berlin. He said that Germans in Canada had no particular grievances to complain of. They live here happy and content, and if there are enactments in the statute book which cause them some annoyance in the enjoyment of their civil and private rights, they have not originated under the British Constitution, but were unfortunately copied from enactments existing in the neighbouring republic, where nativism and class legislation are rampant and imported into Canada by fanatics. What these enactments are we are somewhat at a loss to determine, but with regard to the question of naturalization, Mr. KLOTZ is more explicit. He expressed the hope that the Colonial Secretary in Great Britain will soon become convinced of the necessity of consenting to the removal of that anomalous restriction in the naturalization certificate of Germans which is contrary to the express words of the Naturalization Act itself, in as much as that certificate confines their rights and privileges as naturalized subjects to the limits of Canada, while it promises them no protection outside of those limits. At present while travelling in another country, though their families and property remain in Canada, they have no right to claim British protection. Their naturalization imposes upon them certain duties which they cheerfully perform, but the protection which it affords is not any greater than that which they enjoyed on the first day of landing in Canada as aliens. We entirely agree with Mr. KLOTZ that this exception should be removed as unjust and mischievous and, it is to be hoped, that effectual steps will be taken in that direction without delay.

A London, Ont., journal expresses great astonishment at certain ‘goings-on’ it finds reported in a newspaper published in this city. “Montreal must be a queer place!” it exclaims. “There, a poor drunkard who in his frenzy pulls a button off a policeman's coat, is promptly punished for the act, but it seems a butcher may defy an officer with threats and curses, knife in hand, without the slightest fear of punishment. Is this as it should be?” It certainly is not. But who sows tares, must be foolish indeed if he expects to reap a crop of wheat. Montreal has sown its tares pretty freely and is having a plentiful harvest. The instance quoted by our Western contemporary is but a trifle compared to the every day experiences of Montreal citizens. Under the benign rule of the

present City Council—may its life be short—the private citizen is a no-body; his rights are overlooked and he is saddled with many undeserved wrongs. In this city contractors building new houses are allowed to monopolize the whole of the sidewalk and a part of the road-way as a storing place for their bricks, stone and other materials; a deep and dangerous well in one of the public squares is covered with an inch rotten plank level with the ground, and left for years in that condition; the street-car company is permitted to ignore the comfort of the public and defy the provisions of its charter; tavern-licenses are granted freely when bribery is brought to play, and refused to respectable citizens who decline to buy over the officials; the sidewalks are habitually neglected and left in a dangerous condition, accidents being of constant occurrence; and finally life and property are rendered unsafe by the parsimony of the City Council, owing to insufficient police protection. Who will say that Montrealers are not a long-suffering set of mortals?

Among other good effects, the Governor General's Western tour has had that of showing in their proper colours certain unjust stewards who under the name of City Fathers have been rioting and feasting at the expense of those who entrusted them with their interests. There is nothing new in this. The aldermanic stomach delights in good eating and drinking, and doubly rejoices in the same when it is at the expense of a long-suffering public. In the present instance St. Thomas opened the ball. The aldermen of that place in a praise-worthy spirit of emulation determined not to be outdone, at least in the matter of feasting, by the neighbouring city of London. They therefore got up a champagne lunch in honour of the occasion. Lord DUFFERIN and his party, having probably had a surfeit of the vintage of the homely gooseberry, did not partake of it. But the aldermen and their friends did, to the tune of four hundred dollars. And now the people of St. Thomas are wroth and are going for their representatives in the Town Council. If they do not succeed in making the municipal fathers pay for their spree out of their own pockets, they may at least console themselves with the reflection that the aforesaid fathers paid for their indulgence with the tribute that champagne of the “genuine imported” brand invariably exacts.

The expulsion and re-election of RIEL resembles in some degree the case of “Liberty” WILKES. It is to be hoped that it will not go so far. In 1764 WILKES was expelled from the House of Commons for being the author of a seditious libel. In the next Parliament, that of 1769, he was again expelled for another libel; and a new writ being issued was re-elected without contest. A resolution was then passed in the House of Commons declaring him “incapable of being elected a member to serve in this present Parliament.” The election was declared void, but Wilkes was again elected, and once more the election was nullified. A new expedient was now tried. A member accepted the Chiltern Hundreds and contested WILKES's election. Being defeated he petitioned the House, and the Commons thereupon resolved that although WILKES had received a majority, his opponent ought to have been returned accordingly. This decision raised a storm of public opinion, was proved to be illegal, and the resolution was finally expunged from the journals as “subversive of the rights of the whole body of electors of this Kingdom.”

At the banquet of the Ontario Rifle Association at Toronto, Lord DUFFERIN threw out a suggestion that to many of our contemporaries will savour strongly of heterodoxy. He gave it as his opinion that marksmen for the Dominion team, like Cabinet Ministers, ought to be selected according to their capability, irrespective of the Provinces to which they may happen to belong. The abolition of the local feelings of jealousy that exist between the different provinces is certainly a consummation devoutly to be wished, but one which, in the present state of things, it is useless to hope for. The six provinces that compose the Dominion remind one of a family of six marriageable daughters, of which the eldest is verging on a doubtful age, but yet has her hopes, while the others follow close on her heels. The envyings, backbitings and bickerings, the petty squabbles and jealousies, are equally bitter in each case, though no actual hatred exists between the charming sisters.

At last, after weeks of waiting, the Ministerial Crisis in Quebec has assumed something like a tangible shape. The Hon. Mr. ROBERTSON's withdrawal was followed on Tuesday by the resignation of the whole Ministry. The Hon. J. G. BLANCHET, and Hon. Mr. DE BOUCHERVILLE are spoken of as being likely to be called upon; and Mr. McDougall, of Three Rivers, will, it is supposed, be asked to take the lead of the English wing. Such were the latest rumours at the time of going to press.

THE LATE THOMAS B. HARRIS, ESQ.

The death of Mr. Harris, late Grand Secretary of the Masonic fraternity in Canada, took place on the 18th ult., at Hamilton of which city the deceased was a resident, in the fifty-sixth year of his age. Early in the month he was seized with an attack of acute rheumatism, which finally gave way to a low type of typhoid fever, ending fatally. Mr. Harris, though not one of the oldest Masons in the country, was a devoted student of masonry, an active labourer in the order, and had held almost every position of honour that it was possible for his brethren to offer him.

Thomas Bird Harris was born at Bristol, England, on the 22nd July, 1819, and subsequently removed with his parents to the family estate at Viveham, near Barnstaple, in Devonshire. He passed some time in learning business in his father's store, which he ultimately left to take a position in London. In the spring of 1848 he sailed for New York, and after spending some time in that city and in Toronto, he finally settled at Hamilton, where he commenced business as a dry-goods merchant. In this trade he remained until 1856, retiring in favour of his brother. Since that time he devoted himself to Masonry. Mr. Harris has also held important offices in connection with the St. George's Benevolent Society and the Hamilton and Gore Mechanics' Institute. From a biography which appeared some time ago in the *Craftsman* we have culled the following brief sketch of his Masonic career:

Bro. Harris was first brought to Masonic "Light" in St. Andrew's Lodge, No. 449, E. B. Toronto, on the 14th January, 1848, and was passed to Fellow Craft degree on the 16th January, 1849, and raised to the sublime degree of Master Masons on the 27th March, 1848. He subsequently, on his arrival at Hamilton, affiliated with Lodge of Strict Observance, No. 833, E. B., in which Lodge he discharged the duties of Secretary for the unexpired term of the proper officer, and was made Junior Warden for the year 1851.

During the year 1853 he with others petitioned for and obtained a warrant from the Grand Lodge of Ireland to open the St. John's Lodge, No. 231, and by the unanimous wish of the brethren was nominated its first Worshipful Master, being re-elected to the same position on two consecutive elections. He was again elected in 1856, and in 1863, and, after a ten years' rest, was, by the unanimous desire of the members, again called to the Oriental Chair for the years 1863 and 1869. He was elected Secretary for three years, 1854, 1855 and 1857, 1863 and 1871.

and Treasurer for the years 1856, 1867, In 1855 R. W. Bro. Harris was a petitioner for a Warrant of Constitution from the Grand Lodge of England for Acacia Lodge, No. 954, now No. 61 Hamilton, and was nominated the first Junior Warden, and



Thomas B. Harris

THE LATE THOMAS BIRD HARRIS, GRAND SECRETARY A. F. AND A. M. OF CANADA. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ECKERSON & Co.

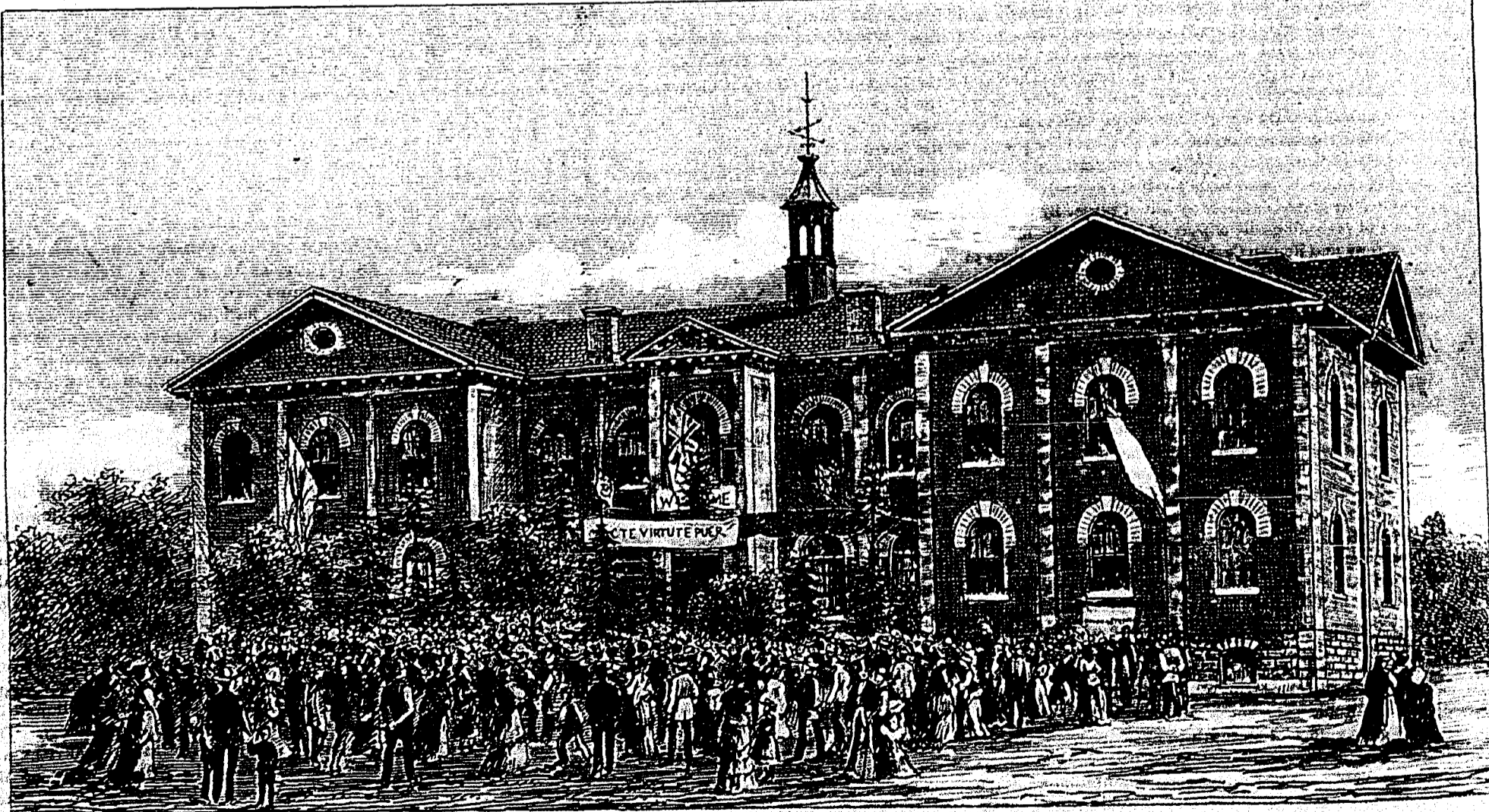
afterwards filled the office of Secretary for several consecutive years. This Lodge at its organization was chiefly composed of Masters and Past Masters of the city Lodges, and he had the honour conferred upon him of being elected to the Oriental Chair in 1863-4, and afterwards for services rendered, was elected Honorary Member thereof with full privileges of ordinary membership.

During the year 1853 a movement was put on foot by the Lodges working under the Grand Lodge of Ireland, having for its object the consideration of the condition of Masonry in the Province of Canada West, and the advisability of seeking from the parent Grand Lodge more extended powers of self-government; and in accordance with resolutions passed by King Solomon's Lodge, No. 222, Toronto, a Convention of all the Lodges working under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Ireland was held in the Masonic Hall, Hamilton, on the 21st November, 1853, at which Convention W. Bro. T. B. Harris, being then W. M. of St. John's Lodge, No. 231, was honoured by being chosen President, and on every subsequent Convention on the same question he was similarly chosen, and from this beginning sprung a determination to endeavour to unite the whole of the Lodges working under England, Ireland and Scotland, under one Grand Lodge.

In accordance with the resolve R. W. Bro. Harris, as President, was, with four other brethren, appointed to attend a meeting of the Provincial Grand Lodge for Canada West, which assembled at Niagara Falls on the 19th July 1855. A large number of the Craft being present, the opportunity was utilized by a frank discussion of the then absorbing topic, and, after mature deliberation, it was determined that a Convention of all the Lodges in the Province of Canada should be called to meet at the City of Hamilton on the 10th October, 1855, at which latter meeting was organized the present Grand Lodge of Canada. Commencing with 30 lodges, and now numbering 240 lodges, so rapid has been the spread of the Order under the new order of things.

R. W. Bro. Harris was elected first Grand Secretary, 1855, Grand Registrar in 1856, during which latter year he also discharged the duties of D. D. G. Master of the Hamilton District. In 1857 R. W. Bro. Harris was again elected to the office of Grand Secretary, and has ever since been re-elected to the same position by the almost unanimous vote of the brethren, he having now held the office for fifteen years, and to his indefatigable exertions may be attributed much of the present prosperous position of the Grand Lodge.

R. W. Bro. Harris is also the accredited Representative of the Grand Lodges of Kansas, Tennessee, Missouri, and Oregon, and of the Grand Orient of Luaitano, Lisbon, in the Grand Lodge of Canada. From official records we gather the information that Bro. Harris has been the



INGERSOLL, ONT.—THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S VISIT: THE DECORATIONS AT THE CENTRAL SCHOOL-HOUSE—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. G. LEWIS.



recipient of many acknowledgments of his zeal, fidelity and efficiency, and which, although well earned, cannot but be felt and appreciated by him. Among the earliest is that of a presentation of a richly chased gold Past Master's jewel, by the St. John's Lodge No. 231, I. R., on his retiring from the Oriental Chair in 1854.

Of the estimation in which E. W. Bro. Harris is held by the craft generally, we need only point to the resolution of Grand Lodge appointing a committee to procure some suitable testimonial as a mark of its appreciation of the services as rendered by him to the craft, in the faithful discharge of the duties of his office. The presentation took place at Hamilton on the 12th anniversary of the formation of the Grand Lodge. The testimonial consisted of a beautiful solid silver claret jug, goblets and tray.

The St. John's Lodge No. 47, appreciating the great success of his endeavours and labours for its present prosperity, took occasion on the 21st of April, 1870, to present him with a beautiful engrossed address, and accompanied the same with a solid gold 1st Principal's Jewel, set with diamonds and rubies, "as a mark of affection, esteem and appreciation of his many valuable services rendered to the Lodge."

Bro. Harris, an honorary member of many Lodges, Chapters and Encampments throughout the jurisdiction.

Our portrait is after a photograph by Eckerson & Co., of Hamilton, who executed all the portraits of Mr. Harris, and from whom copies may be had in all sizes.

ORANGEISM IN CANADA.

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE ORDER IN NORTH AMERICA.

Orange Lodges were first introduced into British America by the Military. The Cities of Quebec, Halifax, Montreal and Kingston, were at all times maintained by the British Government as Military Posts, and generally a whole regiment—sometimes two or more battalions—were stationed in each of these cities. Up to the year 1818, an Orange Lodge existed in almost every regiment in the British service. When a battalion was ordered upon foreign service, it carried its Warrant with it, and usually held its Lodge meetings in some house within the limits of the city, or garrison town, in which the regiment might be stationed for the time being. In this way the first Orange Lodges were opened in British America, but they were confined exclusively to the Military, and were usually designated as "*Marching Lodges*."

The first Orange Warrant actually granted to America, authorizing the formation of an Orange Lodge in "the New World," occurred in the year 1824. It was granted to William Burton, Esq., of Montreal. From this period up to 1829, there were fourteen copies, (called "*Duplicates*,") of this warrant, issued to various parts of the country.

In 1829, a notice was sent from the Montreal Lodge to all Orangemen in the Provinces, to meet at Brockville, in Upper Canada, to take into consideration the best mode of uniting and organizing the scattered fragments of the Order. This meeting was held in the Court House, at Brockville, on the first day of January 1830. It was presided over by Mr. Ogle B. Gowan, who had previously been a Grand Officer of the Grand Orange Lodge of Ireland. At this meeting it was resolved to organize a Provisional Grand Lodge for British North America, for correspondence and information, subject to the approval of the Imperial Grand Master of the Empire.

This provisional state continued up to April 1832, when a meeting of the Grand Lodge of the Empire, presided over by His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, was held at the residence of Lord Kenyon, Portman Square, London, when a resolution was unanimously passed, approving of the action taken at the Brockville meeting, appointing His Royal Highness Grand Master, and Mr. Gowan Provincial Grand Master. The state of the Society at this period consisted of 17 county, 40 district, and 182 private Lodges, with a membership of 13,203.

Mr. Gowan continued at the head of the Order until 1846, when the late George Benjamin, Esq., M.P., succeeded to the Chair. He held the office of Grand Master until 1853, when a dispute arose at the Grand Meeting held in Kingston, Ontario, arising out of a discussion as to the right of brethren to vote by proxy, the result of which was the organization of two distinct Grand Lodges, under O. R. Gowan and George Benjamin respectively. This division continued until April 1857, when the two Grand Lodges united under the Grand Mastership of George L. Allan, Esq., who continued in office until 1859, when he was succeeded by the Hon. John Hillyard Cameron, Q.C., M.P.

In 1859 it was deemed advisable, owing to the rapid growth of the Association, to adopt some means by which it would be more easily worked and governed, and after much deliberation it was decided to inaugurate the federal system, by dividing the whole country into Provincial Grand Lodges, with one Grand Lodge for British America, having power and jurisdiction over them all. Acting upon this principle Ontario was given two Provincial Grand Lodges, East and West; and each of the other Provinces a Grand Lodge; which system has worked satisfactorily, to those who profess to know.

In 1870, Mackenzie Bowell, Esq., M.P., was chosen to fill the chair as Most Worshipful Grand Master, an office he still holds.

By the last Grand Lodge Report we learn that there are now working in Ontario West, 685 Private Lodges; in Ontario East, 545; in Quebec, 114; in Nova Scotia, 64; in New Brunswick, 150; in Prince Edward Island, 40; in Newfoundland, 20; in Manitoba, 6; in British Columbia, 1; making a total of 1739 Private Lodges at work in the Dominion. In addition to these Lodges there are hundreds of district and county Lodges, Royal Scarlet Chapters, and Encampments of Royal Black Knights of Ireland and Scotland, with a membership of over 200,000.

There has also been established in connection with the association in the Dominion, an Order of "Orange Young Britons," composed of the younger members of the Protestant family, which order is rapidly increasing in numbers and strength.

The Order has also taken root in the United States, where an Orange Grand Lodge has been established, from which warrants to open and work Private Lodges are constantly being issued to all parts of the Union.

In order to create a closer bond of union between the brotherhood an Imperial Grand Conference was established a few years ago, and meets every three years. The last meeting was held in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1873; at which representatives from all parts of the Kingdom, Canada, and the United States were present. This Grand Imperial Conference has for its object the cementing of the brotherhood throughout the world into one solid phalanx, so as to enable them to act in concert whenever it may be necessary for them to do so, in defence of their opinions and principles.

THE M. W. GRAND OFFICERS OF THE GRAND ORANGE LODGE OF BRITISH AMERICA.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL MACKENZIE BOWELL, M. P.,
Grand Master and Sovereign.

Mackenzie Bowell, Esq., M. P., who figures as Grand Master in the Orange group, is an Englishman by birth and descent, having been born at Wickinghall, Suffolk, England, in 1823, and came to this country in 1833 with his parents. At the age of eighteen he joined L. O. L. 274, Belleville, Ontario, where he has resided since he came to Canada, and has held some office in the Order, with the exception of three or four years, ever since he became a member, and was on the 12th of July, 1857, presented by his brethren with a magnificent gold watch, as a mark of the respect which they had for him. In 1860, when the federal principle was established in the Association, he became Deputy Provincial Grand Master of Ontario East, and in 1861 succeeded to the chair, which office he held when, in 1870, upon the retirement of the Hon. John Hillyard Cameron, Q. C., M. P., he was elected to the office he now holds, of "Most Worshipful Grand Master of the Loyal Orange Association of British America." He took an active part in 1860, with the Orangemen in Kingston and Belleville, in the stand they took in refusing to comply with the demands made by the Duke of Newcastle, that all Orange emblems should be removed from the streets before his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales should be permitted to land; for which he received an ovation in Belfast, Ireland, when he visited that city a few years after. He was also the moving spirit in the House of Commons at its session in 1874, in causing the expulsion from the House of Louis Riel, who had been elected a member for Provencher, in the Province of Manitoba, he, Riel, being a fugitive from justice for the murder of one Thos. Scott, an Irish Orangeman, who had emigrated to the Northwest at the time that country was annexed to Canada.

THOMAS KEYES, Esq.,
Grand Secretary.

Thomas Keyes, Esq., was born in the Township of Beckwith, County of Lanark, Upper Canada, on the 27th January, 1824. His father was one of the first settlers, and erected the first shingled house in the Township. Mr. Keyes joined the L. O. A. in the spring of 1843, and in the spring of 1844 assisted in starting L. O. L. 331, of which he held the office of Secretary, and subsequently that of W. Master. In January, 1848, he removed to the town of Perth, and in July of that year, together with some of the leading young men of the town, organized L. O. L. 115, of which he was the first W. Master. The following February he was elected to succeed the late Lieut.-Col. Alexander Fraser as County Master of Lanark, and attended the M. W. G. Lodge in Toronto the next June. In November, 1849, he removed to the County of Lincoln, and the following 12th of July dined with the members of 77 and 117, in the house in which they had been attacked the previous 12th, and so nobly defended themselves. On November 5th, 1851, he assisted in organizing L. O. L. 341, of which he was the first W. Master, and in which he has held office nearly ever since. In 1853 he was elected District Master of Niagara, and in 1857 County Master of Lincoln, and was re-elected for five years in succession. In June, 1859, he was elected a Deputy Grand Master of British America, and was re-elected in 1860. In February, 1865, he was elected R. W. Grand Secretary of Ontario West, and has been re-elected each year since. In March, 1866, he was elected Grand Master of the Provincial G. B. C. of C. of R. B. Knights of Ireland, and re-elected in 1867; and in June, 1871 he was elected Grand Secretary of the M. W. Grand Lodge of the L. O. A. of B. A., and re-elected unanimously each year since. Mr. Keyes has also held various municipal, &c., offices, as Deputy Reeve, Reeve, President Agricultural Society, General Superintendent Provincial Agricultural and Art Association, school trustee, churchwarden, delegate to church Synod, &c., &c.

WILLIAM WHITE, Esq.,
Grand Director of Ceremonies.

William White, Esq., was born at Ladford Mills, County of Devon, England, on the 31st August, 1829. He emigrated to Canada in the year 1840, and settled in the town of Belleville,

Ontario, where he was initiated into L. O. L. 274 by the late George Benjamin, Esq., M. P., on the 10th of December, 1849. In 1853 he was elected a member of the Grand Committee. He was subsequently elected District Secretary, No. 1 District, County of Hastings, for the following year; District Treasurer for 1856 and 1858, and Deputy Master L. O. L. 274, Belleville. In May, 1860, he founded L. O. L. 1,061, Elzevir, of which he was the W. M. for the years 1860 and 1861. He was County Proxy for 1861; District Master, No. 2, County of Hastings, for 1864; Deputy County Master for 1865; W. M. of L. O. L. 747, Tweed, for 1868. In 1862 he was elected Grand Director of Ceremonies for the R. W. G. Lodge, Ontario East, M. Bowell, Esq., M. P., W. G. M.; and in June, 1862, Grand Director of Ceremonies of the M. W. G. L. B. A., held in the city of Montreal (Hon. John Hillyard Cameron, Q. C., M. P., Grand Master and Sovereign), which office he still retains. He was appointed a delegate to attend the Imperial Grand Orange Council held in the city of Toronto 13th day of July, 1870, of which Grand Council he was appointed the Grand Director. He was also a delegate to attend the Orange Association of W. S. A. held in the city of New York July, 1873.

We extremely regret having been disappointed in obtaining the biographies of D'Arcy Boulton, Esq., D. G. M.; Rev. Abraham Dawson, G. C.; William Anderson, Esq., G. T., and James Boyd Davis, Esq., G. L. Every precaution had been taken to secure a brief biographical notice of each of these gentlemen in time for publication in this number, but unfortunately our efforts proved unsuccessful. We trust to be able to give them in our next issue.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

DECORATIONS AT INGERSOLL.

The town of Ingersoll turned out bravely on the 26th ult. in honour of the visit of the Governor-General. Indeed it is conceded by all competent to judge that His Excellency here had one of the finest receptions he met with in the course of his western tour. The town was alive with people, and the streets, Thames-street especially, were grandly tricked out in gala dress. The feature of the decorations was Casswell's arch, built of cheese-boxes, evergreens, &c., something over 2,800 boxes being used in its construction. It was decorated with fitches of bacon, hams, cut cheese, flowers, flags, &c., and portraits of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and other members of the Royal Family, pendant from the centre of the arch hanging a beautiful floral crown. The following mottoes were also conspicuous: "Per Vias Rectas," "The Dairy Interests of Canada," "Casswell's Welcome," "Cheese, Ingersoll's Success." This trophy was much admired. Before passing under this arch the carriage in which His Excellency was seated was stopped for a few moments, to allow the party a fair opportunity of admiring it. After passing through the town, the Vice-regal party were driven to the Central School grounds, where a large number of children were assembled, who received His Excellency by singing the whole of the National Anthem. His Excellency was then presented with an address by the mayor of the town.

THE LATE T. B. HARRIS.

A biography of this gentleman, who died on the 18th ult. full of years and (Masonic) honours, accompanies his portrait. On publishing the portraits of the

OFFICERS OF THE GRAND ORANGE LODGE,

we take the opportunity of presenting our readers with a brief history of Orangeism in British America, from the pen of an Orangeman high in the Order. Appended to this will be found short biographies of some of the officers.

QUEBEC, ITS MONUMENTS AND SCENERY.

forms the subject of a special article printed elsewhere,

A FIGHT ON A RAILROAD.

This is the title of M. de Neuville's picture in the Paris Art Exhibition of this year. It is supposed to represent a scene during the late Franco-German war.

THE CONVENT TAILOR

is another picture from the Paris Exhibition. The painter, M. Olivié, has been happy both in his choice of a subject and in his manner of treating it. It is a composition of the utmost simplicity, being almost bare in its severeness. But this very bareness has a charm about it that at once attracts the passer-by.

BREVITIES.

Rocheport will remain in London.

The Empress of Russia is to visit England in October.

The English volunteers are to have scarlet uniforms.

Mr. Motley has been staying some days with the Queen of Holland as her guest.

Disraeli is about to visit Ireland, where he will be the guest of the Duke of Abercorn.

While in Detroit recently Lord Dufferin made a contribution of \$25 to the Greeley Statue Fund.

It is likely that the British Government will despatch an Arctic expedition of discovery next spring.

Bazaine simply said, in kissing his wife on the forehead on the night of his escape, "Till to-morrow."

M. Jules Favre was married recently to Mile. Alter, an Alsatian Protestant schoolmistress at Versailles.

The famous portrait of Mozart, by Battoni, in the possession of Professor Ella, has been sold to an amateur for £200.

There are favourable reports from the Rhine wine districts, in some of which the vintage will be the largest since the celebrated comet year of 1811.

The German Emperor is going to Italy. He will visit Florence, Rome, and Naples, and will be accompanied by Prince Bismarck and General Moltke.

A mushroom eighteen inches high, with a circumference of six feet, and weighing 52 pounds, has been found in Tangalle, Ceylon. An unsuccessful attempt was made to preserve the monster.

Mr. H. M. Stanley, who found Livingstone, in his African expedition will be well guarded; his bodyguard will number about eight hundred men, a large proportion being ex-marines, whom Mr. Stanley says he can trust better than any others.

QUEBEC,
ITS COMMERCE, MONUMENTS, AND
SCENERY.

COMMERCE AND STATISTICS.

There has long been a rivalry between Montreal and Quebec, but it hardly exists now. The former has far outstripped the latter, though why this should be the case is something of a problem. Geographically and topographically Quebec has unrivalled advantages as a shipping port and a commercial emporium. Its roadstead is far superior to that of Montreal, because it is natural, while the other is almost wholly artificial. It has no channel difficulties to encounter, while for dockyards and lying-in basins its facilities are abundant. There is no telling, however, what the future has in store for Quebec. When the Intercolonial shall be put in regular working order; when the Grand Trunk shall have renewed its rolling stock on the Richmond branch; when the North Shore shall have been built, and the whole of the magnificent table-land, from the margin of the St. Lawrence to the foot of the Laurentian hills shall have been settled, the trade of Quebec will not only revive, but may run parallel to that of Montreal. There is more. Rupert's Land will not always be a bleak wilderness. In fifty years from now—nay, by the end of this century, the Hudson's Bay Territory will be open to colonization, and its boundless resources will find their natural outlet at Quebec. That unfortunate Gosford Railroad, which has been so badly treated and made a laughing-stock of throughout the Province, is destined to be one of the main arteries of Quebec life. It needs no stretch of imagination to calculate the possibilities of that line. Let it be pushed as far as Lake St. John, and a great acquisition will be made. That will be the first station to James Bay and the heart of the great Moose Territory. Everything cannot be done at once. The few emigrants that come to us at present prefer the prairie lands of Manitoba or the free grants of upper Ontario. But in time there will be found thousands of hardy pioneers who will fancy instead the wooded tracts of the Abbitibi and the Haricanaw. To reach these they must find a route from Quebec, and to Quebec they must return or send their produce when the seeds of their toil shall have blossomed and borne an increase.

At present Montreal is working to secure the eastern terminus of the Pacific Railway, and, thanks to her enterprise, she will have it. No matter how long, owing to unfortunate and perhaps mysterious circumstances, the great transcontinental trunk line may be delayed, the Northern Colonization is being carried forward, and will be completed. That will be the first link of the Canada Pacific, and Montreal will enjoy the advantage of possessing it. But in the not distant future to which we have already looked forward, it is not impossible that Quebec may have its independent branch of the Pacific Railway, either direct from Lake Nipissing, tapping the yet unexplored interior of the Province of Quebec, or flexed northward from the Saskatchewan valley, and cutting through the core of Rupert's Land.

There is another point which demands the immediate attention of the commercial people of Quebec. It is the early breaking up of the ice-bridge. This may look like a minor business, but experience has proven that it is of really major importance. Last year the delay in the opening of navigation at Quebec gave a bad start to the Spring trade throughout the Province, to say nothing of the unfavourable impression produced on the minds of underwriters and forwarders. It has been said that the river can be kept open all winter in front of Quebec by mechanical or chemical means. However that may be, there is no doubt that the ice impediment can be removed at an early date by proper appliances; and we trust that next season the blundering and apathy of last year will not be repeated.

Quebec has already direct communication with the United States by the Passumpsic. At present this is hardly more than an advantage to passengers, who can thus pass their luggage in bond to the ancient capital or the seaside without transhipment. But with the operation of the Reciprocity Treaty the direct route will be a channel of freight and produce as well. The lower Eastern Townships, also, are gradually being linked with Quebec instead of Montreal. By the opening of highways and railroads they find their market there for buying and selling.

From the opening of navigation up to the 30th of June of this year, the arrivals and departures at the old port show an increase on the preceding year of 79 vessels and 53,594 tons. Of vessels arrived with cargoes the increase this year is 17 vessels and 29,326 tons; of those arrived in ballast 62 vessels and 44,170 tons. The number of steamships above that of last year is four, and the tonnage 9,887; the increase on British vessels being 43 and 50,773 tons, and in foreign vessels 36, with 22,723 tons. The preponderance of foreign crafts consists mainly of Swedish and Norwegian vessels.

Timber, which has always been Quebec's chief article of export, has undergone a notable depression this year, and the number of Custom-house clearances has diminished in consequence.

The number of sea-going vessels entered inwards at the Custom-house up to the 1st inst., including 145 from the lower

ports, is 831. Since the opening of navigation, 164 vessels have been licensed by the Quebec Customs for the local trade of the Province.

The imports of salt, coal, and pig-iron to date, as compared with imports to corresponding date in previous year are:—

SALT—1872	14,906	Tons.
"—1873	13,619	"
"—1874	20,256	"
COAL—1872	12,914	"
"—1873	80,081	"
"—1874	86,796	"
PIG IRON—1872	1,253	"
"—1873	4,250	"
"—1874	1,175	"

THE MONUMENTS AND SCENERY OF QUEBEC.

By its historical associations, its numerous monuments, and the lovely scenery that surrounds it, Quebec has a triple claim to the title of the most picturesque and interesting city in North America. Every foot of the city and surrounding country is hallowed with remembrances of the past, and of the monuments with which its streets are thickly strewn, many have been silent witnesses of the greatest events in the history of this country. For years the pristine glory of the Ancient Capital has been on the wane, but it still possesses powerful attractions for tourist and traveller, upon whom it produces an impression that is not easily effaced. Its hilly streets and quaint by-ways, the peculiarity of its position, its fortifications, and relics of antiquity, once seen are not easily forgotten. With such picturesque beauties to reward the visitor, it is small wonder that Quebec is a favourite resort.

THE FORTIFICATIONS.

The first fortifications on the site of Quebec were erected three centuries ago, and were intended to protect the embryo city from the attacks of the Iroquois. The fortifications proper were commenced in 1535, and have since undergone great modifications and changes. Of late years they have been in some measure allowed to fall into ruin, and four of the gates—St. Lewis, Prescott, Palace, and Hope—have been removed, leaving only St. John's gate, a modern erection, still standing. The first Palace Gate, Dr. Anderson informs us, was one of the original gates of the city; and through it a great portion of Montcalm's army, passing in by St. John's and Lewis gates, after its defeat on the Plains of Abraham, went out again, and crossed by the Bridge of Boats to the Beauport Camp. The Palace, St. John's, and St. Lewis gates were reported in such a ruinous condition in 1791 that it became necessary to pull them down successively and rebuild them. The last Palace Gate was built about 1830, and the present St. John's Gate is only a few years old. Hope Gate was built in 1784, and Prescott Gate in 1797. Near Prescott Gate, between the Parliament House and *Sault-au-Matelot*, is the Grand Battery of twenty-four 32-pounders and four mortars, standing at a height of two-hundred feet above the St. Lawrence. From Prescott Gate the main wall extends to Durham Terrace, the rampart of which was the site of the Castle of St. Louis, which, founded by Champlain in 1623, continued to be the residence of the Governors until its destruction by fire in 1834. The Chain Gate, which is still standing, defends the citadel on the approach from the St. Lewis Road.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS AND HISTORICAL MONUMENTS.

By the destruction of the old gates, Quebec has lost some of its oldest and most interesting monuments. It has not, however, been completely shorn. The house where Montgomery lay after his tragic end on the 31st December, 1775; that in which the Council of War was held; the celebrated *Chien D'Or*, and the Roman Catholic Cathedral, are among the earliest relics of the past of Quebec. The first of the two houses mentioned, is on St. Louis Street, on the east side; the other on the same street, opposite the St. Louis Hotel.

The *Chien D'Or* used to occupy a position in the wall of a house, on Buade Street, which was partly used as a post office. The full story of this remarkable tablet is given at length in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS of August 13, 1870. The legend is briefly told as follows by Dr. Anderson: "It (the tablet) was formerly inserted in the front of a house which till lately occupied the site of the present Post Office, and which was built by M. Philibert, a merchant of Quebec in the time of Intendant Bigot. The story goes that M. Philibert and Bigot were on bad terms, and the former, feeling that he could not hope or seek for redress from his enemy, unwisely placed the image of a dog gnawing a bone in the front of his house, with the following lines beneath:

"JE SVIS VN CHIEN QVI RONGE LO.
EN LE RONGEANT JE PREND MON REPOS
VN TEMS VIENDRA QVI NEST PAS VENU
QVE JE MORDREY QVI MAYEA MORDV."

"I am a Dog gnawing a bone,
While I gnaw I take my repose;
The time will come, though not yet,
When I will bite him who now bites me.

"M. Bigot could not misunderstand this, and Mr. Philibert, as the reward of his verse, which may be said to contain more truth than poetry, received through his back, as he was descending Mountain Hill, the sword of an assassin, an officer of the garrison. The murderer was permitted to escape, being transferred to a regiment in the East Indies, where he was followed by a brother of the murdered man. The parties met on the streets of Pondicherry, drew their swords, and after a severe struggle the assassin fell by the hand of the avenger of his brother's blood. Doubt has been thrown over the truth of the legend, but it is given as most generally received." The tablet has been inserted in the north front of the new post-office building.

The Roman Catholic Cathedral stands on the east side of the Market-square. The present edifice was erected at the time of the cession on the site occupied by the first Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, which was built in the middle of the seventh century, and subsequently destroyed by fire. The present building is dedicated to Our Lady of Victory. It forms a parallelogram, measuring 216 feet in length by 108 feet in breadth; it belongs to no regular style of architecture, and has an unfinished appearance, one of the towers having never been completed, owing, it is said, to the foundation being insecure.

Of later date, and but little less interest, are the three monuments erected respectively in memory of Wolfe, Wolfe and Montcalm, and those who fell at the battle of St. Foy. Of these the Wolfe and Montcalm, in the Governor's Garden, is the oldest, the foundation-stone having been laid by Lord Dalhousie in 1827. The monument, which is sixty-five feet in height, is after a design by an officer of the 79th regiment, and cost upwards of £700. It bears two inscriptions, one of which is exceedingly felicitous:—

*Mortem Virtus Communem,
Famam Historia,
Monumentum Posteritas
DEBIT.*

Some years ago this monument was so neglected that it threatened to fall to pieces. It was finally taken down and restored in 1869.

The Wolfe monument stands, and appropriately so, on the Plains of Abraham, within one hundred yards from the main road,—its site being the very spot where Wolfe was carried to die. It consists of a square pedestal, from which rises a circular column surmounted by a sword and helmet. Two sides of the pedestal bear inscriptions, as follows:—

HERE DIED
WOLFE
Sept. 13,
1759.

*This Pillar
was erected by the
BRITISH ARMY
in Canada, 1849;
His Excellency
Lieutenant-General
SIR BENJAMIN D'URBAIN,
G. C. B., K. C. H., K. C. T. S., &c.
Commander of the Forces;
To replace that erected by
Governor-General LORD AYLMER, G. C. B.
in 1832,
which was broken and defaced,
and is deposited beneath.*

The St. Foy monument stands on the St. Foy-road, about a mile from the toll-gate. It is a handsome column of fluted bronzed iron on a stone pediment, and surmounted by a handsome figure of Bellona, the gift of Prince Jerome Napoleon. It bears two shields, one on the east side with the name of Murray and the British insignia, and the other on the west with the name of Levis and the arms of France. The spot on which this monument stands is the site of Dumont's mill, famous as the scene of a series of sanguinary attacks and repulses on the day of the battle of St. Foy.

The Custom House and Methodist Church are quite modern buildings, each of which is handsome in its way. The Champlain Steps, a series of break-neck and break-wind stairs, leading from Champlain-street to Mountain-hill, are one of the queerest of the many quaint features of the ancient capital.

SCENERY AND SURROUNDINGS.

The principal objects of interest in and around Quebec are the Plains of Abraham, the Falls of the River Montmorency, the Falls of the Chaudière, and those at Indian, or La Jeune, Lorette.

The celebrated Plains of Abraham—the scene of the decisive battle between Wolfe and Montcalm's troops on the 18th of September, 1759—are too well known in history to need any description. They form a broad table-land in the immediate vicinity of the city on its south-west side. Beyond their historic association the Plains have no further interest.

The Falls of Montmorency are situated at the mouth of the Montmorency River, nine miles north-east of Quebec. They form a prominent object in the scenery, the ribbon-like line of water being visible from a considerable distance, and having an especially fine effect when viewed from the river below the city. The height of these falls is placed by some authorities at 270 feet, by others at 240 feet, 70 feet higher than Niagara. The breadth is from sixteen to twenty yards. A little declination of the bed of the river before it reaches the ledge gives a great velocity to the stream, which, being impelled over the brink of a perpendicular rock, falls in an extended sheet of water, of a whiteness and fleecy appearance nearly resembling snow, into a chasm among the rocks. An immense cloud of spray arises from the bottom in curling volumes, which, when the sunshine displays its bright prismatic colours, produce an effect inconceivably beautiful. When in the winter the river St. Lawrence becomes frozen at the foot of the falls, the spray descends as sleet, forms at the base of the cataract, and gradually accumulates until it assumes the shape of a gigantic cone. On the inner side the face of this cone presents a stalactical structure, but the outer side shows a clear slope of ice, attaining a sheer height of sometimes as much as 126 feet. This is a favourite place of resort during the winter season for tobogganing parties, the icy descent forming an admirable slide.

Indian Lorette, or Jeune Lorette, possesses a double attraction in the shape of a magnificent water-fall and a real Indian village. The inhabitants of the village, which is neatly built but irregularly laid out, are the remains of the Huron tribe, which, driven from the shores of the lake that bears their name by the Iroquois, took shelter at Lorette. They are few in number and comparatively civilised, occupying themselves in winter with hunting, and in the summer by making snow-shoes, moccasins, and a variety of bark-work. The village is about eight miles from Quebec.

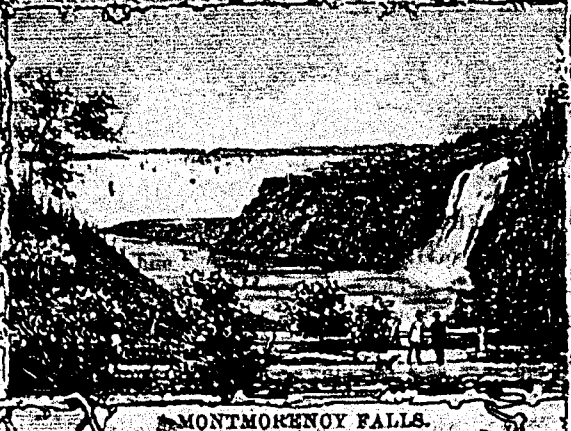
The Chaudière Falls are seven miles distant from Quebec, and, even after Niagara, are highly interesting. In the deep seclusion of a thick wood the river, nearly 250 yards wide, precipitates itself one hundred feet into a rocky channel, which appears to have been rent asunder by some terrible convulsion of nature, by which the rock has been broken into huge masses that combine with the surrounding objects to impart an air of most magnificent wildness to this extraordinary scene.



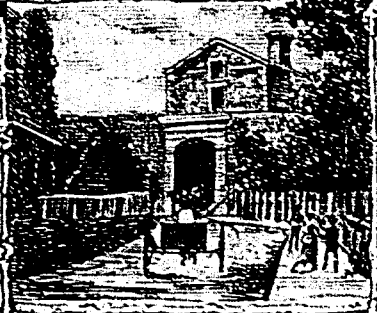
PLAINS OF ABRAHAM.



GRAMPLAIN STEPS.



MONTMORENOY FALLS.



ST. LEWIS GATE.



PALACE GATE.



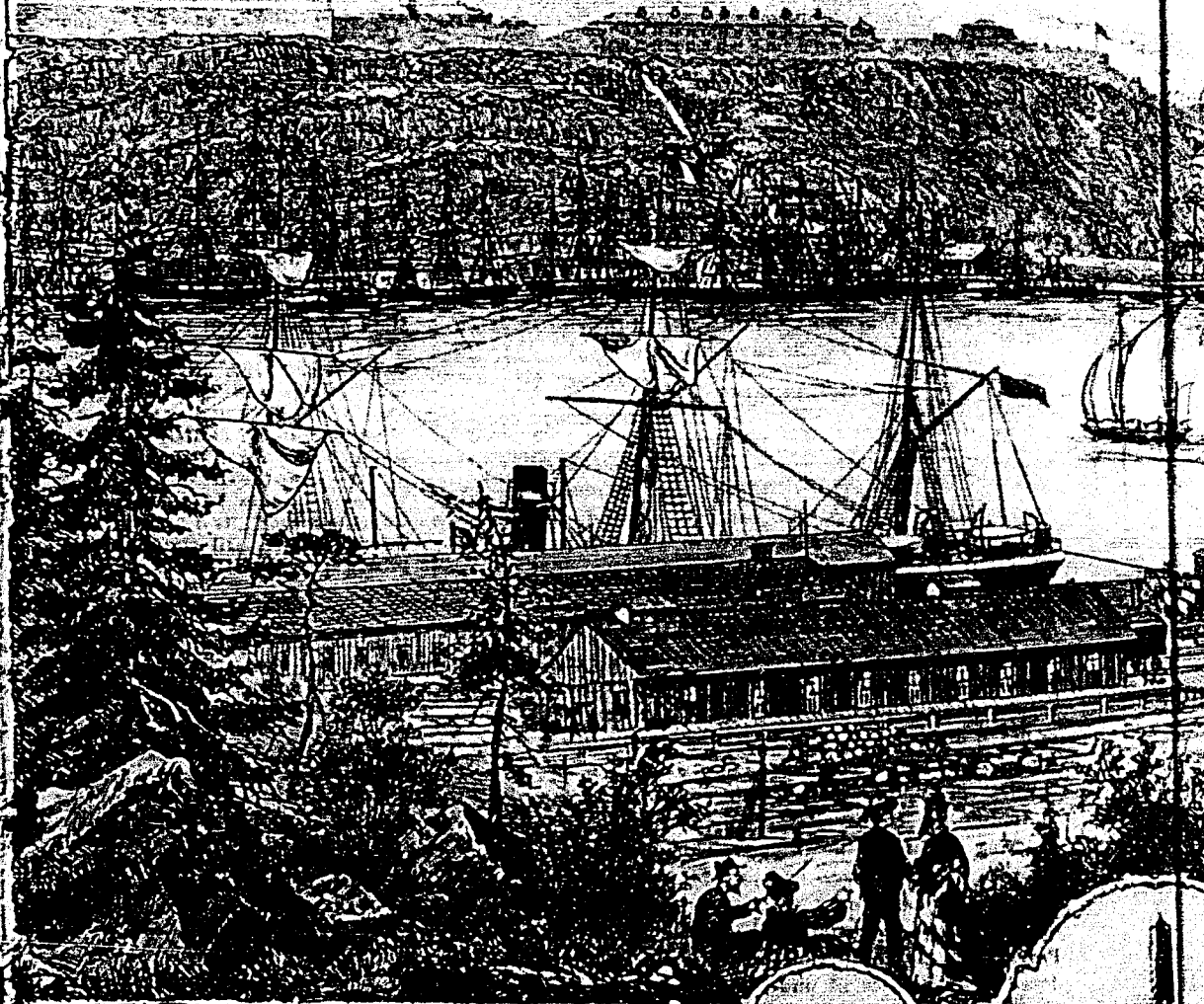
CUSTOM HOUSE.



HOUSE WHERE THE COUNCIL OF WAR WAS HELD.



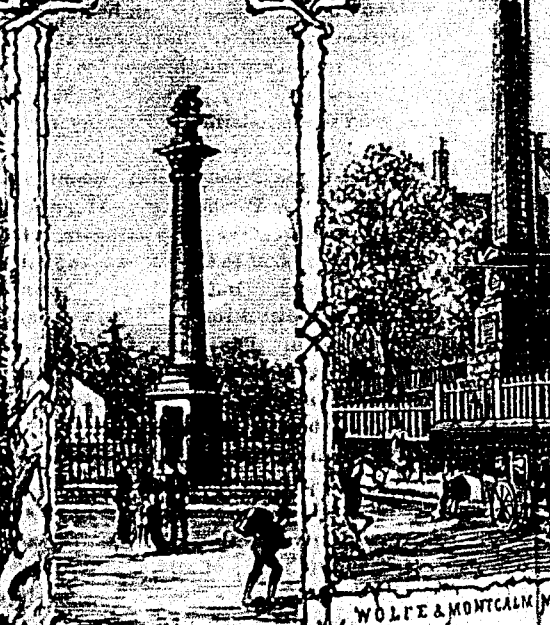
CHAIN GATE.



ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL.



FALLS OF LORETTE.

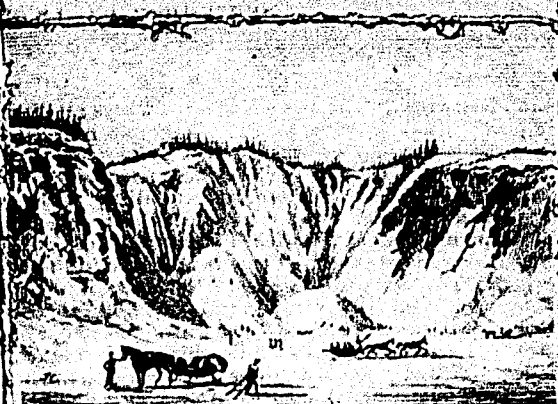


WOLFE'S M.

WOLFE & MONTCALM

QUEBEC
ITS MONUMENTS

QUEBEC



MONTMORENCY FALLS IN WINTER.



OLD FRENCH FORTIFICATIONS.



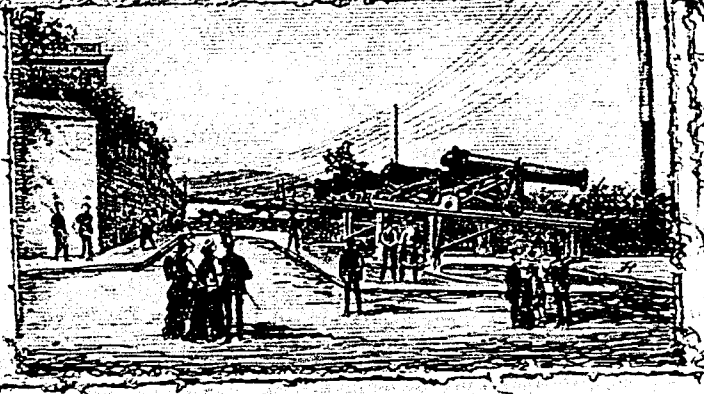
DURHAM TERRACE.



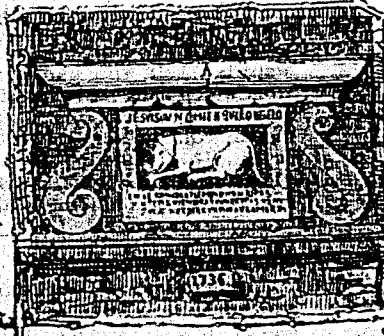
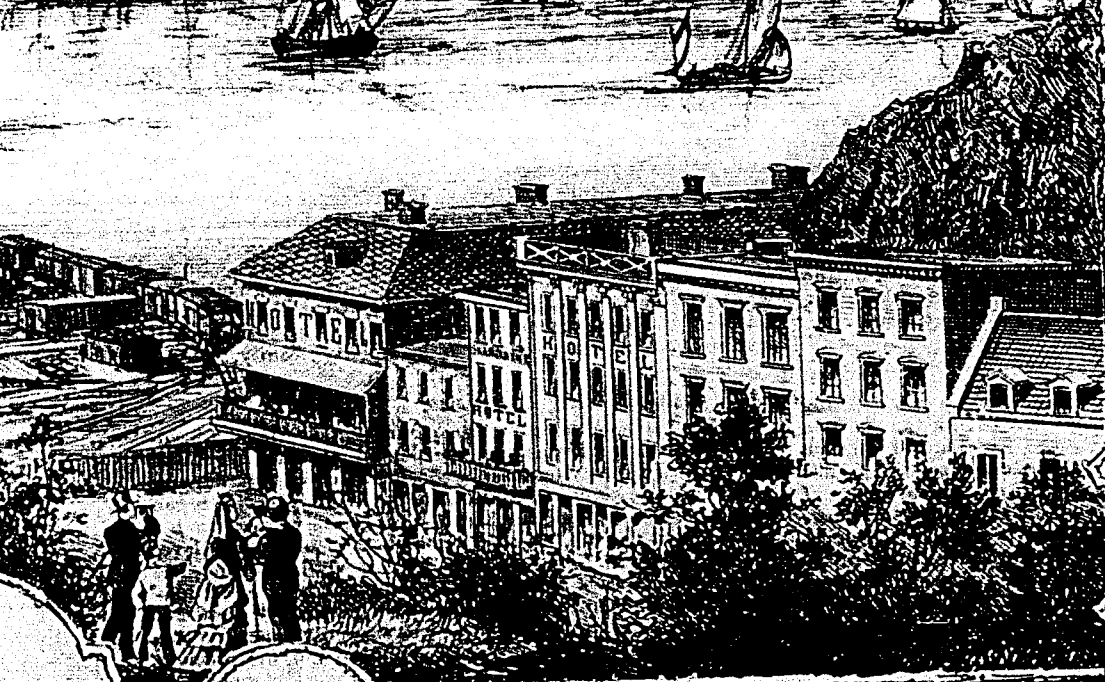
PRESCOTT GATE.



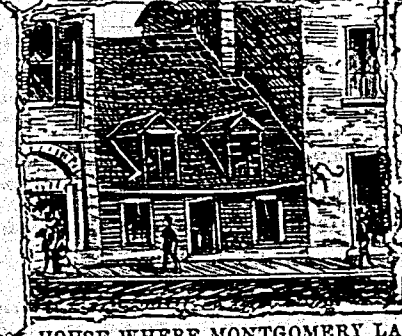
ST. JOHN GATE.



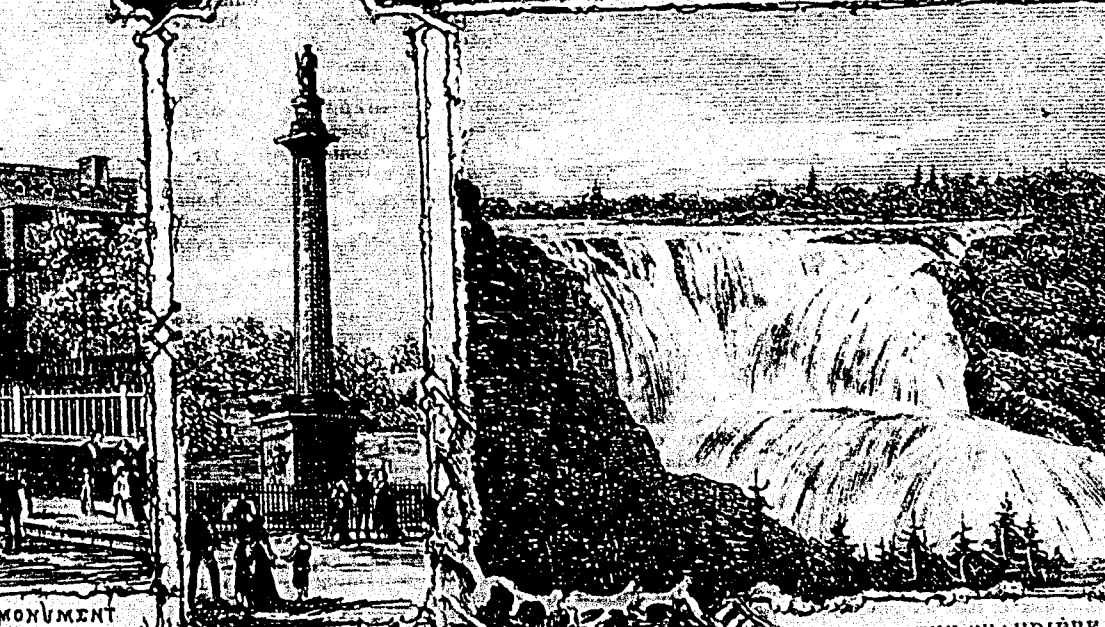
GRAND BATTERY.



THE "CHIEN D'OR."

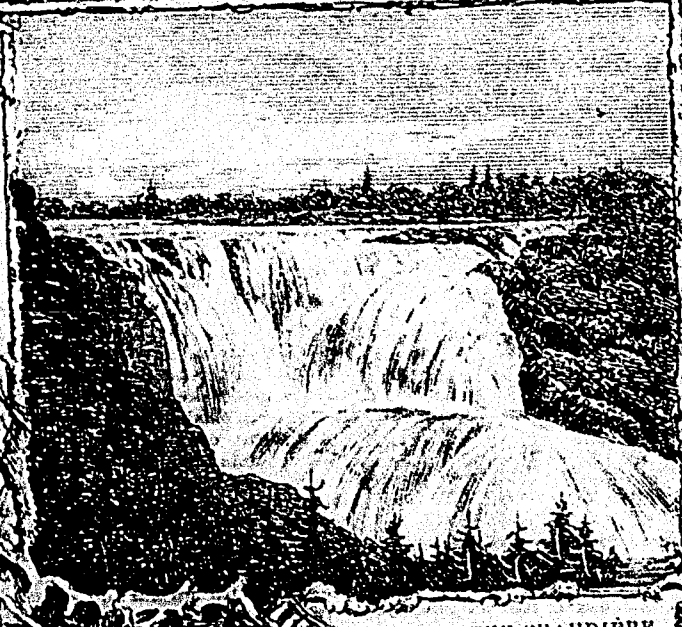


HOUSE WHERE MONTGOMERY LAY.

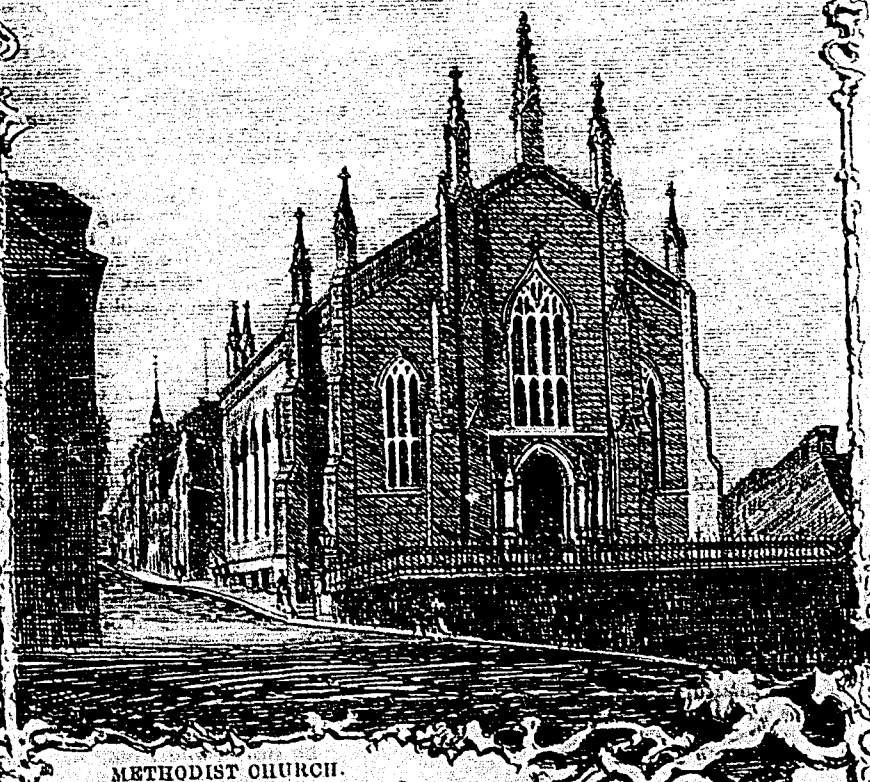


MONUMENT

FRENCH GRAVES.



FALLS OF THE CHAUDIÈRE.



METHODIST CHURCH.

EUGEN HABERER, DEL.

EC,
AND SCENERY.

AMERICA TO ICELAND.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

We come, the children of thy Vinland,
The youngest of the world's high peers,
O land of steel, of song, and saga,
To greet thy glorious thousand years!

Across that sea the son of Erik
Dared with his venturous dragons' prow;
From shores where Thorfinn set thy banner,
Their latest children seek thee now.

Hail, mother-land of skalds and heroes,
By love of freedom hither hurled,
Fire in their hearts as in thy mountains,
And strength like thine to shake the world!

When war and ravage wrecked the nations,
The bird of song made thee her home;
The ancient gods, the ancient glory,
Still dwell within thy shores of foam.

Here, as a fount may keep its virtue
Where all the rivers turbid run,
The manly growth of deed and daring,
Was thine beneath a scantier sun.

Set far apart, neglected, exiled,
Thy children wrote their runes of pride,
With power that brings, in this thy triumph,
The conquering nations to thy side.

What though thy native harps be silent,
The chord they struck shall ours prolong;
We claim thee kindred, call thee mother,
O Land of saga, steel and song!

ARABESQUES.

Carlisle Iron.

There is a curious rumour in reference to the attitude which Germany is said to be adopting towards the Carlisle. At present the choicest of iron mines out of which the material for the famous Krupp guns has been procured is in the hands of the Carlisle, and for the present at least the manufacture of some of the large artillery for supporting Bismarckian politics is interrupted.

Retaliation.

The following curious specimen of German logic and arithmetic has, it is said, been expressed in a letter to Prince Von Bismarck from some working men. They have declared their determination to avenge any attempt on his life by murdering a Roman Catholic Bishop for every bullet which does not hit him, and two bishops for every bullet which hits; while the one which really killed him should cost the Pope his life.

Little Mortara.

Several years since the name was echoed throughout Europe of the boy Mortara, a Jew who had been baptised surreptitiously and taken from his parents in Rome. This boy is now Father Pius Mortara, an Augustinian monk in the monastery of Notre Dame de Beauchêne, and on the 16th ult. he preached a sermon at Niort, in the department of the Two Sèvres, on the occasion of the festival of Notre Dame du Mont Carmel.

The Truth At Last.

A correspondent of the Woonsocket, R. I., *Patriot*, writes from a Swiss town: "I was much amused on looking over a visitors' book at the inn to find that under the heading 'Occupation' two German girls had written, 'Looking for a Husband,' and a stanza of poetry, the drift of which corresponded with the cry which the ancient American Miss Peck tells about in one of her stories—'How long, O Lord! how long!'"

The Splendours of the Vatican.

The world may not know the extent and magnificence of the Vatican Palace, in which the self-imposed seclusion of the venerable Pontiff is made. The gardens are unequalled in size and beauty. The museum and library contain the choicest and rarest examples of art treasures. There are twenty spacious halls for receptions, 15 magnificent salons, 2 chapels, 218 grand corridors, 8 grand staircases, 228 other staircases, and 11,500 apartments.

Working the Oracle.

The explanation of the King of Burmah's second coronation seems to have been an astrological prophecy that a new king was to come from the south. The present potentate circumvented the oracle by going out for a drive, taking a sweep round to the southward, and thus reentering his capital from that direction, and getting himself newly crowned. If his people were inclined to believe the oracle, we feel disposed to give the king credit for a smart manoeuvre.

Anti-Ritualism.

With a view to put a stop to ritualistic practices in certain churches in the English metropolis, an association is being formed with a view to take action under the provisions of the Public Worship Regulation Act. As a preliminary step to any direct proceedings, meetings and conferences will be held in various parts of the metropolis in connection with the National Protestant Institute; and, in order to meet the necessary expenses, a "Protestant Meetings Fund" has been established.

Curious Will.

It has often been observed that the character of a departed person can be read in his will; but what manner of person Joseph Mulley, of Clapton, can have been it is difficult to say. It contains the following curious legacy:—"I give unto my sister Susanna five pounds of money of Great Britain, one long hair broom, a dust-shovel, two hard brushes (both to be used at one time), and one pound of the best rappee snuff, which, I am sure, will complete her happiness in this world and the world to come."

Absent.

In the first volume of the *Bric-à-Brac* series the following capital story is told by Mr. Planche—Samuel Rogers, the poet-banker, being the narrator: "My old friend Maltby, the brother of the bishop, was a very absent man. One day at Paris, in the Louvre, we were looking at the pictures, when a lady entered who spoke to me and kept me some minutes in conversation. On rejoining Maltby I said, 'That was Mrs. _____.' We have not met so long she had almost forgotten me, and asked me if my name was Rogers.' Maltby still looking at the pictures said, 'and was it?'"

The Spanish Fleet.

The inactivity of the Spanish fleet remains unexplained. It consists of seven heavy ironclads, ten screw frigates, three ironclad turret ships, and five screw corvettes, besides not less than twenty-one advice-boats, collectively of 2,340 horse-power and with fifty-one guns; forty-eight screw gunboats, each with a heavy gun, and altogether of 4,040 horse-power, and twenty-eight paddle-steamers, with 109 guns, and of 5,500 horse-power. These last are specially adapted for coast service. Last spring nine advice-boats, seventeen gunboats, and six paddle-steamers were stationed on the north coast and in the Bay of Biscay.

Transformation.

The revival of *Janet Pride*, after many years, reminds us of an adventure of Mr. Toole's, the time he played the part of the clockmaker's boy in Boucicault's version of *Jeanne*. The popular comedian was booked one night to perform Jack Grinidge in the ever *Green Bushes*, at Sadler's Wells, after the above personation at the Adelphi. To save time he executed the quick change from boyhood to age in the cab, so that when the actor stepped forth the jarvey very naturally exclaimed, "Hullo! hullo, now! what ha' yer done with the kid, old 'un? You never got in at the 'Delphy, my boy!" The arrival of the stage door keeper put an end to the difficulty.

Paper Planks.

According to Dingler's *Polytechnisches Journal*, if a sheet of paper be immersed in an ammoniacal solution of copper (liqueur de schweitzer), prepared by treating copper filings with ammonia of 0.880 density, in contact with air, the paper becomes entirely impermeable to water, and maintains its consistency even under the influence of boiling water. When two sheets of paper thus prepared are passed together through rollers they adhere completely to each other, and by placing a number of such sheets together a board of great solidity is obtained, which may be still further strengthened by the interposition of fibres or tissues between the sheets; boards thus formed are quite equal to wood in solidity.

Panoplied.

A seaside belle in France is described as follows: "Imagine a vivacious brunette dressed in a buff *éru* linen costume profusely frogged with violet silk, and looped up over a violet underskirt. She wears amethyst earrings; a big amethyst brooch peeps under the long ends of her lace cravat; and round her waist is a belt with garnet knobs, supporting an *aumônière*, from which hang in a glittering cluster a fan, a purse, a smelling-bottle, a gold pencil, an enamel looking-glass, and a watch. On her head a white sailor's hat with violet streamers is jauntily set; and her small hands, covered with six-button gloves of *peau de Suède*, are occupied, one in carrying a pug dog, the other in holding a stick parasol four feet long."

Something like a Preserve.

A writer says: "The Spaniards have a mode of preserving which is quite peculiar to themselves. A slice being cut from one end of a large melon, the seeds and soft part of the flesh are removed, and into the hollow thus formed a luscious heterogeneous crowd of apricots, nectarines, and peaches, of oranges both sweet and bitter, of slices of pineapples, of strawberries, of raspberries, is pressed and closely packed; then all is steeped in the preserving syrup, the slice is restored to the end of the melon, reunited by the stickiness of the sugar. How long it remains under treatment, how often the syrup may be made to simmer, are details unknown to us; what we do know is that the final result is altogether the supremest form of preserved fruit."

Into the Wrong Hands.

A most interesting discovery is said to have been made a short time ago in the mansion formerly occupied by the French Direction du Génie at Metz, in which the German Fortification Bureaux are now located. A double ceiling was accidentally stumbled upon, leaving an empty space of about a yard in height between one of the upper rooms and the garret. In this space was found a great number of plans of French fortresses, &c., which had evidently been concealed there shortly before the capitulation, with a view of resuming possession of them at the conclusion of peace, when it must have been conjectured Metz would be given back to France. There are plans of all the fortresses formerly under the superintendence of the Direction du Génie at Metz, among others of Toul and Longwy. There are also some most interesting maps, giving special and minute details of the undermining of divers bridges and military roads.

Sartoris's Apparition.

A correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune*, writing from Green Bay, Wis., where Sartoris once sojourned says: "He had a bulldog that followed him everywhere. One rainy afternoon the pair retired for a nap in the hotel. Sartoris had made himself comfortable with divers brandy-punches, and retired with his dog at his heels for an afternoon *siesta*. In about an hour he rushed wildly into the office, his flaxen hair on end, his china-blue eyes starting from his head, his pale lips faintly ejaculating, 'The devil!' while the dog crouched at his feet in a panic of terror. There could be but one solution of this, thought all present. The man had gone crazy, and had frightened the dog; but the real cause of his terror, it turned out, was the apparition of an immense coloured washerwoman, who had entered his room without knowing it was occupied, and appeared at his bedside in a long waterproof, the black hood of which was drawn overhead and around her ebony face. Sartoris had been revelling in claret-coloured dreams, and the awakening was too much for him."

Piano Power.

Donn Piatt, writing from a secluded retreat, says: "We have here a piano-forte forty-horse power. We came near writing forty-jackass power, but we want to be polite. We detest a piano. We hate it almost as we hate those noodles who make themselves miserable over their respectability. The great enemy of man invented the rank-a-tank called a piano. For the better punishment of the wicked he has hell full of pianos, and we wish he had them all. There is no music in the thing, and every girl is taught to pound it. No house is furnished without a piano. One is never out of hearing of the detestable instrument of torture. It has done more to debase our social standard and fetch on the Tilton-Beecher business than anything else. This of ours never ceases. Women stop off for the next train and pound till it comes. An accident delayed the passenger train two hours here, and eighteen women took turns at the piano. We have three deaf people, and they alone are happy. We intend to serve this piano with an ounce of nitro-glycerine à la Irvine's hand-organ, and then the Glades Hotel, Oakland, will be a heaven on earth."

The Priest's Prophecy.

A correspondent of the *Cincinnati Gazette*, speaking of the ruin of Kynost, says: "The great kitchen is still perfectly preserved, and in it one is told how the great General of Wallenstein's victory laughed over the astrological predictions of his evangelical priest. The priest consulted the horoscope, and told Count Ulrich he was to die by cold iron. The Count laughed, and asked him what was to be the fate of a lamb that was just being carried by. The priest ascertained the hour and day of its birth, again consulted the horoscope, and told the Count the lamb would be devoured by a wolf. In order to convince the priest how fallacious his prophecies were, the Count ordered his servants on a certain day to serve the lamb as a roast, and invited the clergyman to dine with him. On the day appointed, as the Count sat down to dinner with his guests, another roast was brought in. He enquired why his orders had not been obeyed and the lamb served. The cook, without a presentiment of the importance of his words, innocently answered he could not roast the lamb, for it had been carried away by a wolf. When the Count heard this he turned pale and said, 'The Lord's will be done.'"

"That's What I've Been Telling Emily."

Lord Dufferin, in his speech before the Toronto Club, tells the following good story: When crossing the Atlantic to take up the Government of this country, I found myself the fellow passenger of some hundred emigrants. As soon as they had recovered from the effects of sea-sickness the captain of the ship assembled these persons in the hold, and invited the Canadian gentlemen on board to give them any information in regard to their adopted country which might seem useful. Some of the emigrants began asking questions, and one man prefaced his remarks by saying that "he had the misfortune of having too many children." Being called upon in my turn to address the company, I alluded to this phrase, which had grated harshly on my ears, and remarked that perhaps no better idea could be given of the differences between the old country and their new home than by the fact that whereas in England a struggling man might be overweighted in the battle of life by a numerous family, in the land to which they were going a man could scarcely have too many children. (Cheers and laughter.) Upon which I was greeted with an approving thump on the back by a stalwart young emigrant, who cried out, "Right you are, sir, that's what I've been telling Emily." One of our Canadian "gags" or sayings will henceforth be: "That's what I've been telling Emily."

More than He Bargained For.

An English sportsman engaged a strong, powerful red-headed Highlander to act as gamekeeper on his English estate. The Highlander having been a considerable time at his post before there was any prosecution of poachers, his master began to suspect that after all the north-countryman was not such a good hand at catching poachers as he had been led to believe. Determined to find out whether he was vigilant or not, the gentleman one dark night disguised himself, took a fowling-piece, and went out to poach on his own ground. He had not fired above a shot or two when he was suddenly pounced upon from behind, the gun wrenched from his hand, his precious person subjected to a perfect hurricane of kicks and cuffs, hard blows, and harder Gaelic epithets, whereby he was knocked down and rendered half-insensible. On being able to explain who he was, the gamekeeper evinced great sorrow, asked a thousand pardons, and explained to his honour, "Ye see, I likes aye to send ta teevils hame wi' a sarkfu' o' sair banes, an' then they dinna come pack in a hurry; because, ye see, they canna, for some o' them, yer honour, are maistly ready for ta coffin be the time they get hame, an' syne they dinna gie us onie mair bother ava." The English sportsman went home, took to his bed, hovered between life and death for a fortnight, recovered at last, and raised his gamekeeper's wages 50 per cent.

"Cemetery Sam."

A Eureka, Cal., paper says: "His first appearance in Eureka was made the other night, and he introduced himself as 'Cemetery Sam,' gave the particulars of his receiving the patronymic, and stated that he was from Pioche, was a 'gun-fighter,' and asked if there were any who doubted his statement. He slashed around considerably during the evening, and by dint of suavity and terror—each applied as circumstances demanded—he succeeded in loading himself with nectar ere the midnight hour. Then he girded up his loins and declared his determination to start a corpse factory, but in order that his victims might know who they had the honour of being slain by, he thought proper to offer explanation, and in so doing carried on a sort of informal dialogue, asking the questions with formal and grave earnestness and answering with cunning lightness, thus: 'Who was it inaugurated the graveyard at Rocky Bar because a barkeeper refused him a drink? Guess it was Cemetery Sam.' 'Who was it caused the first orphan asylum to be started in Montana? Cemetery Sam was the feller.' 'Who was it made a public administrator rich in Eastern Oregon? I'm mistaken if it wasn't Cemetery Sam.' 'Who was it that—' Here some one present, who evidently thought the thing was becoming monotonous, smote Sam heavily, and the latter fell. When he arose he continued the monologue by asking: 'Who was struck by lightning just now? If my memory serves me right it must have been Cemetery Sam.'"

THE ART OF "MAKE-UP."

Donn Piatt, describing a visit to a cosmetic establishment in New York, says:

"What," we asked, "are the articles that go to make the beautiful woman?"

"Well, first of all is our vegetable enamel, perfectly harmless, that gives the most delicate white—I may say dazzling—complexion known to the female world. See," he continued, taking a china pot from the counter, "this is put on easily with a small sponge. Permit me, madam; it is soon removed and leaves no trace," and saying this, he applied a small quantity to the forehead of my companion. The result on the face of a clear brunette was startling. The marble smoothness, and at the same time the satiny texture, if we may use such an expression, was marvellous. Then he took another sponge and applied a most beautiful blush, a rose colour, upon the white, that was perfectly charming in its natural and soft flush.

"And now," he went on, "here is an exquisite instrument with which we trace the delicate blue veins that, when done, defy the microscope of science."

"But how is it possible to make the new face and the old shoulders match?"

"By making all new. The face, neck, shoulders, and arms have to be treated all alike."

"And does this artificial process end here?" we asked. "Oh, not at all; we are only just beginning. The eyelashes and eyes have to be treated. The eyebrows receive especial attention. We cannot illustrate with you, madam; nature has done so much."

He might well say this, for it is only once in a million such beautiful eyes, eyelashes, and brows are given a woman. He called to a young lady of the establishment and said, "Miss Blank, will you permit me?"

She pleasantly assented, and taking a small ivory tablet he placed it under the eyelashes of one eye, and then touching them dexterously and at the same time with the most delicate art, he made the lashes so decided, so pronounced, they seemed to actually grow. He then pencilled the brow, and when done the effect was most decided. The young lady was a blonde, and with one eye treated and the other not treated the result was very decided.

"Certainly this is all," we said.

"Not at all. We give a delicate tint to the ear, a rosy, steel colour to the nails. We have powders for the teeth; we leave nothing uncared for that goes to make perfection of a beautiful woman."

"And are these things in general use?"

"Certainly; you cannot find a brilliant complexion that has not been made so by art. We read with great pleasure of the beautiful women of the fashionable circles of Washington and the summer resorts, for we know where they come from."

DRAMATIC "COLLABORATION."

A writer of a sketch on "Collaboration" in the *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "M. Poupette is that elegant writer whose sweet 'Groffée' produced so much emotion in Parisian drawing-rooms last winter; and M. Victor Cocasse is the renowned author of the 'Sardine à l'huile' and 'Le Pêché de Madame.' Between them there is little in common, for M. Poupette is the bard of home joys and M. Cocasse a dramatizer of questionable episodes; but M. Cocasse has reached a time of life when ideas begin to fall him, and he is constantly on the prowl after young and rising authors with whom he may strike up a collaboration—they furnishing plots and he the dramatic ordinance of the same. The bargain is quite a fair one; for to a man having no knowledge of the stage a good plot is of little more use than a block of stone to one who is no sculptor. Now, there is no writer on the boulevards who can chisel a stone into shape as M. Cocasse can; not one who can better trim a dialogue, contrive effective situations for the close of each act, and send his audience home with their ears tingling. He is a stout and jolly personage, with drooping gray moustache and imperial, a broad hat-brim, and with the forefinger and thumb of his left hand browned to a walnut colour by the moisture of countless cigarettes. He looks like a pensioned gendarme in easy circumstances, and he rather startled rosy, yellow-haired M. Poupette when he button-holed him at the Français and proposed that they two should mount a 'machine' together. M. Poupette had never heard any work of literature described as a 'machine,' nor had he ever met a man of letters so uncommonly shrewd in all the business details of authorship as M. Cocasse. This gentleman made little use of the terms 'one act,' 'three acts,' 'five acts;' he talked of two, nine, and twelve per cent. pieces, alluding thereby to the amount of profits which a dramatist is entitled to levy, and he was particularly luminous about the extra gains to be made out of Belgian and provincial managers. Such as it was, though, his talk was not wholly unpleasant to M. Poupette. The poet had long cherished a notion of writing a comedy, and had only been deterred by the recollection of two tragedies in five acts which he had sent to the Odeon in the days of his literary novitiate, and which had been thankfully declined. He had sense enough to suspect that he was wanting in the dramatic knack, and he well knew that M. Cocasse possessed this knack to the full. On the other hand, M. Cocasse, glancing at M. Poupette's brow, which bulged out like a football, and at his eyes, which glowed in the depth of caverns, felt that there must be a stock of ideas in this youth that would yield like a mine if worked judiciously. So the two very soon came to an arrangement in the *café* of the Français, drinking beer, and before parting that night M. Cocasse stipulated that they should address each other as 'tu' thenceforth for greater familiarity and convenience. A fortnight later M. Cocasse, in a suit of yellow nankeen, and M. Poupette, with a panama thatch over his fevered pate, started for Dieppe; and on the road from Dieppe to Treport by diligence the poet first broached his plot for the intended comedy. The flat, dusty road lay straight for miles before them; the three horses, two brown and one white, jogged placidly along, switching flies away with their tails; the coachman, in a blue blouse, winked to Norman fish-girls passing with hampers on their heads; and the pair of authors, perched under the hood of the *impériale*, would decry an unbroken expanse of beetroot fields and willow stumps stretching around them as far as the eye could gaze. It was under the inspiration of this fine scenery that M. Poupette exclaimed: 'The play must treat of a bride brought up amid touching rural life, and coming to Paris lose her illusions.

We will call it 'La Chute de Madame Virginie.' 'Les Chutes,' answered M. Cocasse, accentuating the article in the tone of one who should offer a gentle reproof; 'we have seen plenty of solitary *chutes* in recent pieces, and the public wants novelty. Virginie must lose her illusions several times.' 'Very well,' agreed M. Poupette pensively; 'but we must show her retaining her innocence of soul in spite of all.' 'Yes, that will be new,' said M. Cocasse, 'and we must bring out her husband in strong colours; yet he mustn't be a naval captain or an engineer, because those professions have been overdone.' 'I was thinking of making him a German,' rejoined M. Poupette. 'Yes, that will do, because he can be killed if needful without exciting any sympathy,' observed M. Cocasse sagaciously; and about this time the diligence rumbled past the mediæval church of Treport towering above its flight of 120 steps, jolted over the smooth stones, and past the snowy villas of the Parade, and drew up before a queer little hotel facing the sea."

LITERARY RECORD.

Mr. W. Allingham has succeeded Mr. J. A. Froude in the editorship of *Fraser's Magazine*.

The Lord Chief Justice has not so much as commenced his much-talked-of book on Junius.

Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis is gathering materials for a new novel in North Carolina.

A new addition to Petrarch literature in France has been the publication of M. Albert Maurin's work, entitled "Les Amours de Pétrarque et de Laure."

A second edition of Major Evans Bell's "The Oxus and the Indus" has just appeared. It contains a new preface of much interest on the Afghan question.

The August number of *Fraser's Magazine* contains an article entitled—"Who wrote Shakspeare?" The writer gathers up the various arguments and proofs in favour of Lord Bacon being the author of the immortal dramas which William Shakspeare was permitted to father.

Seven days before his death the late Dr. Beke had written a new preface to his work "Jesus the Messiah," and prepared to reissue the book with a fresh title-page, as an answer anticipatory to the work "Supernatural Religion." The reissue has now appeared, with a melancholy interest derived from the author's sudden death.

We understand that the new tale which Mr. Wilkie Collins is now writing is entitled "The Law and the Lady." It will be published weekly in the *Graphic*, commencing on September 26th. The story may be looked forward to with more than ordinary interest, as this will be the first important work Mr. Collins has written for nearly two years.

Mr. Hepworth Dixon is spending some weeks in Germany studying the latest facts of those politics on which he has been invited to lecture in the United States. His two lectures, which he will first deliver in New York, are entitled "The New German Empire" and "Russia under Emancipation." During his stay Mr. Dixon will pay another visit to the Mormons, and also to California. He will write home letters, which will afterwards be republished in a volume.

DRAMATIC DOINGS.

It is reported that Tennyson has nearly finished the tragedy of "Boadicea" which he is preparing for the stage.

The 1874 meeting of the three choirs was to have been held at Gloucester this week.

There are four large theatres at St. Petersburg, yet there are complaints of insufficiency.

Voltaire's play of "Zaïre" has been revived at the Théâtre Français, Paris.

Rubinstein's new opera for St. Petersburg is entitled "The Demon."

Melthoe and Halevy are going to create a new one-act piece, "Le Passage de Venus," *à propos* of the coming transit of Venus.

Madame Balfe has received royalty on upwards of 16,000 copies of the score and detached pieces of "Il Talismano."

The "Carl Rosa Opera Company," whose operations were brought to a sudden close last winter by the untimely death of Madame Parepa-Rosa, has been reorganized.

Mme. Camilla Urso has engaged Miss Clara Doria, Mr. Wm. H. Fessenden, Mr. J. F. Rudolphson, and Mr. August Sauret, a brother of the violinist and a highly endowed pianist, for her troupe for the coming season.

The man and dog fight story has been dramatized for the Hanley Theatre. Local enthusiasm is being aroused by pictures posted all over the district representing the fight with the man and dog chained to opposite walls.

Albani and Capoul will play the leading characters in Mascé's new opera of "Paul and Virginia," shortly to be brought out at Brussels, (not St. Petersburg, as previously reported.) Patti was offered 100,000 francs for twenty performances.

"Martin et Bamboche; ou, les Mystères des Enfants Trouvés," is the title of a drama, drawn from a novel of Eugène Sue, which is about to be given at the Théâtre du Cluny. Since 1847 this piece has been under interdiction.

Mlle. Thalberg, daughter of the famous pianist and composer, Sigismund Thalberg, has been secured by Mr. Gye for the Royal Italian Opera. This very young lady is said to possess musical endowments of a phenomenal kind, and it is asserted by her friends that she will be able to replace Madame Aletina Patti a few years hence. *Quit vivra verra!*

M. Offenbach has published a letter in which he announces his intention of instituting two annual prizes of 1,000f. each, one for a comedy in one act, and the other for an opera comique, the libretto of which will be provided. The successful works are to be played at least three times, so that the public may judge of their merits, and other managers see whether the productions are likely to suit them.

The following reports *Ireland's Eye*, are Mlle. Marimon's terms for a Russian engagement: 1. No commission to agents. 2. Twenty thousand francs per month. 3. Ten appearances monthly to be guaranteed. 4. Never to sing on two consecutive evenings. 5. The choice of characters to be left entirely to myself. 6. Travelling expenses for two persons. 7. Two benefits—one at St. Petersburg and one at Moscow. 8. Costumes, which must be prepared in Paris.

How long an operatic artist takes to learn his or her part is frequently a subject of discussion, but we question whether all singers would accept the following conditions, copied from the engagement of a French *artiste*: "M. X. undertakes to learn one act of an opera or operetta in a week, two acts in ten days, three acts in twelve days, four and five acts in a fortnight." Fancy learning the part of Raoul, in the "Huguenots," in a couple of weeks!

GROTESQUES.

"Oh! ma. There's an angel with wings." "Pshaw! that's only Louisville girl with her ears spread."

To obtain a postage stamp at a Niagara hotel requires a five minutes struggle with two negroes and a bald-head book-keeper.

"Ha! you, sir," said Henry Erskine to a dilatory carpenter, "beu tuere to build the ark, we should not have had the flood yet."

A Broadway girl has just rejected a suitor because his arm wasn't long enough to go round her. She said such a suitor did not suit her.

When a Chicago man can't lie on his back and go to sleep without dreaming of his mother-in-law, it is considered a sufficient ground for divorce.

"You hear me" is going out of fashion. "That's me that's coughing" is the absolutely latest way of emphasizing and calling attention to your remarks.—*Chicago Tribune*.

A minister once prayed: "O Lord we thank Thee for the goodly number here to-night, and that thou also are here notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather."

Noble lords are scarce at the watering-place hotels, and a cruel Western man accounts for it on the ground that it is not time for the barbers to take their summer vacations.

When they told an Indiana woman that her husband had been sliced up by a reaper, she impatiently replied: "Well, take the pieces to the barn; I can't leave the gooseberry sauce just now."

A good way to restore a man apparently drowned is to first dry him thoroughly inside and out, and then clap a speaking-trumpet to his ear and inform him that his mother-in-law is dead.

One reason why Wisconsin hired girls get four dollars per week, is because they have to go down stairs at midnight to investigate strange noises, while the man of the house takes up a position under the bed.

When a Portland woman chases her boy with a broom, he runs down on a wharf and jumps into the water. When he comes out his face is washed, his mother does not know him, and he is safe.

Terre Haute Express—"Look 'ere, now, Salusha," yelled a Clay County woman to the oldest girl, "don't bend over that well so fur. You'll fall in there, some of these days, and then we'll have to carry water!"

When a Tennessee husband will horsewhip his wife for washing potatoes in his Sunday plug hat, it is time to inquire whether this generation of men isn't getting to be too confounded high-toned for the age of the country?

Mrs. Tracy, of Missouri, had been sick a long time, and Tracy had her coffin in the barn. When she died the coffin was found four inches too short, and the neighbours wouldn't even let him saw four inches off the body to make a fit.

An interesting little boy, timid when left alone in a dark room, was overheard recently by his mother to say in his loneliness, "Oh, Lord, don't let anyone hurt me, and I'll go to church next Sunday, and give you some money."

Because the authorities of Cedar Rapids, in Iowa, won't sprinkle the streets, the Cedar Rapids *Times* has got its back up and refuses to publish anything about the Beecher business. Nothing like independent journalism for bringing people to their senses.

At High Falls, New York, the other day, a young lady, while crossing a field was knocked down by a ram, and the next time the damaged damsel saw her lover she informed that astonished youth that he might go about his business, as she was disgusted with the sex.

If the left ear of the "coming girl" is larger than its mate, the fact may be ascribed to the extra chance for development afforded it by the style of looping the broad brimmed hat up on that side, and allowing the sun to sizzle on the other.

A Kansas man who was fatally shot in a row recovered consciousness just before death and asked what kind of a weapon did the business. On being informed that it was a silver-mounted seven-shooter, he gasped, "Glory! I was afeared it was one of those boss pistols!" and then died happy.

They occasionally get hold of the wrong man in Kansas when they are hunting for a horse thief, but they do the fair thing with the widow. They give her a lot in the graveyard, buy the coffin, and march in procession, singing "John Brown's body." After that they make up a purse, buy her a shot-gun and two dogs for her to make a living with.

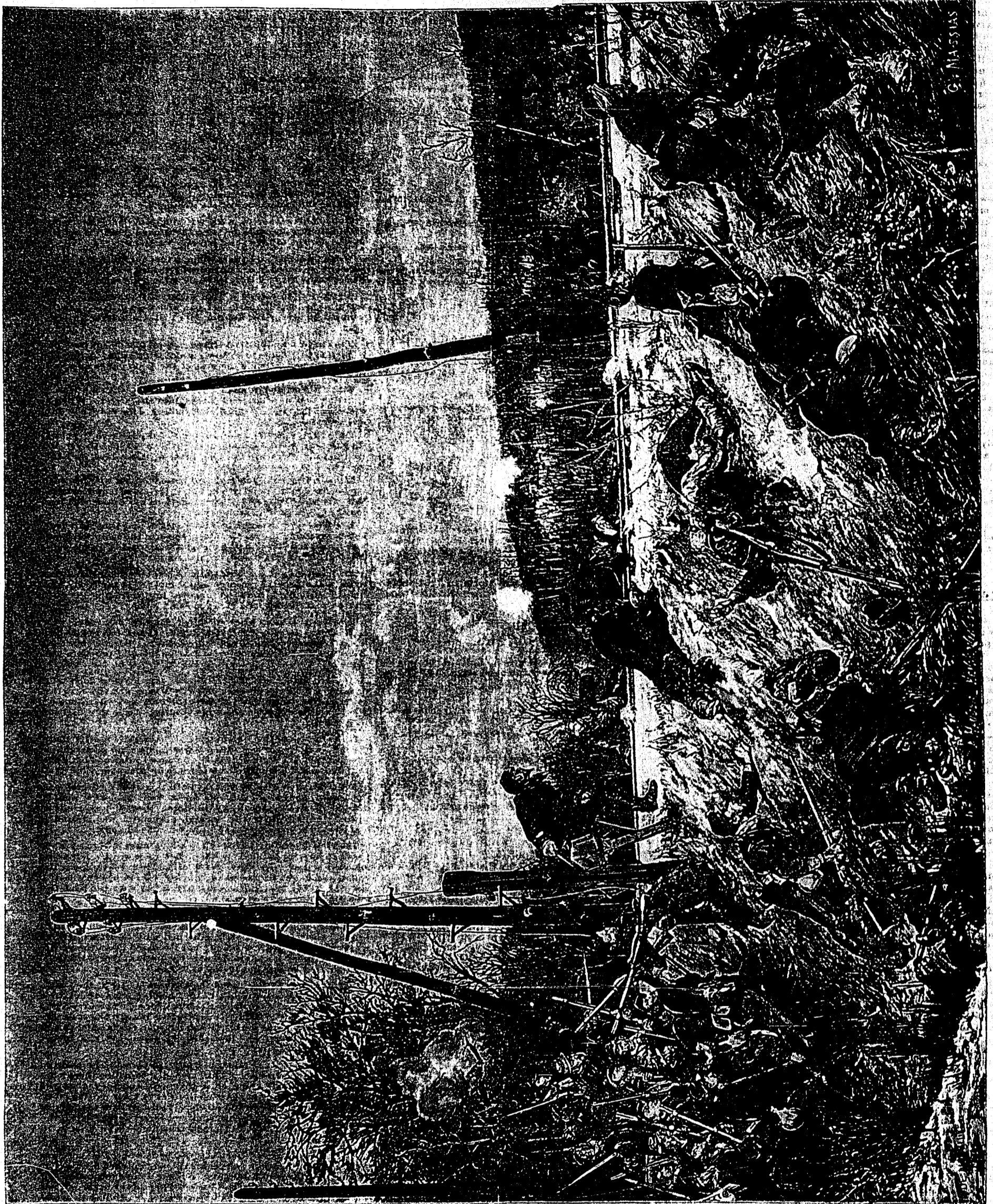
"Would my little Ezra," asked a fond mother, "like to be a missionary and go, and preach to the suffering heathen?" Tears, bright, pearly drops of feeling, glistened on little Ezra's eyes as he murmured, "No, I wouldn't; but I'd like to be on the perlice long enough to put a tin roof on the big lummax that stuck shoe-maker's wax on my seat to-day at school."

"What is this for?" asked the coloured porter at the Hotel, Long Branch, the other day, holding out a twenty-five cent note given him by the gentleman addressed for carrying up his trunk. "That," said the gentleman taking the note and putting it back in his pocket, "was for your trouble and this is for your impudence," and he kicked him eleven feet, nine inches and a half into the hallway!

"They parted in sorrow, they parted in tears." The husband was to remain at Bordeaux, for he had a situation there: the wife was to go to London as a governess, and they filled the railway station with the noise and sorrow of their parting. "Do not cease to love me, and do not forget that you are the wife of a decent man," said the husband. "Never, never," said the wife, and she pulled out her handkerchief and tied a knot in it, that she might remember.

An exchange says: "Old Skinfint, with a speckled hen, was down to O'Brien's show last Thursday, and hitched his team to a fence in the rear of this office. Pulling an old ten-pound salt sack from under the seat, he proceeded to feed the horses. What on earth the hen was for we could not imagine, until, just before hitching up to return, he tied one end of the string attached to the hen's leg to the hind wheel of the wagon, and the mystery was solved—he had brought along the hen to pick up the last oat left by the horses, that nothing might be lost."

An Aberdeen banjo-player on his return home from conviviality serenaded the upstairs object of his affections. She opened the window and replied—"Is that Joe?" "Yah, yah! It am Joe," said the facetious gentleman, in the nigger style. The descent from pathos to fun soured the sweet one. "Yer rains in my boo-ooms," continued the serenader, striking several chords on the banjo to the words. The lady could stand it no longer, and emptied a wash-hand-basin on to him, exclaiming, "There's the rain in your bosom, yer wretch!" She shut the window, and shut out Joe from her heart for ever.



A FIGHT ON A RAILROAD: AN EPISODE OF THE WAR, 1870-71.—By D. NEVILLE.



THE CONVENT TAILOR.—By OLIVIA.

THE SEA-FOG.

Upon the cliff's steep edge I stand;
The moaning sea I hear;
But gray mists hang o'er sea and land,
The mists that sailors fear.

The lichened rocks, the mosses red,
With silver drops are sown;
Each crimson foxglove hangs its head
Amid the old gray stone.

The fearful rock within the bay,
Where gallant ships go down,
Shews but a faint white line of spray,
A glimmering mass of brown.

A broken boat, a spot of black,
Is tossed on sullen waves,
Their crests all dark with rifted wrack,
The spoil of ocean caves.

Now sails my love on sea to-day;
Heaven shield his boat from harm!
Heaven keep him from the dangerous bay,
Till wind and waves be calm!

Oh, would he sat beside our stove,
Where mother turns her wheel;
I know too soon, for you, my love,
What wives of sailors feel.

Oh, that within the wood-fire's glow,
He told us tales of yore,
Of perils over long ago,
And ventures come to shore.

His hand belike is on the helm;
The fog has hid the foam;
The surf that shall his boat o'erwhelm,
He thinks the beach at home.

He sees a lamp amid the dark,
He thinks our pane alight;
And haply on some storm-bound bark,
He founders in the night.

Now God be with you; He who gave
Our constant love and troth;
Where'er your oar may dip the wave,
You bear the hearts of both.

Through storm and mist, God keep my love,
That I may hear once more
Your boat upon the shagged cove,
Your step upon the shore.

NINETY-THREE.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

PART THE THIRD.

IN VENDEE.

BOOK THE FIRST.

XI.—THE OUBLIETTE.

This crypt was the oubliette. Every keep had one. This crypt, like many penal prisons of that era, had two stories. The upper floor, which was entered by the gateway, was a vaulted chamber of considerable size, on a level with the ground-floor hall. On the walls could be seen two parallel and vertical furrows, extending from one side to the other, and passing along the vault of the roof, in which they had left deep ruts like old wheel-tracks. It was what they were in fact. These two furrows had been hollowed by two wheels. Formerly, in feudal days, victims were torn limb from limb in this chamber by a method less noisy than dragging them at the tails of horses. There had been two wheels so immense that they touched the walls and the arch. To each of these wheels an arm and a leg of the victim were attached, then the wheels were turned in the inverse direction, which crushed the man. It required great force, hence the furrows which the wheels had worn in the wall as they grazed it. A chamber of this kind may still be seen at Viandin.

Below this room there was another. That was the real dungeon. It was not entered by a door; one penetrated into it by a hole. The victim, stripped naked, was let down by means of a rope placed under his arm-pits into the dungeon, through an opening left in the centre of the flagging of the upper chamber. If he persisted in living, food was flung to him through this aperture. A hole of this sort may yet be seen at Bouillon.

The wind swept up through this opening. The lower room, dug out beneath the ground-floor hall, was a well rather than a chamber. It had water at the bottom, and an icy wind filled it. This wind, which killed the prisoner in the depths, preserved the life of the captive in the room above. It rendered his prison respirable. The captive above, groping about beneath his vault, only got air by this hole. For the rest, whatever entered or fell there, could not get out again. It was for the prisoner to be cautious in the darkness. A false step might make the prisoner in the upper room a prisoner in the dungeon below. This was his affair. If he clung to life, this hole was a peril; if he wished to be rid of it, this hole was his resource. The upper floor was the dungeon; the lower the tomb. A superposition which resembled Society at that period.

It was what our ancestors called a moat-dungeon.

The thing having disappeared, the name has no longer any significance in our ears. Thanks to the Revolution, we hear the words pronounced with indifference.

Outside the tower, above the breach, which was, forty years since, the only means of ingress, might be seen an opening larger than the other loopholes, from which hung an iron grating bent and loosened.

XII.—THE BRIDGE-CASTLE.

On the opposite side from the breach a stone bridge was connected with the tower, having three arches still in almost

perfect preservation. This bridge had supported a building of which some fragments remained. It had evidently been destroyed by fire; there were only left portions of the framework, between whose blackened ribs the daylight peeped, as it rose beside the tower like a skeleton beside a phantom.

This ruin is to-day completely demolished—not a trace of it is left. It only needed one day and a single peasant to destroy that which it took many centuries and many kings to build. La Tourgue is a rustic abbreviation for La Tour-Gauvain (the Tower Gauvain), just as La Jupelle stands for La Jupellière, and Pinson-le-Tort, the nickname of a hunch-backed leader is put for Pinson le Tortu.

La Tourgue, which forty years since was a ruin, and which is to-day a shadow, was a fortress in 1793. It was the old bastille of the Gauvains; toward the west guarding the entrance to the forest of Fougères, a forest which is itself now hardly a grove.

This citadel had been built on one of the great blocks of slate which abound between Mayenne and Dinan, scattered everywhere among the thickets and heaths like missiles that had been flung in some conflict between Titans.

The tower made up the entire fortress; beneath the tower was the rock; at the foot of the rock one of those water-courses which the month of January turns into a torrent, and which the month of June dries up.

Thus protected, this fortress was in the middle ages almost impregnable. The bridge alone weakened it. The Gothic Gauvains had built without a bridge. They got into it by one of those swinging foot-bridges which a blow of an axe sufficed to break away. As long as the Gauvains remained viscounts, they contented themselves with this, but when they became marquises, and left the cavern for the court, they flung three arches across the torrent and made themselves accessible on the side of the plain just as they had made themselves accessible to the king. The marquis of the seventeenth century, and the marquises of the eighteenth, no longer wished to be impregnable. An imitation of Versailles replaced the traditions of their ancestors.

Facing the tower, on the western side, there was a high plateau which ended in two plains; this plateau almost touched the tower, only separated from it by a very deep ravine through which ran the watercourse which was a tributary of the Couesnon. The bridge which joined the fortress and the plateau, was built up high on piers, and on these piers was constructed, as at Chenonceaux, an edifice in the Mansard style, more habitable than the tower. But the customs were still very rude; the lords continued to occupy chambers in the keep which were like dungeons. The building on the bridge, which was a sort of small castle, was made into a long corridor that served as an entrance, and was called the hall of the guards; above this hall of guards, which was a kind of entrance, a library was built above the library, a granary. Long windows, with small panes in Bohemian glass; pilasters between the casements; medallions sculptured on the wall; three stories; below, partisans and muskets; in the middle, books; on high, sacks of oats; the whole, at once somewhat savage and very princely.

The tower rose gloomy and stern at the side. It overlooked this coquettish building with all its lugubrious height. From its platform one could destroy the bridge.

The two edifices, the one rude, the other elegant, clashed rather than contrasted. The two styles had nothing in keeping with one another. Although it should seem that two semicircles ought to be identical, nothing can be less alike than a full Roman arch and the classic archivault.

That tower, in keeping with the forests, made a strange neighbour for that bridge worthy of Versailles. Imagine Alain Barbe-Torte giving his arm to Louis XIV. The juxtaposition was sinister. These two majestics thus mingled made up a whole which had something inexorably menacing in it.

From a military point of view, the bridge—we must insist upon this—was a traitor to the tower. It embellished, but disarmed; in gaining ornament the fortress lost strength. The bridge put it on a level with the plateau. Still impregnable on the side toward the forest, it became vulnerable toward the plain. Formerly it commanded the plateau; now it was commanded thereby. An enemy installed there would speedily become master of the bridge. The library and the granary would be for the assailant and against the citadel. A library and a granary resemble each other in the fact that both books and straw are combustible. For an assailant who serves himself by fire—to burn Homer or to burn a bundle of straw, provided it makes a flame—is all the same. The French proved this to the Germans by burning the library of Heidelberg, and the Germans proved it to the French by burning the library of Strasburg. This bridge, built on to the Tourgue, was, therefore, strategically, an error; but in the seventeenth century, under Colbert and Louvois, the Gauvain princes no more considered themselves besiegeable than did the princes of Rohan or the princes of La Trémouille. Still the builders of the bridge had us certain precautions. In the first place they had foreseen the possibility of conflagration; below the three casements that looked down the stream they had fastened transversely to cramp-irons, which could still be seen half a century back, a strong ladder, whose length equalled the height of the two first stories of the bridge, a height which surpassed that of three ordinary stories. Secondly, they had guarded against assault. They had cut off the bridge by means of a low, heavy iron door; this door was arched: it was locked by a great key which was hidden in a place known to the master alone, and, once closed, this door could defy a battering ram and almost brave a cannon ball. It was necessary to cross the bridge in order to reach this door, and to pass through the door in order to enter the tower. There was no other entrance.

XIII.—THE IRON DOOR.

The second story of the small castle of the bridge was raised by the arches, so that it corresponded with the second story of the tower. It was at this height, for greater security, that the iron door had been placed.

The iron door opened toward the library on the bridge-side, and toward a grand vaulted hall, with a pillar in the centre, on the side to the tower. This hall, as has already been said, was the second story of the keep. It was circular, like the tower; long loopholes, looking out on the fields, lighted it. The rude wall was naked, and nothing hid the stones, which were, however, symmetrically laid. This hall was reached by a winding staircase built in the wall, a very simple thing when walls are fifteen feet in thickness. In the middle ages a town had to be taken street by street, a street house by house,

a house room by room. A fortress was besieged story by story. In this respect La Tourgue was very skillfully disposed and was intractable and difficult. A spiral staircase, at first very steep, led from one floor to the other. The doors were sloping, and were not of the height of a man. To pass through it was necessary to bow the head; now a head bowed was a head cut off, and at each door the besieged awaited the besiegers.

Below the circular hall with the pillar were two similar chambers, which made the first and the ground floor, and above were three. Upon these six chambers, placed one upon another, the tower was closed by a lid of stone, which was the platform, and which could only be reached by a narrow watch tower. The fifteen-feet thickness of wall which it had been necessary to pierce in order to place the iron door, and in the middle of which it was set, imbedded it in a long arch, so that the door, when closed, was, both on the side toward the bridge, and the side toward the tower, under a porch six or seven feet deep; when it was open, these two porches joined and made the entrance-arch.

In the thickness of the wall of the porch toward the bridge opened a low gate with a Saint Gilles' boot, which led into the corridor of the first story beneath the library. This off-red another difficulty to besiegers. The small castle of the bridge showed, on the side toward the plateau, only a perpendicular wall; and the bridge was cut. A drawbridge put it in communication with the plateau; and this drawbridge (on account of the height of the plateau never lowered except at an inclined plane) allowed access to the long corridor, called the guard-room. Once masters of this corridor, besiegers, in order to reach the iron door, would have been obliged to carry by main force the winding staircase which led to the second story.

XIV.—THE LIBRARY.

As for the library, it was an oblong room, the width and length of the bridge, and a single door—the iron one. A false leaf-door, hung with green cloth, which it was only necessary to push, masked in the interior the entrance-arch of the tower. The library wall from floor to ceiling was filled with glazed book-cases, in the beautiful style of the seventeenth-century cabinet-work. Six great windows, three on either side, one above each arch, lighted this library. Through these windows the interior could be seen from the height of the plateau. In the spaces between these windows stood six marble busts on pedestals of sculptured oak; Hemolaus of Byzantium, Athenæus the ancient grammarian, Suidas, Casaubon, Clovis, King of France, and his chancellor, Alachalus, who, for that matter was no more chancellor than Clovis was king.

There were books of various sorts in this library. One has remained famous. It was an old folio with prints, having for title, 'Saint Bartholomew, in great letters; and for the second title, Gospel according to Saint Bartholomew, preceded by a dissertation by Pantonus, Christian philosopher as to whether this gospel ought to be considered apocryphal, and whether Saint Bartholomew was the same as Nathanael. This book, considered a unique copy, was placed on a reading-desk in the middle of the library. In the last century, people came to see it as a curiosity.

XV.—THE GRANARY.

As for the granary, which took, like the library, the oblong form of the bridge, it was simply that space beneath the wood-work of the roof. It was a great room filled with straw and hay, and lighted by six mansard windows. There was no ornament, except a figure of Saint Bartholomew carved on the door, with this line beneath—

Barnabæ sanctus faciem jubet ire per herbam.

A lofty, wide tower, of six stories, pierced here and there with loopholes, having for entrance an elegant single door of iron, leading to a bridge-castle, closed by a draw-bridge. Behind the tower a forest; in front a plateau of heath, higher than the bridge, lower than the tower. Beneath the bridge, a deep, narrow ravine full of brushwood; a torrent in winter, a brook in spring-time, a stony moat in summer. This was the Tower Gauvain, called La Tourgue.

XVI.—THE HOSTAGES.

July floated past, August came. A blast, fierce and heroic, swept over France. Spectres had just passed beyond the horizon; Marat with a dagger in his heart, Charlotte Corday headless. Affairs everywhere were waxing formidable. As to the Vendée, beaten in grand strategic schemes, she took refuge in little ones—more redoubtable, we have already said. This war was now an immense fight, scattered about among the woods. The disasters of the large army, called the Catholic and royal, had commenced. The army from Mayenne had been ordered into the Vendée. Eight thousand Vendéans had fallen at Ancenis; they had been repulsed from Nantes, dislodged from Montaigu, expelled from Thouars, chased from Noirmoutier, flung headlong out of Chollet, Mortagne, and Saumur; they had evacuated Parthenay; they had abandoned Clisson; fallen back from Châtillon; lost a flag at Saint-Hilaire; had been beaten at Pornic, at the Sables, at Fontenay, Doué, at the Côteau d'Eau, at the Ponts-de-Cé; they were kept in check at Luçon, were retreating from the Chaigne-raye, and routed at the Roche-sur-Yon. But on the one hand they were manning Rochelle, and on the other an English fleet in the Guernsey waters, commanded by General Craig and bearing several English regiments, and some of the best officers of the French navy, only waited a signal from the Marquis de Lantenac to land. This landing might make the royalists victorious. Pitt was in truth a state malefactor. Policy has treasons sure as an assassin's dagger. Pitt stabbed our country and betrayed his own. To dishonour his country was to betray it; under him and through him England waged a Punic war. She spied, she cheated, she hid. Poacher and forger, she stopped at nothing; she descended to the very minutiae of hatred. She monopolised railow, which cost five francs a pound. An Englishman was taken at Lille on whom was found a letter from Prigent, Pitt's agent in Vendée, which contained these lines: "I beg you to spare no money. We hope that the assassinations will be committed with prudence; disguised priests and women are the persons most fit for this duty." Send sixty thousand francs to Rouen and fifty thousand to Caen." This letter was read in the Convention on the 1st of August by Barère. The cruelties of Parrein, and later, the atrocities of Carrier, replied to these perfidies. The republicans of Metz and the re-

* One need hardly say that this letter is apocryphal; at least, that it never emanated from Pitt.—*Trans.*

publicans of the South were eager to march against the rebels. A decree ordered the formation of eighty companies of pioneers for burning the copses and thickets of the Bocage. It was an unheard-of crisis. The war only ceased on one footing to begin on another. "No mercy! no prisoners!" was the cry of both parties. The history of that time is black with awful shadows.

During the month of August, La Tourgue was besieged. One evening, just as the stars were rising amid the calm twilight of the dog-days, when not a leaf stirred in the forest, not a blade of grass trembled on the plain, across the stillness of the night, swept the sound of a horn. This horn was blown from the top of the tower.

The peal was answered by the voice of a clarion from below. On the summit of the tower stood an armed man; at the foot, a camp spread out in the shadow.

In the obscurity about the tower Gauvain could be distinguished a moving mass of black shapes. It was a bivouac. A few fires began to blaze beneath the trees of the forest and among the heaths of the plateau, pricking the darkness here and there with luminous points, as if the earth were studding itself with stars at the same instant as the sky; but they were the sinister stars of war! On the side toward the plateau, the bivouac stretched out to the plains, and on the forest side extended into the thicket. La Tourgue was invested.

The outstretch on the besiegers' bivouac indicated a numerous force. The camp tightly clasped the fortress, coming close up to the rock on the side toward the tower, and close to the ravine on the bridge-side.

There was a second sound of the horn, followed by another peal from the clarion.

This time the horn questioned and the trumpet replied. It was the demand of the tower to the camp. "Can we speak to you?" The clarion was the answer from the camp, "Yes."

At this period the Vendéans, not being considered belligerents by the Convention, and a decree having forbidden the exchange of flags of truce with "the brigands," the armies supplemented as they could the means of communication which the law of nations authorizes in ordinary war and interdicts in civil strife. Hence on occasion a certain understanding between the peasant's horn and the military trumpet. The first call was only to attract attention; the second put the question "Will you listen?" If on the second summons the clarion kept silent it was a refusal; if the clarion replied it was a consent. It signified, "Truce for a few moments."

The clarion having answered this second appeal, the man on the top of the tower spoke, and these words could be heard:

"Men who listen to me, I am Gouge-le-Bruant, surnamed Brise-bleu (Crush-the-Blues), because I have exterminated many of yours; surnamed also Imânus, because I mean to kill still more than I have already done. My finger was cut off by a blow from a sabre on the barrel of my gun in the attack at Grâville; at Laval you guillotined my father, my mother, and my sister Jacqueline, aged eighteen. This is who I am.

"I speak to you in the name of my lord Marquis Gauvain de Lantenac, Viscount de Fontenay, Breton prince, lord of the Seven Forests—my master.

"Learn first that Monseigneur the Marquis, before shutting himself in this tower where you hold him blockaded, distributed the command among six chiefs, his lieutenants. He gave to Delière the district between the route of Brest and the route of Ernée; to Tréton the district between Roë and Laval; to Jaquet, called Taillefer, the border of the Haut-Maine; to Gaulier, named Grand Pierre, Château Gonthier; to Lecomte, Craon; Fougères to Dubois Guy, and all Mayenne to De Rochambeau. So the taking of this fortress will not end matters for you; and even if Monseigneur the Marquis should die the Vendée of God and the king will still live.

"That which I say—know this—is to warn you. Monseigneur is here by my side. I am the mouth through which his words pass. You who are besieging us keep silence.

"This is what it is important for you to hear: "Do not forget that the war you are making against us is without justice. We are men inhabiting our own country, and we fight honestly; we are simple and pure, beneath the will of God, as the grass is beneath the dew. It is the Republic that has attacked us; she comes to trouble us in our fields; she has burned our houses, our harvests, and ruined our farms, while our women and children were forced to wander with naked feet among the woods while the winter robin was still singing.

"You who are down there and hear me, you have enclosed us in the forest and surrounded us in this tower; you have killed or dispersed those who joined us; you have cannon; you have added to your troop the garrison and posts of Mortain, of Barenton, of Teilleul, of Landivy, of Evran, of Tinténiac, and of Vitré, by which means you are four thousand five hundred soldiers who attack us, and we—we are nineteen men who defend ourselves.

"You have provisions and munitions.

"You have succeeded in mining and blowing up a corner of our rock and a bit of our wall.

"That has made a gap at the foot of the tower, and this gap is a breach by which you can enter, although it is not open to the sky; and the tower, still upright and strong, makes an arch over it.

"Now, you are preparing the assault.

"And we—first, Monseigneur the Marquis, who is a prince of Brittany, and secular prior of the Abbey of Saint Marie de Lantenac, where a daily mass was established by Queen Jeanne; and, next to him, the other defenders of the tower, who are: the Abbé Turmeau, whose military name is Grand Francœur; my comrade, Guineoiseau, who is captain of Camp Vert; my comrade, Chante-en-Hiver, who is captain of Camp Avoine; my comrade Musette, who is captain of Camp Fourmis; and I, peasant, born in the town of Daon, through which runs the brook Moriandre—we all, all have one thing to say to you.

"Men who are at the bottom of this tower, listen.

"We have in our hands three prisoners, who are three children. These children were adopted by one of your regiments, and they belong to you. We offer to surrender these three children to you.

"On one condition.

"It is, that we shall depart freely.

"If you refuse—listen well—you can only attack us in one of two ways: by the breach, on the side of the forest, or by the bridge, on the side of the plateau. The building on the bridge has three stories; in the lower story I, Imânus, I, who speak to you, have put six hogheads of tar and a hundred fascines of dried heath; in the top story there is straw; in the

middle story there are books and papers; the iron door which communicates between the bridge and the tower is closed, and Monseigneur carries the key; I have myself made a hole under the door, and through this hole passes a sulphur slow match, one end of which is in the tar and the other within reach of my hand, inside the tower. I can fire it when I choose. If you refuse to let us go out the three children will be placed in the second floor of the bridge, between the story where the sulphur-match touches the tar and the floor where the straw is, and the iron door will be shut on them. If you attack by the bridge, it will be you who set the building on fire; if you attack by the breach, it will be we; if you attack by the breach and the bridge at the same time, the fire will be kindled at the same instant by us both, and, in any case, the three children will perish.

"Now, accept or refuse. "If you accept, we come out. "If you refuse, the children die. "I have spoken."

The man speaking from the top of the tower became silent. A voice from below cried— "We refuse."

This voice was abrupt and severe. Another voice, less harsh, though firm, added— "We give you four-and-twenty hours to surrender at discretion."

There was a silence, then the same voice continued—"Tomorrow, at this hour, if you have not surrendered we commence the assault."

And the first voice resumed—"And then, no quarter!" To this savage voice another replied from the top of the tower. Between the two battlements a lofty figure bent forward, and in the star-light the stern face of the Marquis de Lantenac could be distinguished; his sombre glance shot down into the obscurity, and seemed to look for some one; and he cried— "Hold, it is thou, priest!"

"Yes, traitor, it is I," replied the stern voice from below.

XVII.—TERRIBLE AS THE ANTIQUE.

The implacable voice was, in truth, that of Cimourdain; the younger and less imperative that of Gauvain.

The Marquis de Lantenac did not deceive himself in fancying that he recognized Cimourdain.

As we know, a few weeks in this district, made bloody by civil war, had rendered Cimourdain famous; there was no notoriety more darkly sinister than his; people said: Marat at Paris, Châlier at Lyons, Cimourdain in Vendée. They stripped the Abbé Cimourdain of all the respect which he had formerly commanded; that is the consequence of a priest's unfrocking himself. Cimourdain inspired horror. The severe are unfortunate; those who note their acts condemn them, though perhaps, if their consciences could be seen, they would stand absolved. A Lycurgus misunderstood appears a Tiberius. Those two men, the Marquis de Lantenac and the Abbé Cimourdain, were equally poised in the balance of hatred. The maledictions of the Royalists against Cimourdain made a counterpoise to the execrations of the Republicans against Lantenac. Each of these men was a monster to the opposing camp; so far did this equality go that, while Prieur of the Marne was setting a price on the head of Lantenac, Charrette de Noirmoutiers set a price on the head of Cimourdain.

Let us add, these two men, the marquis and the priest, were up to a certain point the same man. The bronze mask of civil war has two profiles, the one turned toward the past, the other set toward the future, but both equally tragic. Lantenac was the first of these profiles, Cimourdain the second; only the bitter sneer of Lantenac was full of shadow and night, and on the fatal brow of Cimourdain shone a gleam from the morning.

And now the besieged of Tourgue had a respite. Thanks to the intervention of Gauvain, a sort of truce for twenty-four hours had been agreed upon.

Imânus had, indeed, been well informed; through the requisitions of Cimourdain, Gauvain had now four thousand five hundred men under his command, part national guards, part troops of the line; with these he had surrounded Lantenac in Tourgue, and was able to level twelve cannon at the fortress, a masked battery of six pieces on the edge of the forest toward the tower, and an open battery of six on the plateau toward the bridge.

He had succeeded in springing the mine, and making a breach at the foot of the tower.

Thus, when the twenty-four hours' truce was ended, the attack would begin under these conditions:

On the plateau and in the forest were four thousand five hundred men.

In the tower nineteen!

History might find the names of those besieged nineteen in the list of outlaws. We shall perhaps encounter them.

As commander of these four thousand five hundred men, which made almost an army, Cimourdain had wished Gauvain to allow himself to be made adjutant-general. Gauvain refused, saying, "When Lantenac is taken we shall see. As yet I have merited nothing."

(To be continued.)

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

TUESDAY, Sept. 1.—Opposition to the conscription in Spain has caused rioting in the Province of Barcelona.

Russia has sent special agents to Spain to report on the military positions of the contending parties.

A treaty of friendship, commerce, and navigation has been concluded between the United States and Peru.

Rev. Antoine Racine, Curé of St. John's Church, Quebec, has received the Papal Bull appointing him Bishop of Sherbrooke.

The Carlists under Alvarez have defeated and driven off a column of General Lomo, who was attempting to throw provisions into Vittoria.

The announcement that the contract for the construction of the section of the Pacific Telegraph Line east of Fort Garry has been awarded, is premature.

The oil combination at London, C. W., have taken all the refineries under their control, the immediate consequence of which is that the article has gone up fifty per cent. in value.

The representatives of Atlantic steamship lines, at their final conference at Liverpool yesterday, agreed on minimum rates of freight, about fifty per cent. below the old rate.

The Black Hills expedition give most brilliant accounts of the valley of the Little Missouri, and it is generally believed that on account of the unlimited quantities of gold found at various points, it will be impossible to prevent parties from occupying the country.

The criminal action for libel brought by Hon. George Brown against the proprietors of the *National* newspaper, came up before the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas to-day, at Osgoode Hall, Toronto. Hon. John Hillyard Cameron, on behalf of Brown, and Messrs. M. C. Cameron and R. A. Harrison for the defendants. The court reserved its decision.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 2.—The Carlists have been again repulsed in their attacks on Puyoerda.

This day was observed throughout Germany as a holiday, being the anniversary of the surrender of Sedan.

At Mystic Park, Boston, to-day, "Goldsmith Maid" won a \$2,500 purse by beating her own time, trotting the mile in 2:14.

The civil guards over Bazaine, who were arrested at Ste. Marguerite on a charge of conniving at his escape, have been released.

The Marquis de Ripon has resigned the Grand Mastership of the Order of Freemasons, and will be temporarily succeeded by the Prince of Wales.

It is rumoured that Governor Dix in his decision, though he may censure some of the official acts of Mayor Havemeyer, will refuse to remove him from office.

The Imperial Government telegraph authorities are to lease a wire to the Direct Cable Company, to be operated by the company's own employees.

A meeting was held to-day at St. John, N.B., the object being to discuss important questions concerning the manufacturing industries of the Province, and to form an Association which will be to manufacturers what the Board of Trade is to merchants.

The Spanish minister at Berlin delivered his credentials to the Emperor William to-day. The newly-accredited ministers of Spain at London, Brussels, and the Hague will also present their credentials in a few days.

The eruption of Mount Etna shows no signs of abatement. Inhabitants are fleeing from the villages on the foot of the mountain, but it is thought no harm will be done. The direction taken by the lava streams is remote from the cultivated parts of the mountain.

It is reported that a large combination of capitalists, including bankers, grain dealers, and railroad men, has recently been formed for the transportation of grain from the West, for protecting sales of wheat in London on commission. The main office of the company is to be in New York, with branches in Chicago, St. Louis, and other western cities.

THURSDAY, Sept. 3.—Business of every description is almost at a standstill in Havana, owing to the extreme fluctuations of gold.

The Republican Convention held at Omaha to-day oppose the third term of the Presidency, and favour the election of President by direct vote.

A despatch from Fort Garry announces the election of Louis Riel for Provencher by acclamation. The nomination, in opposition, of Dr. Bown was rejected on account of some informality.

Official authority for the exposure and punishment of all promoters and participators in the Southern troubles has been transmitted to United States Marshals and Attorneys in the several States where the disturbances have taken place.

FRIDAY, Sept. 4.—Marshal Bazaine is reported to have gone to England.

The Carlists have at length abandoned the siege of Puyoerda. Two thousand men are to be sent to Cuba to reinforce the Spanish troops there.

A Madrid despatch says the Carlists are entrenching themselves around Bilbao.

The probabilities of another secession war are openly discussed in the Southern States.

It is stated that L'Abbé Duhamel, of St. Eugène, has been appointed Bishop of Ottawa.

Marshal Zabala having resigned the leadership of the Spanish Government, Senor Sagasta has formed a new Cabinet.

The Dominion Government are about to re-arrange their emigration policy so that the Dominion and Provincial agents will be able to work more advantageously together.

A St. John, N. B., despatch says the Government have increased the stampage tax, in consequence of which the large operators have formed a ring to resist the imposition.

It is stated that the American Government have entered into negotiations with the Minister of Public Works to obtain measurements of our locks and canals with a view to enlarging the American canals to correspond with the size of the proposed Caughnawaga canal.

News has been received from a party of the Austrian Polar Expedition, who were supposed to have been lost. After abandoning their ship they travelled in sleighs for seven months, and passed two winters on the ice. Only two deaths occurred during the voyage.

The official report of the commission appointed to investigate the circumstances of Bazaine's escape is made public. It implicates the jailers, and states that they were instigated by Colonel Vilette, Bazaine's aide-de-camp, to assist the prisoner's flight, but acquits the garrison of the port of complicity in the affair.

SATURDAY, Sept. 5.—There were serious disturbances at Mèze, in the Department of Herault, to-day. It was the anniversary of the establishment of the Republic.

The eruption of Mount Etna has ceased.

The Irish team of Rifemen left Queenstown to-day on the SS. "Scotia."

Gen. Dominiquez defeated the Carlists with great slaughter as they were retiring from Puyoerda.

About one hundred and forty witnesses have been subpoenaed for the London, Ont., contested election.

Orders have been issued from Washington for transferring the headquarters of the United States army to St. Louis.

A despatch from Shanghai reports that the difficulty between China and Japan with regard to Formosa has been settled.

A Rio Janeiro despatch says the Chamber of Deputies unanimously rejected an Ultramontane proposition for the impeachment of the Government for treason and conspiracy.

The *Times* says the Marquis de Ripon, who recently resigned the Grand Mastership of the Freemasons, has become Roman Catholic.

According to Carlist advices, desperate fighting has been going on for three days between Castillo and Puebla in Catalonia. The Republican losses are very heavy.

The German men-of-war "Nautilus" and "Albatross" returned to Santander this evening from San Sebastian. The Carlists fired on them from Goutane, ten miles west of San Sebastian. The Germans threw 24 shells into the town.

General Primo De Rivera has been appointed Captain-General of Madrid. Gen. Moriones will be appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Army, or Marshal Serrano will be styled Generalissimo, with power to appoint Generals. Zabala remains at Madrid. Don Carlos has gone to Aliserana to meet the ex-Duke of Parma. The Carlists have picked up a sailor who probably deserted from the German man-of-war "Albatross." They sent him across the frontier to the authorities, by whom he was delivered to the German Consul at Bayonne.

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