

one nature—when all was lost but honor—du Guesclin recovered with patient determination the lands that had been held by Edward of England. All of these departed heroes and statesmen would have bid the French be firm and moderate. "Resist whilst you can, submit when you must," would have been their advice to their country in this dire extremity. They would certainly have approved the quiet demagogues of the people of Versailles during King William's visit to the fountains. Perhaps an attitude less curious and pushing would have been better. But there is no foolish cry of cheap bravado against the conqueror. We pass through the Cour de la Chapelle, and come upon the terraces a little before the King arrives. Wounded men look eagerly out from the windows of the balloons, where the Marshals of France stare down at them in painted stiffness. At one window a Zouave stands, pale and haggard, chatting with a crowd of townfolk. At another window a young German is waiting to see the King go by. There is a Sister of Mercy near him, urging, it would seem, that he should rest a little meanwhile. We find the people and the soldiers mixing together without a sign of repression or of violence. There is no talk between them, and no token of friendship, but everybody moves quietly about as though this state of armed occupation had existed for years past. How fortunate we are to have yet another glorious autumn day. The morning mist has vanished, and the sun shines brightly over the terraces, the fountains and the flowers. There will soon be a burst of spray high in air and a shower of sparkling drops, but not until the signal is given that his majesty is here.

The signal has at length been made. King William has taken his stand at the top of the steps on the terrace above the *grande allée*, and the first showers are already falling. We find the people more inquisitive about their enemies than about the fountains. "Qui est ce Monsieur là?" is the whispered question on all sides. They want to know which is Bismarck with hungry curiosity. No one utters a word above his breath, good or bad; but they strain their eyes to catch a glimpse of the man of "blood and iron." "Ah! would that we had a Bismarck in France," I hear murmured around me. And then they consign him devoutly to perdition. There is such a crowd on the terrace near the King that you cannot distinguish more than a few faces rendered familiar to everyone by photography. But if you will glance at the brilliant group in the centre, it will be worth while to run over some of their names. That hale, pleasant-looking old officer, with the broad red collar to his dark uniform of a Prussian general, and the broad red band to his flat cap, is not to be mistaken. He stands somewhat apart, and is the object of marked deference from those about him. The Mayor of Versailles is at his side to guide him through the gardens, and you will not be surprised to hear the people whisper, "It is the King himself." *Regardez bien, c'est lui, c'est lui!* The King seems too active of step and upright of figure for it to be possible that he marched to Paris in 1815 with the Allied Armies. Yet there are few historical facts which can be better attested. More than half a century of change and trouble, of progress and enlightenment, has passed over Europe, to bring another war against a Bonaparte and another foreign occupation of France. We must take a long look at the tall soldierly man with the grey moustache and whiskers, with the flat cap and red-collared coat, as he stands on the terrace of Versailles in a glow of sunshine.

Not far from the King is his brother, Prince Charles, chief of the artillery, a tall officer in a dark blue uniform, who is mistaken by some of the French for General Von Moltke. By the side of Prince Charles is a tough-looking weather-beaten sailor, Prince Adalbert of Prussia, admiral of the fleet. He is a man of middle height, noticeable as wearing a naval uniform among the crowd of soldiers present, and as being almost the only man about the King, except Moltke, who has a smoothly shaven face. You hear people whispering and see them pointing towards another figure in the central group—a large powerfully built man, in an undress cuirassier uniform. His white cap and yellow facings have been observed from afar. The French cannot so easily identify Moltke, but Bismarck is known to them at once. There is the heavy moustache of the photographs and caricatures, there is the massive forehead. *Le monstre*, as they politely call him, is laughing and in high spirits. He knows what the triumph of to-day has needed of patient preparation. It is something to be appreciated as much by the statesman as the soldier; as much by Bismarck as by the tall slender General standing close to him, with eyes of such

of Lincoln a committee presented a report urging the necessity of establishing an Industrial Farm and House of Industry, and that the County of Walland be asked to co-operate in erecting a Poor House for the two Counties. The report was adopted.

Mr. Alex. Weir, of the township of Yarmouth, met with a fatal accident last week. Mr. Weir went into the stable, where was kept a three-year-old colt, without making any noise, when suddenly the colt kicked, striking the unfortunate man in the abdomen, which caused his death.

Peter Gould, of Freelon, went to Hamilton on the 18th ult. with a load of shingles. Next day he sold his load, put up his horses in an hotel stables and left. Nothing has been heard of him since, and as he did not receive any money for his shingles, and had very little about him, his disappearance cannot be accounted for.

The ratepayers of the town of Perth have voted by a large majority in favour of a by-law granting a bonus of \$400 to any person who will establish a woolen factory in that place, and employ twenty hands therein with a further sum of \$200 for every ten hands so employed, the said manufactory to be maintained for a period of five years.

The bridges across the track of the Great Western railway are to be raised so that the brakemen can stand on the top of the cars while passing underneath, without fear of coming in contact with the structures. The *London Advertiser* says a number of the bridges west of Hamilton have already been raised and it understands all the other bridges on the road will be raised forthwith.

A few nights ago Mr. O'Donohue, an auctioneer of Hamilton, was gagged and robbed in the streets of over \$100, and three men, named James Sullivan, Charles Phillips and William Knight, were arrested as the highwaymen. Phillips and Sullivan have been committed for trial at the present assizes, and the decision in the case of Knight was postponed for further consideration.

The Bishop of Huron has issued a pastoral address to the clergy and laity of his diocese, stating he has waited some time for the Government to appoint a day of public Thanksgiving for the many blessings vouchsafed to Canada during the past year; as none has been appointed, he names Sunday, the 6th inst., as a day to unite in offering praise and thanksgiving to God for the enjoyment of peace and the blessings of a fruitful year.

The corporation of Brantford has effected an arrangement with the Grand Trunk by which the Harrisburg and Brantford Railway is allowed to cross the former line so as to have its terminus near the produce stores on Water street. Brantford has also completed arrangements to pay the Grand Trunk \$32,500 as a bonus to aid in the erection of additional workshops in that town. Between the Great Western and Grand Trunk Brantford will disburse this year \$107,500 in aid of railway enterprises.

HELPING SANDFIELD TO BREW.—Mr. Roger Smith, who fills the important Government office of inspector of post holes at the Asylum, for which he receives a snug salary, free house, and other small privileges, has appeared on the market recently buying in barley, which is delivered and paid for at Carling's Brewery. It may be that the grain is bought on Government account, and is intended to assist in "brewing the policy." Treasurer Wood spoke of at Belleville the other day. If so, there can be no objection to Sandfield requiring Inspector Smith to employ his idle hours in buying grain for the Government mash-tub.—*London Advertiser*.

An unfortunate French Canadian sailor was drowned a short time ago at Howe Island, and the Kingston *Whig* narrates an incident in connection with it to the credit of Captain Hinckley, Jr., of the steamer *Pierrepoint* on which the drowned man had taken passage. When the cry of "man overboard" was heard, Captain Hinckley threw a life preserver, and, securing one himself, jumped into the river. The night was dark as pitch, but before the Captain got nearer than twelve feet, the unfortunate man had sunk to his watery grave. Captain Hinckley was rescued by Mr. Hugh Thompson in the yawl. He deserves credit for his courage.

Two cases of breach of promise were tried at the London assizes last week, which on account of the respectability of the parties attracted great interest. Miss Emily Hodler sued John Cornhill for breaking his promise after a long engagement, and the defendant was mulcted in \$1,000 damages. The other case was that of Miss Wait, daughter of Mr.

backed Mary showed the whites of a large pair of eyes, similarly employed, as she stood against the oaken press, her dark face hardly distinguishable in the distance from the brown panel behind it.

Tom Chuff was at his third dram, and had not yet spoken a word since his entrance, and the suspense was growing dreadful, when, on a sudden, he leaned back in his rude seat, the cudgel slipped from his hand, a change and a death-like pallor came over his face.

For a while they all stared on; such was their fear of him, they dared not speak or move, lest it should prove to have been but a doze, and Tom should wake up and proceed forthwith to gratify his temper and exercise his cudgel.

In a very little time, however, things began to look so odd, that they ventured, his wife and Mary, to exchange glances full of doubt and wonder. He hung so much over the side of the chair, that if it had not been one of cyclopean clumsiness and weight he would have borne it to the floor. A leaden hint was darkening the pallor of his face. They were becoming alarmed, and finally braving everything, his wife timidly said, "Tom!" and then more sharply repeated it, and finally cried the appellative loudly, and again and again, with the terrified accompaniment, "He's dying—he's dying!" her voice rising to a scream, as she found that neither it nor her plucks and shakings of him by the shoulder had the slightest effect in recalling him from his torpor.

And now from sheer terror of a new kind the children added their shrilly piping to the talk and cries of their seniors; and if anything could have called Tom up from his lethargy, it might have been the piercing chorus that made the rude chamber of the poacher's habitation ring again. But Tom continued unmoved, deaf, and stirsless.

His wife sent Mary down to the village, hardly a quarter of a mile away, to implore of the doctor, for whose family she did duty as a laundress, to come down and look at her husband, who seemed to be dying.

The doctor, who was a good-natured fellow, arrived. With his hat still on, he looked at Tom, examined him, and when he found that the emetic he had brought with him, on conjecture from Mary's description, did not act, and that his lancet brought no blood, and that he felt a pulseless wrist, he shook his head and inwardly thought:

"What the plague is the woman crying for! Could she have desired a greater blessing for her children and herself than the very thing that has happened?"

Tom, in fact, seemed quite gone. At his lips no breath was perceptible. The doctor could discover no pulse. His hands and feet were cold, and the chill was stealing up into his body.

The doctor, after a stay of twenty minutes, had buttoned up his great-coat again and pulled down his hat, and told Mrs. Chuff that there was no use in his remaining there any longer, when all of a sudden, a little rill of blood began to trickle from the lancet-cut in Tom Chuff's temple.

"That's very odd," said the doctor, "Let us wait a little."

I must describe now the sensations which Tom Chuff had experienced.

With his elbows on his knees, and his chin upon his hands, he was staring into the embers, with his gun beside him, when suddenly a swimming came in his head, he lost sight of the fire, and a sound like one stroke of a loud church bell smote his brain.

Then he heard a confused humming, and the leaden weight of his head held him backward as he sank in his chair, and consciousness quite forsook him.

When he came to himself he felt chilled, and was leaning against a huge leafless tree. The night was moonless, and when he looked up he thought he had never seen stars so large and bright, or sky so black. The stars, too, seemed to blink down with longer intervals of darkness, and fiercer and more dazzling emergence, and something, he vaguely thought, of the character of silent menace and fury.

He had a confused recollection of coming there, or rather of having been carried along, as if on men's shoulders, with a sort of rushing motion. But it was utterly indistinct; the imperfect recollection simply of a sensation. He had seen or heard nothing on his way.

He looked round. There was not a sign of a living creature near. And he began with a sense of awe to recognize the place.

The tree against which he had been leaning was one of the noble old beeches that surround at irregular intervals the church-

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