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Wholesale News

Vol. X.—No. 17.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1874.

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



THE HUNTING SEASON.—By W. SCHUER.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS..... \$4.00 per annum
 THE CANADIAN PATENT OFFICE RE-
 CORD AND MECHANICS' MAGAZINE 2.00 "
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THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING
 COMPANY; Montreal; Publishers.

SUBSCRIPTIONS PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

All remittances and business communications to be ad-
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The Business Manager
 THE BURLAND-DESBARATS COMPANY, Montreal.

All correspondence for the Papers, and literary contribu-
 tions to be addressed to,
 THE EDITOR—BURLAND-DESBARATS COMPANY, Montreal.

When an answer is required, stamps for return postage
 should be inclosed.

FIRST-CLASS AGENTS WANTED

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

THE NEW STORY.

We beg to announce that we have arranged with Mr.

WILKIE COLLINS

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

"THE LAW AND THE LADY."

This story is not only worthy of Mr. Collins' great repu-
 tation, but is stated to be the best he has written. Our
 readers may therefore expect a rare treat from its
 perusal in our columns.

Owing to the fact of Victor Hugo's "Ninety Three"
 being yet uncompleted, it has been thought advisable to
 postpone the commencement of the above until our first
 number in November, when the News will appear with
 many additions and improvements. We feel sure that
 the varied attractions we shall then be able to present to
 our readers will fully compensate for any disappointment
 that may have been caused by the postponement of our
 new serial. In the issue of the 7th November a more
 than usually large instalment of the same will be given.

NOTICE.

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

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

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

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

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

Canadian Illustrated News.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCT. 24, 1874.

ENLARGED JOURNALISM.

We have not the presumption to offer advice to our
 colleagues of the daily press. We are too mindful of our
 own shortcomings to render ourselves guilty of any such
 impertinence. But there are one or two topics about
 which we should like to provoke an expression of opinion,
 with the view of widening the circle of journalistic influ-
 ence. It seems to us, in the first place, that Canadian
 papers, as a rule, do not devote sufficient attention to
 foreign matters of importance. Herein the narrow ex-
 ample of the American press is followed, instead of the
 enlightened practice of English and continental journals.
 Nothing strikes one more forcibly, on reading the latter,
 than the large space allotted, not only to the relation of
 foreign events, but to the editorial discussion of foreign
 political issues. The London *Times*, *Standard*, *Daily News*,
Daily Telegraph, and other Metropolitan dailies, have
 resident correspondents in all the capitals of Europe,
 whose business it is to write copious digests of all occur-
 rences happening within the limit of their observation.
 The Paris correspondence of these papers is daily, and
 supplements the intelligence of the telegraph. The
 French *Debats*, *Constitutionnel*, and others are remarkable
 for their knowledge of foreign affairs. The Augsburg
Allgemeine Zeitung, the best paper in Germany, is cited as
 an authority, both for the accuracy of its statements and
 the justness of its comments on all subjects of interest
 throughout the world. It fully justifies its title of "Uni-
 versal Gazette." There is no need to dilate on the ad-
 vantages of this encyclopedic method of journalism. The
 want of it strikes us as one of the weakest features of the
 Canadian press. True, the telegraphic despatches give
 the reader an idea of what is going on in the different
 countries of the globe, but unless these despatches are
 made intelligible to the ordinary mind, by explanations
 and commentaries from the pen of the editor, they be-
 come insipid and bewildering. It will not do to say that
 people care nothing for these extraneous matters. Peo-
 ple care for whatever is presented to them in a clear and
 agreeable form. There is a feeling of curiosity in every
 reader that grows, like love, by what it feeds on. And
 from a higher point of view, the political episodes, the
 social vicissitudes, and the religious struggles of our com-
 mon brotherhood in other lands, are problems which
 naturally interest us, while they may afford solutions to
 similar perplexities among ourselves. We have heard
 a prominent journalist say that one leading editorial on
 local topics was all that was necessary for his paper, and
 that the space which might be allotted to two or three
 additional articles was more profitably employed by the
 insertion of advertisements. We think he is radically mis-
 taken. A few business men—and comparatively a very
 few—will relish a paper that is taken up with four or five
 columns of an insurance, a banking, or other commercial
 report, to the exclusion of more general matter, but the
 majority of readers will cast the paper aside as dull trash.
 The same with disproportionately extended reports of
 scientific, literary, political, and even religious discussions.
 The mass of readers look for information, and in the jour-
 nal of their choice they naturally expect it from the edi-
 torial columns. A country paper of this Province—per-
 haps the best of its class—has made a specialty of original
 articles, always including the discussion of foreign affairs,
 and to that circumstance, fully as much as to any other
 one feature, is its unusual popularity attributable.

Even in the treatment of our own domestic topics, we
 believe it will be generally admitted that the press is
 open to improvement. Our politics have been, and are
 still, too personal. In dealing with public men, private
 character is canvassed, almost to the exclusion of public
 fitness. It is so on the hustings and it is so in the press.
 Hence the qualities of abuse, violence, and buffoonery
 which too frequently mar the character of our ablest jour-
 nals. Of course, we all agree that this is wrong, but there
 is the further inconvenience that it belittles political dis-
 cussion itself, and reduces it to vulgar wrangling. We
 have heard a foreign gentleman observe, while looking
 over the newspaper files in the reading-room of one
 of our hotels in this city, that he defied any man to
 make out the merits of a Canadian subject of interest from
 the comments of the party journals. Attention is being
 directed to this point in Ontario, and from the propitious
 circumstance that in the van of proposed reform are found
 some of those journals which were the greatest sinners,
 we may hope for the advent of a beneficial change. Our
 free and easy manner was adopted from the Americans.

As we imitated them in doing wrong, we should now
 imitate them in doing right. The best papers in the
 United States, following the example set them by HENRY
 RAYMOND, of the *New York Times*, have completely altered
 their mode of defence and attack in political debate.
 They have set scurrility aside and replaced it by argu-
 ment. They leave a statesman's personality in the shade,
 and discuss only his acts. The consequence is that they
 elucidate principles for the enlightenment of the decent
 public, instead of libelling men for the amusement of the
 groundlings. The consequence further is, that when they
 do expose a political man who has disgraced himself, their
 denunciation serves public morality, because it is under-
 stood to be meant for the public good.

ICELANDIC IMMIGRATION.

A little over a year ago we drew the attention of our
 readers to the probability of a wholesale migration of Ice-
 landers from their native land; and at the same time we
 pointed out the peculiar qualifications possessed by these
 people which would make them a most desirable addition
 to our population; and urged upon the Government the
 importance of making an effort to attract them to our
 shores. In the issue of the News of October 4, 1873,
 speaking of Icelandic Immigration, we said:

"Not a single newspaper on this continent has hitherto
 considered the question in these bearings. Here we have
 a considerable population of hard-workers on the look out
 for a new home, and not one of the various Governments
 who have homes to offer has stepped forward to invite
 the would-be immigrants. We offer the suggestion, if it
 be worth anything, and we firmly believe it to be worth a
 great deal, to the consideration of the Minister of Agri-
 culture. Let us lose no time in sending out carefully
 chosen agents to direct the attention of the Icelanders to
 the inducements which the Dominion of Canada is able to
 offer to intending settlers. The Scandinavians, like their
 German brethren, make the best of immigrants, and we
 shall be guilty of culpable negligence, of a gross want of
 patriotism, if we fail to avail ourselves of such an excel-
 lent chance of peopling our vast prairies and our unex-
 plored backwoods."

Since the above was written the subject of Icelandic
 immigration has attracted considerable attention both in
 this country and in the States, and colonies of Icelanders
 have been established in Brazil and Wisconsin, and, still
 more recently, in Ontario. The former have not, however,
 been successful, the colonists suffering severely from the
 heat of summer. This has, indeed, been found to be such
 a drawback that the Wisconsin colony is about to migrate,
 and is now looking for a suitable home. A committee of
 three has been appointed who are now engaged in ex-
 amining the climate and resources of Alaska, where they
 propose forming a new settlement. Should this northern
 country not prove suitable, the delegates will next turn
 their eyes toward Canada. "The region next most at-
 tractive after Alaska," they say, "is probably Canada;
 and to Canada, unless a colony is immediately established
 in Alaska, the stream of Icelandic emigration will set;
 wherever a nucleus is established, thither will future
 Icelandic emigration naturally be drawn."

We are glad to observe, by a communication addressed
 to the *Globe* by Mr. HAY, General Emigration Agent for
 Ontario, that the subject of Icelandic immigration is en-
 gaging the attention of both the Dominion and Ontario
 Governments; and that already the nucleus of a settle-
 ment has been formed by the establishment of a small
 colony of three hundred souls in the townships of Luther-
 ville and Snowdon, on the line of the Victoria Railway,
 on which they have been guaranteed work for the coming
 winter and for next season. In the communication men-
 tioned, Mr. HAY points out the importance of making an
 effort to secure a share, if not the entire volume, of the
 emigration from Iceland, and draws attention to the suit-
 ability of the northern Free Grant territory as a field for
 this class of immigrants, provided that it be speedily
 opened up by railways. The following extract shows the
 policy Mr. HAY recommends in this important matter:

"Our Northern Free Grant Territory is of a mixed char-
 acter, possessing for farming purposes a fair percentage
 of moderately good land, a good deal of rock, mineral
 resources the value of which it is impossible as yet to es-
 timate, and a rich inheritance if made available, and pro-
 ductive in its pine and hardwood forests. Without the
 means of utilizing in any great degree its timber resources,
 these forests become to the emigrant a source of labour
 and loss, instead of gain, and the district as a whole offers
 but small inducements to capitalists, and still less to the
 poor man. Active, effective, and successful colonization
 depends on pushing railway lines, such as the Muskoka
 Extension northward, and the North Victoria road north-
 easterly, into the heart of our Free Grant Territory. In
 this way only can our northern country be filled up, and

we could say to the people from Iceland, from other European States, and to the poor of our own kindred who daily reach our shores: 'Here is a country where the poor man may at once locate, make a living, and in time carve out an honest independence.' The promoters of those lines of railroad ought to be generously supported. The people of Ontario will stand by any Government granting subsidies, large in proportion to the wants of those enterprises, and to the importance of their early success and the general public interests of the Province; and we venture to say they will disapprove of any party who, in this regard, fail to come up to the measure of their public duty. Our railway policy has added vastly to the wealth and prosperity of the country. The question of the hour ought to be railway extension northward. Not a mile of road has yet penetrated any of our Free Grant Lands, though this was one, if not the primary, object in view in the creation of a railway fund."

A work of such importance will doubtless not be long delayed. It is to be hoped, too, that the Dominion and Ontario Governments will complete the good work they have begun, by taking measures for making known in Iceland the inducements we have to offer to the intending emigrant, and thus securing our share of the national emigration.

THE HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

Nothing of any general importance has occurred in the Dominion within the past week. The Governor-General, with Lady DUFFERIN and suite, left Ottawa for a fortnight's visit to New York, where they have been received with all the respect befitting their character and position. A New York paper regrets that the Municipality is so constituted that an appropriate public greeting was not tendered to their Excellencies. Major-General O'GRADY HALY, Commander of the Forces, was sworn in at Halifax as Administrator during the absence of the Governor-General. Major-General SELBY SMYTH has arrived by the "Hibernian," and proceeded directly to the capital, where he was duly installed as Adjutant-General and Commandant of the Militia Forces of the Dominion. The trial of LEMNE has been going on at Fort Garry, and naturally attracts a great deal of attention throughout the country.

In the United States, the incident of the most salient interest is the elections which took place in several of the most prominent Western States. While Iowa, Kansas, and some of the Territories returned Republican candidates, Ohio and Indiana went Democratic, the former by 25,000 and the latter by 15,000 majority. This result is regarded as likely to influence the forthcoming election in New York, where SAMUEL L. TILDEN, Democrat, and JOHN A. DIX, Republican, respectively present their claims. The agitation in the South is reported to have been grossly exaggerated. The White Leagues are not so blood-thirsty or lawless as they were pictured. The war of races is not so imminent as was expected. In Louisiana, more particularly, the spirit of compromise appears likely to prevail, both KELLOGG and McENERY manifesting a desire to have their dispute settled by arbitration.

Great Britain during the week has been quiescent. Prominent public men are going the usual autumn rounds, addressing their constituents on the chief topics of the day. Business is said to be fairly active, and the prospects for the winter are not unfavourable. On the 15th, the Duchess of EDINBURGH was safely delivered of a son. The mother and child are doing well, and the Czarina arrived from Russia just in time to assist her daughter at the trying hour. STANLEY, who lately started from London on his new expedition into Africa, has arrived at Zanzibar, where the Sultan accorded him a reception. Intelligence has just reached London that, on the 30th September, the Fiji Islands were unconditionally ceded to Great Britain by their king.

A number of elections for vacant seats in the National Assembly have taken place in France, the general result of which is favourable to the Republicans. M. THURUS is making a tour in Italy. In several speeches made by him, the distinguished statesman expressed his confidence in the ultimate triumph and permanence of the Republic.

The VON ARNIM case is still absorbing attention, above every other event, in Germany. The Count is held in strict confinement, and rigorously excluded from all communication with the outer world. The real cause of the difficulty is not yet positively known, but it must necessarily be something very serious, else the severity exercised against the invalid prisoner would be simply gratuitous cruelty. The trial is announced for December. An election for a member of the German Parliament was held in a Westphalia town on the 15th inst. The contest was between a Progressist and an Ultramontane, and resulted in the success of the former.

About a week ago, the news from Spain pointed to a gradual disruption of the forces under DON CARLOS, and the triumph of the Republican cause on the north of the Ebro. But later intelligence is not so clear on this head, and at the present writing, it is impossible to tell what the next move in the civil war will be. There is considerable excitement over the report that CECIL BUCKLAND, a correspondent of the New York *Times*, who was on his way to the Carlist head-quarters, and FRANCIS JERRARD, a representative of the English Carlist Committee, have been assassinated. Those two gentlemen started from Irun on the 18th inst., since which time nothing has been heard of them, and as two Englishmen are said to have been shot by the Republicans, it is believed that BUCKLAND and JERRARD are the persons referred to. The correspondence between Washington and Madrid relative to the "Virginus" case still continues, but with no prospect of a settlement by that means. It is, therefore, probable that the American claims for indemnity will become the subject of arbitration, according to the terms of Mr Fish's protocol. Permission has been granted ALPHONSO, Prince of the Asturias, and son of the ex-Queen ISABELLA, to study at Sandhurst.

The news from the Argentine Confederation continues warlike. The insurgent leaders have joined General MITRE; several vessels of the navy have gone over to the insurgents, and the Argentine Government has requested the authorities at Monte Video to prohibit enlistments and the export of arms for the rebel forces.

Mexico has enjoyed a period of repose under the wise administration of President LERDO. But now that his term of office has expired, and new elections are about to take place, symptoms of trouble are rising above the surface.

"I shall then—" said Alnaschar, but just as Alnaschar was in the act of spurning his wife and relations, that were to be, he kicked over his crockery basket, and there was an end to his dreams of future greatness. We Canadians are not by any means averse to indulging in day-dreams of future greatness which may or may not share the fate of Alnaschar's. Just now some of the Western papers are building up astonishing castles in the air *à propos* of the cession of the 50,000 miles of territory acquired from the Cree and Salteaux Indians by the recent Qu'Appelle treaty. There can be no question as to the desirability of the acquisition, but its present importance hardly warrants the supposition put forward by a Toronto paper that "in addition to the portion which will no doubt be attached to Manitoba, a new province, bearing the name of Saskatchewan, will soon be created out of it." This is taking time by the forelock with a vengeance. Before we begin to talk of forming new provinces it will be well to do something with those we have. Manitoba is only thinly populated as yet, and the older provinces, the back regions of which are but sparsely settled, offer more ample inducements to intending colonists than the wild and almost unexplored North-west. When the population of Manitoba shall have increased some tenfold, and the limits of the province have been extended, it will be time enough to talk of creating another province. Until then the Lieutenant-Governor of Saskatchewan might exclaim, with ALEXANDER SELKIRK,

"I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute."

The London *Times* has had one of its good-natured fits lately and patronizingly pats Canada on the back. We are now told that "it is impossible to take a gloomy view of the future of a country in which vast natural resources are being developed by an energetic population proud of their opportunities and determined to make the most of them." It is not so very long ago that the Thunderer could not for the life of it see wherein lay these vast natural opportunities. Canada was a vast waste, whose principal productions were millions of acres of snow and impenetrable forests of pine trees among which its inhabitants eked out a precarious existence. Now all is *couleur de rose*. Now, "nothing can be more satisfactory than the development of material resources, the accumulation of capital, the growth of new activities, industrial and intellectual, and the corresponding elevation of the people in mental culture and in moral tone." Whence comes the change of opinion? We fear the editor has finally become ashamed of the ignorance of Canadian matters displayed in the *Times* and has set one of his subordinates to read up our blue books. The following passage seems to warrant the supposition. "The trade statistics, as shown in the Customs Returns both of the Mother Country and of the Colonies, are indisputable testimony, and this branch of the subject has acquired a special interest from the proposed renewal of the Treaty of Reciprocity between the Domi-

nion and the United States." We fear such careful enquiry into Canadian matters is too good to last. Another change of weather and the wind will be "in the east."

In speaking of Canadian Mechanics' Institutes and Literary Societies we omitted in our last number to draw attention to a novel feature lately introduced by the Ottawa Literary Society, viz., the establishment of practical classes during the coming winter, for the gratuitous instruction of mechanics in arithmetic, book keeping, etc. This a step in the right direction and one that reflects the greatest credit upon the council of the Society. It is thereby doing a real benefit to the cause of education and we sincerely hope that its good example will be followed throughout the country by kindred societies that 'mean business.' There are hundreds of partially educated men who would gladly seize such an opportunity of increasing their stock of learning and improving their mental culture. The harvest is indeed plenteous, but the labourers are few. A little self-denial on the part of members of literary societies in our cities and larger towns would be fully appreciated by the working-men, and the result could not fail to be satisfactory.

In the interest of a long suffering public—of the male persuasion—we would respectfully suggest to the lessees and managers of theatres and opera houses that measures should be at once taken to lessen the nuisance of the towering feminine head-gear now in vogue. It is no easy matter to concentrate one's attention upon a performance of which only a limited and constantly changing view may be obtained from a pair of feminine heads decked out in holiday panoply of rats, mice, braids, frizzettes and ringlets, the whole overtopped with a broad brimmed, sugar-loaf hat, and feather to correspond. The nuisance might easily be abated by arranging the seats of the parquette in tiers, and by insisting upon full dress in this part of the house. Until the latest fashions in hair-dressing—which absolutely forbid the three-story style of architecture—reach this part of the world, it is hopeless to look for any help in this matter except from the authorities of the 'house.'

There is an old saying applied to a man who has copiously imbibed, which represents him as having swallowed enough to float a seventy-four, *i. e.* a 74 gun ship. According to a Pittsburg contemporary the Dominion Government is about to turn to account the appetite of Canadian imbibers to a similar purpose. "Canada," says the journal in question, "proposes to utilize the appetite of its people for stimulants in a somewhat novel way, by setting apart the distillery revenues of the Dominion, amounting to about three millions of dollars a year, as an annual fund to defray the expense of enlarging the Canadian canals sufficiently to float the average size of sea going vessels." This is certainly news of home from abroad. The enlargement of the canals by this means would be a queer achievement for whiskey to effect, but what would the Temperance Societies say to its being impressed in this manner into the public service.

The portrait of the Hon. WILLIAM ROSS which appeared in a late number of the NEWS has provoked a certain amount of criticism of a novel sort. As usual the critics are divided in their opinions. The Toronto *Sun* says that it is satisfactory in every way but one—the neck-tie is not drawn tight enough. Forcibly, but pleasantly put. The Halifax *Express*, on the other hand, declares that it is outrageously flattering, and that Mr. Ross should at once forward us a thousand dollars. To the latter proposition we have no objection whatever to offer. We would also be happy to insert the portrait—outrageously flattered—of the editor of the *Express*, on the same terms. The portrait of Mr. Ross was copied in pen and ink from an ordinary cabinet photograph—the original drawing, four times the size of the cut, being reduced by photography to the size required.

Mr. Justice BURTON is to be congratulated. In pronouncing sentence in the *Mail* libel case he deplored the frequency of libellous attacks in the newspapers, and declared his intention of inflicting, in such cases as may be brought before him in the future, imprisonment in lieu of or in addition to a fine, when the libel is brought home personally to the accused. The party journals will henceforth have to be more careful in their statements and language; or to imitate the Continental papers that are represented in such cases by a "prison editor," whose duty is to be personally responsible for infraction of the law.



Me MOUQUIN. Me ROUQUIER. Me LACHAUD. Reporters' stall. The Attorney TAFFIER.
 BARREAU. GROUX. LETERME. COL. VILLETTE. CAPT. DOINEAU. LEFRANÇOIS, MARCIEU. PLANTIN. M. DE VACKPLANE. COL. FIS.
 Bazaine's Servant. Chief Gaoler. Jailer. Gaoler. Gov. of Prison Gaoler

THE ESCAPE OF MARSHAL BAZAINE: TRIAL OF COL. VILLETTE AND HIS ACCOMPLICES.



THE FUNERAL OF M. GUIZOT: THE CEREMONY IN THE LIBRARY AT VAL-RICHER.



THE CIVIL WAR IN SPAIN: CARLIST PRISONERS AT VITTORIA.

THE NEW 'TE DEUM.'

We have received the following from Mr. MacLagan in reply to our remarks of last week:

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS:

DEAR SIR,—I have to trouble you once more on this subject in order to correct some of the mis-statements which your reviewer will persist in making with regard to my composition.

He is not content with opining that the chords and harmonies which it contains are ineffective and disagreeable, but he goes into matter of fact and asserts.

1st. That there are consecutive octaves between bars 6 and 7.

2nd. That there are consecutive fifths between bars 11 and 12.

3. That there are consecutive octaves between the tenor and bass parts in bar 1, page 4.

I emphatically deny the correctness of these assertions, and would ask you in common justice to have them corrected, and to be careful in future not to publish anything calculated to damage the professional reputation of any person till you have proved it beyond doubt to be correct.

Surely your reviewer must be ignorant of his profession to make such "glaring mistakes" twice over.

He says that if I am not satisfied with his criticism, I can refer to musicians here, in Boston, or in London, Eng. I am willing to go before a committee of musicians in any part of the civilized world, and if they show me the things mentioned above, I will withdraw my statement and pay their expenses; if not, I will ask you to pay whatever expense may be incurred, and to correct your mis-statements concerning my composition.

I am Sir,

Your obedient servant,

P. B. MACLAGAN, Mus. Doc.

We have submitted Mr. MacLagan's *Te Deum*, together with our remarks thereupon, to three of the most competent musical critics in Montreal, who all agree with our appreciation of the composition. We are now in communication with the best musical authorities in Boston and Toronto on the subject and will be happy to give Mr. MacLagan the benefit of their verdict.

The following criticism of Mr. MacLagan's *Te Deum*, coming from an independent source, has been handed us for publication. Mr. MacLagan will see thereby that the *News* reviewer is not alone in his poor opinion of the *Te Deum*.

An old writer quaintly observes, "There's nothing like a bold start, if you wish to ensure success." The *Te Deum* in question, however, does not entirely carry out this maxim, notwithstanding its bold start in unison on the words "We praise Thee, O God"; for, after having tumbled in a miscellaneous kind of way over six bars of questionable melodic progressions, we are presented with the first instance of consecutive octaves in the accompaniment at the seventh. This pleasing little divergence from musical morals is supplemented at the twelfth bar by the total omission of the third in a fundamental triad. But, of course, this must be an intended effect, as the *Te Deum* contains no less than six examples of the same charmingly original harmony. Further on, we come to consecutive fifths at the words "To Thee Cherubim"; and octaves again on the word "Seraphim." Arriving at that portion of the hymn devoted to the Trishagion, or *Sane'us*, the Soprano Primo draws out the words "Holy, Holy, Holy," in a most doleful manner all to itself, the privilege of an accompaniment being denied until the ninth bar, of this "very like a wail" trio; and then, the other two parts come in talking very bad grammar and behaving themselves generally in a most distressingly depraved and loose way. After this, "Heaven and Earth" are "full" of pedal obbligato with chords *ad libitum*. Further on, we find at "The Holy Church throughout all the world" the third entirely dispensable in the chord of the dominant seventh. At the words "Make them to be numbered" we arrive at the twelfth example of consecutive octaves, and begin of course to quite enjoy their society rather than otherwise. Merry fellows these octaves, worthy of being numbered among the saints, martyrs and confessors of ancient days. We mean, of course, before harmony was as well understood as it is in the present century. At the words "When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man," the poor *Te Deum* actually begins to labour within itself; but, after "open the kingdom of Heaven to all believers," it runs on in an easy minded sort of way, and finally winds up by being, as some good souls would say "praise: fully merry" at the words "Let me never be confounded"—a prayer which the poor thing finds in its own conscience to be very necessary to its peaceful repose.

ELEPHANT LABOURERS.

It would be too long to relate all the uses to which elephants are applied in Burmah. Let us watch them at work among the wood-yards where the trunks of tickwood trees, which come floating down the river, are piled. Every working elephant is mounted by a driver called a "cornac," whose principal business is rather to excite the animal than to direct it. In the season when the roads are cut, the trunks come down the river to the bar much faster than they can be disposed of in the saw mills, and they accumulate in vast quantities all along the banks. It is necessary, therefore, to drag the trees out of the water, and arrange them in piles, until such time as they can be cut up. There are only three sorts of piles, varying with the sizes of the trees. First an elephant in the water clears the logs from the mass and ranges them one by one upon the river bank. He carefully examines the chaos of logs, and proceeds with tusks and trunk to disengage the tree he has selected, and which he intends to carry to land. As soon as the tree is placed on the bank another elephant is harnessed to it, and drags it to the woodyard, where he leaves it. Two other elephants now come up, and one of them takes one end of the log upon his trunk and drags it to the pile upon which, in view of its size, it ought to be placed, while his companion assists him by pushing the log with all his might. As soon as they reach the proper pile the first elephant lifts the top of the log upon the pile, then he forms a kind of ring around the log with his trunk, while the other with a vigorous blow of his head shoots the log into its place. The intelligence displayed by these animals is almost incredible, and we should scarcely have believed it if we had not seen their movements as described above.—*Revue des Deux Mondes*.

THE HEBE OF MINE INN.

Over the fields when shadows are long,
And sweet is the breath of trampled hay,
The crimson West ablaze in our eyes,
To the wood-side inn we wind our way.

Hidden in plane and chestnut and elm,
Smother'd in lilac and apple blooms,
A swinging casement alone reveals
The hostel cool in his mellow gloom.

Grim are its chambers; but through them waft
Fitful gusts of the blossomy air,
Odours of spices, whiffs of fruits,
And the breath of wine is everywhere.

Pleasant to sit in the amber light,
Or the purple shadows deeper grown,
And to watch the flasks with heart of flame,
Or drain a glass like a bubble blown.

Pleasanter still when a dainty face
Comes flushing in through the golden glow,
With black eyes flashing and lips a-pout,
And bosom heaving its rosy snow.

Then for the bout: the arrowy jest,
The glittering sally midway caught,
The banded word and a ringing laugh,
And a voice that is but laughter taught.

Right swiftly thus are the moments sped,
And darkness falls on the merry din;
'Tis night, and going we last behold
The face of the Hebe of mine inn.

RANWORTHY'S PUNISHMENT.

The snow was drifting drearily down through the grey of the twilight, the wind howled dismally through the bare branches of the trees, and the frost crept like a white vapour over hill and valley.

"It's a-goin' to be a dreadful night," said Mrs. Ranworthy.

"Well, s'pose it is," said her husband, who sat brooding in front of the fire. "We've got fire enough to keep warm."

"I was thinking of the Widow Martin," replied his wife. "Huddy was tellin' me she had but precious fuel left."

"It's none of my business," said Michael Ranworthy, crustily.

"It'll be a sharp spell for Squire Hopkin's young calves."

"I haven't any calves to bother about," answered Michael, with a slight movement of impatience, "and I don't see why I should bother about other peeples'."

Mrs. Ranworthy was silent. Not even twenty years' companionship with the selfish wretch, who sat where he kept the fire completely off everyone else, had converted her to his theory of life.

"What are you puttin' them things in a basket for?" asked Michael, suddenly, as his wife moved softly across the kitchen floor.

Mrs. Ranworthy started like a guilty creature.

"I thought I'd send 'em to Desire Johnson when the school-master went by," she said, colouring scarlet, "Desire's in a decline—haint much appetite left—and their people is poor and—"

"Well, let her decline, and you just mind your own business!" growled her lord and master. "We aint bound to provide for the whole neighbourhood, as I knows on. If Desire Johnson haint enough to eat, I suppose she can apply to the poor-house for relief."

"Oh, Michael, you know as well as I do that things aren't so bad as that. Only such people have their fancies."

"Fudge!" snarled Michael. "Put them things back in the cupboard, I say. Where's the use of a man's scrapin' and savin' with a wasteful extravagant creature like you to throw out with a spade as fast as he puts in with a spoon? And a bottle of our best currant wine, as I live! Dorcas Ranworthy, you'd come straight to the poor-house if it wasn't for me."

Mrs. Ranworthy reluctantly obeyed this domestic Nero; and as she replaced the articles whence she had taken them, a soft knock sounded at the door.

She made haste to open it—and there, whitened by the fast-driving snow, stood two mites of creatures holding one another's hands—a boy and a girl.

"Sakes alive!" cried Mrs. Ranworthy, "why it's two children!" Michael rose and hurried to the door.

"Where's the use o' keepin' the door wide open, lettin' in all the snow?" he demanded. "What's wantin', young 'uns?"

"Please, sir," said the elder, in a small, piping voice, "we've lost our way, me and little Peggy."

"What if ye have?" ungraciously retorted the grey-headed misanthrope. "Taint no fault of mine, is it?"

"But it snows, and its so cold; and please, sir, may we stay all night?"

"No, you mayn't!" said Michael, sullenly, "There is a tavern scarcely more'n a mile furdur on, where it's folkses business to keep travellers at night."

"But we aint travellers," persisted the boy, "and we haven't any money. We're just going to Uncle Theodore's"

"Who's Uncle Theodore?"

"He's Theodore Allen, at Hopkinstown; don't you know?"

"How should I know?" growled Mr. Ranworthy, gradually decreasing more and more the aperture of the door. "And Hopkinstown's a good five mile off. You'd better be joggin' as fast as ever you can."

The little girl began to cry softly under the shadow of her red worsted hood.

"Oh, Theo, I'm cold, and my feet are so stiff and numb, and I'm hungry!" she sobbed.

"Hush, Peggy!" soothed the boy, scarcely a year older, yet assuming the dignified superiority of a parent; and then, turning to the hard face just visible between the cracks of the door, he added, pleadingly:

"We are veay hungry, sir, and we've walked a long way—if you'd please to give us something to eat—"

"Well, I don't please then!" snarled Michael, with the sudden ferocity of a savage dog. "This aren't the almshouse. I've told ye there's a tavern a mile on, an' ye can go there—and that's all you'll get out o' me!"

"Michael! Michael!" softly remonstrated his wife, her sense of humanity getting the better of her awe of her husband "they're such little creatures!"

"Little or big, they're none o' my business," said Michael Ranworthy, banging to the door, and noisily securing it with bolt and bar.

"A slice of bread and a drink of milk wouldn't have cost much," said Mrs. Ranworthy, hurrying to the milk-room window, whence she could see the turn of the road in the indistinct glimmer of the snowy twilight.

"Yes it would, too," persisted Michael, grimly; "I provide for myself and my family, and I expect every other man to do the same. And I don't mean to begin this miserable system o' keepin' free tavern for every vagrant that comes along!"

He threw a log with vehemence on the fire as he spoke.

Still Mrs. Ranworthy watched at the window secretly, determined when the little travellers came in sight to hail them, and supplying at least some of their wants, to whisper them to come round by the back kitchen door where she could make up a bed for them in the tool room without her husband's knowledge!

"For if they should miss the road to the tavern," thought the good woman, "they might mebbe freeze to death in the woods!"

But her vigil was in vain; no dark figures blurred the dizzy whiteness of the fast falling snow.

"They must ha' gone round by the other road, and that's a good quarter of a mile further," thought the good woman, wringing her hands, for her conscience could not shift the weight of responsibility as readily as that of her husband. "But mebbe they'll meet some teamster or other comin' home from market to give 'em a lift. Everybody aint't as crusty as my Michael, thanks be to goodness."

So she came back into the kitchen to see about the spreading forth of the evening meal, her mind still troubled with vague doubts and undefined apprehensions, for she could not say, like Michael, "It's none of my business," any more than the Samaritan of old could have passed by on the other side as did the priest and Levite.

The old kitchen clock had struck twelve with a noisy, inharmonious sound, when Michael Ranworthy started up in bed. His apartment, a small room opening from the kitchen, was bright with the shine of the fire which had not yet gone entirely out, and he stared vaguely at the threshold as if he beheld some tangible object.

"Those children! Dorcas, I told you not to let 'em in!" he ejaculated.

"Children! What children?" exclaimed his wife. "Michael, you're asleep and dreaming."

"I tell you I'm not," he cried excitedly. "I saw 'em just now—the little children, hand in hand, standing on the threshold, looking at me with them big sorrowful eyes. Dorcas, where have you hidden them?"

The next moment he had sprang out of bed.

"Something wrong about the place, I'm sure!" he cried. "The cattle are loose—or the horse has got lost. Something's calling me to go out and look."

Mrs. Ranworthy sat up in bed completely confounded at this mood, so unlike the ordinary apathy of her husband's lethargic nature.

"It's only a dream, Michael," she urged, trying to speak soothingly, but he refused to listen to her words.

"I tell you I must go and see for myself," he said, breathlessly, and in another moment he had taken the old tin lantern that hung behind the door and sallied forth into the night.

The violence of the storm was over, but the snow lay heaped white over fence, woodpile, and rick of hay, and the faint light of a moon, some night past its prime, shed a spectral light over the pallid wilderness of the snowy landscape as Michael Ranworthy stared from side to side. All was still and quiet, the cattle peaceful in their yard, the horses in their stalls, and Ranworthy turned back with a sigh of relief.

"I might ha' spared myself the trouble," he thought. But as he made his way across the lane which separated the farm buildings from the yard door, his foot struck against something nestled up under the fence close to the trunk of a fallen willow tree.

"It's one o' the yearling calves has got out," he thought; "and half covered with snow."

By the white light of the moon, issuing from behind a rack of cloud, and the red flash of the lantern he stooped to see what the stray might be.

Two little children, clasped in each other's arms, and drifted round with a pearl-blue coverlet of snow. Two little children frozen to death.

"Great heaven!" he murmured, catching at the fence-rail for support, "they're dead, and I have murdered them!"

Years have come and gone since then, but the light of reason has never turned to Michael Ranworthy's unsettled brain. He walks up and down with the tin lantern swinging from his hand—he stops chance passers to ask "if they have seen anything of the two little mites of children on the road"—he sits on the doorstep on summer evenings a harmless lunatic, waiting for them to come; the pitcher of milk and the loaf of home-made cake ever ready for the reception of the little ones who perished under the snow.

And so his life wears on—and his punishment will follow him to the very portals of the grave.

H. F. G.

GROTESQUES.

The way one Cincinnati editor takes to call another a liar is this: "He is known to impart an unhealthy swelling to truth."

Bishop Hatto, says a youthful essayist, was et by rats, evry little tiny bit up, and serve him mity well right too; but they don't now, 'cause their is more bishops than there is rats.

At the Cincinnati Exposition, a card gave the following touching but practical information: "If you try our coffins once you will never use any others."

A man called upon a lawyer the other day, and began to state his case in rather an abrupt manner. "Sir, I have come to you for advice; I'm a husband-in-law?" "A what?" spoke out the learned counsel. "Husband-in-law, sir!" "I have never seen that defined in domestic relations." "Don't you know what a husband-in-law is? Sir, you're no lawyer; you're an ignoramus! I am a husband-in-law, but not in fact, sir—my wife's run off."

The following "widdle" was given by an intimate friend of the family at a wedding breakfast: "Why is the bridegroom more expensive than the bride? Because the bride is always given away, while the bridegroom is usually sold." Seeing how successful he was, later on he gave another. It was this: "What is the most curious thing in the world? and answered himself thus: It is not a woman, as you were all going to reply, but a woman who is not curious." He is very rich, and godfather of the youngest of the family.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE HUNTING SEASON.

The Autumn hunting season in Canada is aptly represented by our artist, Mr. Scheuer, on the front page. This year game is reported to be quite plentiful, as the state of our markets and the shops of our Italian warehousemen plainly testify. The wisdom of the game laws is evinced more and more every year, and if they continue to be enforced, there is no doubt that the hunting grounds of Canada, so famous for over two centuries, will continue to be the resort of the sportsman and the preserve of the epicure.

BAZAINE'S ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

The trial of ex-Marshal Bazaine's accomplices in his escape from the Isle of St. Marguerite, took place at Grasse, Department of the Var, in the first fortnight in September. The accused were Colonel Villette, aide-de-camp of Bazaine; Marchi, governor of the prison; Captain Doineau; Barreau, the prisoner's servant, and four gaolers. Marchi and Barreau were acquitted; Villette and a gaoler were sentenced to six months' imprisonment, Doineau to two months and an under-gaoler to one month.

GUILLOT'S FUNERAL.

The obsequies of this distinguished man took place on the 15th September, at Val Richer, his Norman country seat. Among the numerous assistants was Dean Stanley, of Westminster. The centre of the chateau is occupied by a vestibule looking out on the garden. To the right is a large room used as a library. It was there according to our sketch, that the coffin lay, covered with the mortuary shroud and innumerable floral offerings. At three o'clock, p. m., the doors of the library were opened to all visitors, when the pastor Melon, of Caen, pronounced a religious allocution and recited the prayers for the dead according to the ritual of the French Reform Church. The procession then went across the fields to the cemetery. At four o'clock all was over.

CARLIST PRISONERS.

We may or we may not believe all the stories which have been lately afloat respecting the cruelties practised by Carlists upon their prisoners, but it is certain that such of them as have been captured by the Republicans have been treated with comparative kindness. Our picture represents a group of these, who seem to be resting after their labours and dangers, and to whom a pretty senorita is offering the welcome gift of cigarettes.

JEWISH DAY OF ATONEMENT.

This is a striking and interesting picture. The festival of the *Yom Kippoor*, or Atonement, takes place on the tenth day of the Jewish month Tisri, which, in 1874, falls on the 21st of September. It is the day of general confession and commemoration of the dead. The ceremonies begin on the eve of the day called *Kol Nidre*, at six o'clock, by a fast which is prolonged till seven o'clock of the next evening. This fast is rigorous, and boys of twelve as well as girls of thirteen are bound by it. No one may leave his house except to go to the Temple, where he takes either the *taled*, a veil covering the shoulders like a scarf, or the *sariedos*, or shroud with which the faithful will be covered after death. During the ceremonies the rabbi are seated on a platform, whence they deliver sermons and direct the services in Hebrew, while the assistants sing psalms. Beside the rabbi are seated persons high in honour in the synagogue. One of these holds the *Thora*, or roll containing the double scroll of parchment which forms the tables of the law. Behind the platform is the representation of the seven-branched candlestick. There are in reality eight branches, but the supplementary one is meant to be a visible sign of the exile of the Children of Israel.

COLOMBE.

Between a head of Greuze and a head of Chaplin, the graceful and delicate painter of the *Atheniennes de Paris*, there is the difference of the pastoral of Daphis and Chloe, and the lovers' quarrel of a shepherd and shepherdess by Watteau. Accompanying the lovely head by Chaplin, which we reproduce to-day, there are some pretty French verses, which may thus be partially Englished:—

She looks not to the stars,
This maid of budding love;
She opens the prison bars
Unto the turtle dove.

And there upon her breast,
As on a couch of bloom,
The bird of love is pressed—
What will they say at home?

Alas! she will be missed,
The fatal bridge is crossed,
The turtle dove is kissed,
And paradise is lost.

THE QUEBEC BICENTENNIAL.

As supplementary to the views of the Quebec Bicentennial given in our last issue, we publish to-day a sketch of the procession of clergy and faithful, winding from Buade street to the great square in front of the Basilica of Notre-Dame. The description of the ceremony appeared in the News of last week.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

Mr. Jerome Bonaparte, second son of the deceased nephew of the great Napoleon, was recently admitted to the Bar of Baltimore, and made his maiden speech a few days since in a case in the Circuit Court of Howard County. The lawyers and spectators present pronounced it an able effort, giving promise of future distinction. Mr. Bonaparte is a fine-looking young man, of grave aspect, with a fine head, and a face full of intellectual expression.

If ever a daughter of Israel got the better of a Christian sister, it was recently at a party given by a wealthy Jewish lady, well known for her charity. A cardinal of the Church of Rome was present; and the hostess asked the wife of a minister, would she like to be presented to the cardinal. The lady refused, almost with horror, and went off into a violent tirade against Popery. "Well," said the hostess, "we are only Jews, you know; so you must forgive us if we don't understand how Christians feel about these things."

That an extravagant appetite is not a healthy symptom is shown by the *London Medical Record* in the following case: A woman suffering from bulimia has lately died in Paris at the age of forty-three. She ate every day on an average about 6½ lb. of meat. Bread formed her principal sustenance, of which she required about 9 lb. to completely satisfy her appetite. The unfortunate creature earned about 50 cents a day as a needlewoman, which, with a little income she possessed, was nearly absorbed in providing food for her insatiable appetite.

It is a common custom to wet the winter's store of coal, for the purpose of laying the dust, on putting it into the cellar. The *London Medical Record* condemns the practice as most injurious to health, causing sore throats and various other evils. By wetting a mass of freshly broken coal and putting it in a warm cellar it is heated to such a degree that carbureted and sulphureted hydrogen are given off for long periods of time and pervade the whole house. The fire-damp of the coal mines arises from the slow decomposition of coal at temperatures but little above the atmosphere, but under augmented pressure.

A while ago it was announced that the poison of vipers was a cure for hydrophobia, and a case was cited to prove the statement. That one poison may counteract another in the human system is illustrated by a would-be suicide in Indiana who swallowed nearly fifty grains of opium. Being at the point of death, as a last resort two-thirds of a dram of nux vomica, dissolved in water, was injected under the skin over various parts of the body. The quantity of poison administered was sufficient to kill a well man, but in this case its antagonism to opium made it an agent of life, for in twenty minutes the man was sitting up in bed, conscious and rapidly recovering.

A 'Rangers' Club' has been projected in London, under the auspices of a successful founder of West-End Clubs, and will be temporarily located in Victoria-street, City. It will supply what has long been found a great desideratum to English subjects resident in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, China, and the Cape, as well as to Americans, and to all temporarily visiting the mother country. To members under this head and foreigners, exceptional advantages will be offered. The election of members will be entrusted to an influential committee of mixed nationalities. It is in view to secure premises for the club house in the heart of the City of London, attractive in design, eligible, spacious, and capable of affording every accommodation to its members.

The *Politechnisches Centralblatt* gives a curious account of the meerschaum mines in Asia Minor. This substance is found in the form of pebbles. The size of the stones, which are generally very irregular, varies from that of a nut to a cubic foot or more. The mineral fresh from the ground is covered about a finger thick with red, oily earth, and is so soft that one can cut it with a knife. Its preparation is slow and troublesome. After removal of the earth, it is dried five or six days in the sun, or eight to ten in a hot chamber; then it is cleaned again and polished with wax. Then the different kinds, of which there are ten, are sorted and carefully packed with wool in boxes. By cleaning and drying, the stones lose about two-thirds of their weight and volume.

A few years ago a voyage on the Volga was no small undertaking. Travelling was slow work and the country was infested with robbers. As many weeks were then consumed as it now takes days to perform a journey. The mode of travelling was either by barges towed by men or horses, or by the still more tedious and primitive contrivances called *maschinas*. The *maschina* was the tug of ancient days. To it a long string of barges was attached. It was itself propelled by means of a hawser, one end of which was attached to an anchor sent on ahead in a small boat and dropped overboard, and the other end worked round a huge capstan on board the *maschina* by means of horses shipped on board for this purpose, who perambulated round the capstan as in a threshing machine. When the anchor was reached it was taken up on ahead another stage, and so on *ad destinatum*.

King William III. of the Netherlands has, in the name of his Ministers, commended to his faithful States-General a very bold scheme for the enlargement of his country. He proposes to make war on the sea, as in times past the Netherlands were in the habit of doing. In 1282 the Zuyder Zee was invaded by the ocean and converted from a lake to a gulf of the North Sea. The King now desires not only that the lost ground should be recovered, but that a considerable slice of extra territory should be annexed. He finds the national funds in a prosperous condition, and he suggests that Parliament should turn the present prosperity to account for the benefit of posterity by draining the Zuyder Zee. Should the scheme be carried out, the Dutch will add to the limited area of their country a stretch of land extending 45 miles in length and 35 in breadth, and will convert their capital into an inland town.

One of the highest merits of the French system of manners is that it tacitly lays down the principle that all persons meeting in the same house know each other without the formality of introduction. Any man may ask any girl to dance, or speak to anybody at a private party. This in no way extends to public gatherings, where the guarantee of supposed equality, which results from the fact of knowing the same host, does not exist. But in drawing-rooms the rule is absolute; everybody may talk to everybody. This is an intelligent and most practical custom; it facilitates conversation, it dispels all awkwardness towards your neighbour, it melts cold natures, it makes it possible to pass a pleasant hour in a house where you do not know a soul, it gives a look of warmth and unity to a room. No one is obliged to sit gloomily and in silence between two repelling strangers. If you want to speak, you are sure of a listener.

About the year 1495 three young men, natives of Florence, who were exceedingly intimate and who possessed many artistic tastes in common, conceived the idea of restoring the ancient Grecian lyric style of declamation. They persuaded the celebrated poet Rinucci to compose the words of a drama the subject of which was the story of Daphne, and this was set to music by Pesi, the most celebrated composer of the fifteenth century. Count Corsi, an admirable musician, aided him in the undertaking, and the first performance of the first opera

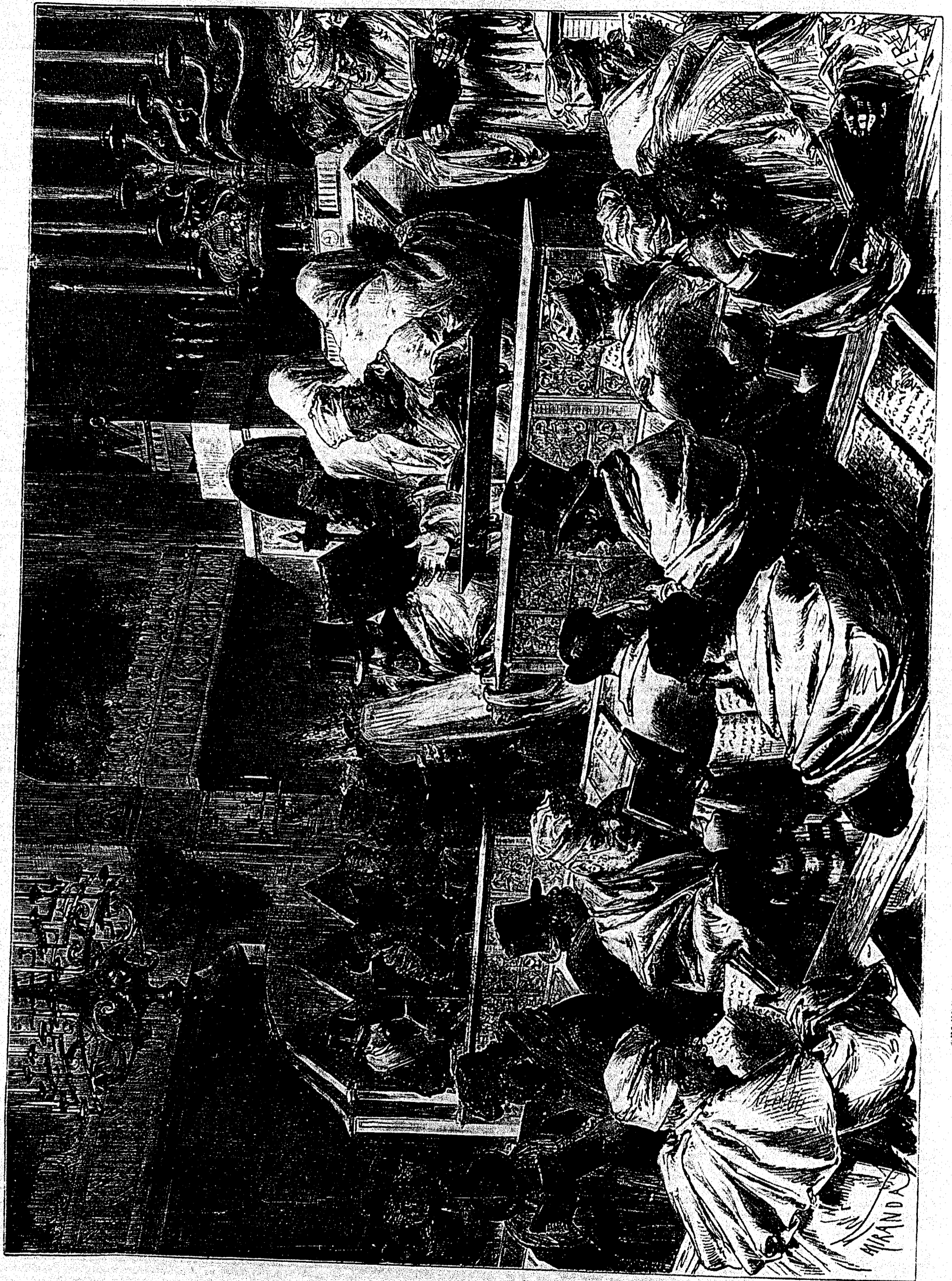
was played in the palace of this gentleman. The actors and singers were friends of the author, and he himself took one of the parts. The orchestra of this first opera was composed of four violins, a cythra, a harp, and a violoncello. There were no airs in this composition, and it consisted entirely of recitatives accompanied by fine harmonies, which were, however, judged by the great critic Ruccellai to be very monotonous and tedious.

Mr. John C. Duncan, of Sheffield, possesses the veritable snuffmill of the famous freebooter, Rob Roy. It is made of horn, the box itself being very much of the shape and size of the bowl of the old-fashioned toddy-ladle, used in former days for mixing the punch in the large punch-bowls of those times. The lid is nearly the same as the box, but not quite so deep. It has no hinge. The top bears the inscription cut into the horn, "R. R. M.G.C., 1720." Under the real lid of the mill, which lifts off, a silver lid has been put on, and affixed to the mill itself by a hinge. It gives the history of the box as follows:—"This box belonged to Rob Roy Macgregor Campbell, 'Rob Roy' of Craig Royston, Glenfalloch Hills, and at his funeral at Balquhider, about 1733, was given by his widow, Helen Macgregor, to Captain Archie Hunter of Dunleugh, an old friend of Rob Roy's father. It was kept in the Hunter family until after the death of Captain Archie's great-grandson, Malcolm Hunter, J. P. for Benfrew, and was presented by his widow to Mr. Charles Hoare, of London.—Glasgow, 20th August, 1873."

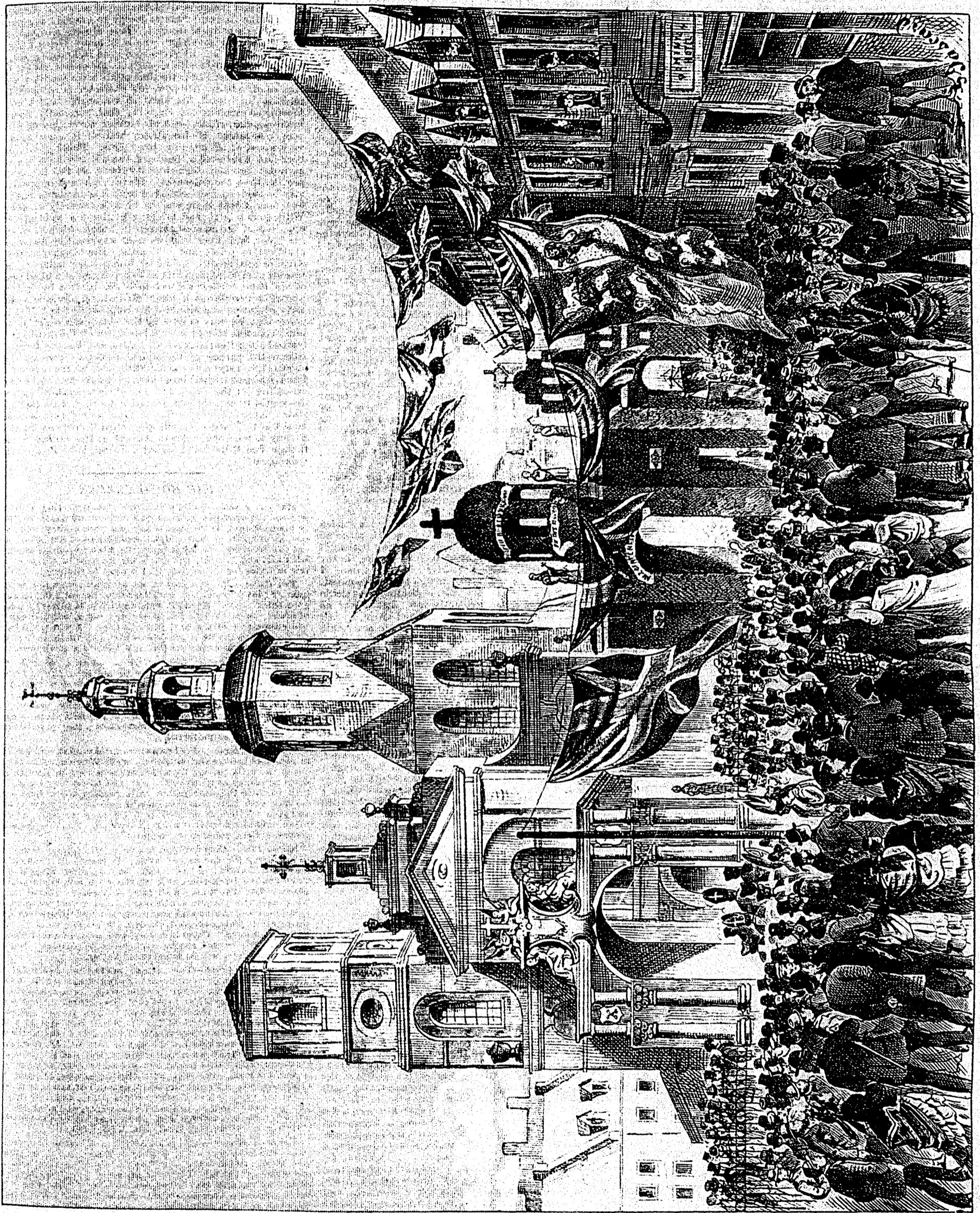
It is well-known that many persons cannot ride with their backs to the engine without "feeling sick." Now, however, by a new arrangement of the carriage, true nausea has been added to the pains, penalties, and perils of railway travelling. M. Giffard, the inventor of the injector, has taken up the oft-mooted subject of doing away with the effect of shocks and lateral motion in railway carriages, and a specimen carriage has been tried on the Lille and Valenciennes Railway. Instead of placing the body of the carriage directly on the frame, in the ordinary manner, M. Giffard suspends it on the latter by means of springs. At each end of the frame is a sort of bracket with two branches, and between these two branches the body is suspended by means of two springs placed horizontally, and having the attaching points at their extremities. In order to render the action of these springs as easy as possible small cylinders of bronze are introduced near the point of suspension, so that the steel plates of the spring may roll, as it were one upon the other. A scientific journalist, who has tried the new carriage, says that the trepidation is entirely prevented, as well as the zig-zag motion, but that in place of them there is a certain kind of pitching and rolling; in fact, as he describes it, the carriage has been turned into a ship. He believes, however, that with some modification all fatiguing motion may certainly be got rid of in railway carriages without introducing the new malady of railway sickness.

A correspondent of the *London Hornet* says: "Let me tell you of a few new watches which are to be the fashion next year, and which I saw, in their manufactured and unmanufactured state, at Geneva not many days ago. The 'great' style of the moment is the Louis XV. watch, both for ladies and gentlemen. These, in their ornamentations, are imitated from those which were in favour at the Court of France's Sardanapalus: They certainly are most exquisite in workmanship, and I doubt whether any courtier of the reign of Louis XV. ever wore so beautiful a jewel as these watches which are now made. They find immense favour already in Russia, and form a part of almost every bridal *corbeille*, as it is the custom at St. Petersburg for a *fiancé* to present a watch to his *fiancée* either on or before the wedding day. I was much interested in looking at the rows of Louis XV. watches, and seven-lire watches no bigger than an English sixpence, and another little marvel called the 'Zodiac,' which is the last novelty of the hour, and as I am told that it has not yet made its appearance in England, I will give our ladies a *prime* by describing it. Firstly, you must imagine a little jewelled bell, which may be hung round the neck as a locket if wished. Under the locket hangs a crystal globe. If you wish to see the hour you take the bell in your hands, turning the crystal globe upwards; then the globe also turns, and discloses the face of the watch, which resembles in shape a 'Zodiac,' according to its name. It is wound up by a little flower at one side of the bell covering. Nothing can be more perfect, nor prettier, than this little gem, and its cost is only 150 francs!—£6."

The Norwegian papers are full of the marriage recently celebrated between an English gentleman and a gypsy girl bearing the name of Esmeralda. The gentleman is Mr. Hubert Smith, who is described as a land-owner in Shropshire, and who, some time ago, made himself known in literature by a clever book entitled "Tent Life with English Gypsies in Norway, dedicated to King Charles XV. of Sweden and Norway." Mr. Smith has spent several summers in Norway with a following of gypsies, wandering on foot through valleys and over mountains, carrying tents and provisions with him on the backs of donkeys and leading a most original vagabond life. Esmeralda was born on his estate in Shropshire. She is, the Norwegian papers state, very handsome, a perfect type of the peculiar beauty of her race, of the sweetest temper, and richly gifted from the hands of nature. The last few months she has passed in a Norwegian family, taking lessons in languages and music, and has astonished all by the wonderful progress made in so short a time, not less than by her gentle manners. The marriage was a civil one, being performed by the Judge of the Peace, but the rector of the parish attended the ceremony, as he had had the opportunity of knowing the bride during her stay in the neighbourhood, and made a much applauded speech in her honour. The Norwegian gypsies' friend, Mr. Eilert Sundt, who has devoted the best part of his life to the pulling down of the barrier erected by prejudice and traditional superstition between the gypsies and the rest of the community, and who has converted not a few of the nomadizing tribes to settled and industrious life, had been invited to the marriage, which had his full approval, but was prevented at the moment from attending. Several notabilities from Christiania are mentioned among the guests, and the marriage was the occasion for numerous expressions of sympathy especially from ladies who had made the acquaintance of the bride. After the solemnity the newly married couple left to spend their honeymoon in the venerable beech forest near Lourvig, the only one of the kind in Norway, affording ample accommodation for tent-life with gypsies.



CELEBRATION OF THE JEWISH DAY OF ATONEMENT AT THE SYNAGOGUE IN THE RUE DE NOTRE DAME DE NAZARETH, PARIS.



THE QUEBEC BI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION: THE PROCESSION ENTERING THE BASILICA.—AFTER A SKETCH BY J. DYNES, QUEBEC.

STORY OF A SATCHEL.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Nothing is so pleasant as to relate a misadventure. On our way to Amsterdam, where we intended spending a day, I bought a little oil-cloth satchel, very ugly and half broken up, but as it was destined only to twenty-four hours' use, and cost merely a florin, we made no scruple about being seen with it.

On leaving Amsterdam for Paris, we left the satchel in our room, and made our way to the railroad station. At the moment when the train began to move, we beheld a young commissaire running up to us, all in a sweat, and holding the famous satchel in his hand.

"You have forgotten this," said he. "I took a cab to bring it to you."

We paid the cab and we rewarded the boy with ten sous, leaving the satchel in his hands. Had he misunderstood us, or was he also disgusted with the satchel? It were hard to say. But anyhow, on stepping down at Rotterdam a traveller who followed us cried out:

"Gentleman, you have forgotten something in the carriage."

It was the satchel. We took it up with rage and thanked the obliging traveller.

The satchel was a fearful eye-sore to us. Scarcely had we reached the boat than we resolved upon pitching it into the Meuse.

Holding the unfortunate satchel in one hand, we went aside a little, and without effort, without regret, without remorse, we precipitated it into the waters.

The crime had just been committed when we heard a loud cry. The captain shouted an order in Dutch, the boat stopped, and a young sailor, seizing a long pole, fished up the satchel. He returned it to us with an odious smile which cost a half florin.

This time we were transported with rage. What could be done with the accursed satchel? We enter the train and find ourselves alone a moment. We raise the cushion of the carriage and shove the satchel between wood and leather. Then we sit down upon it and feel triumphant. After a while we thought no more about it.

The train pulled up at Eschen, on the Belgian frontier.

"Everybody gets out to be examined," cries the customs officer.

The examination is made. Thanks to our genteel appearance, our baggage is scarcely opened, and receives the official chalk mark. Being very hungry, we adjourn to breakfast.

Hardly had we tasted the first mouthful of cold roast beef, than a customs inspector rushes into the dining-room. He holds our satchel in his hand. It is covered with wrinkles which recall the smiles of Mephisto.

"Whose satchel is this?" cried the officer. "Who has hidden the satchel?"

We hold our tongues; we close our eyes; we do not want to see. All we ask is that the satchel may be confiscated.

Unfortunately the Rotterdam traveller has recognized the satchel. He points us out to the man of customs.

"Why did you hide this satchel?"

"Because we wanted to get rid of it."

"Bah! you hid it because it contains something contraband. Open it."

"But it is open, good inspector, and, as you see, there is nothing in it."

"Come along with me. You must explain this to the collector."

The suspicious collector made us open all our baggage, and visited it down to its lowest depths.

"All right," he grunted with disappointment. "Take your satchel and go."

Time passed. My companion made up the luggage and hurried to the train. I ran to the refreshment room and selected some eatables for our breakfast on the way. I stove the provisions into the satchel.

"At least this time," I muttered, "it will be of some use."

With satchel in one hand, and a bottle in the other, I hurriedly reached the train just as the door was being closed.

"Did you bring something to eat?" asked my friend in a hungry tone.

"Yes, yes. Be easy."

I ascend the carriage, the train starts. I place the satchel on the cushion and set about uncorking the bottle.

"I have an idea," said my friend, "we must throw the satchel out of the window. Then it will be sure not to return."

"That is an idea," said I, tugging at the recalcitrant cork.

Suddenly I uttered a cry. My friend, before I could prevent him, and not knowing what the satchel contained, had seized it, and in a transport of rage, which I can understand, but which I cannot approve, had executed his threat and flung our enemy out of the window.

"Unfortunate man," I exclaimed, "you have precipitated our breakfast on the rail."

It was too late.

But we never saw that satchel again.

J. L.

A GHOST ON HORSEBACK.

The appearance in London of the ghost who styled herself "Katie Kinz" has caused a raking up of all the ghost stories of the past hundred years, and the Rev. Bouchier Wray Saville, M. A. has published a book called "Apparition: A Narrative of Facts," in which a great many remarkable stories of this kind are given. Perhaps the most wonderful of all of them is the following, which was narrated by Rev. John Jones, of Holiwell, who was saved from being murdered by a ghostly horseman. Mr. Jones was riding from Bala to Machynlleth on missionary business, and this is the account he gave of what happened in the journey:

"When I had performed about half my journey, as I was emerging from a wood situated at the commencement of a long steep decline, I observed coming towards me a man on foot. By his appearance, judging from the sickle which he carried sheathed in straw over his shoulder, he was doubtless a reaper in search of employment. As he drew near I recognized a man whom I had seen at the door of the village inn of Llauwhellyn, where I had stopped to bait my horse. On our meeting he touched his hat, and asked if I could tell him the time of day. I pulled out my watch for the purpose, noticing at

the same time the peculiar look which the man cast at its heavy silver case. Nothing else, however, occurred to excite any suspicion on my part, so, wishing him a 'good afternoon,' I continued my journey. When I had ridden about half-way down the hill, I noticed something moving, and in the same direction as myself on the other side of a large hedge, which ran nearly parallel with the road, and ultimately terminated at a gate through which I had to pass. At first I thought it an animal of some kind or other, but soon discovered by certain depressions in the hedge that it was a man running in a stooping position. I continued for a short time to watch his progress with some curiosity, but my curiosity soon changed to fear when I recognized the reaper with whom I had conversed a few minutes before, engaged in tearing off the strawband which sheathed his sickle. He hurried on until he reached the gate, and then concealed himself behind the hedge within a few yards of the road. I did not then doubt for a moment but that he had resolved to attack—perhaps murder—me for the sake of my watch, and whatever money I might have about me. I looked around in all directions, but not a single human being was to be seen, so, reining in my horse, I asked myself in much alarm what I could do. Should I turn back? No; my business was of the utmost importance to the cause for which I was journeying, and as long as there existed the faintest possibility of getting there I could not think of returning. Should I trust to the speed of my horse and endeavour to dash at the man at full speed? No; for the gate through which I had to pass was not open. Could I leave the road and make my way through the fields? I could not, for I was hedged in by rocky banks or high hedges on both sides. The idea of risking a personal encounter could not be entertained for a moment, for what chance could I—weak and unarmed—have against a powerful man with a dangerous weapon in his hand? What course then should I pursue? I could not tell, and at length, in despair rather than in a spirit of humble trust and confidence, I bowed my head and offered up a silent prayer. This had a soothing effect upon my mind, so that, refreshed and invigorated, I proceeded anew to consider the difficulties of my position. At this juncture my horse, growing impatient at the delay, started off; I clutched the reins, which I had let fall on his neck, for the purpose of checking him, when happening to turn my eyes, I saw to my utter astonishment that I was no longer alone. There by my side I beheld a horseman in a dark dress mounted on a white steed. In intense amazement I gazed upon him; where could he have come from? He appeared as suddenly as if he had sprung from the earth. He must have been riding behind and have overtaken me. And yet I had not heard the slightest sound; it was mysterious, inexplicable. But the joy of being released from my perilous position soon overcame my feelings of wonder, and I began at once to address my companion. I asked him if he had seen any one, and then described to him what had taken place and how relieved I felt by his sudden appearance, which now removed all cause of fear. He made no reply, and on looking at his face he seemed paying but slight attention to my words, but continued intently gazing in the direction of the gate, now about a quarter of a mile ahead. I followed his gaze and saw the reaper emerge from his concealment and cut across a field to our left, reseathing his sickle as he hurried along. He had evidently seen that I was no longer alone and had relinquished his intended attempt. All cause for alarm being gone I once more sought to enter into conversation with my deliverer, but again without the slightest success. Not a word did he deign to give me in reply. I continued talking, however, as we rode on our way towards the gate, though I confess feeling both surprised and hurt at my companion's mysterious silence. Once, however, and only once did I hear his voice. Having watched the figure of the reaper disappear over the brow of a neighbouring hill, I turned to my companion and said, 'Can it for a moment be doubted that my prayer was heard, and that you were sent for my deliverance by the Lord?' Then it was that I thought I heard the horseman speak, and that he uttered the simple word, 'Amen.' Not another word did he give utterance to, though I tried to elicit from him replies to my questions both in English and Welsh. We were now approaching the gate, which I hastened to open, and having done so with my stick, I waited at the side of the road for him to pass through; but he came not; I turned my head to look—the mysterious horseman was gone! I was dumfounded; I looked back in the direction from which we had just been riding, but though I could command a view of the road for a considerable distance, he was not to be seen. He disappeared as mysteriously as he had come."

A SPELLING LESSON.

The most skilful gauger I ever knew was a maligned cobbler, armed with a poniard and a ferule, who drove a pedler's wagon, using a mullein-stalk as an instrument of coercion, to tyrannise over his pony shod with calks. He was a Galilean Sadducee, and he had a phthisicky catarrh, diphtheria, and the bilious intermittent erysipelas. A certain sibyl, with the soubriquet of "Gypsy," went into ecstasies of cachinnation at seeing him measure out a bushel of peas, taking up two peas at a time, and try to separate saccharine tomatoes from a heap of peeled potatoes, without dyeing or singeing the ignitable queue which he wore, or becoming paralyzed with a hemorrhage. Lifting her eyes to the ceiling of the cupola of the Capitol to conceal her unparalleled embarrassment, making an awkward courtesy, and not harassing him with mystifying, rarefying, and stupefying innuendoes, she gave him a conch, a bouquet of lilies, mignonnette, and fuchsias, a treatise on mnemonics, a copy of the Apocrypha in hieroglyphics, daguerreotypes of Mendelssohn and Kosciusko, a kaleidoscope, a dram-phial of ipecacuanha, a tea-spoonful of naphtha, for delebe purposes, a ferule for a cane, a clarinet, some licorice, a surcingle, a carnelian of symmetrical proportions, a chronometer with a movable balance-wheel, a box of dominoes, and a catechism. The gauger, who was also a trafficking rectifier and a parishioner of mine, preferring a woollen surtout (his choice was referable to a vacillating, occasionally-occurring idiosyncrasy), wofully uttered this apothegm: "Life is checked; but schism, apostasy, heresy, and villainy shall be punished." The sibyl apologetically answered: "There is a ratable and alleageable differ-nce between a conferrable ellipsis and a trisyllabic dieresis." We replied in trochees, not impugning her suspicion, nor haranguing the audience. Thus "Gypsy" remained in the ascendant. Her ascendancy can never again be queried by any queasy vulgar quean.

A POPULAR SOVEREIGN.

A London correspondent writes: "While the Empress of Austria is enjoying one of England's pleasanter resorts, (the Isle of Wight) celebrating her daughter's birthday, presenting silver vases to champion racers, and taking a keen interest in the organization of a stag hunt, her imperial spouse has also been absent from his gay capital on a somewhat different errand. Amid the general stagnation of affairs in Europe, the visit of the Emperor Francis Joseph to Prague has a romantic as well as a political interest. It is always pleasant to hear of the Austrian sovereign, who is in many respects the most to be respected and liked crowned head in Europe. His career has been so replete with misfortune, his crown has sat so uneasily on his head from the time of his accession to a beardless youth almost till now, his character is so amiable, his mind so intelligent, his ideas so reasonable and liberal, his bearing so gracious and engaging, that, personally, no man is more popular, either with his brother sovereigns or with the people at large. He has shown himself, it seems to me, the very wisest of all reigning sovereigns. Think of it: He was born and nourished a Hapsburg, the pet and hope of a family as much prouder than the Bourbons as the Bourbons are prouder than the Orleanses. Divine right and imperialism he may be said to have absorbed with his mother's milk. He was taught that there was no blood so entirely royal as his. With such a birth and bringing up, he was suddenly thrust upon one of the greatest thrones in Europe when he was yet in his teens, and from that moment was beset by flatterers and courtiers, by priests and diplomats. His haughty mother, the Archduchess Sophia, held over him a stern influence, which was all used to confirm him as a despot and as a blind defender of the Pope. There seemed to be no crevice by which any liberal idea could reach him. Misfortune, however, undid his early education and humbled his Hapsburg pride. It is to his praise that he was taught by the calamities which overtook him. He was able to learn a lesson which the Bourbons never learned; the Bourbons are all exiles, and Francis Joseph still sits on the throne of Rudolph and Maria Theresa. He has shown the very rare wisdom to yield to the inevitable, to frankly accept liberal principles, to refuse to ruin himself by crusading for the Pope, and to exchange an absolute crown, descended to him through centuries, for that of a constitutional state. Austria is now as free as Prussia or France, and this is most due to Francis Joseph, who called Count von Beust from Saxony to take the helm in Austria at the critical moment, though Von Beust was not only a liberal, but a Protestant and a foreigner."

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

Marrow Toast.—Boil the marrow bones, having previously covered the aperture with a dough of flour and water, laid thickly upon them. If the bones are not large, they will take a couple of hours to boil. Make some slices of dry toast; scoop out the marrow, and lay it upon the toast; sprinkle plentifully with salt and pepper, and place the marrow in the oven for a few minutes before serving, that it may be thoroughly hot.

Tea Cakes.—Put one pint of warm milk into a pan with one quarter pint of yeast and sufficient flour (about 2 lb.) to make a good thick paste. Knead it well, and leave it to rise for a couple of hours; sweeten with 2oz. of powdered sugar, add four eggs well beaten up, and mix with it ½ lb. of butter. Let it stand for half an hour, then divide it into cakes and put them in tins, stand them to rise again near the fire, and bake in a quick oven.

A Savoury Breakfast Dish.—Hard-boiled eggs, cut in half, the yolks removed and well mixed with butter and anchovy paste, are very nice for breakfast. The whites should be refilled with the mixture, also the outsides must be covered with it; they are then egged, bread-crumbed, and fried a nice brown. Care must be taken to preserve the shape of the half pieces of egg, or the appearance of the dish will be spoiled; they may be served on toast or not, as preferred.

Fine Onion Sauce.—Peel some nice mild onions, and boil them in plenty of milk, skimming them well. When done, take them out of the milk (saving it), and slice them very thin, cutting the slices across, so as to make the pieces of onion very small. Return them to the saucepan of milk (adding some fresh butter dredged with flour) season them with powdered mace or nutmeg, and give the onions another boil, till they are soft enough to mash, and to thicken the milk all through. Eat this sauce with steaks, cutlets, rabbits, or chickens.

Spiced Fish.—Cold fish that has been left at dinner is very nice to put away for the supper table. It should be fresh salmon, fresh cod, halibut, or the remains of any other large fine fish. Take out the back-bone, and cut the fish into moderate sized pieces. Lay it in a deep dish that has a cover. Season the fish with cayenne pepper, a little salt, some grated nutmeg, and some blades of mace; also some whole black peppercorns, and pour over it plenty of good vinegar. Tarragon vinegar will be an improvement. Cover it closely, and set it in a cold place till wanted. We do not recommend cloves or allspice. Nutmeg, mace, and ginger will be found much better.

French Sour Croul.—This may be made fresh every day, and has none of the objections generally alleged against the German saur-kraut. Having taken out the stalks or cores, split into quarters four large white-heart cabbages. Shred them fine with a cabbage-cutter. Wash them well in two waters, and drain them in a cullender. Next lay the shred cabbages in a large earthen pan, add a tablespoonful of salt, and a pint of the best vinegar. Stir and toss the cabbage in this, and let it steep for three hours. Then wash and drain it, and put it into a large stew-pan, with half a pound of nice sweet butter, of a quarter of a pound of lard. Season it with a little black pepper, and three tablespoonfuls of French mustard, or a gill of tarragon vinegar. Cover the whole with a buttered white paper, and stew it slowly for two hours longer. Take off the paper, and send the sour croul to table in a covered dish. You may lay on the top of the stew a pound of sausage meat or of sausage cakes.

Kabobbed Mutton.—This is an Asiatic dish, much approved by those who have eaten it in Turkey or India, and it is certainly very good. Remove the skin from a loin of mutton, and also the whole of the fat. Divide it at every joint, cutting all the steaks apart, and making separate steaks of the whole loin. Make a mixture of grated bread-crumbs, minced sweet-herbs, a little salt and pepper, and some powdered nutmeg. Have ready some beaten yolk of egg. Dip each steak into the egg, then twice into the seasoning. Roll up each steak round a wooden skewer, and tie them on a spit with packthread. Roast them before a clear fire, with a dripping-pan under them to catch the gravy, which must be skimmed frequently. They must be roasted slowly and carefully, taking care to have them thoroughly cooked even to the innermost of every roll. Baste them with just batter enough to keep them moist. When done, carefully take the kabobs from the skewers, and send them to table hot. Eat with them potatoes, split, boiled, and cut into short pieces. Pour the gravy into the dish under the kabobs.

FALL FASHIONS.

(See the Illustration on Page 269.)

State Gray Tartan Dress trimmed with broad and narrow kilt-pleated ruffles of the same and folds of black grosgrain. Rivers, standing collar, and the waist trimming of the last mentioned material. The waist is finished with butters and heavy silk cord. Collar and cuffs of pleated Swiss muslin.

Fawn Coloured Bége Dress made with kilt pleated ruffles of the same material and folds and waist, trimmings of a darker shade of silk.

Blue-Gray Poplin trimmed with puffs of the same and folds and falling collar of a darker shade of grosgrain. The front of the jacket and the sleeves are edged with *crêpelisse* rushes.

Dark Green Serge Costume The underskirt has a deep kilt-pleated flounce headed with a bias fold and a narrow ruffle. On this flounce an sewn at equal distances flaps of the same material as the dress which are trimmed with narrow silk braid. Overskirt and jacket have a similar trimming of braid; the latter having besides a knotted silk fringe and passanterie buttons.

Gray Poplin Dress. The underskirt is trimmed with broad and narrow kilt-pleated ruffles and folds of the same, the latter slightly embroidered. The over-kirt is also embroidered and trimmed with gray silk fringe, grosgrain piping and buttons. Swiss muslin collar and cuffs.

Olive Green Silk, trimmed with gathered and kilt-pleated ruffles of the same, and grosgrain rolls and bows. The sash is also of grosgrain.

Cachemire Dress of any fashionable colour, trimmed with grosgrain folds and loops of the same shade and buttons. Pleated Swiss muslin collar and cuffs.

Lilac Grosgrain Dress. Underskirt *bouillonné* or puffed, with folds of the same material. Overskirt and waist trimmed with white lace and grosgrain folds; the sleeves slashed and puffed to match the underskirt. Swiss muslin chemisette, collar and cuffs.

Dark Brown Poul-de-Soie Dress trimmed with puffs of the same, folds and triangular pieces of light brown poul-de-sole, and fringe to match. Light brown sash of the same *Crêpe-de-lisse* collar and cuffs.

Black Alpaca Dress trimmed with puffs and pleats of the same and black grosgrain folds. Swiss muslin collar and cuffs.

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.

The October number of *Fraser's Magazine* contains an article entitled "The Empress Eugenie Sketched by Napoleon III." It informs us that when the Second Empire was to all appearance firmly fixed there was started in Paris, under the name of the *Dix Décembre*, a newspaper under the immediate control of the Emperor, in which articles were occasionally inserted proceeding directly from his pen. A sketch of the Empress, which appeared on December 15, 1863, was the first of these, and the manuscript draught, written entirely in the Emperor's autograph, was found afterwards when the catastrophe of Sedan placed the Provisional Republican Government in possession of the Tuileries. Of this curious document the magazine article supplies a translation made as literally as possible. It begins thus: "To-morrow is the *fête* day of the Emperess. The occasion is appropriate to say a few words as to her. Spanish by birth, and daughter of an illustrious patrician family (*une grande famille patricienne*), certain public organs endeavour continually to represent her as imbued with the most intolerant religious fanaticism and with all the prejudices of aristocracy (*de tous les préjugés de la noblesse*). It is hard that possession on one of the grandest thrones of the universe, her qualities should be thus misconstrued." Then follows an account of her father, the Count of Montijo, "one of those rare Spaniards who, inspired with a passionate devotion for the Emperor (Napoleon I.), followed him through all his wars." After the death of the Count the hospitable *salon* of the Countess at Madrid became the rendez-vous of the foremost intellects of all countries, diplomatists, men of letters, or artists. Of this society the two daughters of the Countess formed the ornament. "The elder was quickly espoused by the Duke of Alva. The younger attracted remark by the most lively graces and the most amiable qualities of the heart. Surrounded often by persons whose sentiments were those of a period passed away, her early intelligence caused her to reject many of their ideas which she could not approve, and, whether influenced by the souvenirs of the years she passed with her father, or by the education she had received in France, or by a natural enthusiasm (*entrainement*), she was repeatedly heard to sustain in her select circle the cause of progress and of modern ideas." What is described as a curious incident of her life is then told: "Always inclined towards those who suffer, interested in all the oppressed, she nourished a secret sympathy for the Prince, who, victim of his convictions, was prisoner at Ham, and with her young voice she urged her mother to go and carry to the captive such consolation as might be possible. The Countess of Montijo had decided, it is said, to undertake this pious pilgrimage, when her object was suddenly turned aside by an unlooked-for circumstance. This sorely tried Prince (*ce Prince si éprouvé*) she was some years later herself to see—not in the confinement of a dungeon, but raised by national acclamation to the head of a great State; she was to exercise on him the attraction of her beauty, of her *esprit*, and of the unsurpassed nobility of her sentiments; she was to become a part of his existence and to share his destiny." After referring to the Empress's visit to the cholera patients at Amiens, her labors in connection with the charitable societies of Paris, and the "political fact and sentiment of justice" with which she had exercised the regency during the Emperor's absence in Italy and Algiers, the writer says: "Relieved of the occupations of duty, the Empress devotes herself to serious studies (*se livre aux lectures les plus sérieuses*.) One may say that there is no economical or financial question to which she is a stranger. It is charming to hear her discuss with the most competent men these difficult problems. Literature, history, and art are also frequently the subjects of her conversations. At Compiègne nothing is more attractive than a tea party of the Empress (*ce que l'on appelle un thé de l'Impératrice*.) Surrounded by a select circle, she engages with equal facility in the most elevated subjects of discussion or the most familiar questions of interest. The freshness of her powers of conception, the strength, the boldness even, of her opinions at once impress and captivate. Her mode of ex-

pressing herself, occasionally incorrect, is full of color and life (*Son langage, quelquefois incorrect, est plein de couleur et de mouvement*). With astonishing power of exactness in conversation on common affairs she rises in remarks on matters of state or morality to a pitch of real eloquence." The sketch concludes as follows: "Besides the intelligent woman and the sovereign prudent and courageous, it remains for us to show the mother, full of solicitude and tenderness for her son. It has been her wish for the Prince Imperial to receive a manly education. She causes statements of his employments to be rendered to her; she follows the progress of his studies; she, so to say, assists day by day in the development of that young intelligence, in that growth of mental power, which, in the inheritor of so high a fortune, is the pledge of the most brilliant future career (*à cette croissance d'espérance que chez l'héritier d'une si haute fortune est le gage du plus brillant avenir*)."

A BOX ON THE EARS.

The case of a pupil teacher who has been charged with causing the death of a boy through giving him a blow on the side of his head, is one which has excited a considerable amount of interest. We draw attention to the case, says a writer in the *Queen*, with no idea of moralising either on the necessity for corporal punishment or on its effect, or on the tendencies of boys to be tyrannical, or on the importance of keeping all corporal punishment in the hands of the head teacher.

Our desire simply is to convey a warning as to the possible—we may say probable—effects of "a box on the ears." Many people, otherwise humane, appear to imagine that a box on the ears is a light punishment, specially adapted to the construction of young children. They also appear to think—at least they act as if they thought—that the projection of the outer ears suggests ear-pulling as a modified form of punishment. The same persons who will strike children violent blows on the head with the hand, open or closed, would think twice before they struck with a cane or a pointer the outstretched hand of a child; and they might possibly object to a sound flogging administered in old schoolboy fashion.

But, of the three modes of punishment, the blow on the head is infinitely the more dangerous. The bones of a child's head are much more capable of being injured by a blow than are those of an adult person, and the ear itself is one of the most delicate and most delicately organized parts of the whole human body. A man would be considered brutal who hit a child's eye so as to deprive him of sight, or his nose so as to disfigure him. It is no less an injury to make a child deaf, or to cause injury to the brain, or to give rise to abscesses in the ear, or to injure the outer ear—and all these are accidents not uncommon in connexion with ear-boxing and ear-pulling, as practised. We are certain that much of the cruelty perpetrated in this way is done from sheer ignorance; if it were otherwise no words could be strong enough to stigmatize its barbarity. Even now, if people considered for a moment, they would see that the head is the part of the body where blows are likely to do most speedy and permanent injury. A servant giving a child a box on the ears would, in our estimation, have done a thing justifying instant dismissal. What a mother deserves who is guilty of such an action, we leave to her own conscience.

BURIED ALIVE IN ROME.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Opposite to the Church of Madonna di Monti, in the Suburra, there rises, sadly and severely, the nunnery of the Buried Alive (*Le Sepolte Vive*). It is said to stand exactly on the spot where Julius Cæsar was born.

Whatever the legends say of the melancholy condition of the Vestal Virgins, it certainly was not to be compared with the voluntary nonentity of these nuns. The vestals were able to go out, were much honoured by the people, had the chief seats in the amphitheatre assigned to them, and the right of granting pardon to any criminal condemned to death whom they met on the way. True, any dereliction of their vows led to the actuality of a death of which the lives of these Christian vestals is a type. It does not, however, appear that the convent of *Le Sepolte Vive* is so much a place of punishment as to the amount of severity to which gentle, and often tenderly nurtured women will voluntarily submit themselves under the influences of their religious education. Nevertheless, how much suffering, what long and bitter regrets, what weariness, what misery of soul, what insanity, and even death, ensues there is never known. The burial tomb of the desecrated vestal in the *Campus Sceleratus* was not more silent regarding its inmates than have been the walls of *Le Sepolte Vive*.

The Buried Alive in the Suburra having taken their vows might never again leave the walls of the convent, might never hear any other voice than that of the confessor; might never again behold the face of heaven, farther than the little space of sky which was visible above their lofty walls. The holy affection of the family ceased for them, and whilst the nuns of other orders were permitted to receive visits of relatives, though separated by the grating of the convent-parlour, to these it was not allowed. The convent, which stands in a *cul-de-sac*, at the end of which is painted a crucifixion, is thus as silent within as it is without.

Admission, however, being allowed, the stranger finds himself, after passing through silent, gloomy corridors, in a large, silent reception hall, the walls of which are inscribed with sentences of stern religious instruction, well suited to those whose daily occupation it is to dig a portion of their own graves, lie down in them, and employ the rest of their time in the adoration of the blessed sacrament. A doubly-grated opening in one of the walls reveals a perforated plate of zinc, behind which the abbess, thickly veiled from head to foot, receives the visitor, herself unseen.

As these unhappy Buried Alive can know nothing of what occurs without the walls, hardly, indeed, knowing what occurs within, the consternation may easily be conceived that filled the whole community when the official announcement of a visit from the Government delegates was made known to them—of men not only empowered to visit them, but to take possession of, and even turn them out of, their sealed and sacred domicile.

What an excitement there must have been amongst them! Let us picture the scene. The men are in the house, and the women are summoned to their presence—the very abbess herself must obey. They are twenty-nine in number, and as

they are called upon in succession they come forward, like ghostly shadows, covered from head to foot in their thick black habits and veils, and sign their respective warrants of pension at the farther extremity of the hall by a half-light, keeping their backs to the officers, and then as instantly disappearing—vague apparitions, mournful spectres which had disappeared from the families of the living. Old were they, or young—who could say? Nevertheless, they were treated with much consideration, and as their house was not immediately needed for the use of Government, they are allowed still to remain. So there they still are, much more like characters in some novel of Mrs. Ratcliffe's than women of the present day.

The vows here are so strict that a double time of noviciate is allowed; but the black veil once assumed, it cannot be removed. It is said that Pope Gregory XVI., being desirous of proving the fidelity of the abbess, said to her "Sorella mia, levate il velo" (Sister, lift your veil), to which she replied, "No, mio padre, e vietata dalla nostra regola" (No, my father, it is forbidden to break our vows.)

The Princess of Wales, on her late visit to Rome, is said to have succeeded where Clement XVI. failed. She, it appears, having a great desire to visit the *Sepolte Vive*, and it being impossible otherwise to obtain permission, asked the favour from Pio Nono himself. He, charmed with her beauty and sweet manners, readily gave this unheard-of permission, granting her permission to see all those that she desired to see.

It is reported that when her wishes were made known to the cardinal in attendance upon them, he started at the request as impossible, but on hearing and seeing the Pope's authority, surprised and displeased as he was, nothing but obedience remained for him. To the melancholy Suburra accordingly the English prince and princess drove, accompanied by their cardinal; and, to the no small consternation of the portress, they were admitted, and proceeding to the silent hall, with its ghostly warnings in the heart of the tomb, presented their unheard-of demands to the veiled abbess behind the threefold grating. The princess wished to see the sisters. Impossible! But she had the permission of the Holy Father. What the abbess said I know not, but obedience to the head of the Church is part of her vows, therefore she obeyed; and presently nine-and-twenty closely-veiled women, like mournful spectres, entered the hall and took their silent stand in a long row, all their heads bowed down under their heavy impenetrable veils.

"But I must see their faces," said the princess, no doubt touched to the heart by the sight.

"Impossible! those veils never were lifted to the eye of man or woman."

But again she had the Pope's permission; and again, in obedience to the head of the Church, the abbess reluctantly yielded.

For a moment every veil was lifted, and the nine-and-twenty countenances, the heart-sick and the weary, the old and the young faces, unfamiliar to each other, were beheld for a moment by the stranger from another land—the heretic princess.

Whether the affair is accurately told or not, it is given as a specimen of the stories current in Rome.

The other day I learned a little fact regarding the interior life of the convent which is curious. One woman, and one only, lives in the Vatican—the wife of the general of the Pope's guards—and probably owing to the disturbance introduced in the *Sepolte Vive* by the pending changes, the rules there may be a little relaxed. At all events, this one lady of the Vatican took an American Catholic lady of her acquaintance to the *Sepolte Vive*. The stranger saw their faces, heard their voices. They made their visitors welcome, and conversed with them with great animation, not on their religious duties, but about their cats. The whole interest of their life and living was apparently concentrated on the cats and their kittens; in this way the pent-up tenderness of their hearts has found an outlet.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

Mr. Swinburne does not intend, it is said, to proceed for several years with the composition of the third (*Elizabeth*) of the set of three poems of which "Chastelard" was the first and "Bothwell" the second.

Garibaldi and Victor Hugo have been exchanging mutual admiration epistles. Hugo has undertaken to put the general's "Thousand" in a French dress. The "Reds" of Garibaldi are famous; according to Hugo they are more so than the "Ten Thousand," the latter being illustrious by their retreat, the former by their advance. Garibaldi is even greater than Xenophon who had in him only the soul of Greece, the general having the mongopoly of the souls of peoples.

The following are some of the new books announced for publication in England: A bi-centenary edition of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," which will be a reproduction in fac-simile of the first edition, with emendations from the second; an "Illustrated History of the United States," to be published in serial form by Cassell, Peter & Galpin; a series of lectures on "The Mind and Art of Shakspeare," delivered at the University of Dublin by Mr. E. Dowden, Professor of English Literature; a diary by Jacob Wainwright, Dr. Livingstone's servant, of the latter days of the great traveller's life and of his own vicissitudes during the journey to Zanzibar with Livingstone's remains; Mr. Farjeon's new Christmas story, in connection with *Tinsley's Magazine*, entitled "The King of No-Land;" and a collection of short stories, under the title of "The Maid of Killeena, and Other Stories," by Mr. William Black, author of "A Princess of Thule."

A correspondent of a Chicago paper describes as follows Robt. Browning's manner of composition: "From the apparent crudeness and carelessness of Browning's verse the opinion has been formed that he writes with a running pen. This is not true. His carelessness is studied; his crudeness is deliberate. Those intimate with him say he is artfully inartistic, that he never sends anything to the press which he thinks he can improve; that such faults as he has belong to his temperament so entirely that he cannot alter, in truth, cannot see them. He is sublimely indifferent to criticism; is on terms so admirable with Browning that no amount of fault-finding can disturb his composure. The more certain defects are pointed out the more he clings to and augments these defects, as is obvious from a comparison between his latest and his earliest works. Sometimes he composes with great ease, at others he labours over his verse ceaselessly, being more occupied with his thought than with its expression. He smiles complacently at the charge so frequently brought against him that he is not an artist. He counts himself an artist above everything, and really despises the judgment of those people who do not hold him at his own value. He has been called the poet of poets. He so looks upon himself; he avows that he would rather be held in intellectual esteem by a brother bard than to be applauded to the echo by a city full of ordinary people."



COLOMBE.
AFTER THE PAINTING BY CHAPLIN.



1. SLATE GRAY TARTAN. 2. FAWN COLOURED BENE. 3. BLUE GRAY POPLIN. 4. DARK GUREM SERGE. 5. GRAY POPLIN. 6. OLIVE GREEN SILK. 7. CACHEMIRE DRESS. 8. LILAC GROSGRAIN. 9. FOUR-DE-SOIX. 10. BLACK ALPACA.

FALL FASHIONS: INDOOR COSTUMES.

PACE IMPLORA.

(Joaquin Miller in *The Overland*.)

Better it were to sit still by the sea,
Loving somebody and satisfied—
Better it were to grow babes on the knee,
To anchor you down for all your days—
Than wander and wander in all these ways,
Land forgotten and love denied.

Better sit still where born, I say,
Wed one sweet woman and love her well,
Laugh with your neighbours, live in their way,
Be it never so simple. The humbler the home,
The nobler, indeed, to bear your part,
Love and be loved with all your heart.
Drink sweet waters and dream in a spell,
Share your delights and divide your tears;
Love and be loved in the old east way,
Ere men knew madness and came to roam
From the west to the east, and the whole world wide;
When they lived where their fathers lived and died—
Lived and so loved for a thousand years.

Better it were for the world, I say—
Better, indeed, for a man's own good—
That he should sit down where he was born,
Be it land of sands or of oil and corn,
Valley of poppies or bleak northland,
White sea border or great black wood,
Or bleak white Winter or bland sweet May,
Or city of smoke or plain of the sun—
Than wander the world as I have done,
Breaking the heart into bits of clay,
And leaving it scattered on every hand.

Venice, 1874.

NINETY-THREE.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

PART THE THIRD.

IN VENDÉE.

BOOK THE FIFTH.

THE COMBAT AFTER THE VICTORY.

III.—THE COMMANDANT'S HOOD.

Slowly, and like one who strove to retreat and yet was forced by some invisible power to advance, Gauvain approached the breach. As he came near, the sentinel recognised in the shadow the cloak and braided hood of the commandant, and presented arms. Gauvain entered the hall of the ground-floor, which had been made into a guard-room. A lantern hung from the roof. It cast just light enough so that one could cross the hall without treading upon the soldiers who lay, most of them asleep, upon the straw.

There they lay; that had been fighting a few hours before; the grape-shot, partially swept away, scattered its grains of iron and lead over the floor and troubled their repose somewhat, but they were weary, and so slept. This hall had been the battleground—the scene of frenzied attack; there men had groaned, howled, ground their teeth, struck out blindly in their death agony, and expired. Many of the sleeper's companions had fallen dead upon this floor, where they now lay down in their weariness; the straw which served them for a pillow had drunk the blood of their comrades. Now all was ended; the blood had ceased to flow; the sabres were dried; the dead were dead; these sleepers slumbered peacefully. Such is war. And then, perhaps to-morrow, the slumber of sleeping and dead will be the same.

At Gauvain's entrance a few of the men rose—among others, the officer in command. Gauvain pointed to the door of the dungeon.

"Open it," he said to the officer.

The bolts were drawn back; the door opened.

Gauvain entered the dungeon.

The door closed behind him.

BOOK THE SIXTH.

FEUDALISM AND REVOLUTION.

I.—THE ANCESTOR.

A lamp set on the flags of the crypt at the side of the air-hole. There could also be seen on the stones a jug of water, a loaf of army bread, and a truss of straw. The crypt being cut out in the rock, the prisoner who had conceived the idea of setting fire to the straw, would have done it to his own hurt; no risk of conflagration to the prison, certainly the suffocation of the prisoner.

At the instant the door turned on its hinges the marquis was walking to and fro in his dungeon; that mechanical pacing back and forth natural to wild animals in a cage.

At the noise of the opening and shutting of the door he raised his head, and the lamp, placed on the floor between Gauvain and the marquis, struck full upon the faces of both men.

They looked at one another, and something in the glance of either kept the two motionless.

At length the marquis burst out laughing, and exclaimed, "Good evening, sir. It is a long time since I have had the pleasure of meeting you. You do me the favour of paying me a visit. I thank you. I ask nothing better than to talk a little. I was beginning to bore myself. Your friends lose a great deal of time—proofs of identity—court-martials—all those ceremonies take a long while. I could go much quicker at need. Here I am in my own house. Pray come in. Well, what do you say of all that is happening? Original, is it not? Once on a time there was a king and a queen; the king was the king; the queen was—France. They cut the king's head off and married the queen to Robespierre; this gentle man and that lady have a daughter named Guillotine, with whom it appears that I am to make acquaintance to-morrow morning. I shall be delighted—as I am to see you. Did you come about that? Have you risen in rank? Shall you be the headsman? If it

a simple visit of friendship, I am touched. Perhaps, viscount, you no longer know what nobleman is. Well, you see one—it is I. Look at the specimen. 'Tis a curiosity; it believes in God, it believes in tradition, it believes in family, it believes in its ancestors, it believes in the example of its father, in fidelity, loyalty, duty towards its prince, respect to ancient laws, virtue, justice—and it would shoot you with pleasure. Have the goodness to sit down, I pray you. On the stones, it must be, it is true, for I have no arm-chair in my drawing-room; but he who lives in the mud can sit on the ground. I do not say that to offend you, for what we call the mud, you call the nation; I fancy that you do not insist I shall shout Liberty, Equality, Fraternity? This is an ancient chamber of my house; formerly the lords imprisoned clowns here; now rustics imprison the lords. These fooleries are called a revolution. It appears that my head is to be cut off in thirty-six hours. I see nothing inconvenient in that. Still, if my captors had been polite, they would have sent me my snuff-box; it is up in the chamber of the mirrors, where you used to play when you were a child—where I used to dance you on my knees. Sir, let me tell you one thing! You call yourself Gauvain, and strange to say, you have noble blood in your veins; yes, by Heaven, the same that runs in mine; yet the blood that made me a man of honour made you a rascal. Such are personal idiosyncrasies. You will tell me it is not your fault that you are a rascal. Nor is it mine that I am a gentleman. Zounds! one is a malefactor without knowing it. It comes from the air one breathes; in times like these of ours one is not responsible for what one does; the Revolution is guilty for the whole world, and all your great criminals are great innocents. What blockheads! To begin with yourself. Permit me to admire you. Yes, I admire you, who, a man of quality, well placed in the State, having noble blood to shed in a noble cause, viscount of this Tower, Gauvain, prince of Brittany, able to be duke by right and peer of France by heritage, which is about all a man of good sense could desire here below, amuses himself, being what he is, to be what you are; playing his part so well that he seems to his enemies a villain and to his friends an idiot. By the way, give my compliments to the Abbé Cimourdain."

The marquis spoke perfectly at his ease, quietly, emphasising nothing, in his high-society voice, his eyes clear and tranquil, his hand in his waistcoat pocket. He broke off, drew a long breath, and resumed:

"I do not conceal from you that I have done what I could to kill you. Such as you see me, I have myself, in person, three times aimed a cannon at you. A discourteous proceeding—I admit it, but it would be giving rise to a bad example to suppose that in war your enemy tries to make himself agreeable to you. For we are in war, monsieur my nephew. Everything is put to fire and sword. It is true that they have killed the king into the bargain. A pretty century!"

He checked himself again, and again resumed:

"When one thinks that none of these things would have happened if Voltaire had been hanged and Rousseau sent to the galleys! Ah, those men of mind—what scourges! But there, what is it you reproach that monarch with? It is true that the Abbé Pucelle was sent to his abbey of Portigny with as much time as he pleased for the journey, and as for your Monsieur Titon, who had been, begging your pardon, a terrible debauchee, and had gone the rounds of the loose women before hunting after the miracles of the Deacon Paris, he was transferred from the castle of Vincennes to the castle of Ham in Picardy, which is, I confess, a sufficiently ugly place. There are wrongs for you! I recollect—I cried out also in my day. I was as stupid as you."

The marquis felt his pocket as if seeking his snuff-box, then continued:

"But not so wicked. We talked just for talk's sake. There was also the mutiny of demands and petitions, and then up came those gentlemen the philosophers, and their writings were burned instead of the authors; the court cats mixed themselves up in the matter; there were all those stupid fellows, Turgot, Quesnay, Malesherbes, the physiocratists, and so forth, and the quarrel began. The whole came from the scribbles and the rhyms. The Encyclopedial Diderot! D'Alembert! Ah, the wicked scoundrels! To think of a well-born man like the King of Prussia joining them. I would have suppressed all those paper scratchers. Ah, we were justiciaries, our family! You may see there on the wall the marks of the quartering-wheel. We did not jest. No, no; no scribblers! While there are Aruets, there will be Marats. As long as there are fellows who scribble, there will be scoundrels who assassinate; as long as there is ink, there will be black stains; as long as men's claws hold a goose's feather, frivolous fooleries will engender atrocious ones. Books cause crimes. The word chimera has two meanings; it signifies dream, and it signifies monster. How dearly one pays for idle trash! What is that you sing to us about your rights? The Rights of Man! Rights of the people! Is that empty enough, stupid enough, visionary enough, sufficiently void of sense! When I say: Havoise, the sister of Conan II., brought the county of Brittany to Hoel, Count of Nantes and Cornwall, who left the throne to Alain Fergant, the uncle of Bertha, who espoused Alain-le-Noir, Lord of Roche-sur-Yon, and bore him Conan the Little, grandfather of Guy or Gauvain de Thouars, our ancestor, I state a thing that is clear, and there is a right. But your scoundrels, your rascals, your wretches—what do they call their rights? Deicide and regicide. Is it not hideous? Oh what clowns! I am sorry for you, sir, but you belong to this proud Brittany blood, you and I had Gauvain de Thouars for our grandfather; we had for another grandfather that great Duke of Montbazoff who was peer of France and honoured with the Grand Collar, who attacked the suburb of Tours and was wounded at the battle of Arzues, and died master of the hounds of France, in his house of Couzières in Touraine, aged eighty-six. I could tell you still further of the Duke de Lorraine, son of the Lady of Garnache, of Claude de Lorraine, Duke de Chevreuse, and of Henri de Lenoncourt and of François de Laval-Boisdaunay. But to what purpose? Monsieur has the honour of being an idiot, and tries to make himself on a level with my groom. Learn this; I was an old man while you were still a brat; I remain as much your superior as I was then. As you grew up, you found means to degrade yourself. Since we ceased to see one another, each has gone his own way—I followed honestly, you went in the opposite direction. Ah, I do not know how all that will finish—those gentlemen, your friends, are full-blown wretches! Verily, it is fine I grant you—a marvellous step gained in the cause of progress! To have suppressed in the army the punishment of the pint of water inflicted on the drunken soldier for three consecutive days! To have the Maximum—the Convention—the Bishop

Gobel and Monsieur Hebert—to have exterminated the Past in one mass, from the Bastille to the peerage. They replace the raints by vegetables! So be it, citizens; you are masters; reign; take your ease; do what you like; stop at nothing. All this does not hinder the fact that religion is religion, that royalty fills fifteen hundred years of our history, and that the old French nobility are loftier than you, even with their heads off. As for your cavilling over the historic rights of royal races, we shrug our shoulders at that. Chilpéric, in reality, was only a monk named Daniel; it was Rainfroy who invented Chilpéric in order to annoy Charles Martel; we know those things just as well as you do. The question does not lie there. The question is this: to be a great kingdom, to be the ancient France, to be a country in perfect order, wherein were considered first the sacred person of its monarchs, absolute, lords of the state; then the princes; then the officers of the crown for the armies on land and sea, for the artillery, for the direction and superintendence of the finances. After that came the officers of justice, great and small; those for the management of taxes and general receipts; and, lastly, the police of the kingdom in its three orders. All this was fine and nobly regulated; you have destroyed it. You have destroyed the provinces, like the lamentably ignorant creatures you are, without even suspecting what the provinces really were. The genius of France is made up of the genius of the entire continent; each province of France represented a virtue of Europe. The freedom of Germany was in Picardy; the generosity of Sweden in Champagne; the industry of Holland in Burgundy; the activity of Poland in Languedoc; the gravity of Spain in Gascony; the wisdom of Italy in Provence; the subtlety of Greece in Normandy; the fidelity of Switzerland in Dauphiny. You knew nothing of all that; you have broken, shattered, ruined, demolished; you have shown yourselves simply idiotic brutes. Ah, you will no longer have nobles? Well, you shall have none. Make up your mourning. You shall have no more paladins, no more heroes. Say good night to the ancient grandseigneurs. Find me a d'Assas at present! You are all of you afraid for your skins. You will have no more Chevaliers de Fontenoy, who saluted before opening the battle; you will have no more combatants like those in silk stockings at the siege of Lérida; you will have no more plumes floating past like meteors; you are a people finished, come to an end; you will suffer the outrage of invasion. If Alaric II. could return, he would no longer find himself confronted by Clovis; if Abderame could come back, he would not longer find himself face to face with Charles Martel; if the Saxons, they would no longer find Pepin before them. You will have no more Agnadel, Becroy, Lens, Staffarde, Nerwinde, Steinkerque, La Marsaille, Bancoux, Lawfeld, Mahon; you will have no Bouvines with Philip Augustus taking prisoner with one hand Renaud, Count of Boulogne, and with the other, Ferrand, Count of Flanders. You will have Agincourt, but you will not have the Sieur de Bacqueville, grand bearer of the oriflamme, enveloping himself in his banner to die. Go on—go on—do your work! Be the new men! Grow little!"

The marquis was silent for an instant, then began again.

"But leave us great. Kill the kings; kill the nobles; kill the priests. Tear down; ruin; massacre; trample all under foot; crush ancient laws beneath your heels; overthrow the throne; stamp upon the altar of God—dash it in pieces—dance above it! On with you to the end. You are traitors and cowards—incapable of devotion or sacrifice. I have spoken. Now have me guillotined, monsieur viscount. I have the honour to be your very humble servant."

Then he added:

"Ah, I do not hesitate to set the truth plainly before you. What difference can it make to me? I am dead."

"You are free," said Gauvain.

He unfastened his commandant's cloak, advanced toward the marquis, threw it about his shoulders, and drew the hood close down over his eyes. The two men were of the same height.

"Well, what are you doing?" the marquis asked.

Gauvain raised his voice, and cried:

"Lieutenant, open to me."

The door opened.

Gauvain exclaimed, "Close the door carefully behind me!" And he pushed the stupid marquis across the threshold. The hall, turned into a guard-room, was lighted, it will be remembered, by a horn-lantern, whose faint rays only broke the shadows here and there. Such of the soldiers as were not asleep saw dimly a man of lofty stature, wrapped in the mantle and hood of the commander-in-chief, pass through their midst and move towards the entrance. They made a military salute, and the man passed on.

The marquis slowly traversed the guard-room, then the breach—not without hitting his head more than once—and went out. The sentinel, believing that he saw Gauvain, presented arms. When he was outside, having the grass of the fields under his feet, within two hundred paces of the forest, and before him space, night, liberty, life, he paused, and stood motionless for an instant like a man who has allowed himself to be pushed on, who has yielded to surprise, and who, having taken advantage of an open door, asks himself if he has done well or ill; hesitates to go farther, and gives audience to a last reflection. After a few seconds' deep reverie he raised his right hand, snapped his thumb and middle finger, and said, "My faith!" And he hurried on.

The door of the dungeon had closed again. Gauvain was within.

II.—THE COURT-MARTIAL.

At that period all courts-martial were very nearly discretionary. Dumas had sketched out in the Assembly a rough plan of military legislation, improved later by Talot in the Council of the Five Hundred, but the definitive code of war-councils was only drawn up under the Empire. Let us add in parenthesis that from the Empire dates the law imposed on military tribunals to commence receiving the votes by the lowest grade. Under the Revolution this law did not exist.

In 1793 the president of a military tribunal was almost the tribunal in himself. He chose the members, classed the order of grades, regulated the manner of voting; was at once master and judge.

Cimourdain had selected for the hall of the court-martial that very room on the ground-floor where the retrade had been erected, and where the guard was now established. He wished to shorten everything; the road from the prison to the tribunal, and the passage from the tribunal to the scaffold.

In conformity with his orders the court began its sitting at midday with no other show of state than this—three straw-

bottomed chairs, a pine table, two lighted candles, a stool in front of the table.

The chairs were for the judges, and the stool for the accused. At either end of the table also stood a stool, one for the commissioner-auditor, who was a quartermaster; the other for the registrar, who was a corporal.

On the table were a stick of red sealing-wax, a brass seal of the Republic, two inkstands, some sheets of white paper, and two printed placards spread open, the first containing the declaration of outlawry, a second the decree of the Convention.

The centre chair was backed up by a cluster of tri-coloured flags; in that period of rude simplicity decorations were quickly arranged, and it needed little time to change a guard-room into a court of justice.

The middle chair, intended for the president, stood facing the prison door.

The soldiers made up the audience.

Two gendarmes stood on guard by the stool.

Cimourdain was seated in the centre chair, having at his right Captain Guéchamp, first judge, and at his left Sergeant Radoub, second judge.

Cimourdain wore a hat with a tri-coloured cockade, his sabre at his side, and his two pistols in his belt. His scar, of a vivid red, added to his savage appearance.

Radoub's wound had been only partially staunched. He had a handkerchief knotted about his head, upon which a blood-stain slowly widened.

At midday the court had not yet opened its proceedings. A messenger, whose horse could be heard stamping outside, stood near the table of the tribunal. Cimourdain was writing—writing these lines:

"Citizen members of the Committee of Public Safety—Lantenac is taken. He will be executed to-morrow."

He dated and signed the despatch; folded, sealed, and handed it to the messenger, who departed.

This done, Cimourdain called in a loud voice, "Open the dungeon."

The two gendarmes drew back the bolts, opened the door of the dungeon, and entered.

Cimourdain lifted his head, folded his arms, fixed his eyes on the door, and cried, "Bring out the prisoner."

A man appeared between the two gendarmes, standing beneath the arch of the doorway.

It was Gauvain.

Cimourdain started. "Gauvain!" he exclaimed.

Then he added, "I demand the prisoner."

"It is I," said Gauvain.

"Thou?"

"I."

"And Lantenac?"

"He is free."

"Free!"

"Yes."

"Escaped?"

"Escaped."

Cimourdain trembled as he stammered, "Truly, the castle belongs to him—he knows all its outlets. The dungeon may communicate with some secret opening—I ought to have remembered that he would find means to escape. He would not need any person's aid for that."

"He was aided," said Gauvain.

"To escape?"

"To escape."

"Who aided him?"

"I."

"Thou?"

"I."

"Thou art dreaming!"

"I went into the dungeon; I was alone with the prisoner; I took off my cloak; I put it about his shoulders; I drew the hood down over his face; he went out in my stead, and I remained in his. Here I am."

"Thou didst not do it!"

"I did it."

"It is impossible!"

"It is true."

"Bring me Lantenac!"

"He is no longer here. The soldiers, seeing the commandant's cloak, took him for me, and allowed him to pass. It was still night."

"Thou art mad!"

"I tell you what was done."

A silence followed. Cimourdain stammered, "Then thou hast merited"—

"Death," said Gauvain.

Cimourdain was pale as a corpse. He sat motionless as a man who had just been struck by lightning. He no longer seemed to breathe. A great drop of sweat stood out on his forehead.

He forced his voice into firmness, and said, "Gendarmes, seat the accused."

Gauvain placed himself on the stool.

Cimourdain added: "Gendarmes, draw your sabres."

Cimourdain's voice had got back its ordinary tone.

"Accused," said he, "you will stand up."

He no longer said "thee" and "thou" to Gauvain.

III.—THE VOTES.

Gauvain rose.

"What is your name?" demanded Cimourdain.

The answer came unhesitatingly—"Gauvain."

Cimourdain continued the interrogatory: "Who are you?"

"I am commander-in-chief of the expeditionary column of the Côtes-du-Nord."

"Are you a relative or connection of the man who has escaped?"

"I am his grand-nephew."

"You are acquainted with the decree of the Convention?"

"I see the placard lying on your table."

"What have you to say in regard to this decree?"

"That I countersigned it, that I ordered its carrying out, that it was I who had this placard written, at the bottom of which is my name."

"Make choice of a pleader."

"I will defend myself."

"You can speak."

Cimourdain had become impassible. But his impassibility resembled the sternness of a rock rather than the calmness of a man.

Gauvain remained silent for a moment, as if collecting his thoughts.

Cimourdain spoke again. "What have you to say in your defence?"

Gauvain slowly raised his head, but without fixing his eyes upon either of the judges, and replied:

"This: one thing prevented my seeing another. A good action seen too near hid from me a hundred criminal deeds; on one side an old man, on the other three children—all these put themselves between me and duty. I forgot the burned villages, the ravaged fields, the butchered prisoners, the slaughtered wounded, the women shot; I forgot France betrayed to England; I set at liberty the murderer of our country. I am guilty. In speaking thus I seem to speak against myself; it is a mistake. I speak in my own behalf. When the guilty acknowledges his fault, he saves the only thing worth the trouble of being saved—honour."

"Is that," returned Cimourdain, "all you have to say in your own defence?"

"I add that, being the chief, I owed an example; and that you in your turn, being judges, owe one."

"What example do you demand?"

"My death."

"You find that just?"

"And necessary."

"Be seated."

The quartermaster, who was auditor-commissioner, rose and read, first, the decree of outlawry against the ci-devant Marquis de Lantenac; secondly, the decree of the Convention ordering capital punishment against whoever should aid the escape of a rebel prisoner. He closed with the lines printed at the bottom of the placard, forbidding "to give aid or succour to the rebel named below, under penalty of death;" signed: "Commander-in-Chief of the Expeditionary Column—Gauvain." These notices read, the auditor-commissioner sat down again.

Cimourdain folded his arms, and said, "Accused, pay attention. Public, listen, look, and be silent. You have before you the law. The votes will now be taken. The sentence will be given according to the majority. Each judge will announce his decision aloud, in presence of the accused, justice having nothing to conceal."

Cimourdain continued: "The first judge will give his vote. Speak, Captain Guéchamp."

Captain Guéchamp seemed to see neither Cimourdain nor Gauvain. His downcast lids concealed his eyes, which remained fixed upon the placard of the decree as if they were staring at a gulf. He said:

"The law is immutable. A judge is more or less than a man; he is less than a man because he has no heart; he is more than a man because he holds the sword of justice. In the 414th year of Rome Manlius put his son to death for the crime of having conquered without his orders. Violated discipline demanded an example. Here it is the law which has been violated, and the law is still higher than the discipline. Through an emotion of pity the country is again endangered. Pity may amount to crime. Commandant Gauvain has helped the rebel Lantenac to escape. Gauvain is guilty. I vote—Death."

"Write, registrar," said Cimourdain.

The clerk wrote: "Captain Guéchamp, death."

Gauvain's voice rang out, clear and firm—

"Guéchamp," said he, "you have voted well, and I thank you."

Cimourdain resumed:

"It is the turn of the second judge. Speak, Sergeant Radoub."

Radoub rose, turned towards Gauvain, and made the accused a military salute. Then he exclaimed:

"If that is the way it goes, then guillotine me, for I give here, before God, my most sacred word of honour that I would like to have done, first, what the old man did, and, after that, what my commandant did. When I saw that old fellow, eighty years of age, jump into the fire to pull three bantlings out of it, I said, 'Old fellow, you are a brave man!' And when I hear that my commandant has saved that old man from your beast of a guillotine, a thousand thunders! I say, 'My commandant, you ought to be my general, and you are a true man, and as for me, I would give you the cross of St. Louis if there were still crosses, or saints, or Louises. O there! Are we going to turn idiots at present? If it was for these sort of things that we gained the battle of Jemappes, the battle of Yalmy, the battle of Fleurus, and the battle of Wattignies, then you had better say so. What! Here is Commandant Gauvain, who, for these four months past, has been driving those asses of royalists by beat of the drum, and saving the Republic by his sword, who did a thing at Dol which needed a world of brains to do; and when you have a man like that, you try to get rid of him. Instead of electing him your general, you want to cut off his head. I say it is enough to make a fellow throw himself off the Pont Neuf head foremost. You yourself, Citizen Gauvain, my commandant, if you were my corporal, instead of being my superior, I would tell you that you talked a heap of infernal nonsense just now. The old man did a fine thing in saving the children; you did a fine thing in saving the old man; and if we are going to guillotine people for good actions, why then get away with you all to the devil, for I don't know any longer what the question is about. There is nothing to hold fast to. It is not true, is it, all this? I pinch myself to see if I am awake. I can't understand. So the old man ought to have let the babies burn, and my commandant ought to have let the old man's head cut off! See here—guillotine me. I would as lief have it done as not. Let us suppose. If the children had been killed, the battalion of the Bonnet Rouge would have been dishonoured. Is that what was wished for? Why then, let us eat each other up and be done. I understand politics as well as any of you—I belonged to the Club of the Section of Pikes. Zounds, we are coming to the end! I sum up the matter according to my way of looking at it. I don't like things to be done which are so puzzling you don't know any longer where you stand. What the devil is it we get ourselves killed for? I order that somebody may kill our chief. None of that, Lisette. I want my chief. I will have my chief. I love him better to-day than I did yesterday. Send him to the guillotine? Why, you make me laugh. Now we are not going to have anything of that sort. I have listened. People may say what they please. In the first place it is not possible!"

And Radoub sat down again. His wound had reopened. A thin stream of blood exuded from under the kerchief and ran along his neck from the place where his ear had been.

Cimourdain turned towards the sergeant—

"You vote for the acquittal of the accused?"

"I vote," said Radoub, "that he be made general."

"I ask if you vote for his acquittal?"

"I vote for his being made head of the Republic."

"Sergeant Radoub, do you vote that Commandant Gauvain be acquitted—yes or no?"

"I vote that my head be cut off in place of his."

"Acquittal," said Cimourdain. "Write it, registrar."

The clerk wrote, "Sergeant Radoub, acquittal."

Then the clerk said, "One voice for death; one voice for acquittal—a tie."

It was Cimourdain's turn to vote.

He rose. He took off his hat and laid it on the table.

He was no longer pale or livid. His face was the colour of clay.

Had all the spectators been corpses lying there in their winding-sheets, the silence could not have been more profound.

Cimourdain said in a solemn, slow, firm voice:

"Accused, the case has been heard. In the name of the Republic, the court-martial, by a majority of two voices against one"—

He broke off; there was an instance of terrible suspense. Did he hesitate before pronouncing the sentence of death? Did he hesitate before granting life? Every listener held his breath.

Cimourdain continued:

"Condemns you to death."

His face expressed the torture of an awful triumph. Jacob, when he forced the angel whom he had overthrown in the darkness to bless him, must have worn that fearful smile.

It was only a gleam—it passed. Cimourdain was marble again. He seated himself, put on his hat, and added, "Gauvain, you will be executed to-morrow at sunrise."

Gauvain rose, saluted, and said, "I thank the court."

"Lead away the condemned," said Cimourdain.

He made a sign; the door of the dungeon reopened; Gauvain entered; the door closed. The two gendarmes stood sentinel, one on either side of the arch, sabre in hand.

Sergeant Radoub fell senseless on the ground, and was carried away.

IV.—AFTER CIMOURDAIN THE JUDGE COMES CIMOURDAIN THE MASTER.

A camp is a wasp's nest. In revolutionary times above all. The civic sting which is in the soldier moves quickly, and does not hesitate to prick the chief after having chased away the enemy. The valiant troop which had taken La Tourgue was filled with diverse commotions; at first against Commandant Gauvain when it learned that Lantenac had escaped. As Gauvain issued from the dungeon which had been believed to hold the marquis the news spread as if by electricity, and in an instant the whole army was informed. A murmur burst forth; it was—"They are trying Gervain. But it is a sham. Trust ci-divants and priests! We have just seen a viscount save a marquis, and now we are going to see a priest absolve a noble!"

When the news of Gauvain's condemnation came there was a second murmur:

"It is horrible! Our chief, our brave chief, our young commander—a hero! He may be a viscount—very well; so much the more merit in his being a republican. What, he, the liberator of Pontorson, of Villedieu, of Pont-au-Beau! The conqueror of Dol and La Tourgue! He who makes us invincible. He, the sword of the Republic in Vendée. The man who, for five months, has held the Chouans at bay and repaired all the blunders of Léchelle and the others. This Cimourdain to dare condemn him to death! For what? Because he saved an old man who had saved three children. A priest kill a soldier!"

Thus muttered the victorious and discontented camp. A stern rage enveloped Cimourdain. Four thousand men against one—that should seem a power; it is not. These four thousand men were a crowd; Cimourdain was a Will. It was known that Cimourdain's frown came easily, and nothing more was needed to hold the army in respect. In those stern days it was sufficient for a man to have behind him the shadow of the Committee of Public Safety to make that man formidable, to make imprecation die into a whisper and the whisper into silence.

Before as after the murmurs Cimourdain remained the arbiter of Gauvain's fate, as he did of the fate of all. They knew there was nothing to ask of him, that he would only obey his conscience—a superhuman voice audible to his ear alone. Everything depended upon him. That which he had done as martial judge, he could undo as civil delegate. He only could show mercy. He possessed unlimited power; by a sign he could set Gauvain at liberty; he was master of life and death; he commanded the guillotine. In this tragic moment he was the man supreme.

They could only wait. Night came.

V. THE DUNGEON.

The hall of justice had become again a guard-room; the guard was doubled as upon the previous evening; two sentinels stood on duty before the closed door of the prison.

Towards midnight, a man who held a lantern in his hand, traversed the hall, made himself known to the sentries, and ordered the dungeon to be opened. It was Cimourdain.

He entered, and the door remained ajar behind him. The dungeon was dark and silent. Cimourdain moved a step forward in the gloom, put the lantern on the ground, and stood still. He could hear amid the shadows the measured breath of a sleeping man. Cimourdain listened thoughtfully to this peaceful sound.

Gauvain lay on a bundle of straw at the farther end of the dungeon. It was his breathing which caught the new comer's ear. He was sleeping profoundly.

Cimourdain advanced as noiselessly as possible, moved closer, and looked down upon Gauvain; the glance of a mother watching her nursing's slumber could not have been more tender or fuller of love. Even Cimourdain's will could not control that glance. He pressed his clenched hands against his eyes with the gesture one sometimes sees in children, and remained for a moment motionless. Then he knelt, softly raised Gauvain's hand, and pressed his lips upon it.

Gauvain stirred. He opened his eyes full of the wonder of sudden waking. He recognised Cimourdain in the dim light which the lantern cast around the cave.

"Ah," said he, "it is you my master."

And, he added, "I dreamt that Death was kissing my hand."

(To be continued.)

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