



**FARMING IN THE NORTHWEST.**—The attention of the reader is specially called to this series of sketches, which are new and better designed than any thing we have yet seen, to display not only the resources of that great country, but the wonderful appliances that are brought to bear for speedy harvesting. For full description of these appliances, reference is made to the leading article, entitled "Farming in the Canadian West."

**HON. MR. FIELDING.**—William Stevens Fielding was born at Halifax, of English parents, on the 24th November, 1848. He was educated in his native town and began life as a journalist, having written for many years in the *Halifax Chronicle*. He entered public life, in 1882, as member of the Pipes Government and, in 1884, became First Minister and Provincial Secretary of a new administration. He was returned to the Legislative Assembly, for Halifax, in 1882, and has been twice re-elected since.

**MOUNT HERMIT.**—This great mountain belongs to the Selkirk range, is capped with glaciers, and forms with Mount Macdonald a matchless scene of wild grandeur. Between these two twin mountains, which seem to have been rent asunder, is the entrance to the famous Roger's Pass. Enormous precipices tower right and left, so sheer and stupendous that the traveller is overawed by their wonderful majesty. Roger's Pass is itself at a height of 4,275 feet; but these two mountains tower up a mile higher into the empyrean.

**AN AUGUST MORNING WITH FARRAGUT,** from the painting by Overend.—Perhaps no naval battle on canvas has created more interest since the "Death of Nelson," by J. M. W. Turner, than the one we engrave this week, by Overend. As the respective flags floating for the nonce will demonstrate, it is a terrible incident of historical importance, enacted during the American secessionist war. Admiral Farragut attacks Forts Morgan and Gaines, the defence of Mobile, Ala., on August 5th, 1864. His flagship, on which Farragut was lashed to the rigging, was the Hartford, and the immediate scene is the famous attack on the Southern ironclad ram Tennessee, which was so beset by the former and her aids that she never fired a gun after being first hit till she, the forts and all, surrendered. We may as well add that Admiral David Glascoe Farragut escaped unhurt through those terrible events. He died 1870, aged 69. Of course, it requires a very vivid conception to paint the picture of an event unseen by the artist and based upon imagination alone. But Mr. W. H. Overend, as an American, had many subsequent opportunities of gathering figures and facts for his brush, and how truly and cleverly he has depicted this terrible onslaught the engraving shows for itself.

**THE FLOQUET-BOULANGER DUEL.**—This superb drawing, brought out, in our columns, with splendid effect, is thoroughly French in its character and execution. The duel took place on the 13th July, on the challenge of M. Floquet, after a bitter passage of words in the Assembly between him and General Boulanger. At ten, in the forenoon, the two combatants cast off their coats, collars and waistcoats, and took their places. At once the swords were crossed, and then, as is the wont, the adversaries both fell back one step. When the word "go" was uttered, General Boulanger threw himself, or rather ran upon M. Floquet, which movement was at once met by a *corp à corps*, and the witnesses had to separate the combatants. The French First Minister was slightly wounded under the left calf, and the General was lightly hurt in the right forefinger. In consequence of the uneven lay of the soil, the latter had made a false step, which accounts for his sword touching M. Floquet's leg. The attack lasted twenty seconds. The proof of the furious onslaught on the part of M. Boulanger is the position of the combatants at the second encounter, M. Floquet's feet, as seen in the engraving, touching the brushwood of the thicket, by a rapid back movement which he had been obliged to make. The General rushed upon him with as much violence as before, dashing full upon him. M. Floquet lengthened out his arm at the same instant. His sword struck the throat of the General, whose shirt was at once soaked with blood. The witnesses stopped the fight and the attending physician attended at once to the wounded man. This second encounter lasted four seconds. M. Floquet received two scratches, one in the right hand and the other above the right nipple. M. Boulanger, sustained by his friends and the doctor, repaired to the house of his friend, Count Dillon, in whose grounds the combat took place, and there his wound was dressed. This account is translated expressly for the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.

**GENERAL PHILIP SHERIDAN**—General Sheridan was born in Somerville, Ohio, March 6, 1831. He graduated at West Point and served on frontier duty in Texas and Oregon between 1853 and 1861. He was put in command of the 11th division of the army of Ohio in 1862; commanded a division in the army of the Cumberland; and, at the battle of Stone River, December 31, 1862, saved the army from rout by his resistance. In April, 1864, he was called to the army of the Potomac by General Grant, put in command of the cavalry corps, and within the months of

May, June and July was successfully engaged in eighteen distinct actions. On the 4th of August, 1864, he was put in command of the army of the Shenandoah, and for his successes was made Major-General of the U. S. army. He joined General Grant's army at City Point, whence he started, March 25, 1865, to strike the final blow for the overthrow of General Lee. He fought the battle of Dinwiddie Court House, March 31, and that of Five Forks, which necessitated Lee's evacuation of Richmond and Petersburg, April 1. He then occupied command of various military divisions until 1869, when, by the promotion of General Sherman, he became Lieutenant-General and assumed command of the western and southwestern military divisions, with his headquarters at Chicago. On the retirement of General Sherman, February, 1884, General Sheridan succeeded to the command of the army, with headquarters at Washington.

## POINTS.

BY ACUS.

In spending their summers, it has been the custom with a great many Canadians to go outside of their own country. It is not that their own country is lacking in scenic or atmospheric attraction, but that her travelling facilities have been inadequate. Her chasms have been unbridged; her channels unmarked; her forests trackless. This is partly the reason. With the rapid opening up of the country, however, it is not likely that this inconvenience will be any longer felt. And within the country, however one's taste may run, he can find a retreat to his liking.

With a semblance of apprehension, certain writers have recently been ventilating the subject as to why young men do not marry. I do not know whether other ramblers may have noticed it; but it seems to me that, at the present time, the blushing, gushing bride is rather numerously represented: a statement which is put forward for the consolation of these apprehensive philosophers. Niagara Falls, so long a terminus for bridal tours, has by no means a monopoly. Clad in the strangest combinations generally, the bride holds forth upon the boat and flourishes upon the cars. Everyone knows that the seats on the cars are not very wide, but with a newly married couple in one of them there is room enough left for a third person; and yet he finds it imperatively necessary to hold her in. Sometimes she makes a desperate effort to appear married a long time, but it is always a failure. Ah, well! We must all have our bit of fun at the expense of the happy couple, but I have no doubt that they have the best of the bargain.

There are two subjects in regard to which the average person assumes, in public, an air of affected indifference, but in which he really believes. These two subjects are religion and the tender passion. Whatever may be the bearing of the average man during the garish day, at length, after the turmoil of it is over, amid the midnight solitudes when he and his soul are alone together,—it will come back upon him that, after all, he does believe in religion. And however he may smile at the tender passion, it is probable that in his writing-desk there is a drawer kept locked, and that contains a treasured something which could tell a different story.

The modern novel is as much a study as a story. It will be remembered that Macaulay, in his famous essay upon "Milton," says that while the language of a primitive people is poetic, that of civilization is philosophic; and that while the former presents the reader with a concrete hero, the latter treats of personified qualities and abstractions. This hypothesis is very well borne out by the modern novel. Mr. R. L. Stevenson's justly popular "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" is simply a very shrewd psychological study. Another fine unfolding of this idea of the dual nature is to be found in Mr. Maxwell Gray's excellent novel, "The Silence of Dean Maitland." In Hawthorne's novels, also, will be found psychological studies, and examples of "personified qualities." These, and many modern novels that one might enumerate, portray the man rather as he is than as he appears, and describe the mind rather than the man. And thus they become works of philosophy as well as works of fiction.

Probably many Canadians received with pleasure the intimation, in the first issue of this paper, that one of the objects of the publishers would be to present Canada in its summer aspects principally. Our winters, if anything, seem to have been rather overdone. People of other countries who know nothing of us save in our toboggan suits, would never imagine that in summer we have it 98° in the shade! When they receive the usual winter photographs and engravings, they experience a shiver or two, and put the Canadian down as a species of Greenlander.

At the theatre one may derive considerable pleasure from the audience, as well as from the performers. It is interesting, if one's seat is sufficiently far forward, to glance back and observe the faces of the audience, as indicative of their interest in the play. Some faces are eager; some are coldly critical; some are blank. Even on vice-regal faces I have marked the entire absence of any expression whatever. But we may charitably attribute this to good form. It is possible, on the other hand, to derive considerable discomfort from an audience. The usher once conducted me beside a man who had been partaking of the cup that cheers as well as inebriates. When he was awake, he laughed so that he could be heard all over the house; and when he was asleep, he snored to a similar degree. When he was awake, I wished he would go to sleep; and when he was asleep, I poked him to wake him up. I have no definite recollections of the play.

## THE CHIEF OF THE OTTAWA.

(The last Chief of the Ottawa tribe contemplating the future site of the Parliament House; he beholds, with prophetic eye, the gigantic changes about to take place.)

Air: "Believe me if all those endearing young charms."

The Chief of the Ottawa stood on the height,  
When the red sun of autumn was low.  
'Twas the spot where he met his dread foe in the fight,  
Where the waves of the Ottawa flow.  
And the glance of his eye,  
As he gazed on the sky,  
Was as dark as the cloud in the west:  
For he stood by the wave  
That does silently lave  
The spot where his forefathers rest!

The Chief of the Ottawa long since has gone  
To seek from his troubles a rest;  
He has sought out the region where brilliantly shone  
At evening, the sun in the west.  
He stayed not to weep  
Where his forefathers sleep,  
He dropped not a tear on their grave;  
But he silently fled  
From the honoured and dead,  
That sleep by the Ottawa's wave!

The Chief of the Ottawa now is no more;  
Where the council-fire blazed on the height,  
To-day, toward the heavens, sublimely soar  
The signals of Canada's might.  
When the evening is still,  
On the old "Barrack-hill,"  
Towers a structure majestic and grand;  
And a bright golden ray,  
From the god of the day,  
Gilds the monument spire of our land.

Ottawa.

JOSEPH K. FORAN

## SHIFTING SHADOWS.

Zenith past, the sun is stooping  
In the Occidental sky;  
Parched with drought, field flowers are drooping,  
Earth and grass are bleached and dry.  
Down the lane and through the meadows,  
Quaintly cast from shrub and tree,  
Stretch athwart my pathway shadows,  
Shifting, lengthening changefully.

Just outside the straggling village,  
Where the brooklet's drone is heard,  
'Neath where fleet-winged robbers pillage  
Luscious treasures from the vineyard,  
Close beside me, longer growing,  
Till it interweaves with mine,  
Moves an imaged figure, showing  
An ensamble—Dearest, thine!

Toronto.

WILL T. JAMES