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TEMPERATURE

as observed by Hearn & Harrison, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING				Corresponding week, 1882.			
Aug. 12th, 1883.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Aug. 12th, 1882.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon. 67°	85°	63°	71°	Mon. 80°	85°	71°	78°
Tues. 65°	85°	63°	71°	Tues. 84°	85°	71°	80°
Wed. 72°	86°	64°	74°	Wed. 82°	85°	73°	80°
Thur. 70°	88°	65°	74°	Thur. 90°	88°	73°	87°
Fri. 70°	86°	65°	73°	Fri. 88°	85°	70°	81°
Sat. 71°	89°	65°	75°	Sat. 91°	85°	72°	83°
Sun. 68°	86°	64°	72°	Sun. 83°	85°	73°	81°

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, August 18, 1883.

THE WEEK.

THERE appears to be no doubt that cholera is decreasing in the valley of the Nile.

To the Rockies! By dint of perseverance, the steady expenditure of money, and the rarest of engineering skill, the Canadian Pacific Railway has reached Calgary, 550 miles from Winnipeg.

THE report of a scheme for the dismemberment of Chihuahua from Mexico and its annexation to the United States is creating some attention in the latter.

HONG KONG advises state that China is apparently convinced that France is determined on the annexation of Annam and is preparing for war. The climate is injuriously affecting the younger portion of the French army which cannot operate until November.

REPORTS are conflicting about the death of Cetewayo, although the burden of evidence is against the chance of his having survived the annihilation of his army.

It is a curious circumstance that wheat commands a higher price in Toronto, at present, than in Montreal. While this difference can be explained on the general principle of the balance of trade, it takes the wind out of the sails of those who oppose the National Policy as inimical to our agricultural interests.

MR. SENECA is taking steps with the Federal Government to have the Canadian exhibits at the London Fisheries' Exhibition transferred to Paris for location in his permanent exposition at the Trocadero. We are assured that Mr. Senecal has laid no less than \$50,000 out of his own pocket to establish this Parisian exposition of Canadian products. If that is the case, the Federal Government ought certainly to do something to further his views.

MONTREAL, Toronto, and other large cities should bestir themselves and make timely arrangements for a fitting reception of Lord and Lady Carnarvon on their arrival in this country. The noble Lord's name will be forever associated with the Confederation of Canada, as he was Secretary of State for the Colonies in 1867, the crowning date of that auspicious event.

A STATEMENT has been presented to the British Colonial Minister that Australia desires the annexation of the adjacent islands and a portion of Guinea on account of the existence of anarchy and danger of the formation of a French penal settlement there.

OUR Canadian boys did not do badly at Wimbledon after all. They secured £250 in prizes. Eight men took prizes in the Alexandra series and five in the Alfred, and Lieutenant Dillon tied for second place in the Prince of Wales' prize, which last year was taken by Lieutenant Mitchell, of Canada. In the grand Aggregate Series four of the team received prizes and badges.

A RELAPSE in the case of the Count of Chambord is much to be feared, as he has not recruited sufficient strength to meet the strain. The length of his illness has, however, discounted Legitimist agitation in France for the present and given the Republic time to deal with the situation, occasioned by his death, with becoming dignity and force.

THE political situation in the Province of Quebec continues to be abnormal. The Prime Minister is without a seat in the Legislative Assembly, and persists in deferring the election of Jacques Cartier. He may not precisely violate the letter of the law in acting thus, but he certainly violates its spirit, and saddles upon the party another of those burdens which they will one day be called upon by the people to answer for.

THE Ontario Government, for nothing better than election purposes, have done a very unwise thing in attempting to take possession of points at Rat Portage. The Western boundary is still *sub judice*, and until the final Court has adjudicated, matters should be allowed to stand as they were.

THE Quebec Press Association have done themselves credit by the manner in which they received and entertained their brethren of the Ontario Association. These visits are valuable as leading to closer acquaintance between the Provinces, and removing a host of petty prejudices.

A MEMORY OF LONGFELLOW.

BY REV. JAMES B. KENTON.

Not while memory survives shall I forget that rare June day in 1881 when, in company with W. B., a man whose name is familiar to the American public through his lectures and poems, I crossed the historic threshold of America's sweetest singer. It was a perfect day and the strong salt odor of the sea, mingled with the delicate scent of new-mown hay, was blown along the fields lying upon either side of the Charles and came to us as we rode from Boston to Cambridge, the home of the poet, like a sweet prophecy of the fortunate hour to which we looked eagerly forward.

I cannot describe the feeling with which I passed up that simple gravel walk to the ancient door at the end. It was as if my feet were treading upon consecrated ground. Upon either hand the extensive lawn was thickly set with clumps of shrubbery, and an atmosphere of peace and comfort seemed to invest the entire place. One of us lifted the antique brass knocker upon the door and then we stood listening in a trembling, half-startled way to the boisterous echoes which we had awakened within. Only a moment we waited. From somewhere among the shadows upon the lawn a figure came forth, erect, venerable, with flowing white hair, a kindly, smiling face shaded by a wide-brimmed, soft felt hat, a cape thrown Spanish-wise over the shoulders and a cane grasped loosely in the hand.

"Here comes the grand old poet himself," murmured B. The next moment our hands were warmly clasped and a welcome was extended to us that placed us at once at our ease. Both of us had previously had some limited correspondence with the poet regarding two volumes of poems which each of us had published respectively, and hence, when we announced our names it was with a pleasant surprise that we perceived they were not totally strange to him. He conducted us at once into his study, a large cool, light apartment, abounding with easy chairs and books—books upon the long shelves around the room, books upon the tables, books upon the chairs, books upon the window seats, books upon the floor, books everywhere, all in an orderly confusion.

The poet immediately began an animated conversation, and to us of the latter generation it was like lifting the dim curtain of time that

separates the present from the past to hear him discourse of the great ones gone, with whom he had familiarly talked as he talked then with us, but of whom we knew only in name.

Over almost the whole range of English literature we swiftly passed. Barlow, Dana, Halleck, Drake, Emerson, Agassiz, Hawthorne, Hoffman, Cooper, John Howard Paine, Dickens, Thackeray, Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspere, Tennyson, Burns, Campbell, Scott, Byron, Moore, George Eliot, Rogers, Hunt, Keats, Shelley—they and many more were all mentioned. He related reminiscences, little anecdotes, wise sayings of those who had come nearest to him in his lifetime and expressed all in such a simple, noble manner that every word seemed to possess a special grace and charm.

He showed us some of the relics that he loved. There was the inkstand out of which had flowed Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner." There was the iron pen (the gift of "beautiful Helen of Maine") made from a fether of Bonivard, the "Prisoner of Chillon," the handle of which was from the mast of the frigate *Constitution* and was bound with a circlet of gold, in-set with three precious stones from Siberia, Ceylon and Maine. There was the "Old Clock on the Stairs," there was the chair made of the "spreading chestnut tree" under which the "village smithy" stood, which was presented to the poet only a short period before by the children of Cambridge; there were a few souvenirs of Washington's brief stay when he made the old house his headquarters during the troublous days following the struggle of the patriots on Bunker Hill; there were innumerable gift books and other things of which I have not the space here to speak.

A pleasant circumstance connected with this visit, one which I love to recall, was as follows:—A cane which had been presented to me in New York a few days before and which I chanced to have with me caught the poet's eye. It was a stick curiously carved and stained, yet of but little value. Reaching forth his hand he took the cane to examine it, at the same time remarking upon its uniqueness. Opportunity comes to every man; happy he who flies to embrace it. Almost by instinct certainly not by forethought, I seized the occasion to request the poet that he would keep the cane as a remembrance of that pleasant afternoon. At first he hesitated a moment fearing that his desire to examine the cane had been interpreted as a wish that it should be given to him; but when I assured him otherwise and urged the trifle upon him he was pleased to accept it. And since his death I have fondly thought that perhaps in that last brief walk upon his veranda which he took before the sudden fatal termination of his illness he might have had that cane in his hand.

Longfellow's courtesy was the outgrowth of his nature. A simpler, nobler bearing I have never known. There was no labored politeness, no straining at mere etiquette, but you felt at once that you were in the presence of a gentleman—one of nature's rare and finished spirits. I shall never forget the exquisite grace with which he proffered B. and myself a cigarette (undoubtedly of a costly kind), and my only regret has been that we did not have an equal grace to accept it; even though we had not used it there we might have requested to keep the tiny gift as a memorial of that day and of the artless and beautiful courtesy which prompted it.

The poet that day furnished us with several humorous instances of visits which he had received from various persons at various times. Some of these anecdotes I have already seen in print, all of them varying more or less from Mr. Longfellow's own relation of them. One especially has entirely lost its point, as I have seen it printed. As the poet related it to us it ran as follows:—One day a knock was heard at the door, which Mr. Longfellow answered in person. The poet at once recognized his visitor, both by his accent and dress, as a Western rustic. As his custom was, Mr. Longfellow invited the man to step in. Once fairly in the house the fellow gazed curiously around and at last said,

"Is this the house that George Washington once occupied?"

Mr. Longfellow answered, "It is."

"Well, by the way," said the rustic, "might I ask who the party is that occupies it at present?"

"Certainly," replied the poet, "my name is Longfellow."

"Longfellow, Longfellow," drawled the sinew of the West, "you don't mean Henry W. Longfellow?"

"That is my name," answered the poet.

"Well, I vum," said the rustic, "that beats me; why, I thought that Henry W. Longfellow died before Washington was born!"

Scattered about the poet's writing desk, which stood on the centre table, were scores of letters, many of which he had received that day. It is well known that Longfellow, so sweet of nature, so kindly of heart, could seldom refuse any request, though the request bordered almost upon impertinence. That detestable tribe known as autograph hunters seemed to be fully aware of this trait of the poet's character and the multitude of requests which came to him for autographs was simply appalling. Some of these writers would refer to certain lines of Mr. Longfellow's poems and desire that he would transcribe them in his own handwriting and attach his name to the same. But the ludicrous part of it all was, that they would almost invariably quote the desired lines from the wrong poem.

One would request him to copy the following lines from "Hiawatha," which were really to be found in "Evangeline." Another would ask for certain lines from "Evangeline," which lines could be found only in "The Courtship of Miles Standish." Of course these blundering and ignorant persons thus sought indirectly to compliment the poet by a show of familiarity with his works, but the compliment was a doubtful one to say the least.

To our great amusement he read to us several specimen letters received that day from autograph lunatics. One of them ran as nearly as I can recollect as follows:

"Dear Sir,—As you are getting quite old and are likely to drop away at any time, I thought I had better secure your autograph as soon as possible. Very truly, etc.

Another ran something in this wise:

"Honorable Sir,—I now have the autographs of Hon. Mr. Hayes, Hon. Mr. Garfield, Hon. Mr. Grant, Hon. Mr. Conkling, Hon. Mr. Blaine, etc., and I should be very glad to secure yours also. Honorably yours."

"You do not reply to such kinds of requests as that, do you, Mr. Longfellow?" asked B.

"Generally," answered the poet, "though not always. Still, it can do me no harm and to refuse might seem childish, beside injuring the feelings of some really worthy person."

Noble old man! What a characteristic reply! And let it here be said, that many who made these unreasonable demands upon the time and patience of Mr. Longfellow had not even the grace to enclose a three-cent postage stamp for the answer.

But the moment came to all too soon when we must needs take our leave. The hours which we had spent in that splendid presence had been golden. As we rose and clasped in our own that soft, thin, scholarly hand, an impression came to us both that we should never touch that hand again upon earth. The dear old poet accompanied us to the door, courteous, simple, noble, and as I looked for a last time upon the gracious features of that benignant face and heard the kindly tones of that fine voice, I bethought me of Arthur, the blameless king, of the days of the Table Round.

CURED BY LAUGHTER.

In a singular treatise on laughter Joubert gives an instance that is of itself laughable enough. A patient being very low with fever, and the physician in attendance being at a loss as to how he should produce a reaction had ordered a dose of rhubarb, but after the medicine had been prepared, fearing its debilitating effects, the order was countermanded. Not long thereafter a pet monkey belonging to the patient, that was in the room all the while, seeing the goblet in which the nurse had prepared the rejected medicine, still standing on the table, slipped slyly up, took it in his hands, and touched it to his lips. The first taste was probably novel, and he made a comical grimace, but he disliked to give it up. Another sip, and he got the sweet of the syrup. Aha! His grotesque visage brightened. He cast a furtive glance around, and then sat quietly down, with the goblet grasped firmly; and pretty soon he had placed it to his lips and drank to the dregs. Perhaps there had been half a wine-glassful of syrup of manna—not more—while the rhubarb had all settled. But he had found it, and before he had fully realized the change of taste he had swallowed nearly the whole of the nauseous dose. Mercy! What a face he made over it! The sick man was spell-bound. Never in his life had he seen anything so grotesquely and ridiculously human! The visage of the disgusted monkey was a study. It was a whole volume of utter abomination and chagrin. He ground his teeth, and actually stamped his foot, as he had seen his master do when in wrath. Then he tried to spit out the horrible taste, but it seemed worse and worse. Anon the climax came. He stood up, his eyes flashed, he grasped the goblet by its slender stock with all his might, shut his teeth, and then, with a spiteful, vengeful snap he hurled it with mad fury upon the floor, and seemed entirely satisfied as he saw the thousand glittering pieces lying about. Never before had the sick man seen anything equal to it. The whole scene, all the circumstances—everything about it—appeared to him so supremely and comically ludicrous that he burst into a fit of laughter that lasted until his curse came in to see what was the matter. And when he tried to tell her he laughed again, more heartily, if possible, than before—laughed until he sank back exhausted—sank back in a profuse perspiration. The nurse anxiously sponged and wiped his weeping skin; he perspired and laughed again—until he slept; and when he awoke the reaction had come, the fever had been broken, and he was on the sure road to convalescence.

By the lease of the western portion of their reservation, the Arapahoes and Cheyennes will receive \$63,000 per annum in money and cattle. Besides this, they have embarked in stock raising for themselves, having 800 head to start with. Secretary Teller will recommend an appropriation of at least \$60,000 to buy more cattle for the red men.