

REPUBLICANISM.

THREE GENERATIONS.

First.

"Squire Cecil, at his three-arched gate
Stood with his son and heir;
Around him spread his rich estate,
Near rose his mansion fair.
And when a neighbour ragged, and
Unlearned, passed that way,
The father turned, and to the lad
Those kindly words did say:

"There goes poor Muggins! Ah, my son,
How thankful we should be
That our republic gives a chance
To fellows such as he!"

Third.

Miss Muggins blazed in jeweled light,
And swept in silken shawl;
Her courtiers thought a maid so bright
And beautiful never was seen.
Aloft she held her haughty head,
Surveyed her Paris clothes,
"And I must patronize," she said,
"Miss Cecil, I suppose.

"She's poor, she teaches, has no style!
In Europe, now — but oh!
In this republic, we're compelled
To meet all kinds, you know!"

—Margaret B. Harvey in Scribner.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE SUSSEX REVIEW.—The so-called St. John review, of which we gave several illustrations last week took place in fact at some little distance from St. John, although the 62nd regiment, in fact, was the termination of a fortnight's camp drill at Sussex, N.B., and was as has been already stated a highly successful affair. This week we are enabled to give some illustrations of the review itself before the Governor-General, the grand stand, and the march past, from photographs taken by Notman.

"ARRESTED."—Our double-page engraving this week is from the magnificent picture by Benjamin Vautier in the Munich Art Gallery. In the distance is seen the prisoner, whose offence we are left to imagine for ourselves, but who is probably creating more excitement in the little town than ever he caused before. On the right is seen the poor man's wife who, overcome by her grief has sunk to the ground in a paroxysm of weeping, from which her mother vainly strives to arouse her with comforting words and appeals "not to give way before the folks." They, good people, are sharing their attention between the prisoner and the unhappy woman, the former getting the lion's share of attention and comment.

OUTDOOR PARLORS.

By ELIA ROMAN CHURCH.

When I see a house in process of building without a liberal allowance of piazzas, I resent it almost as a personal injury, although the probability that I shall ever sit under that man's vine or fig-tree. The vine, especially, would be altogether figurative without the material support of a veranda. A good rule would be, in building first make your piazza, then attach a house to it.

The in-door parlor is sure to be provided for with the usual amount of sofas and draperies; but the outdoor is too often like a rent-free accident of a day. "Shall we run out a railing here and a few steps, and have a veranda?" asks Paterfamilias, in a dubious sort of a way, and his wife usually assents, for she does not dislike the idea; although she would sooner part with this appendage than give up the valuable inclosure at the back of the kitchen, which is so particularly handy as a sort of store-house and a place for the doing of odd jobs.

The enthusiasm comes from the girls, who know the value of a front piazza with a thick green curtain of honeysuckle and wistaria, making a shady retreat through the long June days, and the torrid August noons, fragrant, like carefully kept linen, with delicious country smells,—clover and fresh hay, in place of lavender and rose-leaves,—strongly distilled sweetness of woodbine, faint whiffs of clematis, and roses.

And when the moon comes and traces a lattice-work of leaves on the piazza floor, and touches with lambent light each spray and corner.

"Making earth's commonest things appear
All romantic, poetic, and tender,"

the outdoor parlor is in its glory. It is the most delightful, dreamy lounging place, where the odor of fragrant Havanas is apt to mingle with the honeysuckle, and the steps are frequently occupied by halt-visitors who could scarcely nerve themselves up to the formula of a regular call. How charming is its twilight darkness to a class of people who do most of their conversation in whispers, and who are seldom characterized as great talkers,—who look upon the brightness of the in-door parlor and its animated groups without any feelings of envy, assured that whatever good times there are in the world they are having them? What would lovers do if there were no piazzas?

Some piazzas are simply an exasperation; so narrow that the steps rudely crowd the front door, instead of keeping their distance, as they should do, and only crossing the front of the house. This is a great mistake; there should be at least two sides to a veranda, to allow of one

corner, and three if possible; while it should certainly measure four yards in width. We are speaking now of the piazza for a moderate house—moderate in every way. Hudson River castles, and similar mansions elsewhere, have their full complement of generous verandas; it is the middle-class houses that suffer.

We recall one of these mansions, with its magnificent piazza, on which many happy hours have been spent; the delicate trellis-work forming Moorish arches, each of which framed an exquisite picture in living green. When flooded with moonlight, the place took on a tone of superhuman beauty. There were many accessories, too, on that piazza—things out of the common way; and selected with an artistic idea of coloring. Hanging-baskets were suspended from every point of the arches, and their tangled vines were masses of verdure and blossoms; while rustic stands filled with plants stood, not in the way of promenaders, but well back against the house. Scarlet cushions on backs and seats made the bamboo chairs luxurious, and a pile of Moorish cushions in one corner arrested the eye and fascinated the sense. They must have been stuffed with poppies to account for their sleep-charming powers; while the arabesque embroidery on the scarlet ground which adorned them, and the rug spread out below, were a most successful imitation of Moorish splendor.

This curious couch, on which one half sat and half reclined, was quite in demand among the inmates and visitors on those intolerable nights, which are not at all like angels' visits, between the 20th June and the 20th of August; and the hostess would amiably wish that she had six Moorish beds instead of one. But a single duplicate of the novelty would have spoiled the effect, so far as appearance went.

As a general thing, the furniture of our outdoor parlors does not receive sufficient consideration; it is either not picturesque, or it is uncomfortable. A rustic chair, uncushioned, is, to a certain extent, picturesque on a piazza, but it is not comfortable; while a bamboo settee is neither one nor the other. Camp-chairs with gay-colored seats are very desirable, if the color and design are good; and two or three cushions in a corner will make a very good substitute for the Moorish pile. A bright-colored afghan thrown over the pile, or on the end of the settee, adds much to the effect. In fact, anything that makes a good contrast with green is desirable on the piazza. Prettiest of all is to see a child asleep on a gay-colored rug, watched by a Newfoundland dog. —*Mrs. M. Scribner.*

THE COMING DICTIONARY.

The British Philological Society, at the instigation of Archbishop (then dean) Trench, so long ago as 1857 decided to lay deep and sure foundations for a dictionary that should include all English words in all centuries, in all meanings, with a quotation to support each of these in each and every stage—a quotation moreover with book, chapter and verse appended, that it might, for all time, be open to verification. They called upon all lovers of the English language to aid them in collecting these quotations from all English books. They appealed to all who were competent and who felt the impulse to be more than mere collectors, to aid them in arranging these countless quotations; in combining them into word groups and special sense groups and chronological series, ready for an editor's manipulation. Then they saw that an editor, like a master-architect, could build upon this broad and enduring foundation; could combine and harmonize and complete all these conspiring efforts; could rear aloft upon them at length the fair fabric of the dictionary that ought to be. It was a proud scheme. It would result in a complete history of each word, it was seen—and intended. The birth would be shown, the growth, the death—where death had come. Clearly up to the date of the publication of such a dictionary, the English language, without bias, would have representation through and through; also, after the date of such a publication, the further additions of further centuries to the English language would only need interpolation, in edition after edition, to let the complete representation ever more go on. But adverse circumstances arose; the first nominated editor—enthusiastic, brilliant, loveable—Herbert Coleridge, died. The shock to the nascent dictionary was sharp and severe; and although Mr. Furnivall, zealous in forming the Early English Text Society, the Chaucer and other societies—founded them chiefly that the welfare of the dictionary might be promoted—did all that was in his power to keep the work heartily in hand, there came a chill to the warm spread of it and it almost burned down. Happily this depression is past. It was momentary, to lead to better energy and better consolidation; it was only till there had been sufficient recovery to look at the undertaking anew; and now that the Philological Society has secured the acceptance of its plan by the University of Oxford—has secured its execution at the cost and with the typographical resources of the university press—now that, in its late president, Dr. Murray, it possesses once more a master-builder especially competent to the mighty task and willing to give his life to its completion, there can be no possible fear felt as to the result. At his call eight hundred volunteers have united their efforts to complete the gleaming and garnering in of quotations; at his call, twenty scholars are lending their aid to rough-hew these into preparatory form, twenty more have placed their special knowledge at his service in case of special need. The right spirit

is in this method of attacking the subject clearly. As a result, as much as two-thirds of the preliminary labor is announced as done. Further, twelve months hence Dr. Murray is in full hope that he will be able to present the first fruits of work the seed of which, as has been seen, was sown a quarter of a century ago.

JAMES STEPHENS.

The following account in the *New York Sun* of the celebrated Fenian Head Centre, by one of those who took part in the rescue, may prove interesting to some of our readers:—

Sir,—Being a participator in Jas. Stephens' rescue from Richmond Prison, I will give a plain, truthful statement of all facts, not compromising anybody now within the reach of the British Government. To the truth of this statement I am prepared at any time to make affidavit. John J. Breslin and Daniel Byrnes, now residing in New York, were at that time wardens in the prison; they had charge of the inside arrangements for the release. I and thirteen others, armed with revolvers and daggers, acting under orders, assembled at the "Bleeding Horse" liquor store, near the prison.

At 11 o'clock at night we concealed ourselves in a ditch outside the walls, where we lay until 1.15 a.m., having orders to let nobody pass after 12 o'clock until Stephens was rescued; to use only daggers, not revolvers, unless absolutely necessary. Upon a preconcerted signal from friends inside, we hoisted a rope ladder at 1.45 to the walls, by which James Stephens got over. Having succeeded in the release, six of us acted as a special guard, the remainder keeping within supporting distance behind. I will give the names of some of these six, who are alive and out of reach of British tyranny: John Devoy, Denis Dugan (one of the Catalpa rescuers), Col. Thomas Kelly, all now living in New York city, and myself.

JOHN HARRISON, 445 Grove street, Jersey City, June 27.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

THE first number has been published of a paper called *The Channel*, designed to be a record of agreeable gossip for English readers in the Channel towns.

THERE are several ways of estimating the length of the Parliamentary session. The oldest and not least striking is that which occurs to the old gentleman who has charge of the lavatory and cloak room. "I've been here twenty-eight years," he says, "and I never knew so many nail brushes worn out." "Well, it's a long session, you see," said his interlocutor, "all owing to those Irish members." "Yes," said the old gentleman, shaking his head, emphatically, "but it's not them as uses the nail brushes."

THE Bishop of Manchester soon found out why an attempt was made on the life of President Garfield. He heard of the dreaded deed before preaching on Sunday; and at once told his congregation its cause. "The world is very evil," was the burden of his discourse. Everything is out of order. Men's appetites are unbridled, their lusts unchecked, their imaginations prurient, for they look with pleased eyes on vice, if only its grossness be concealed. The Bishop powerfully appealed to the consciences of his hearers, and asked them whether "these were wholesome and hopeful signs."

MR. SOTHERN'S will has been proved with a personality of under £15,000. The probate was obtained by his sister, Mrs. Mary Cowan, who is the sole executrix, to whom also Mr. Sothern has bequeathed all his furniture, plate, books, papers, household effects, horses and carriages, and £100 per annum during the lifetime of his brother, Robert Dempsey Sothern. He leaves the proceeds of a life policy for £2,000 on trust to his son, George Evelyn Thomas, and the residue of his property is to be divided into three parts, one to go to his sister, and the other two to his children other than his son Lytton, to whom he has already given a considerable sum.

THERE is a little quarrel between the *Times* and the other journals who have the control of the gallery of the House of Commons respecting the new rooms which the First Commissioner of Works has assigned to the reporters. The *Times* claims one of the rooms for its exclusive use; and the rest of the gallery naturally protests against any favoritism being shown towards a particular staff, and are getting up a memorial to Mr. Shaw Lefevre on the subject. Meanwhile, two gentlemen of the *Times* staff who were on the Gallery Committee—one of them in the capacity of chairman—have severed their connection with the committee altogether, their position being a very delicate one.

A VERY remarkable fact has just come to light with respect to the late Alfred Stevens, the sculptor. Amongst the works he undertook was the Wellington monument, which is now practically hidden in the Consistory Court of St. Paul's. Mr. Ayrton was First Commissioner of Works at the time when the work was in progress, and, like many other people, Mr. Stevens had a quarrel with him. It now appears on his own posthumous testimony that he took a great revenge for his wrongs. Among the emblem-

atic figures forming part of the monument was one representing Mr. Ayrton. Those who have hurried to see the monument since the secret is out say it is a wonderful likeness. Of course the emblematic figure is a complimentary one!

How funny the new French rules are about bicycling in France! The Anglo-Saxon who arrives with his velocipede in a port at once comes under the notice of the gentlemen of the Douane. The simplicity of strolling off on the wheel and being well on your road before your fellow traveller has cleared his luggage and answered questions about sausages and cigars, is broken in upon, and a little tax has to be paid, and a little bit of ceremony has to be gone through. The tax is only a shilling, and the taxpayer gets for it a leaden seal, which the douanier fixes on to the steering bar. Then there are entrance dues to be settled, and ten per cent, going to the revenue for bringing into the country a means of going from one hotel to another, and spending your money on your road. The tax used to be twelve per cent., but it is now reduced to ten, and if the traveller leaves the country in three months from his arrival he may recover his deposit.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

VIOLENT earthquake shock in Switzerland.

THE Canadians have won the Kolapore Cup at Wimbledon.

THE capture of Sfax has produced a general quiet in Tunis.

THE Czar is to receive one more warning from the Nihilists.

A SECOND case of Asiatic cholera is reported from New Jersey.

THE Irish potato crop will be a plentiful one and of good quality.

PRIVATE BECK, 3rd Devonshire, won the Queen's prize at Wimbledon.

DEAN STANLEY will be buried in Henry the Seventh's Chapel, Westminster Abbey.

SITTING BULL has at last surrendered to the United States forces.

DIXON BROS.' fireworks manufactory in Hamilton was blown to pieces last week.

THE Rev. M. C. Osborn, D.D., has been elected President of the Wesleyan Conference in London.

DURING the fire at the Roman Catholic Presbytery at Roxton Falls, P.Q., recently, the Rev. Father Larue was burned to death.

AYOUB KHAN has reached 30 miles west of Helmund. Ghulam Haider Khan, who is with the Ameer's forces, is expected to attack Ayoub.

LAINO, of the Grand Trunk Boating Club, carried off the \$300 challenge cup and a gold medal in the single scull race at Burlington Beach recently.

THE Nihilists are holding a general congress in St. Petersburg. The police have located them, and are making preparations to drop on them unawares.

LORD O'HAGAN, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, is to resign, and will be succeeded by the present Attorney-General for Ireland, Mr. Hugh Law.

THE resolution advocating forcible measures, carried at the Revolutionary Congress in London recently, was moved by a Yankee delegate, and seconded by Louise Michel, the French revolutionist.

HEAL and soothe sore lungs without loss of time by the use of Thomas' Electric Oil, a standing internal and external remedy for lung complaint, sore chest and throat, incipient bronchitis, catarrh, rheumatism, neuralgia, soreness and stiffness of the joints, and a variety of other diseases, as well as external injuries. A single bottle of this invaluable remedy often suffices to overcome the difficulty. Not only is it speedy and thorough in its operation, but perfectly safe, since it contains only the purest and most salutary ingredients. It does not evaporate and lose strength, like medicinal oils containing an alcoholic principle. Physicians of eminence recognize and testify to its merits, and veterinary surgeons recommend it as a remedy for colics, galls, hoof affections, swellings, garget, and other complaints of horses and cattle. Prepared only by Northrop & Lyman, Toronto, Ont.

The WALKER HOUSE, Toronto.

This popular new hotel is provided with all modern improvements; has 125 bedrooms, commodious parlours, public and private dining-rooms, sample rooms, and passenger elevator.

The dining-rooms will comfortably seat 200 guests, and the bill of fare is acknowledged to be unexcelled, being furnished with all the delicacies of the season.

The location is convenient to the principal railway stations, steamboat wharves, leading wholesale houses and Parliament Buildings. This hotel commands a fine view of Toronto Bay and Lake Ontario, rendering it a pleasant resort for tourists and travellers at all seasons.

Terms for board \$2.00 per day. Special arrangements made with families and parties remaining one week or more.