THE PASSING OF SUMMER.

The Sommer wanes—the noontide shadows fall
A little farther to the north each day;
And I half fancy that a mystic call
Is wafted hither from the Far A[illegible]

A loving message to these golden hours,
To call them back to their celestial home,
There to await in river-bordered bowers
To be our Eden in the life to come.

Yet not so much by outward signs do we
Perceive that summer's drawing to a close,
As by this sacred calm, which silently
Proclaims it Nature's season of repose.

For Nature loves to pause and meditate
Upon her work, when the last leaf is made—
Maintaining it awhile in perfect shape
Before allowing it to droop and fade.

So now, with many golden plans perchance,
And happy visions of the coming time,
She looks abroad upon a wide expanse
Of life full-rounded into perfect prime.

Beside the streams the flags and rushes stand
Upon the hills the plum'd and bannered maize,
And, towering high, the forest green and grand
Reaches afar through silence many ways.

Yet some plain tokens of old age are seen
In the full ripeness of the season now—
Like gray hairs streaking with their silver sheen
The darker locks on manhood's thoughtful brow.

Some spots of yellow and square scarlet show
Amid the green that roofs the squirrel's lair,
As if a cloud, touched by the sunset's glow,
Had wrecked above and scattered fragments there.

From time to time a leaf is wafted down—
Through the dim space flutters, floats and falls—
While far and wide across the fields is blown
A vague, sweet odor from the forest halls,

Ah! like the atmosphere of happy dreams
Is this fair weather; never fairy land
A glory wore beyond these mellow gleams
That lie about us upon every hand.

The sunlit, sifted through the hazy sky,
Falls to the earth a mild and dreamy glow—
A sacred splendour given from on high
To gild and gladden all the world below.

But while delighted on the scene I gaze,
Across my mind comes this unwelcome thought;
These beauties can not last—the coming days
Alas! with melancholy change are fraught.

The leaves shall fall; the wanton winds will play
And trifle with them for a while, and then,
When they are soiled and sere, cast them away
In imitation of the ways of men.

From clouded skies the snow-flakes, white and soft,
Will flit in silence down the darkened air;
The trees will toss their naked limbs aloft,
Like arms upraised in agony and prayer.

All earthly brightness fades too soon away;
Nothing escapes the universal doom.
Night, like a shadow, dogs the steps of Day,
And Life is lost in Death's eternal gloom.

"EIN JUNGLING LIEBT EIN MADCHEN."

HEINE.

A young man loves a maiden
She somebody else prefers,
That somebody else loves another,
Who makes him by wedlock hers

The maiden in mere vexation,
Because of the loss she has had,
Weds the first kind soul that offers,
And this makes the young man mad.

'Tis an old, a very old story,
But still it is always new;
And when and wherever it happens,
A man's heart is broken in two.

HENDRICK HUDSON'S FATE.

How and Where the Great Navigator Met his Doom.

The Written Story of a Mutineer Who Helped to Set Him Afloat

(From the New York Post.)

WINNIPEG, Manitoba, September 29, 1878.—Among the late arrivals from the interior was a boat-brigade from York Factory, on Hudson's Bay, the depot for the northern department of the company's trade. Considerable interest always attaches to the arrival of brigades f[illegible] this quarter from the fact that, outside [illegible]ort Garry, the company has no post [illegible] equal commercial importance in its territory, or about which cluster so many traditions of the old fur trade. It has a history of more than two centuries. While Drake was plundering galloons from the Spanish Main, England and France were contending for the possession of the trade in furs at this isolated trading-post. More than once its wooden walls were burned or battered down. To the ears of the little garrison there came, one fine day in August, 1697, the boom of cannon over the sullen waters of the bay, and before the long summer twilight had closed, the *Hampshire*, with her fifty-two guns on high poop or lofty forecastle, lay deep beneath the icy sea, her consorts the Frenchman's prize. Long years before the misty shores of that weird sea saw strange vessels coasting through its fiords and ice-floes, seeking a passage to far Cathay. Here the intrepid Hudson wintered, and the icy waters of the Strait alone know his resting-place.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF YORK FACTORY.

Established immediately after the organization of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1570, though chance and desultory adventurers had utilized its site as early as 1638, to trade in skins with the savages, York Factory has ever since that date maintained the first position in the commercial importance in the fur trade, by reason of lying further inland than any other coast fort of the company, and its facility of access by boat from the interior. Until a comparatively recent date all the supplies shipped to the many posts controlling the trade of British America passed through York Factory; and the old settlement of Red River, now the centre of the Province of Manitoba, obtained the bulk of its merchandise and the major part of its inhabitants by that route. It lies about 600 miles from Winnipeg, and the passage from one to the other involves a tedious voyage of two months, thirty-seven portages having to be made on the way.

THE FACTORY'S IMPORTANCE.

Besides being the headquarters of the northern department of the company's trade and the principal receiving depot, York is the largest shipping depot in the country and the chief office of the accountant's department of the trade. All notes issued by the corporation are dated and made payable at York Factory, and the entire annual accounts examined and condensed before their yearly transmission to the great house in Frenchchurch Street, London. Every summer hundreds of boats arrive there from the interior with the proceeds of the year's trade in furs, in time to meet the annual vessel sent out from London laden with goods for the ensuing year. This occurs in August, the ship remaining but a few days, as the waters of Hudson's Straits are liable to be closed by ice at any season of the year. The boats bringing down furs then return laden with goods for the interior districts. As it has happened in one or two instances that the annual ship was unable to reach the Factory on account of ice, thus blocking the trade, two years' supply is now kept constantly on hand in the warehouses.

LIFE AT THE POST.

Like all other important posts of the company, York Factory is a large square of about ten acres, enclosed within high stockades, and built on the bank of the Hayes River, about five miles from its mouth, where it empties into Hudson's Bay. The houses are all of wood, the principal building being the general store, where goods to the amount of two years' outfit for the whole department are stored. This general store is in the central building, and is built with an open space, or court, in the centre of it, after the manner of French inns. On each side of it is a long, low building, in one of which visitors and company residents are lodged during the summer season, the other being used as a mess-room or dining-hall. Four large warehouses stand at right angles to these house, and form thus three sides of the front square. Behind the main buildings runs a row of small low dwellings for the labourers and traders, and a few shops, ware-rooms, and ice-houses. These last are filled every spring with ice, which does not melt the year round, although the summer there for two months is intensely hot. I have seen the mercury stand for a week at 90° degrees in the shade.

As I have said, the ice in the ice-houses never melts the year round, so neither does the lower stratum or soil in the surrounding country; the upper soil only melting to the depth of two and a half feet, the subsoil remaining perpetually frozen. This is due partly to the nature of the soil, and partly to the severity of the climate. The country round the Factory is one immense swamp, level as a floor, thickly covered with willow bushes and dotted here and there with pine trees.

"An undivided tract,
Known as 'Ye Nowhere Nigh;'
Situate skyward, over the left,
In Elizabeth Martin's eye."

By the last of October the Hayes River is enchained in ice, upon which even the spring tides, though they rise to the height of twelve feet above the ordinary level, have no effect. It is the middle of June before the sun gets the mastery of the frost and compels it to release its hold and let the river flow on its course. Such is the intensity of the frost that rocks, into the crevices of which water has run, split with a noise like the report of a cannon, and they may be seen everywhere shattered by its effects.

During the winter season the principal occupation of the garrison of the Factory is to struggle for existence against the cold. By the middle of October the still waters of the swamps and marshes are frozen, and the ground covered with snow. By the last of December snow covers the stockade from six to ten feet deep. Through this mass pathways are cut from house to house. Late in April the snow begins to melt away. The return of spring and summer after the long and gloomy winter is like an awakening to a new life. The change is very rapid; summer treads so closely on the heels of winter as to leave scarcely standing room for spring.

As the winter season extends through so much of the year, however, most of what is done by the residents has direct reference to their self-preservation. Next to plentiful supplies of food in importance is fuel. A certain amount of coal is brought out each year to supplement the supply of wood, which sometimes happens to fall short. In the year 1695 all the fuel that could be collected in the neighbourhood of the Factory was barely sufficient to supply a single fire in the morning and evening. During the rest of the day the only resource of the inmates, when the weather was bad, was to walk in the long mess-room, apparelled in heavy coats of skins dressed with the fur on. At last ice was turned into a means of protection against cold. The interior walls of the house were covered with water, which at once froze into solid ice. And this lining held good until the thaws of the following spring.

DISCOVERIES AMONG THE MANUSCRIPTS AT YORK FACTORY.

For more than a century the headquarters of the Hudson Bay Company in America, a vast collection of manuscript records, relating to the early occupation of that isolated region, had accumulated at the Factory. Now and then some inquisitive trader varies the monotony of his daily life by casual examination of these musty parchments, and is occasionally rewarded for his researches by some lucky "find." Such an incident occurred last autumn. The company's agent, in searching among the old archives of the past, came upon a single collection of relics. Among them was a vellum-bound diary, the contents of which were illegible, but with the word "Anneau" embossed on the upper cover, and a breviary printed at Rouen in 1701, with the word "Anneau" written on the fly-leaf. Underneath it were the following words in old French text:

Les navires hyverner . . . Mame Rouen, 1705
et Paris 1608. . . . Peine Tris.esse Douleur
. . . Compe. de Jes. 1706.
Sur la Cote Septentrionate du Lac Superieur, 1729
. . . Tous les Sauvages sont beaucoup de confiance en moi . . . L'hyver 1728; tres long et des plus rigoreux
. . . P. F. Anneau, Rouen

There can be but little doubt that these articles once belonged to the great Father Anneau, who figured in the early history of this region, and is sometimes called by the French chroniclers the "Martyr of the Frozen North." His history, as given by them, is briefly as follows:

In 1732, M. de la Verendrye, commandant of the French fort on Lake Nepigon, was ordered by the Governor of Quebec to proceed westward as far as the Assiniboine River, and see if, as was then thought, the Pacific Ocean rolled below the Height of Land. In 1736, one of Verendrye's sons, with a company of twenty men, was sent by his father to explore the Lake of the Woods country. On their way from the Assiniboine, where Verendrye the elder was camped, this band fell in with Father Anneau, one of the most intrepid of the Jesuit pioneers. He agreed to accompany them to the Lake of the Woods, and there every soul of them was massacred upon an islaad in the lake. A party of Canadian *voyageurs*, who came upon their bodies some days afterward, saw their heads piled in a heap on the robes of beaver they carried with them as blankets. Young Verendrye was lying on his stomach, his back being hacked to pieces with knives, and a spade stuck in his loins; his headless trunk was decorated with porcupine quills. Father Anneau, who had not been beheaded, had a frightful gash in his abdomen, from which his entrails had been torn. His right hand pointed upward; his left had been cut off. Their entire camp equipage and personal effects had been stolen by the Indians who had butchered them. Doubtless these relics of the "Martyr of the Frozen North" had been brough into the Factory by the Indians or traders who had dealings with the tribes which, in the long ago, were scattered round the Lake of the Woods.

With the breviary were found several copper plates, each with an engraving of the arms of the Roi Tres Chretian of France, Louis XIV. These, no doubt, were deposited in the cairns of the early French explorers. Le Sieur Bourdon, who explored the Labrador Coast and entered Hudson's Bay in 1656, was the first of these. When he landed, where York Factory now stands, says the chronicle, "he stepped ashore, calling upon God to bless this new found land; and, though it was 10 o'clock and a fierce blustering night, he at once planted a cross in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, and deposited at the foot his Majesty's arms engraved in copper, and laid between two sheets of lead, while the sailors returned thanks for their good deliverance from the perils of the wintry seas." The other explorers—Dabion, Valliere, Duget, etc., followed Bourdon's example in planting crosses, but they usually placed the King's arms in a cairn of stones.

A RECORD OF HUDSON'S FATE.

But the most interesting discovery made was that of a quantity of French manuscript, written in 1618, by one who signs himself "Louis Marin, mariner," and describing the sufferings of the expedition under Hudson, which entered this bay in 1612, and gave the commander's name to it. Hudson, it will be remembered, sailed from the Thames in the ship *Discovery* in 1610. He passed Iceland, doubled the southern promontory of Greenland, and entered the strait now called after him, wintering in the bay. The ship's supplies were exhausted some weeks before spring, the *Discovery* was jammed in the ice, and, driven frantic by their sufferings, the crew mutinied. Hudson, with his son and eight of the crew, were sent adrift in an open boat when the ice broke, and never were heard of more. Marin, the writer of the manuscript, appears to have been one of the mutineers, but of himself he says little. What he does say, however, throws light upon the shadows which have hung for more than two centuries over the fate of Hudson.

"I, Louis Marin, mariner, at Boston born, sailed from London in the good ship *Discovery*, under Captain Hudson. Of our voyage to the Bay I know nothing, for before we coasted Iceland I was attacked with fever and became delirious. I simply write here of what I saw in the winter of A. D. 1612. Before the winter came I went ashore. We saw many Indians, and O God the Father! they killed thair old men in sacrifice, and drank human blood for their holy eucharist. Their women were very lewd and wicked. The Indians seized one of the sailors who had been caught in adultery, and drove a charred fagot through his body, and placed his head on a wigwam. When the ice was forming it was found that the provisions were nearly exhausted, and some of them rotten. The men grumbled, and one of them crawled toward the shore, intending to join the savages. He set out at noon, but the cold was so great that he soon lost the use of his limbs, and an Esquimaux, who was our guide or pilot, went after him and killed him, for he was in great agony from frost bites. We lived on seal oil, and soon a loathsome disease covered us with itching sores. One man, the ship's carpenter, died of it, and three or four became blind. One night, when we were in great misery, stars fell from heaven in countless numbers, and we rejoiced to think for a time that the end of the world had come. Our captain was gloomy all the time, and the men often cursed him in his hearing for bringing them to such a pass. Spring was very tardy in coming, but when the ice field broke, we thrust Hudson and the five blind sailors into the pinnace and told them to go ashore. We headed the ship out that night, and in the morning the pinnace had disappeared. I became afraid of the crew and of the ship, for every night at midnight the ghosts of the Captain and the five blind sailors came aboard and troubled us sorely. While I was at my prayers one night one of the ghosts told me to leave the ship, and when we touched the coast for water I ran away from it. An Indian woman treated me very kindly, and I recovered from my loathsomeness."

The manuscript, written in a large, firm hand, consisted of ten slips of paper, apparently torn from a book, and tied together for better preservation. It has been forwarded, together with the relics of Pere Anneau, to the office of the Hudson's Bay Company in London.

Our Paris Letter.

[FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.]

The visitor to the Exhibition, even the most constant, finds novelty there after a certain absence. The dog-days are recalled by the crowd, the independence of the hackmen, and the irritability of the exhibitors. The crowds are new—just like the spectators at the theatres, and where the oldest of old plays draw. Cabby is himself again; the strike has confirmed him monarch of all he surveys, but the exhibitors are exasperation itself. Nothing will pacify them but the crucifixion, or cremation before decease, of M. Krantz. The head Commissioner is held responsible for all the mess and muddle connected with the strange workings of the international juries, and the refusal to allow the publication of the prizes before the close of October; the decisions must be kept secret till then. Not an exhibitor but knows perfectly well whether or not he is included in the number of the elect, and whether his honour be in a gold, silver, or bronze medal, or an honourable mention, what is the value of this prestige or commercial superiority if it cannot be immediately utilized, to arrest the attention of sight-seers, and entice dealers to give orders? At the live stock shows, the winners had their blue ribbons tied to their necks the moment the judges decided, and suffering humanity at the Exhibition only claims to be treated like Durhams, Merinoes, saddle and cart horses, and barn-door fowl. Foreign exhibitors are not a whit less angelic than the French, though a journal has published the names of their successful competitors, and its editors assure me they are about doing the same for the Gauls. It is useless writing to the *Times*, and the Code prohibits the holding of indignation meetings. There are 10,000 persons suffering from tantalism, a disease that forces them to keep their light under a bushels for a good month. Among the jury curiosities are, deciding upon the comparative merits of musical instruments without hearing them played; upon medicaments without tasting or experiencing their efficacy—not a crime; the summary changing of the jury decisions by the superior commissioners, and of jurors pronouncing a verdict on their own exhibits. In the French carriage section, eight grand prizes have been awarded—four of the winners being well-known jurors. The same scandal exists in the French Fine Arts group. Perhaps this explains the cynicism of the Anglo-Saxon competitors—"he who receives no prize will have obtained the most valuable distinction."

So much for the vinegar. Emile de Girardin having failed to group the European powers among Holy Russia to wipe out John Bull from the map of the world, has put forth another idea—he claims to produce one a day; an egg daily is the test for a first-class Cochin China hen—that of placing the Exhibition in winter quarters from All Saints day to May morning. Now, if citizens are decided upon anything, it is to finish with the Exhibition at the date laid down in the Bond. It has injured rather than benefited Parisian tradesmen. The journals having already puffed exhibits find it suits to go over the same ground. There are really only two subjects which seriously catch public attention, retrospective art and pre-historic humanity, and popular education. The latter, and the electric light will prove to be the permanent legacies of this year of grace, at least for the French, hence the avidity of the latter to microscopically examine the educational principles elucidated at the Exhibition, as well as the appliances of instruction. France is ashamed, but not disheartened, at her backwardness in the matter of public education; the fortune of the Republic is bound up with universal suffrage, and the latter is only safe in proportion as it is enlightened. To be in arrear of America, England and Germany in primary education, does not veto the French so much as to be surpassed by Sweden and Denmark, where instruction is obligatory, as in Switzerland. Pending that France is supplied with 15,000 more primary schools, a writer proposes to adopt the Swedish plan of ambulatory schools, in addition to professional schools for girls. In Denmark the colleges for secondary instruction are open to the peasantry up to 30 years of age. Some of the designs in tissues and jewellery from Iceland are very superior, proving that the mother country there encourages art education. In the rue des Nations no geographical plan has been followed so that Denmark is between Greece and South America, as Norway is between Italy and the United States Architectural oddity; while China is content with one dragon, Denmark has three, with tails united like the Kilkenny cats, or liberty, equality, and fraternity. Among the "curiosities" exhibited by Greece, is tobacco from Argos, but which forms the base of the famous common *corporal* preparation in France; there is wine from Lesbos, the Sappho *cru*, in a kind of poets' corner, and mineral waters from Thermopylæ, classical enough for the Prince of Wales' table. There is a wash from Ælepsus, which cured Plutarch of gout, and whose baths relieved Sylla of his rheumatic pains.

It is alleged and truly, that one-half of the Exhibition is devoted to textile fabrics and the machinery for preparing them. It would require volumes to record details; this much can be said that Russia displays some excellent goods; that the position of America as yet are undecided; that French tissues are remarkable for their fantasy, design and originality; that Italy is without a rival in fine silks, and that England will require to put forth all her power to hold her own, against a widening circle of competitors.

It is calculated that 30,000 extra-visitors arrive in, and depart from Paris daily; not more than 200 lodging houses, or apartments are, according to the police registers, totally unlet. In my opinion, one of the most curious sights is the number of outlandish vehicles that ply for hire, and the difficulty of obtaining one, or a seat even therein. Many visitors apparently march in the city in squads, and bring everything with them that can reduce expenditure while here; hence, why, relatively speaking, business in Paris has received no impetus from the Exhibition. The authorities have been very vigilant in looking after the sanitary arrangements of the city; the humbler class of hotels, etc., are subjected to constant examination by the hygienic inspectors, who also minutely inspect the coppers of all restaurants and hotels; even the tinsmiths must follow the new chemical formula for pleating, so that our daily dose of lead may be reduced like verdigris—said to be harmless—to the minimum.

The new Chief Post Office will be erected on the Quai d'Orsay; if not central it will be convenient. The present building was purchased from the Herwarth family for a post office, by Louis XV. Mme. Herwarth was a real friend of literature; she kept open house for every poet and artist of some standing. La Fontaine was a constant guest and died in the house; she cared him to the last, and substituted new for his old and dirty clothes, without the fabulist being even conscious of the change.

A refreshment keeper named Blanco has taken an action against the Marshal, for 37,000 fr. damages; on the day of the review at Valenciennes, he contracted to open a buffet, and engaged 210 waiters. By tickets being issued to excess, his waiters—at 15 francs a day—could not circulate, and the speculation collapsed.

At the Exhibition a M. Duchemin shows a new compass; an exhibitor boldly copied it and had the audacity to display it in a case alongside the original; the piracy has cost the speculator 10,000fr. damages and expenses, and every optician who has sold the copied invention, will be fined 100fr.

It is becoming a common practice for some families to join together, and have a railway carriage built for their exclusive use, and attached to certain trains. It is merely an extension of the subscription opera box system.

Friday being unlucky, the captive balloon records reduced receipts on these days.

Saturday is the favourite day for weddings among the trading and working classes; Tuesday is now to be preferred; also, a petition is being signed, that the police vans may not collect their night *gibier* at the different mayoralties between 8 and 10 a.m.—the hours for celebrating the civil marriage ceremony.

The favourite amusement for Roch, the executioner, is to feed the sparrows in the Luxembourg Gardens with crumbs of bread to amuse his grandchildren.

At the banquet of the Oriental Society just held at Florence, Renan sat beside Prince Amadeus; this lesson has not been lost on Marshal MacMahon, who will no longer oppose the promotion of Renan in the Legion of Honour

PARIS, France, Sept. 14, 1878.

"THAT is the sort of umbrella that people appropriate," said a gentleman to a companion one morning showing him a very handsome one. "Yes," rejoined his companion quietly; "I thought so when I saw you holding it."

A HARD CASE.—A tortoise's.

The Great Boat Race.

MONTREAL, Oct. 3rd.

The daily papers having given a full account of the race, the crowds, &., &c., I will merely give you a sketch of my own personal experience, with incidents which came to my own notice, and may not have found their way into the papers.

My experiences began in Toronto, in the rush for seats in the train, and as we ploughed our iron way eastward, each station gave its quota, large or small, according to the size of the town. There were three exceptons to this, namely: Port Hope, where we got a large rush from the Midland railroad; Brockville, where the people of the North district distracted us, and more fully developed at Prescott, where they poured in in a living stream from the town, the Ottawa district, and across the river from Ogdensburg and its branchings. But notwithstanding, (but by sitting quiet,) in due time we got to Montreal, when at once went to the magnificent Windsor Hotel (which gave $500 towards having the race rowed here and is now taking it back again at from $4 a day up). At one o'clock I proceeded to the G. T. R. depot, and got on board a train for Lachine. Got on board? Well, I got my foot on board and my hand on a rail, and was content when I looked at the hundreds left behind. Too much cannot be said regarding the G. T. arrangements. For fifty cents they brought you to within about 1½ miles of Lachine and dumped you on a siding, from whence you might proceed over the fields, stone walls, fences, ditches, &c., at the expense of your tailor and bootmaker. Finally, however, warm and weary, I arrived at

THE VILLAGE AT LACHINE.

Here all was bustle and hurry and excitement. Here were wheels of fortune, thimble-rigg and dice, gentlemen selling articles for 25 cents with a dollar inside which you never got although you saw them put it there every time, horses racing in a wheel, dummies which the pugilistic might knock down for 5 cents, and any and every means by which the skill of man could be utilized for fleecing his neighbour.

The main road was occupied by hacks, waggons, and every species of things that go on wheels, crowded by expectant humanity. Flags were flying, martial music playing; and a fine day over head and only a slight ripple on the water, added to the enjoyment of the hour.

The houses facing the water had boards and baunders on the top to a large extent.

THE GRAND STAND

was a sea of faces, being well patronised; and here I may give my quota of praise, so well deserved by the managing committee for their efforts, which were very complete in every detail.

The refreshment booths were as numerous, and much the same as usual, varied here and there by a board or piece of canvass as the means or inclination of the proprietor dictated.

The prospects of a race were poor all day, and as time wore on became worse and worse, till finally it blew and rained so hard that all were compelled to seek shelter while hundreds left for town. A change in the weather, however, took place about 5 o'clock. It appeared to the initiated that the race should then be started, and in this opinion they were supported by many an "o'd hand," and, in fact, we soon heard the whistle calling the men out; but one of the buoys having got shifted delayed matters some, and soon it was deficiently known that the race was postponed till Thursday.

I got on the cars—this time on top of them—and after sitting there for about an hour, the train made a move, but it was a false one, for after going a short way it took a long rest. But all things have an end, except hope and patience, and with these strongly developed, I saw Montreal once more.

Among the

INCIDENTS

may be noticed the following:—At the Grand Trunk station a well-known Yonge street man had his mind and pocket relieved of $500: he secured the hat of one of the thieves (of whom there were three), but he paid too much for it, as the owner glided among the crowd and so vanished from view.

At the Windsor hotel several small losses were reported. The same may in fact be said of "all round town," for the "Knights of the road" were everywhere plying their light-fingered avocation.

At Lachine every second man you met seemed to be a "special police," and to have nothing special to do but smoke, drink, and be saucy.

Drinking, of course, produced fighting, and many a man got his head punched for a small cost. However, there was nothing very serious reported. A young fellow, whose name I could not learn, got his ankle sprained and his leg badly bruised.

A roulette table was upset by the roadside and considerable "change" changed hands. One man in his efforts after the filthy lucre put his fingers under somebody's heel and got them stamped with a brand for some time to come.

A man with a cargo of rum aboard thought before he got aboard the train he would make a big show, so he offered 100 to 10 on Hanlan. He lost, for some one took the money in a hurry and has not turned up since. Another, slightly sickly from the same cause, got on the platform of a car, but would insist on leaning for support on others, so he was helped off the train not too gently, and created considerable amusement in his efforts to get on again.

A young man on the train in the dense crush found himself along side a young lady, and opened up a conversation with her; but her young man soon came along and asked him to mind his own affairs; for several minutes things looked serious and threatening.

On our homeward way several boys on the top of the train amused themselves by blowing down the chimneys, thus putting those below in darkness. This was repeated as often as those below had matches to light up again with.

At Lachine there were at one time no less than nine people in the water, struggling for life: and, in fact, things looked really serious for a moment, but assisted by those on the wharf all were finally fished out.

Some of the "specials" acted as a sort of water police (and what a police they were to be sure,) and succeeded in finding at last something to do by chasing a boat, but in doing so they got foul of a rock and produced much mirth to the onlookers.

"The Barge" had a narrow escape as it drifted away from its mooring and seemed likely to come in collision with some one of the many steamers; but by good fortune she drifted clear of all and came in slowly to the wharf where she was at once secured. This might have been a very serious accident attended with great loss of life.

This (Thursday) morning was

A GLORIOUS MORING,

but also windy. The first telegram in the city said, "wind off shore," so that the water was not rough. At 12.30 news was received here that the wind had gone down, and that there was every prospect of a race. I at once took a cab and drove down, but, alas, just as I got to the village down came the rain, then the hail, while the wind blew fiercely, the thunder rolled, and the lightning glared.

"No race to-day" was again the universal cry, while the people were driving away to Montreal by the hundreds; but in half an hour it cleared up as suddenly as it came on,

THE SUN SHONE OUT

brilliant, and soon the whistle was heard signalling the men to get ready.

Hanlan was the first out and went spinning to the judges' boat in good form. As they passed by Courtney's quarters, he (Courtney) spurted out and the two came down the course, Hanlan taking up his position on the outside, Courtney on the inside.

I need not, however, describe the race. That, and the result will, by the time this reaches you, have been sufficiently discussed by the dailies.

Courtney rowed his best, and, as every one is aware, *did* gain the lead several times, but Hanlan would put on a spurt and get to the front every time, so that his flag was up on the judge's boat about every half mile. When the race was over both men rowed back to their quarters together; and some one on the road side yelling out "who won?" Courtney immediately answered back "Hanlan." On getting out of his boat Courtney said to the spectators, "Well, boys, you saw a fine race;" and on some one sympathising with him on losing he said, "Oh, it's my turn next."

The betting was very strong; and if itself was sufficient to prove the falsity of the selling of the race.

Among the bets were the following: $230 against $1,000; $4 against $10; $6 against $16; $40 against $250. One man offered $5,000 against $10,000, but on a prominent Montreal citizen taking him up he backed down and treated to cigars.

WAS THE RACE SOLD?

Great talk, of course, still goes on respecting the selling of the race. Well, let us look at it in a rational light. What was it sold for? Grumblers say $4,000. So! and do you think Courtney, the hero of 72 (!) victories, would thus sell his reputation for such a mess of porridge? Again, some say he sold it for $40,000. Well, that's a good sum; perhaps he *might* be bought for that amount (not that I for one moment believe he *could* be bought), if he could find a customer. But who is going to buy him, and when bought, to put up $10,000 to make a sum of $50,000? and then run the chance of a broken oar? The thing is preposterous, look at it in what light you will. "Oh," some exclaim, "explain how they got so much out of their course!" Yes, that's simple; they practised there no doubt, but during all their practice did they once get exactly the same breeze in strength and from *that* exact quarter? Ye who grumble so take a boat—a shell if you know how to sit in it—and see how easy it is to keep up to the wind. Hanlan was better posted as to the route than Courtney, no doubt; he got more practice, and was longer there; and Courtney, knowing this, followed close on his opponent, so if Hanlan went astray in his course it follows that Courtney went so also; then when both found out their error, Courtney was in Hanlan's water, and Hanlan had a *right* to cross his bow; it then was a matter of choice for Courtney to lose the race as a gentleman by backing water, or, at least, allowing Hanlan to go in; or to lose the race as a vindictive scoundrel by fouling Hanlan. For the honour of the American nation, for the honour of professional racing, and for his own personal honour, we are proud to say Courtney accepted the position of a beaten gentleman.

I have spoken to several growlers and find that men who lost nothing, for want of anything to lose, growl the most; men who lost $10, $15, or $20 put up against odds of two or three to their one, growl a good deal; and so it goes on getting less and less till one reaches the men who lost their thousands, and *they* say no bad word, and are satisfied, not at the results, but that it was a fair race.

"Oh, yes," "some say, but what about the telegraph sent to Courtney's brother?" Well, who knows his own business best? If I am backed to run a foot race with a man whom I know only by reputation, I may feel sure of beating him; but when I come to see him run in practice, and perhaps time him, who should then know best whether I *can* beat him or not? I am bound to go in and do my best, beat or no beat; but who will blame me if I say to my brother "don't bet on me, this man makes better time than I can; but I'll beat him if I can." I do not claim that Courtney *sent* those telegraphs, but I am supposing a case of *if he did*.

No; it is a libel on the American race and on Courtney as a man to talk thus, and Americans ought to protect themselves from such foul slanders.

Now reverse the case. Suppose Courtney had beaten Hanlan and a new race was on, then, indeed, some scoundrels *might* try to buy Courtney, and the American people giving odds on him, these men might make a pile; but from the beginning the Americans never backed their man freely, and how were men here to make a *pile* against such odds as had to be given?

Had Courtney come out ahead he would to-day be a little god and worshipped by forty millions of people; but losing, he is spoken evil of by some few and the balance have not the moral courage to stamp the slander down and out.

Struggling With a Grizzly.

Shooting the Monster Ineffectually, then Closing in With him With a Knife.

(From the Calaveras Herald.)

Mr. Nathan Rogers, who owns and lives on a ranch in the mountain, about nine miles above West Point, near the north fork of the Mokelumne, had the most terrific encounter with a grizzly we ever heard or read of. The details of the fight are substantially as follows: Gray squirrels are numerous in that region this season, and after dinner on Thursday Mr. Rogers went out for an afternoon's sport shooting them. He was armed with a light rifle and a large knife. Grizzlies are no strangers near the ranch, and Rogers had frequently seen their tracks; but as it is yet too early for the ravenous beasts to be driven out of the higher mountain ranges by the snow, he felt no apprehension from that source. Mr. Rogers was so successful in gunning that by four o'clock his game sack was well filled, and as he was two miles from home, determined to retrace his steps. In leaving the timbered ridge on which he had been shooting, he had to cross a patch of comparative open country, the only growth it supported being a species of furze and an occasional bunch of chapparal. He had gone only a short distance, and descending into a little blind ravine came upon a huge grizzly feeding on the carcass of a sheep.

The bear was not over twenty feet distant. Man and beast discovered each other at the same instant. For a moment Rogers stood irresolute. His first impulse was to run; but his better judgment told him that if he did so, and should be pursued by the grizzly, escape would be impossible. Dreadful as was the alternative of facing his terrible enemy, it was his only hope, and Rogers resolved to stand his ground and sell his life as dearly as possible.

There was a chance that the grizzly might not attack him if he retained a bold attitude; but whatever hopes Roger builded upon that foundation were speedily dispelled by the bear giving a low growl, dropping his mutton and advancing toward him. The hunter's heart leaped to his throat, and then, with every muscle and nerve drawn to its utmost tension, he awaited the onset of the beast with as much coolness as though his life were not at stake in the unequal contest.

As the grizzly slowly advanced toward him, and got within a distance of about fifteen steps, Rogers threw his rifle to his shoulder, and with a steady aim planted a bullet in the bear's breast, just inside the point of the right shoulder. The animal was hit hard; but no sixty-to-the pound bullet ever stopped a grizzly. With a growl resembling a roar, the infuriated beast rushed to the attack. Throwing aside the now useless rifle, and drawing his knife, Rogers braced himself for the death struggle. As the shaggy monster reared upon its haunches, its great, black, convex head towering two feet above Rogers, the latter involuntarily threw up his left arm like a pugilist on guard. The bear seized the arm in its mouth, and throwing its great paws over the shoulders of the hunter, hugged him in an embrace that forced his eyes from their sockets and the blood from his nostrils,

Roger's right arm was free, and he drove the long, keen blade of his knife to the hilt in the side of the grizzly close to the shoulder. The blade reached a vital point, inflicting a fatal wound, but its immediate effect was only to intensify the grizzly's ferocity. It hugged Rogers the closer, its long, sharp, chisel-pointed claws tearing gaping wounds in the hunter's back, while the bones of his left arm were crushed and ground to powder in the bear's vise-like jaws.

Wild with the agony of his wounds, Rogers plied his knife with the energy of desperation, driving it again and again into the vitals of the bear, literally carving it alive, while the latter, with claws and teeth, lacerated its human foe most frightfully. It was, indeed, a struggle to the death. Rogers, weak from the loss of blood and half delirious from pain, now fought by intuition, having only a vague consciousness that his life depended on his killing the bear. The terrible wounds of the grizzly began to tell upon its vitality. Roger's senses were not so dulled but that he knew that the grizzly was gradually relaxing its hold, and the ray of hope the knowledge afforded stimulated him to renewed exertions with his knife. The bear endeavoured to support itself, despite its wounds, wavered for an instant, and then, with a low moan that sounded almost human in its expression of pain and despair, toppled over, dragging the man with it, the latter falling partially beneath. Summoning all his remaining strength, Rogers plunged his knife into the grizzly's abdomen, the hot life blood and viscera spouting full in his face.

The bear relinquished its hold, and Rogers torn, lacerated, and bleeding, crawled tar enough away to escape being rent to pieces by the terrible death struggle of the bear. Although victorious, Roger's condition was critical in the extreme. He was a mile and a half from home, so weak and faint that he could hardly stand, and in danger of bleeding to death before he could reach help. His left arm hung crushed and lifeless at his side, his left scapula and clavicle were broken, the blood trickled from the terrible wounds in his back, and his legs were literally furrowed by the crooked claws of the bear's hind feet. Conscious that he soon must have help or perish, he summoned all his resolution and staggered along in the direction of home, more dead than alive, a trail of blood marking his footsteps. He managed to reach a spring in sight of his house, and then his endurance gave way. He fell in a dead faint by the water's edge. He was soon discovered by his son, and was taken home.

The grizzly was the largest ever killed in the county. It measured nine feet in length, "over all," and weighed 1,400 pounds. The left side of the bear was literally torn to pieces, there being no less than twenty-two knife wounds, nearly every one of which reached a vital point. One of its fore paws just covers an ordinary dinner plate.

Mr. Rogers is lying in an extremely critical condition. In addition to his horrible wounds the shock to his system was a terrible one. His left arm, literally mangled and torn to shreds, has been amputated at the shoulder. His left clavicle and scapula were fractured, and the three lower ribs on the right side broken. The flesh and muscles on his back are so torn and abraided that the vertebræ are actually visible in places.

The Decay of Seriousness.

One of the depressing signs of the time is the general decay of seriousness, which shows itself in many ways in conversation, in literature, and in the occupations of life. How hard it is to engage anybody in a sober and earnest conversation! People like to talk well enough, and will talk without ceasing on the most trifling subjects. They are ready to gossip, to entertain each other with the small talk of society: but it is rare in comparison that we sit down with one who seems to delight in conversation of a higher kind. The mass of people do not even think seriously. They have no convictions, and do not care to have any, even while life is so solemn and so earnest, and so swiftly passing away. They do not care to think deeply about anything outside of their special lines of business. They avoid the trouble of a real intellectual grapple with any of the great problems of life. They do not want to be burdened with opinions which are only formed as the result of thought, and which may compel them to some positive action or to sacrifice. They would get their views as they get their dinners, where they can be had the easiest; and take their creeds as they buy their clothes, "ready made," and as easy to put off as to put on. In politics they go with a party, in religion with a sect, to which they give up their own independent thinking, content to have it done for them.

The Princess Louise.

Before the Princess Louise knew that she was coming to Canada she commissioned Mr. E. W. Goodwin, a distinguished English architect, to build her a studio in Kensington. It is now half finished, and the Princess has ordered its immediate completion, declaring her intention to use it on her return to England. This amiable lady's popularity among all classes in England is greater than that of any other member of the royal family. One reason is that she meets everyone who approaches her with a sweet kindness, perfectly unaffected, and thoroughly charming. She behaves like a refined lady without the stiff *hauteur* of some of her royal relatives. She is in every respect an admirable woman, fond of art and literature, frank, generous, and large-hearted.

All Sorts.

"Try not to pass," the old man said;
So the urchin made it "next" instead.

SPELLBOUND—B-o-u-n-d.

FALL suits are cut on the buy-us.

LITERARY characters—The alphabet.

A COLD in the head is apt to lead to blows.

THE Western wits now call bigamy Utahlizing the female sex.

WHAT is the difference between a church organist and the influenza?—One stops the nose and the other knows the stops.

A HINDOSTANEE work on music says that "music is the painfully acquired art of speaking very loud in a shrill voice."

"WHAT is the brightest idea in the world?" asked young Smith of his *fiancee*. "Why, your bright eye, dear," she replied, graciously.

SUMMER is reluctant to depart. She clings like a young girl who is positive that the clock has not yet struck ten, and who does not care if it has.

A LADY in this city tells us that Mr. O—— is her best bower; he bows lower than any one else. Takes his hat off, also, as if offering it