

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

LUNENBURG.—Lunenburg is named from the Duchy of Lunenburg, in Lower Saxony, whence most of the original settlers came, under the protection of the British Government. The harbour, which has an excellent anchorage, is sheltered by several headlands and by Cross Island, lying near its entrance. In the year 1782 Lunenburg was invaded by the Americans, who plundered the town and forced the native pilots to conduct them safely out of the harbour. During that year the inhabitants were subjected to a constant series of depredations committed by American privateers, until the arrival of a regiment of British troops, who took up their quarters there till peace was proclaimed. From that time an increasing prosperity marked their onward career, and at the present time they occupy the distinguished position of being the second in point of importance (next to Halifax) as a port of export in the Province of Nova Scotia. The principal trade consists in exporting lumber, fish, etc., to the West Indies and the United States, the return vessels bringing from the West Indies large quantities of molasses, sugar, etc. The religious education of the population is well attended to, there being no less than five churches of various denominations, with large congregations. The depression of trade has had very little effect there, and all the inhabitants rejoice in finding the means for a pleasant and agreeable existence. A railway is now in course of construction from this place to Victou, a distance of about seventy miles, which will most likely eventually be constructed to some port on the Windsor & Annapolis Railway. It will have the effect of developing the resources of the interior of the western part of the Province.

MR. RINE.—We present our readers to-day with a portrait of this celebrated temperance lecturer, who is doing for the Dominion what Murphy and others are accomplishing in the United States. The scene of his labors has hitherto been confined to Ontario, where the good he has effected is immense, and where, in consequence, his portrait will be particularly welcome. Mr. Rine is expected to visit the Province of Quebec during the autumn, at least so we have seen it announced in several papers.

RIGHT HON. GEORGE WARD HUNT.—We present our readers to-day with an excellent likeness of the Right Hon. George Ward Hunt, M.P., from a recent photograph by the London Stereoscopic and Photographic Company, and which has been furnished to us by Mr. William Smith, Deputy Minister of Marine. The right hon. gentleman died at Hamburg, on the 27th ultimo; and we also append the following record of his public life and services. The Right Hon. George Ward Hunt, M.P., only surviving son of the late Rev. George Hunt, of Buckhurst, Berkshire, and Wadenhoe House, Oundle, Northamptonshire, by Emma, daughter of Mr. Samuel Gardiner, of Coombs Lodge, Oxfordshire, was born at Buckhurst, July 30th, 1825, and educated at Eton, and at Christ Church, Oxford (B.A., 1848; M.A., 1851; Hon. D.C.L., 1870). Mr. Hunt was called to the Bar in 1851, and went the Oxford Circuit, but he relinquished practice before entering Parliament. In 1852 and 1857 he unsuccessfully contested the borough of Northampton in the Conservative interest, but in December, 1857, on the death of Mr. Augustus Stafford, he was returned for the Northern Division of the County of Northampton, which he has represented ever since. Always an active and business member of the House of Commons, Mr. Hunt took in 1866 a very prominent position by introducing a Bill for dealing with the cattle plague, and by pressing it on with indomitable energy, *pari passu* with the measure of the Government. On the accession of Lord Derby to power in June, 1866, Mr. Hunt was nominated Financial Secretary to the Treasury, and he was Chancellor of the Exchequer from February to December, 1868. He was sworn of the Privy Council on being appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer. In February, 1874, when Mr. Disraeli formed his Cabinet, Mr. Hunt was appointed First Lord of the Admiralty. Mr. Hunt was also a Magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant for Northamptonshire, and was elected Chairman of Quarter Sessions for that county in April, 1866. He married, in 1857, Alice, third daughter of the Right Rev. Robert Eden, Bishop of Moray and Ross.

THE WHALE BOAT NEW BEDFORD.—The arrival of Captain Crapo and his wife in the whale boat *New Bedford* at Penzance, after an Atlantic voyage of forty days, is worth chronicling. The boat is a little more than nineteen feet and a half long and six feet and a half wide, built generally after the whaleboat model, but with more "sheer" and broader and deeper than most boats of her class. Her foremast is eighteen feet from the deck, and her mainmast seventeen feet high. She has a foresail, a mainsail, and a squaresail, and staysail to take advantage of light winds. Of course the little vessel was made in the most substantial manner, so as to ride out the rough seas. There are no bulwarks, and only life-lines were rigged, and in the Atlantic voyage the water often came over the deck. Captain Crapo steered sitting in the after-hatchway, and was protected by a canvas boot in rough weather. Of course when the sea was very high the boat was allowed to lie to with a drag. Three heavy gales were experienced during the passage, and for fifteen days the two passengers were compelled to wait for the violence of the storm to subside. A good deal of their clothing was washed overboard and much discomfort was

endured, but the little craft outdrew the storms nobly. Several times the venturesome captain and his wife were spoken, and there was an agreeable addition to the provisions of the *New Bedford* at all such meetings. Captain Crapo kept his longitude regularly by dead reckoning, and did not go far out of the regular course of the transatlantic steamers. His wife was as enthusiastic as himself in carrying out the project, and in the latter part of the voyage did much to help the captain whose left hand had become almost useless by constant steering. At eleven o'clock Saturday night, June 21st, the coast of Cornwall was seen by the weary voyagers, and the adventuresome captain and his equally daring wife landed at Penzance Sunday morning.

SCENES ON THE INTERCOLONIAL.—We have accumulated a large number of views on the Intercolonial Railway, taken by Henderson, of this city, several of which we give to-day. Next week we shall publish the account of a tour along this popular and highly picturesque line.

THE AMERICAN RAILWAY STRIKE.—We publish two more scenes of this great outbreak, the particulars of which have already become familiar to all our readers.

VARIETIES.

THOMAS CARLYLE.—It is said that no fewer than four gentlemen are at the present moment amassing materials for a biography of Mr. Carlyle, each of which four biographies will no doubt be based largely on the monologues that the Sage of Chelsea is delighted to pour forth to any attentive ear. It is perhaps unnecessary to point out how mistaken a picture the public is likely to get of Mr. Carlyle if these sketches of his declining years are alone to be depended on. Now that John Forster is gone, there is no one left who knew Mr. Carlyle in the prime of his manhood, and it will be a great pity if the garrulousness of old age is to be taken as representative either of the opinions or of the mental habits of one who in former years, and in the most friendly society, was as remarkable for his reticence as for his precision of judgment.

KELLOGG.—Clara Louise Kellogg has a pretty summer home at New Hartford, Connecticut, and, according to a correspondent of the *Tribune*, she is having a jolly time of it through the hot weather. When the itinerant organ-grinder agonizes with "Hold the Fort" on the sidewalk, she comes to the balcony, and with her clear, rich voice sings to his accompaniment, and eclipses him altogether. When the dancing bear makes his annual trip through the country she feeds him with cake, and chats French with the Canadian keeper. She patronizes the travelling circus and the amateur concert, and seems greatly to enjoy being auditor instead of being performer. On the evening of the Fourth, dressed in grotesque costume, and beating the drum as in "La Fille du Regiment," she headed a procession, disguised as ghosts, Turks, and odd figures of all sorts, and marched up and down the streets, while red and blue lights flashed illumination for the spectators.

ESQUIRES.—The term "Esquire" although in practice of very extensive application in Britain, really indicates a degree in the social scale next to that of knight. At one time it was a title which could be granted by the Sovereign, and even now, in spite of modern custom, it appears that only certain persons are actual esquires. In the form of squire the term still retains a trace of its ancient distinctiveness. The following are said to be truly called esquires:—The eldest sons of knights, and their eldest sons in succession; eldest sons of younger sons of peers, and their eldest sons in succession; esquires by creation, and their eldest sons; justices of the peace, while they remain in commission; sheriffs of counties, for life; officers of the royal household, while in office; mayors of towns; members of Parliament; counsellors-at-law; bachelors of divinity, law, or physic; esquires by office, as esquires of Knights of the Bath, &c. In law, foreign and Irish peers, and eldest sons of British peers, are only esquires.

TEN THOUSAND A YEAR.—When "Thousand a Year" first appeared, it was published anonymously, and Mr. Warren, the author, used to go about among his brethren at the bar, asking them if they had seen it and what they thought of it. The book soon became famous. One day Warren attacked a well-known judge with the usual question, "Have you seen 'Ten Thousand a Year?'" Suspecting the secret of the authorship, the judge said, "Oh, yes, of course I have." Something peculiar in the judge's manner prompted Warren to ask further questions. "I'll tell you a secret," said the judge, "if you give me your word of honor not to betray my confidence." Warren gave his word with great solemnity. "I am the author of 'Ten Thousand a Year,'" said the judge. The next day there appeared a paragraph in the papers announcing that Mr. Warren, an eminent member of the bar, was the author of the new novel which had attracted so much attention, and in the next edition of the work the name of the author appeared for the first time on the title-page.

A JOURNALISTIC EDUCATION.—Much has been written touching the practicability of a school for journalists—that is, a place where young men who wish to become newspaper writers may learn the art. There is a natural prejudice in newspaper offices against such in-

stitutions: like actors and business men, journalists think that the only place to learn the profession is in a newspaper office, the student having first obtained the requisite knowledge of the English language and learnt how to write correctly. There is a journalistic department in Cornell University and one in the College of Virginia, but they are merely intended to train young men in the art of writing without reference to the actual work of a newspaper office. In Packard's College, in New York, a little sheet is regularly published entitled the *Tell-tale*, in which the student is given a practical knowledge of the art of newspaper writing after the following schedule:

1. How to prepare manuscript for the press.
2. How to read proofs.
3. How to secure proper material to characterize the publication.
4. How to classify matter for the "make up."
5. How to condense matter for paragraphs.

&c., &c., &c.

This does not seem very ambitious, and yet it is remarkable how many people write for newspapers who know nothing about the preparation of manuscript for the press. The training, such as the above programme would give, would be valuable to any one wishing to become a journalist. The *Tell-tale* is a lively little paper, and some of the young people who write for it give promise of future usefulness.

THE STONEWALL BRIGADE.—The general formed his brigade along the crest of the hill near the Henry House, the men lying down behind the brow of it, in support of the two pieces of artillery placed in position to play upon the advancing foe.

General Bee, his brigade being crushed and scattered, rode up to General Jackson, and, with the excitement and mortification of an untried but heroic soldier, reported that the enemy were beating him back.

"Very well, general, it can't be helped," replied Jackson.

"But how do you expect to stop them?"

"We'll give them the bayonet," was the answer, briefly.

General Bee wheeled his horse, and galloped back to his command. As he did so General Jackson said to Lieutenant Lee, of his staff:

"Tell the colonel of his brigade that the enemy are advancing; that when their heads are seen above the hill, let the whole line rise, move forward with a shout, and trust to the bayonet. I am tired of this long range work."

In the storm which followed Bee's return to his command he was soon on foot, his horse shot from under him. With the fury of despair he strode among his men, tried to rally and to hold them against the torrent which beat upon them; and finally, in a voice which rivalled the roar of battle, he cried out: "Oh, men, there are Jackson and his Virginians standing behind you like a stone wall!" Uttering these words of martial baptism, Bee fell dead upon the field, and left behind him a fame which will follow that of Jackson as a shadow.

THE CAXTON MEMORIAL BIBLE, 1877.—According to *The Printing Times and Lithographer* the Bible held up by Mr. Gladstone at the Caxton *déjeuner* as the "climax and consummation" of the art of printing was printed at Oxford, bound in London, and delivered at the South Kensington Exhibition Buildings literally within twelve consecutive hours. The book was printed, not from stereotype plates, as has been erroneously stated by some of the morning papers, but from moveable type set up a long time ago, and not used for years. The printers commenced to make their preparations soon after midnight, and the printing actually commenced at 2 a.m.; the sheets were artificially dried, forwarded to London, folded, rolled, collated, sewn, subjected to hydraulic pressure, gilded, bound, and taken to South Kensington before 2 p.m. The book consists of 1,052 pages 16mo., minion type, and is bound in Turkey morocco, bevelled boards, flexible back, gilt lettered on back and inside cover, with the arms of the Oxford University in gold on its obverse side; and is free from the "set-off" or blemish which its hasty production might well have excused. It contains an explanatory inscription and title: "In memoriam Gul. Caxton," the occasion and date of the edition printed at the bottom of each of its thirty-three sheets. The books are numbered 1 to 100, and copies are already allotted to the Queen, the Duke of Devonshire, the Marquis of Salisbury, the Earl of Beaconsfield, the Emperor of Brazil, Mrs. Gladstone, Earl Spencer, General and Mrs. Grant, Mr. James Lennox, of New York, Mrs. Pierrepont, wife of the American Minister, Earl Jersey, Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte, the Library of the Académie Française, and several large public libraries at home and abroad, each book being inscribed with the name of the original presentee.

BURLESQUE.

MISS CORISAND was born only two years earlier than her brother Tom. When Tom was ten years old she gloried because she was twelve. When Tom was known to be fourteen she confessed to sweet sixteen. When Tom proudly boasted of eighteen, she timidly acknowledged herself past nineteen. When he came home from college, with a mustache and a vote, and had a party in honour of his twenty-first birthday, she said to her friends, "What a boyish fellow he is; who would think he was only a year younger than I?" And when Tom declared he was twenty-five and old enough to

get married, she said to a gentleman friend, "Do you know, I feel savagely jealous to think of Tom getting married. But then I suppose twins are always more attached to each other than other brothers and sisters." And two years later, at Tom's wedding, she said with girlish vivacity, to the wedding guests, "Dear old Tom, to see him married to-night and then think how, when he was only five years old, they brought him in to see me, his baby sister; I wonder if he thinks of it to-night." You have met Miss Corisande, probably. She lives in your town.

THERE WAS NO COMPLAINT.—He was a singularly grave man, even as a sexton. For nearly half a century he had been a public functionary—had performed the conspicuous duties of a sexton; yet no one had ever seen him smile. Occasionally he joked, but he did it in such a funeral manner that no one could accuse him of levity.

One day he was standing on the church steps, wiping his features with a red bandana. A hearse stood near, and three or four carriages were drawn up behind it. The notes of the organ floated out of the open windows with solemn effect. A stranger came along and said:

"Funeral?"

And the old sexton gravely bowed his head—it was.

"Who's dead?"

The old man again wiped his brow and gave the name of the deceased.

"What complaint?" asked the inquisitive stranger.

Solemnly placing his bandana in his hat and covering his bald head, the old sexton made answer,

"There is no complaint; everybody is entirely satisfied."

A BOY'S COMPOSITION ON BABIES.—There are four or five different kinds of babies. There is the big baby, the little baby, the white baby, and the poodle dog, and there is the baby elephant.

Most of these babies was born in a boarding-house 'cept the baby elephant; I think he was born on a railroad train, 'cause he allus carries his trunk with him.

A white baby is pootier nor a elephant baby, but he can't eat so much hay.

All the babies what I have ever seen were born very young, 'specially the gal babies, and they can't none of them talk the United States language.

My Father had—I mean my mother had a baby once. It was not an elephant baby; it was a little white baby; it comed one day when there was nobody home; it was a funny looking fellow just like a lobster.

I asked my father was it a boy or a girl, and he say he dont know whether he was a father or a mother.

This little baby has got two legs, just like a munkey.

His name is Mariah.

He don't look like my father nor my mother, but he looks just like my Uncle Tom 'cause the little baby ain't got no hair on his head.

One day I asked my Uncle Tom what was the reason he ain't got no hair and the little baby ain't got no hair. He says he dont know, 'cept that the little baby was born so, and he was a married man.

One day I pulled a feather out of the old rooster's tail and I stuck it up the baby's nose and it tickled him so, he almost died. It was only a little bit of a feather, and I didn't see what he wanted to make such a fuss about it for.

My mother said I ought'er be ashamed of myself and I didn't get no bread on his butter for mor'n a week.

One day the Sheriff come in the house to collect a bill of \$9 for crockery. My father says he "cant pay the bill," and the Sheriff, he says, "then I take something," and he look around the room an' he see'd the baby and he say, "Ah, ha! I take this," an' he picked up the little baby, and he wrapped him up in a newspaper and he take him away to the station house.

Then my mother she commenced to cry, an' my father say, "Hush, Mary Ann, that was all right. Don't you see how we fooled that fellow? Don't you know the bill for crockery was for nine dollars, and the little baby was only worth two and a half."

I think I'd rather be a girl nor a boy, 'cause when a girl gets a whipping she gets it on her fingers, but when a boy gets a licking he gets it all over.

I don't like babies very much anyhow, 'cause they make so much noise. I never knew but one quiet baby, and he died.

HUMOROUS.

THE man who invents a velocipede with a side-saddle, will do away with a great obstacle to the progress of woman.

THE most exasperating thing about chasing one's hat over the cobbles, is that the appreciative public expect you to grin at every jump.

To look at a watermelon in all its glory of green and red, one would not suppose that it contained a concentrated devil in every square inch. But it does.

THE cucumber season has set in, and now a man is waked up at two o'clock in the morning, after dreaming that an elephant is sitting on his equator, to experience a violent regret that he has not attended church more regularly in his youth.

A GENTLEMAN who had lately built a house was showing it to a friend, and with great glee pointing out all its various accommodations. "My dear sir," interrupted the other, "have you made the staircase wide enough to bring down your own coffin?"