

dressed a note to the Powers, claiming the right as a belligerent to participate in the Conference. This action is probably taken because Russia has formally acquainted Roumania of her intention to annex Bessarabia, giving the Dobrujscha in exchange. Meantime, without provocation, and in spite of the armistice, Greece is attempting to renew complications by pouring troops over the frontier into Thessaly. Next week we hope to be able to give our readers more satisfactory information concerning a stable peace.

There is one point connected with the Eastern war which has been overlooked. It is the defence of Constantinople. An English correspondent, writing from Bucharest, states that he has talked with all the military attachés with the Russian army and with many Russian officers on this subject, and it is the universally expressed opinion that the Turks, without any assistance from England, can alone, and unaided, defend Constantinople against any force the Russians can bring. It is pretty certain the Russians would never have taken Plevna if Osman Pasha had not been cut off from reinforcements and supplies. Now, as long as the Turks have the command of the sea positions in front of Constantinople, the formidable Kujuk Chekmejes cannot be cut off, or surrounded, or starved out. Thus far they can go certainly, but it is equally certain they can go no farther. There is every reason to believe that the Russian military chiefs have abandoned all idea of an attack upon Constantinople. If the Turks refuse to make peace with the Russians at Adrianople, the latter would prefer simply an attitude of armed observation until the former yielded and came to terms. This waiting game the Russians could stand longer than the Turks, because they would have the whole of Bulgaria, from the Danube to Salonica, from which to draw supplies. As this state of suspense would be detrimental to the interests of the whole of Europe, the Powers would probably bring their influence to bear to compel the Turks to make peace.

We are informed that when the collapse of the Southern Confederacy occurred, there remained in the hands of the agents of the Confederate States in England a considerable amount of money, representing the unexpended balances arising chiefly from cotton imports from the Southern States. This money was lodged in the Bank of England, and for years has been the subject of discussion between the United States Government and our Minister. The United States claimed to be the legal successor and executor of the Confederacy, and have urged the transfer of the sum in the Bank of England to the Washington Exchequer. The reply of the English Government from the time of the first application has been that the position of the United States as owner of the assets of the Confederacy lying in the Bank of England will be recognized and the money handed over, provided the Washington Government would assume whatever liabilities could be proved by British subjects against the Confederacy. Since President Hayes entered upon office the question has been re-opened, and the attitude of the British Government remaining the same, the matter was referred finally to the legal advisers of Mr. Hayes' Cabinet. The result is that Assistant-Secretary French has reported against the advisability of pressing the claims of the United States, and the English Government has been informed that the question is now permanently dropped.

The pressure on our space is again so great this week that we are forced, although very reluctantly, to hold over a mass of original matter.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

CONCERT OF THE MONTREAL SNOW SHOE CLUB.—A full and authentic account of this event will be found under a separate heading in another column. A paper on Snow Shoeing by Mufti is held over, but will appear next week.

He will pay his special compliments to the Tuques Bleus, without forgetting some of the other clubs. Look out for this paper next week.

VIEWS OF THE TROAD.—In connection with the question of the Dardanelles, these will be found interesting. Our illustrations of the present aspect of two of the places usually pointed out to curious visitors in that district, one called by the name of Dardanus, the other, a mound of earth and rubbish, imagined to be the Tomb of Achilles, may serve to exemplify the general character of traditional topography in the Troad. Dr. Schliemann, however, in a lecture which he lately delivered upon this subject, attempted to show the grounds for a more precise identification. He began by referring to the unanimous opinion of the ancients, including Thucydides and Aristotle, that the Trojan War was historical, and their agreement that Homer's Ilium stood on the site of its Hellenic namesake, which Lysimachus girdled with a great wall nearly five English miles round. Further, that this is marked by the mound now called Hissarlik was owned on all hands. The Hellenic Ilians, proud of being the successors of Priam's people, showed the ruins of Hector's palace, and of the old Trojan Prytanæum; but since antiquity had neither archaeologists, nor critics, they never used the spade in their researches, or they would have found that, except on Hissarlik, which served Troy as an acropolis, the heaped up rubbish incrustated but thinly the virgin soil. On this mound, however, which is a solitary calcareous rock, the debris of houses and whole cities piled one upon another is enormous, being from 50ft. to 53ft. deep. The mound, moreover, has bulged eastward from 200 ft. to 20ft., northward 130ft., and about 200 ft. to W. and S., through the throwing down of the rubbish from its steep slopes.

THE BURNS' FESTIVAL.—Our pictorial representation of this notable and pleasant event supplements the full descriptions which appeared in the daily papers. The celebration of the Burns' festival was, in every sense, a gratifying success, which shed great credit on the spirit of the Caledonian Society and the energy of its officers. The room represents the members sitting at the banquet, in the hall of the City Club. There are medallions containing the portraits of our popular fellow-citizen, Mr. Alexander McGibbon, President of the Caledonian Society, and of Mr. D. Macmaster, advocate, who was one of the orators of the evening, along with Rev. A. J. Bray and Prof. Murray, of McGill University. The theme of Mr. Macmaster was "Canada, our Home," and among other points of praise which we may accord to the discourse is that it has contributed to set him right with the public, and correct any misapprehension which might have arisen out of his connection with the late attempt to found a Canadian National Society. There is also a view of Burns' monument at Edinburgh.

THE DRAMA OF PLEVNA.—We have already published full particulars of the historic defense and the tragic fate of Plevna, and hence need not repeat it. But we give the present double-page illustration of the surrender, in order that our readers may see all its phases at a glance. This page is worth preserving, because it is authentic, being from the pencil of a French artist, who was the sole member of his profession that actually saw and followed out the whole drama.

MESSRS. CHISHOLM AND GREGORY.—The memoir of the best of these prominent citizens of St. John, N.B., will be found in an other part of the present issue. We regret that we have been unable to procure the notes which we asked for the biography of Mr. Gregory.

THE FIRST DANCE.—This quaint picture speaks for itself. Puss is sure to tread in the footsteps of her mother and grandmother, and as to grandpa, is he not himself teaching her the harmless frivolity by playing on the fiddle for her special behoof?

AFTER THE FIRST BALL.—Isn't he catching it, the poor old coxster! High heels, satin uppers, list soles, all gone after the first ball. Now, whose fault was it, really? That of the Crispin who wrought not well, or of the girl who danced too much at this first ball?

H. W. CHISHOLM,

U. S. VICE-CONSUL AT ST. JOHN, N.B.

A pleasing international event took place at St. John, on January 17th, in the presentation of a valuable gold chronometer and chain, by the Queen Insurance Company of London and Liverpool, to Capt. H. W. Chisholm, the United States Vice-Consul of St. John, and agent of the International Steamship Company. At the time of the great fire of the 20th June last, several thousand people, including the majority of the business men of St. John, were cut off by the fire from their residences and driven down to the wharves, most of them finally taking shelter on the new pier and the wharves of the International Steamship Company at Reed's Point. From this place of refuge many were carried away in small boats, and more than a thousand were taken off by the International steamer *New York*, on board of which, owing to the generous thoughtfulness of Capt. Chisholm and Capt. Winchester, they were provided with food and sleeping accommodations. Still, a vast multitude was left on the wharves, which were constantly threatened of destruction by the fire, all the other wharves in the city in the line of the

fire, except Reed's Point wharf and the new pier, having already been burnt. To save these wharves and the steamboat warehouses upon them was the task which Capt. Chisholm essayed to accomplish, and he succeeded. But the struggle was a desperate one; the wharves and the warehouses were of wood, and there was but a narrow interval between them and the buildings already on fire. One end of the International Warehouse was but forty feet from a building which was destroyed, and this warehouse was of wood with a shingle roof. Nothing but the most heroic efforts on the part of Capt. Chisholm and those who aided him could have saved this building and the wharf on which it stood. Their clothes were burned, their flesh scorched, and some of these heroes wear to this day the marks of their fierce conflict with the flames. Much depended on the success of their efforts; had they failed, many, perhaps hundreds, of lives would have been sacrificed, for those on the wharves would either have been burnt or drowned in the harbour.

When the agent of the Queen Insurance Company, Mr. Dresser, came to St. John, he heard the story of Capt. Chisholm's heroic and successful efforts to save life and property, and represented them to his company, who were the insurers of the International Warehouse. They felt that some acknowledgment was due to him, and sent him a letter of thanks, and likewise instructed their agent in St. John to present Capt. Chisholm with the best gold chronometer that he could procure in the United States.

The presentation of this magnificent specimen of American art and skill took place lately in the City Council Chamber, upward of two hundred of the leading men of St. John being present, including judges, barristers, and the principal merchants. The chair was taken by the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, the Hon. S. L. Tilley, and a complimentary address to Capt. Chisholm read by Mr. C. E. L. Jarvis, the agent of the Company, who, at the close, requested Mr. John Boyd to make the presentation. Mr. Boyd's speech, in conveying this fine gem of valour and worth to Capt. Chisholm, was one of the happiest efforts of his well-known eloquence, and we only regret that want of space prevents us from reproducing it.

VARIETIES.

A FARMER'S LIFE.—There is no doubt that health is more general, and the average of life is longer, in rural districts where due attention is paid to the laws of physiology, than is found elsewhere; owing, probably, to simpler habits of living, comparative freedom from anxiety incidental to trade, and the diversity of exercise, that gives more uniform action to the muscles. And as for rational enjoyment, a farmer with a grateful heart, a generous soul, a neighbourly spirit, and a will to use life as his Creator intended, may have all that can be realized on earth. And then, how suggestive of better thoughts, of filial reverence, of holy aspirations, is his occupation! At every step and in all the wide universe around, he beholds the traces of a benignant Providence, the manifestations of a merciful Father.

ANTIQUITY OF NURSERY RHYMES.—Many of these productions have a very curious history, if it could only be traced. Some of them probably owe their origin to names distinguished in our literature, as Oliver Goldsmith, for instance, is believed in his earlier days to have written such compositions. Dr. E. F. Rimbault gives us the following particulars as to some well-known favourites: "Sing a Song of Sixpence" is as old as the sixteenth century. "Three Blind Mice" is found in a music-book dated 1609. "The Frog and the Mouse" was licensed in 1580. "Three Children Sliding on the Ice" dates from 1633. "London Bridge is Broken Down" is of unfathomable antiquity. "Girls and Boys come out to play" is certainly as old as the reign of Charles II.; as is also "Lucy Locket Lost her Pocket," to the tune of which the American song of "Yankee Doodle" was written. "Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, where have you been?" is of the age of Queen Bess. "Little Jack Horner" is older than the seventeenth century. "The Old Woman Tossed in a Blanket" is of the reign of James II., to which monarch it is supposed to allude.

THE SOVEREIGNS OF CHRISTENDOM.—There are at the present moment thirty-six reigning sovereigns in Christendom from the Queen of England, to whom 237,000,000 of human beings owe allegiance, to the Prince of Monaco, whom 5,742 subjects acknowledge as their liege lord. Of these princes ten are nominally Roman Catholic, namely, the emperors of Austria and Brazil, the Kings of Italy, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Bavaria, Saxony, the Prince of Liechtenstein and Monaco. Of the remaining twenty-six, two belong to the Greek Church, though the Czar and the King of the Hellenes belong to different branches of it. The other twenty-four are Protestants, sixteen being called Lutherans, four (including the German Emperor) belonging to the "Evangelical" confession, three to the "reformed" church, and one being the "supreme head on earth" of the Church of England, but the vast majority of Queen Victoria's subjects (139,000,000) are neither Protestants nor Catholics, but Hindoos, while the Mohammedans, 40,000,000 in number, are themselves more numerous than the Protestants of all denominations in the empire.

A STORY TOLD BY MARK LEMON.—"This is a better supper than old — used to give the

actors at — in my early days," he said, one evening at a friend's house. "It was an actors' hostelry, and once a week they had a tripe supper; the host, a humourous fellow in his way at all times, presiding. Some of the actors got tired of this plain fare, and they suggested a change in the *menu*. 'By all means,' said the host, and at the following meeting the actors and a few friends were present, myself among the number. Ushered into the dining-room, there were great demonstrations of preparation. The host sat in state on a raised seat at the further end of the table; by his side stood a servant holding a herald's trumpet. The table was thick with covered dishes. When we were all seated, the herald blew a flourish, and the host, in a loud voice, said, 'Remove the covers; let the repast begin.' There were meats of all kinds, birds, chickens, game, tarts, fruits—everything we could think of; but they were the contents of a child's toy-box—wooden meats, wooden birds, painted grapes, painted apples. A cry of disgust, mingled with shouts of laughter, greeted this satire upon the actors' desire for luxuries. At the first burst of surprise, old —, in his loudest voice, cried, 'Jem, bring in the tripe.' The wooden viands seemed to have whetted the general appetite, and we had a very jovial evening. It being the host's fancy to play the part of a king, at a certain hour, when the club broke up, the time of departure was proclaimed by the entrance of a page, who bore on a velvet cushion a very large key, which he presented on his knees. 'Her Majesty, my queen,' then said the host, addressing the actors, 'has graciously sent me the castle key. Farewell!' And so the club broke up."

CANVAS "TROUSERS."—One day in London a French tailor who had but just arrived in the smoky capital waited upon Count d'Orsay to implore him to give him his countenance and patronage, well knowing that if d'Orsay ordered merely a waistcoat of him his fortune would be made. The Count remained for some minutes silent, while the poor Frenchman begged him to have pity upon a fellow-countryman; but at length, raising his eyes, he said, pointing to a bag the fellow held in his hand, "What have you there, *monsieur*?" "A coat, M. le Comte, which I am bringing home to my only customer. If M. le Comte would only allow me to show it him—" "Bah!" replied d'Orsay. "I don't want to know what you have in the bag, but I want to know about the bag itself. Have you much of the stuff of which that bag is made?" "Much of the stuff!" *Mon Dieu*, M. le Comte, I can have as much of it as I like: it is a very common quality of canvas, and used only for making bags." "Well," said the great Alfred, with the smile of a man who sees his way to an Austerlitz, "make me a pair of trousers of that stuff, and bring them to me here to-morrow punctually at four." "But, M. le Comte—" "J'ai dit," said the dandy, waving his hand: "now go, and remember to be punctual." On the following day at four the coarse canvas trousers were at the Count's lodgings, and at five he lounged into Crookford's with this extraordinary covering encasing his perfect legs. The first person he met on the staircase was Lord Chesterfield. "Gad, D'Orsay," exclaimed that excitable nobleman, stooping down and catching hold of the young Frenchman by the knee, without any ceremony, "that's wonderful stuff! Never saw it before! Gad, it looks well! It's something you've invented, I suppose, and one can't get it?" "Oh, yes, you can," laughed D'Orsay. "It's not difficult to get, and very cheap. I don't know that it's very pretty to look at, but the stuff hangs well, and does admirably for riding." "For riding? By Jove, I should think so! The very thing!" exclaimed Lord Chesterfield. "If it's no secret, will you give me the address of the tailor?" The Count, who passed his life in doing acts of kindness, gave the address, made the fortune of his poor compatriot, and set all London wearing canvas trousers on horse-back that season.

A LAWYER ANSWERED.—Police Justice King does not very frequently indulge in an exhibition of humor; but he does sometimes. The other day a case was on hearing before him under the statute rendering it criminal to sell chattel mortgaged property. When the people rested, the defendant's attorney moved that the prisoner be discharged, and Judge K. granted the motion, whereupon the lawyer representing the people, arose and suggested that he desired to be heard. "Very well," replied the judge, "I will call the prisoner back."

"Haven't you discharged him?" asked the lawyer. "Certainly," said the Judge. "Then what is the use of calling him back?" said the attorney, thinking he had the judge. "Oh," said Judge K., "to give you an opportunity to talk." He wasn't called back.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the Ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions Repaired with the greatest care. Feathers Dyed as per sample, on shortest delay. Gloves Cleaned and Dyed Black only.

J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.