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THE CANADIAN CARPET-BAGGER.

MAC—E to C—N.—“Go West, young man. We can do nothing more for you here!”

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NOTICE.

Our Agent, MR. W. STREET, who collected our accounts west of Toronto last year, is again visiting all the places on the Grand Trunk, Great Western, Canada Southern, Northern and Toronto, Grey and Bruce Railways. Subscribers are requested to settle with him all accounts due.

Subscribers are once more requested to take notice that the dates to which their subscriptions are paid are printed on their wrappers with each number sent from the office, thus: 1.78 would signify that subscriptions have been paid up to January, 1878; 7.77 up to July, 1877. This is worthy of particular attention, as a check upon collectors and a protection to customers who, not seeing their dates altered after settling with the collector, should after a reasonable time communicate with the office.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Oct. 20th, 1877.

IMMIGRATION TO THE NORTH-WEST.

It is not more than three or four weeks ago that we had occasion to enumerate the many and manifest advantages which the Province of Manitoba and the great North-West present as fields for immigration. The most strenuous endeavours are being made to place these advantages prominently before the public, and in this respect nothing better has been done than the remarkable contributions of Mr. THOMAS DOWSE, North-West editor of the *Chicago Commercial Advertiser*, which appeared in that journal on the 30th August last. A fortnight ago we published several illustrations extracted from that article, and to-day we call attention to the letter-press details as a powerful document in favor of immigration. The whole article, extending over forty columns, is both an exhaustive history of the North-West and a perfect record of all its resources. We invite Mr. Dowse to put this work into a pamphlet, and make arrangements with the Government at Ottawa for its adoption as an immigration document. We should like to analyze the article, but our space forbids, and we can make room for only one citation in regard to the wheat of the country, which confirms what our fellow-citizen, A. W. Ogilvie, M. P., has recently made public. "Potatoes have yielded as high as 600 bushels to the acre and of a quality unsurpassed, as are all the root crops. Turnips have yielded as high as 1000 bushels per acre, 500 to 700 being quite common. Corn does very well here though not made much of a crop. Tame grasses do splendidly, particularly timothy and herdsgrass, though the native grass is good enough, either for feeding or lawn purposes. In fact the light autumn rains do not soak out the nutritive properties of the native grass, and in winter the cattle will turn from the hay ricks to eat the naturally ripened grass underneath the light snow-falls of this section. Cabbages grow to an enormous size and mature quickly, so do cauliflower and celery; the latter being large, white and fine-flavoured. Cucumbers, onions and rhubarb attain great perfection and yield. Lettuce grows with a crispness unsurpassed. Melons and tomatoes do well, particularly the latter. Wild hops grow

in profusion about the lakes and streams, are in general use among the settlers and have also been successfully used by the local brewers. But of the products of the soil wheat is king. The amount raised in the Province last year was about 450,000 bushels, of a general average of 63 pounds to the bushel, while large fields were raised in which the average weight was even more than this. One field had a straight average of 68 pounds to the bushel, and another field of 2,000 bushels averaged 66 pounds, producing 46 to 46½ pounds of flour to the bushel. The wheat, bushel for bushel, produces a much larger per cent of middlings or "patent process" than the wheat of Minnesota. This is the peculiar property of the Minnesota Spring wheat which has already given the flour of that State supremacy in the Eastern States and on the London market, making it in that city in price the peer of the flour of any country or mills that are brought to that great central market of the world. Large as was the amount produced last year, considering the agricultural age and entire absence of export facilities, save to the surrounding and newer portions west, it is enough to go a good way towards supplying the home demand; but the increased acreage and present fine prospects go to show a large increase over last year's products. The same may be said of other crops. Though only a few small shipments of wheat and flour have yet been made to the Canadian markets from Manitoba, still they have been sufficient to give established quotations over the wheat from any other section and they will readily take any surplus this Province may have in the coming years. Though it is seemingly cut off from the market of the States, by the foolish tariff put on by the United States of 20 cents per bushel gold, still its great weight and superiority have attracted the attention of the Chicago and Milwaukee wheat dealers to 'grade up' the poorer wheat of more Southern localities that comes to those cities for a market. So that there is no doubt but that, as the proper railway and other shipping facilities are opened, (for Manitoba is nearer lake navigation at Duluth than Kansas is at Chicago), the wheat of Manitoba will go largely to those markets in the States, even though this high and unjust tariff is not done away with."

A LESSON FROM FRANCE.

Paragraphs like the following should not be stowed away in small type and in an obscure corner of a paper, but printed in prominent characters, and brought as vividly before the public as possible. We follow this method and call the attention of all our readers, high and low, to the ensuing statement:—

The French laborer probably gets more for his wages than any other. His food is cheaper and more nourishing. His *bouillon* is the liquid essence of beef, a penny per bowl. His bread at the restaurant is thrown in without any charge, and is the best bread in the world. His coffee and milk are peddled about the streets in the morning at a sou per cup. It is coffee, not slops. His half bottle of claret is thrown in at a meal costing 12 cents. For a few cents he may enjoy an evening's amusement at one of the many minor theatres, with his coffee free. Sixpence pays for a nicely-cushioned seat at the theatre. No gallery gods, no peanuts, pipe smoke, drunkenness, yelling or howling. The Jardins des Plantes, the vast galleries and museums of the Louvre, Hotel Cluny, palace of the Luxembourg and Versailles are free for him to enter. Art and science hold out to him their costly treasures at small cost or no cost at all. French economy and frugality do not mean that constant retrenchment and self-denial which deprive life of everything which makes it worth living for. Economy in France, more than in any other country, means the utilization of what Americans throw away; but it does not mean a pinching process of reducing

life to a barren existence of work and bread and water.

The lesson given in the foregoing paragraph should be taken to heart by every one who reads it. It is somewhat remarkable that France, which is so extravagant in her politics, and so wayward in many of her social practices, should lead the world in the matter of political and domestic economy. She is the only nation that is not suffering from the general stagnation of business. She always steers clear of financial crises, even in such tremendous times as 1871. And the thrift of her middle and lower classes, as we stated above, is something which must provoke our admiration, even if we should not feel disposed to imitate it. The secret of French prosperity is traceable to two causes—freedom from debt and economy. Every Frenchman is born with a horror of debt and his constant aim through life is to keep clear of it. This induces him to live constantly within his means. That is economy. The practice of economy is an art which the Gaul thoroughly understands, but which the Anglo-Saxon has yet to learn. To be economical requires that one make the most of everything, especially in the matter of self-sustentation. Hence the importance of cookery, in which every Frenchman is a master, and of which the most of us know nothing. It has been said, and with truth, that a Frenchman can support himself, wife and children, for a week, on what an American or a Canadian throws away in a day. It has also been said that no city in the world could have stood so long a siege as Paris did in the winter of 1870-71, because no city could have continued to live so long upon apparently nothing. These are facts and suggestions which deserve to be pondered over, especially on the eve of a winter which bodes hardship for thousands throughout the land.

LORD DUFFERIN'S LATEST PROGRESS.

The most attractive and unique scenery, immense extent of prairie province and unequalled congeries of waters in our great North-Western Domain, with all their promise of the wealth that must flow from the most fertile soil, accompanied by perfect interior navigation, have found their greatest interpreter in Lord Dufferin, in his magnificent speech delivered before the citizens of Winnipeg assembled at a banquet to do him honor, and it was no fault of His Excellency's that the great projected natural and imperial highway did not provide the occasion for a theme of equal impressiveness to thoughtful citizens. The last must be attributed to our unhappy divisions in the older Canada, and certainly not to any want of distinction in the incomparable preparatory surveys. Upon the excellent justice done to every class and interest in the newly settled Prairie Province and the regions at present tributary to it, there is no need for us to enlarge, for the speech itself has gone over the length and breadth of the Dominion, and will soon be engaging the attention of the statesmen and people of the Motherland. The feeling with which it was received by those who heard it can only be described as enthusiastic. It is not a small matter that the man endowed with the highest rank and function in the Dominion should come before us at the same time as its greatest orator and most sympathetic mind, and as a true apostle of the brotherhood of mankind and the Christianity that furthers it. The world does not often present an instance of such poetic propriety, nor furnish so hopeful an augury for the future happy accommodation of its million seekers of the means of life and welfare. His Excellency, with Lady Dufferin and the vice-regal party, has brought his grand tour through Manitoba and the lakes to a happy completion and is once more enjoying the repose of Rideau Hall. None could have more thoroughly earned their rest, and if the moment of cessation of exciting but delightful toil which gives us all oppor-

tunity to read and study his witty and eloquent but most instructive addresses, also brings to us the sad thought of the near approach of the term of his vice-regal office, it forms but an emblem of this life of ours, which has ever mingled in its cup the grave and gay, the lively and severe. Under the British régime we do not know if there be in rule and precedent a second term provided for great Governors, or if human power could be found equal to the continuance of such efforts as his, but of this we are quite certain, that if his Lordship will only consent to authorize the publication of his speeches in collected form, there will be no book in the wide field of current literature which will be more honoured by Canadians, or more faithfully transmitted as an historical record and valued heirloom to those who are to come after them.

UNDER the title of the effects of Free Trade without Reciprocity, Captain C. HALFORD THOMPSON, late Royal Artillery, enters into the very core of the subject which concerns England so much, and Canada no less under the present circumstances.

After stating the contention of Mr. MILLS and his school against protection that "to prohibit or put difficulties in the way of the importation of foreign commodities was to render the labour and capital of the country less efficient in production than they would otherwise be, and compel a waste of that labour and capital which would have been better employed in other channels," the writer says:—"No doubt this theory is perfectly correct, if we could only get all nations to agree on the point; but when import duties are abolished in this country, and not only heavy ones levied in foreign countries, but a bounty paid for the production of articles for export to this country, it is a very different matter, for not only have our manufacturers to contend against a heavy import duty in the foreign market, but they have also to see themselves undersold in the home market by goods manufactured abroad, supported by a bounty and then imported free into this country." Captain HALFORD has been at the pains to ascertain valuable statistics in aid of his case, and they certainly are startling. That the principle of protection and bounty at present does and for a while must injure England he succeeds in proving; but if a fallacy is to be discovered in his sensible and temperately expressed essay, it lies in the assumption that the injury is permanent, and that there are no counterbalancing advantages. And the same reasoning is applicable to us. If we had thorough reciprocity with the United States, free trade would be comprehensible, but with the American Chinese wall in front of us, the policy of free trade in Canada is suicidal.

It is amusing that such an authority as *Harper's Weekly* should have to be corrected by a Canadian paper—as we hereby correct it—in a matter of current American history. Yet such is the fact. The *Weekly* says:—"The persons who have served longest in the United States Senate are—SUMNER, of Massachusetts, twenty-three years; HAMLIN, of Maine, twenty-two years; CAMERON, of Pennsylvania, eighteen years; CLAY, of Kentucky, seventeen years; WEBSTER of Massachusetts, seventeen years; HOWE, of Wisconsin, sixteen years; JAMES A. BAYARD, of Delaware, fifteen years; CALHOUN, of South Carolina, eight years. Senator ANTHONY, of Rhode Island, although only sixty-two years of age, is now the oldest member of the Senate in point of continuous service, having held the position eighteen years. Should he live to fill out the fourth term, upon which he has entered, he will be the only member of the Senate whose service extended to twenty-four years. Until then the honor of longest continuous service belongs to CHARLES SUMNER." Not at all. Did not THOMAS H. BENTON, of Missouri, serve thirty consecutive years?

Mr. VENDOR is out again with his weather prognostications, and we regret to say that, like CALPHAS of old, he is "a prophet of ill." According to him we are to have, during the present autumn, that most delightful of all weathers, a veritable Indian summer, preceded by an early and rather cold spell, and followed by a season of rain, wet and mud. The winter, it is predicted, will be short and warm, wet and open, with one or two spells of severe weather, but of short duration; and it is almost unnecessary to say that it will, altogether be both gloomy and unhealthy. And as for the coming spring we are told that it will be a wet time until about the beginning of June; and the following summer will be hot and oppressive. Mr. VENDOR also adds that the winter will be favourable to the increase of throat diseases and fevers, and also cattle diseases. As if this outlook was not sufficiently dismal and alarming, Mr. VENDOR says that he agrees with Professor MANSILL in the prediction that the Asiatic cholera will approach the northern latitudes.

The loss of a dozen lives and fifty persons wounded on a Pennsylvania Railroad from a storm and floods having broken up the track, will affirm one of two plain rules. Either the railway companies should have a sufficient force of trackmen to warn the trains of such weather dangers, or the presence of a violent storm should of itself form an injunction against the passage of trains until all could be reported clear and fit for traffic; and the directing boards might be expected to possess sufficient experience and intelligence to be guided by principles so evident.

The subject of the following telegram dated Queenstown, October 11th, will doubtless have been carefully noted by our contemporary, the *London Daily Telegraph*—

The steamer *Cassell*, from Antwerp for New York, has arrived with her forward compartment filled with water—the result of a collision with the ship *Jessore*, from Liverpool, with passengers for Melbourne, recently, a hundred miles west of Fastnet. The *Jessore* sank, and the *Cassell* rescued all hands.

DOMINION ARTILLERY ASSOCIATION.

COMPETITION FOR THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S MEDALS.

Improvements in artillery material are thought by many to be worse than useless, unless accompanied by a corresponding increase of intelligence and training amongst officers, N. C. officers and gunners. Imparting and encouraging this professional knowledge among the rank and file or applying it, where it exists, by selecting the best qualified non-commissioned officers, or men for pointing our guns in action, is one of the most important duties for an artillery officer. Our expensive modern projectiles will be worse than wasted in war or peace, if fired away by men who may be short sighted, unable to adjust a target scale, or incapable of setting a fuze to a given range.

SELECTION.

The most intelligent men and best drills are first chosen. Then the best shots with small arms are likely to be the best natural gunners, a further selection is then made by the inexpensive plan of trials by pointing guns at objects against time, but without ammunition, and lastly by firing at the target. Unless accustomed to time being made an element of competition, men, who may be called upon to fire at an advancing enemy or a steamer running the gauntlet of a battery, are likely to lose that phlegmatic coolness, the quickness without hurry, which is essential to gunners and which, though inherent in the Anglo-Norse races requires to be cultivated especially in citizen soldiers.

His Excellency the Earl of Dufferin was the first to patronize the Dominion Artillery Association. Our talented Governor General with his usual generosity and readiness to promote whatever his keen perception leads him to believe tends to the development of Canadian self reliance and the security of the Empire, last year presented five medals: The first, for competition between the Kingston and Quebec Gunnery Schools. The second, for all Militia Field Batteries armed with nine pounder muzzle loading rifled guns of which Canada boasts a force of fifty-six rifled field guns, fairly equipped, manned and horsed; no mean contribution for a colony. The third medal is for competition between Field Batteries armed with

smooth bore guns of which there are three batteries of twelve guns and howitzers. The fourth medal is for heavy guns for Garrison Artillery. This force, though numerous, is notoriously backward in efficiency, probably owing to the batteries being classed with the infantry and selected by lot for training which may leave some batteries for two or three years without training: a serious drawback to an arm that cannot be extemporized, which when not trained is worse than useless, but when efficient is a most economical and useful force at no greater cost than infantry available either as gunners or infantry companies.

The Government of Canada has purchased 10 rifle guns $\frac{5}{8}$ pounders on the Palliser principle, which are now mounted on our rockfortress guarding the gate of Canada and our waterway, the mighty St. Lawrence. Ten more rifled guns are intended for Kingston, the key of Ontario, and five rifled guns were purchased from the proceeds of the sale of ordnance property at St. Johns N. B., to guard our important and solitary unfrozen seaport. Had the Major General commanding, Sir Selby Smyth, succeeded in applying as he desired, the sums arising from all such sales throughout the Dominion to similar purposes, the militia of Canada would be in some measure independent of the ever lessening vote for militia purposes which these hard times necessitate. The richer colony of Australia has voted a sum of no less than \$25,000,000 for armament and defence, and appointed a Royal Artillery Officer to the command of the local forces in South Australia. If the old Gaspé guns with which our militia garrison artillery are armed were converted into rifled guns on Major Palliser's principle, which could be done in this country, and shell cast for them in existing workshops at a trifling cost, probably less than that of importation, it would give a slight fillip to the iron manufacturing interest and render us to some little extent independent of a base of supply 2,000 miles away which is closed against us for six months in the year. Nor would there be any difficulty in the economical manufacture of Snider ammunition which will probably soon cease in the imperial arsenals as the troops are armed with the Martini. The fifth medal was a specially generous gift for competition to a single battery armed with 9 pounder B.L.R. Guns, the Halifax Field Battery which is the only corps so armed. They have this year however declined His Excellency's Medal and are the only Field Battery in our broad Dominion who have not joined the Artillery Association.

The various batteries of the Dominion compete at their own ranges, the umpires and range officers being appointed by the inspectors of artillery, Lieut. Col. Strange, Royal Artillery, and Lieut. Col. Irwin; the conditions being as nearly as possible similar. The weather and the time fuses are the only elements that cannot be put in orders or depended upon to behave properly. Last year the Quebec Gunnery School "B" Battery, carried off the Governor's medal for the two schools: the Quebec, Shefford and Gaspé batteries, the others. This year it is natural to expect a change of rounds and it is not unlikely that the Kingston gunnery school "A" Battery and some of the splendid field batteries of Ontario will come to the front, though Lieut. Col. Stevenson's Montreal Field Battery made an excellent score. This battery (there being no suitable range at Montreal) travelled 360 miles for gun practice at their own expense. The funds of the Dominion Artillery Association for prize badges, etc., are raised almost entirely by the subscriptions of the militia artillery officers themselves, supplemented by a grant of \$750 from the Government.

The system of scoring is by marking the parallelism of error, the method by which guns are tried for accuracy at the Shoeburyness gunnery school. This eliminates the chance of a man, who merely strikes the target once and never goes near it again, scoring more than a gunner whose limit of error may be no greater than that due to the gun, which frequently happened under the old method of scoring. There is however, an element of chance in the rate of burning of fuses which may have deteriorated in store from climatic or other causes, which can scarcely be eliminated. The extremely wet and foggy weather seems to have had a detrimental effect on the practice of more than one battery, obscuring to a certain extent the target and reducing the propelling power of the powder. This last effect is clearly shown by the mortar "épreuve." The illustration of competitive gun practice on the Isle of Orleans, P. Q., by our talented young soldier artist, Cornet Pennafather of the 8th cavalry, Fredericton, N. B., at present undergoing instruction at the Quebec Gunnery School, is extremely correct in all technical details as well as in artistic realization of the magnificent scenery of the noble river, the chain of the Laurentides and the Falls of Montmorency whose never changing voicings mingle to-day with the roar of artillery, making an undercurrent of God's melody to man's discord, as it did a hundred years ago when Wolfe watched his Louisburg grenadiers repulsed by Montcalm with a loss of 400 beneath its cliffs. Wolfe little thought that he had yet to lead the remnant of those gallant grenadiers to victory, and to die at their head, to share a monument with the then exultant and impetuous Montcalm.

"Mortem virtus, Commune
Famam Historia.
Monumentum Posteritas
Dedit."

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

THE Mormon delusion has not come to an end in England in spite of the death of the great biganist. We learn that the Mormon agents in this country and the Continent continue to be actively employed in promulgating the Mormon doctrines and in sending out numerous converts to the Salt Lake territory. The Guion Company's United States mail steamer *Wisconsin*, Captain Forsyth, which has just left Liverpool for New York, took out the last detachment of Mormons for this year. There were in all about 200, principally adults of both sexes, with a tolerably fair sprinkling of young women.

It is stated that some visitors to the Caxton Exhibition—people apparently intelligent and educated, had but hazy ideas of history as well as typography. The constant inquiries for the Bible printed by Caxton were perhaps a matter for not much wonder, at any rate such a book was a possibility; but it would be hard to keep a serious countenance when thus addressed by an impulsive lady: "Oh, will you please show me the first edition of Shakespeare printed by Caxton—the Queen's copy, you know?" Again, this question was soberly put: "Were all these books made by Caxton, or is it the printing only which is his?"

THERE will be universal regret in musical circles over the death of Mme. F. Lablache in Paris last week. Her illness arose from being struck by a wave while bathing more than a year since. As Miss Fanny Wyndham, she acted in the provinces at an early age; but her fine contralto voice having attracted the notice of the late Earl of Westmoreland, the founder of the Royal Academy of Music, she studied at that institution in 1836-7, and made her debut in Italian Opera at the Lyceum Theatre in 1836, when the late Mr. John Mitchell was the *impresario*, and Sir Julius, then Mr. Benedict, was the conductor and musical director with the late Signor Puzzi. Miss Fanny Wyndham subsequently made a successful debut at Her Majesty's Theatre, but retired from the lyric stage on her marriage with Signor Frederic Lablache, the son of the Lablache who, with Grisi, Rubini, and Tamburini, formed the unrivalled quartet at the Haymarket Opera House. Mme. F. Lablache has left her husband one son (now acting at the Adelphi Theatre), two daughters—one married to Herr Rokitsansky, the basso profundo of the Viennese Imperial Opera House; the other Miss Fanny Lablache, the authoress of "Starlight Stories," a book which excited some attention last Christmas for its interesting series of seven tales. Signor Frederic Lablache has been known as one of our most able professors of singing, and as a composer of some clever pianoforte as well as vocal music. His sister was married to the famed Thalberg, and the widow is living at Naples.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE handsome skating rink of the Chaussée d'Antin, situated in the Rue Blanche and the Rue de Clichy, which last spring was made quite a fashionable rendezvous, was reopened some days ago, and is now more attractive than ever. During the summer a number of improvements have been effected by the direction to increase the convenience of the skaters. One of the sharp corners, which jutted forth in a rather dangerous manner, has been rounded off.

A VERY ingenious aid to candidate deputies is announced. An optician supplies a barometer and thermometer, with a space between for the enamelled photo of the candidate. As the elector will consult the instruments daily at least, they cannot deny a regard to the portrait of the donor. There is a tiny shell-mirror over the top, and a plain one at the bottom, of the case; these are intended to win the suffrages of the fair sex. The Government must find it difficult to please all their supporters.

THERE is no building in France, of circular description, attaining to the height of the Central Pavilion on the Trocadero, erected for the coming exhibition. The four Towers will be 250 feet high. There will be forty statues placed upon the exterior pillars of this pavilion, or palace, as it should be termed. The scaffolding erected in the interior of the building, for the purpose of raising and placing the iron rafters, is a work of art and will cost over 60,000fr. There will be in this building a music hall capable of seating 6,000 persons. The palace will be perfect in every detail, and will remain one of the splendours of the capital.

THE Paris shopkeepers, taking example, by the rands Magasins du Louvre, which were the first to present to their customers the small balloons bearing in large letters the name of the establishment, now make an enormous consumption of the airy articles. One manufacturer alone makes 20,000 of these balloons each day. Since the death of M. Thiers, over 50,000 balloons have been stamped with his portrait. The first distribution was made on the day of his funeral. It is a noticeable fact that those impressions upon the vulcanized gutta-percha, of which the balloons are made, are very accurately and delicately drawn.

THE New Avenue de L'Opera was inaugurated on Wednesday week last by the Marshal. Previous to that pedestrians could get from the Place de l'Opera to that of the Théâtre Français,

but it was not open to vehicles. The Marshal walked along nearly the whole extent of the Avenue, accompanied by a little knot of engineers and other officials, the workmen and general spectators lining the road on either side. When the procession had passed through, and the President was on his way back to the Elysée, *fiacres* and carriages began pouring down the Avenue. This new street supplies a great public want, and no time will be lost in getting it into general use. In the evening following the inauguration the Jablockoff system of lighting by electricity was tried from the *façade* of the opera. Six of these lights were placed on the candelabra that decorate M. Garnier's monument, and the whole Place was inundated with a soft, pleasant light, that threw the architecture of the loggia into bold relief, and illuminated all the surrounding houses.

It is not certain whether bull-fights will be permitted to figure among the extra amusements for visitors at the Exhibition. Wonders are expected under the head of stenography, a science which, like legal resistance to arbitrary officials, is of late making much progress. Homer, it is announced, will be written on a postcard; formerly, the poem was put into a nut-shell. Guides already offer themselves to explain the works of the Exhibition to visitors; an intelligent one would pay a tourist to engage. The wooden and iron rafters for the central domes are being rapidly bolted into position; the flooring is well advanced in the galleries, and the machinery department is being flagged. The new bridge across the Seine, to supply the place of that of Jena absorbed by the Exhibition, will be completed by the close of October. The landscape gardeners have planted an immense number of beautiful trees, and are deeply engaged in the mysteries of lakes, grottoes, cascades, and grass-plats. People remark that the Marshal only visits the works—after a change of Ministry.

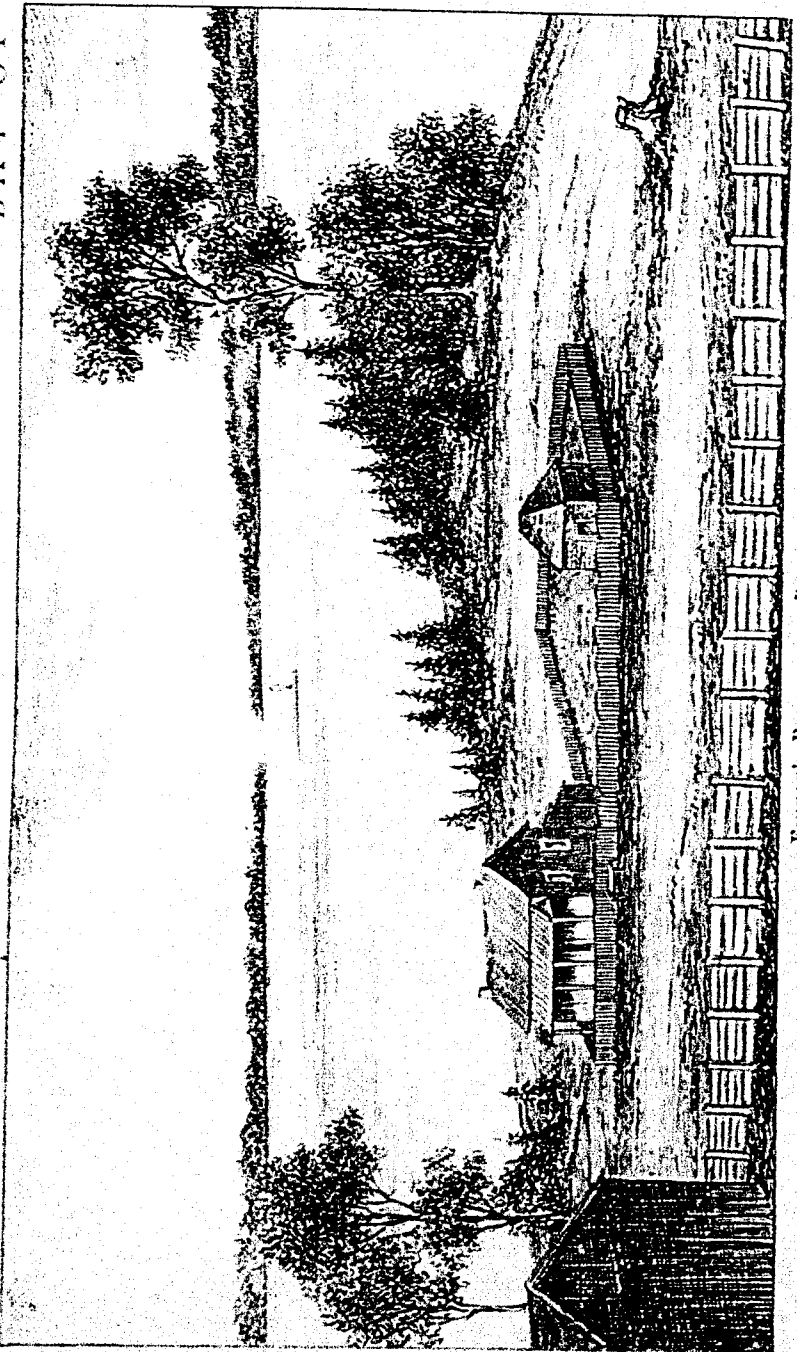
M. THIERS has left a considerable legacy to his country. By an article in his will, of which up to the present moment only his intimate friends have been aware, he leaves to the State, not only all his collections, but also the immense historical materials which he had gathered for six works, as well as the house which he had partly rebuilt with the funds voted by the National Assembly after the defeat of the Commune. We understand that this house will be converted into a museum. The packets of MSS., comprising documents of the highest political and diplomatic interest, which he used for his "History of the Revolution" and his "History of the Consulate and the Empire," and which had been given him or transcribed for him by the surviving members of the families of the historical personages concerned, or by the Chancelleries of the various countries, will be deposited in the National Archives, after the friends of the deceased have selected from them all matter of a purely personal nature. This explains why the Government abstained from sealing them up, as is customary with the papers of late Ministers, the day after their death. The copies of Italian painting which Mr. Thiers had had executed for him, mostly in water-colour, by the pupils of the Ecole de Rome, will be presented to the Museum at Marseilles, his native town.

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

Lovers of good music will again have an opportunity this year, on Thursday, October 18th, at Mechanics' Hall, to hear a concert from the Mendelssohn Quintette Club of Boston, at present composed of the following artists: S. E. Jacobsohn, violin; Gustav Daunreuther, violin; Thomas Ryan, clarionette and viola; Edward Heindl, flute and viola; Rudolph Hennig, violoncello; Alexander Heindl, violoncello and double bass (a permanent addition to the Club); assisted by the distinguished vocalist, Miss Ella C. Lewis. This charming singer accompanied the Club in their tour last season. Miss Lewis is one of the finest soprano singers the Club have had the good fortune to have sing with them in their many years of concert-giving. This well-known Club has for *twenty-eight years* given concerts of the highest order throughout the breadth of the land, and during this period its popularity has never diminished nor have the high aims it assumed at its birth been abandoned. Its two new members are Messrs. Jacobson and Daunreuther, the former one of the world's great violinists, who has recently become their iron leader, and who has been identified for several years as the leading violin and solo virtuoso of the Theo. Thomas Orchestra. Mr. Daunreuther is a pupil of the great violinist Joachim, a young violinist of remarkable skill, fresh from success as soloist and quartette player in London and on the continent.

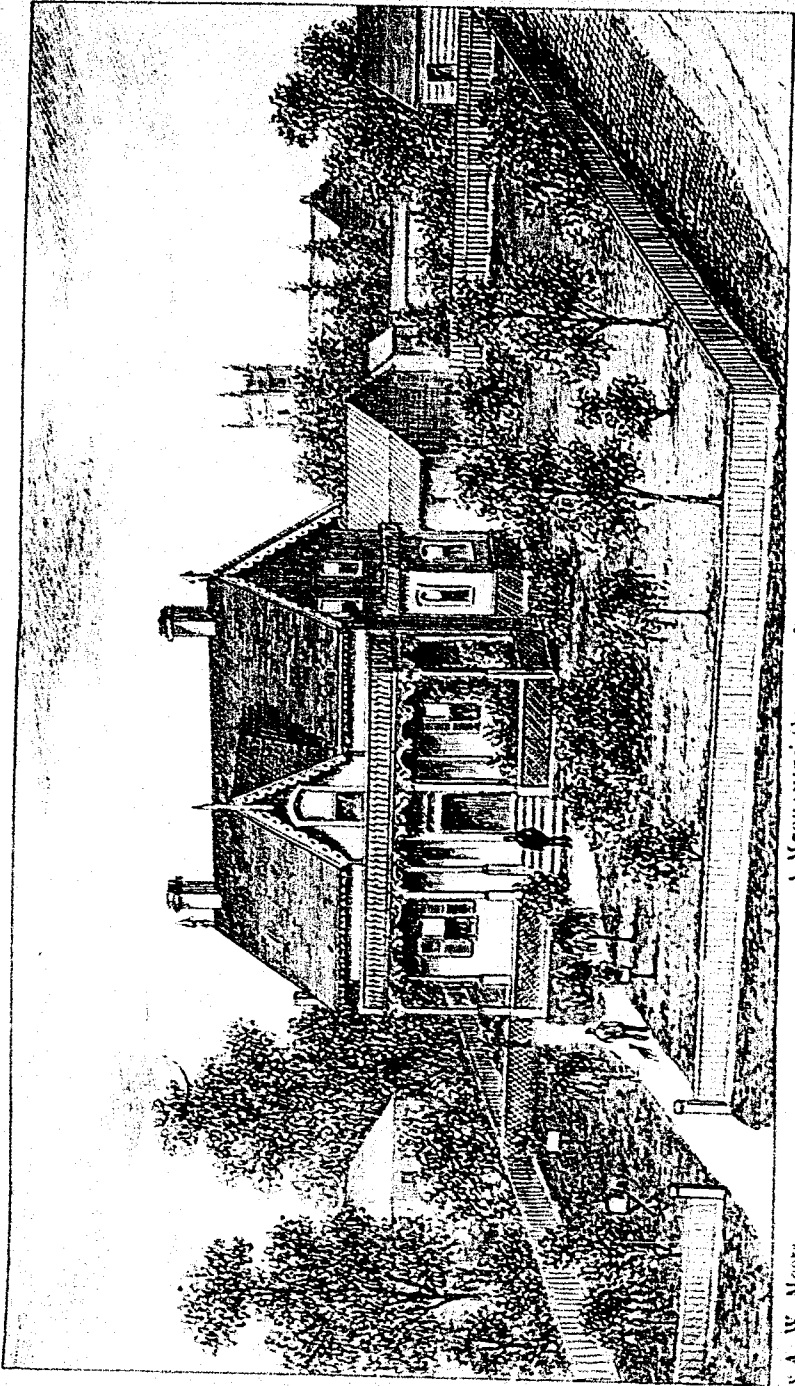
ADVICE TO STUDENTS.—Sit up to the table when you read; easy chairs abolish memory. Do not go on reading the same book for too long at one sitting. If you are really weary of one subject, change it for another. Read steadily three hours a day for five days in the week—the use of wet towels and strong coffee betrays ignorance how to read. Check the accuracy of your work as soon as you have finished it. Put your facts in order as soon as you have learnt them. Never read after midnight. Do not go to bed straight from your books. Never let your reading interfere with exercise or digestion; and lastly, if you can, keep a clear head, a good appetite, and a cheerful heart.

BAY OF QUINTE.

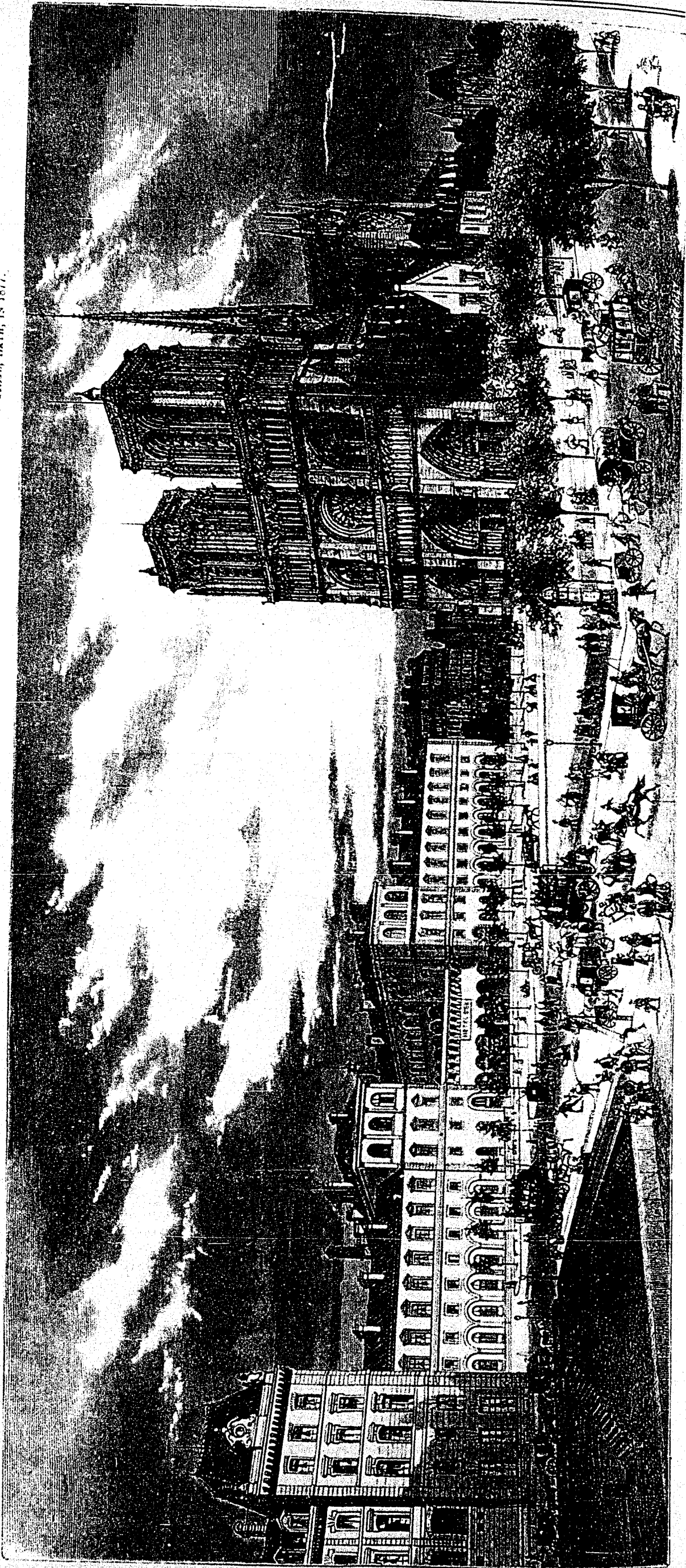


FINKLE'S POINT, NEAR BATH.

From Sketches by A. W. Moore.



A MECHANIC'S COTTAGE, BATH, IN 1877.

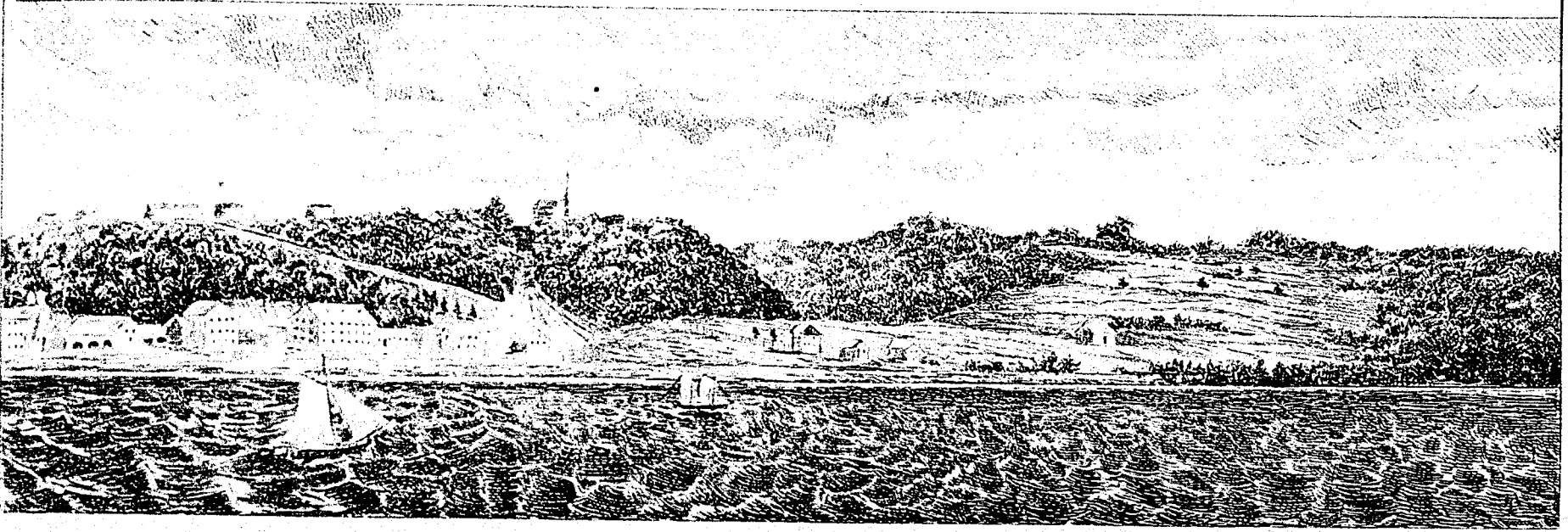


PARIS.—THE NEW SPACE IN FRONT OF NOTRE DAME AFTER THE DEMOLITION OF THE HOVER PATH.

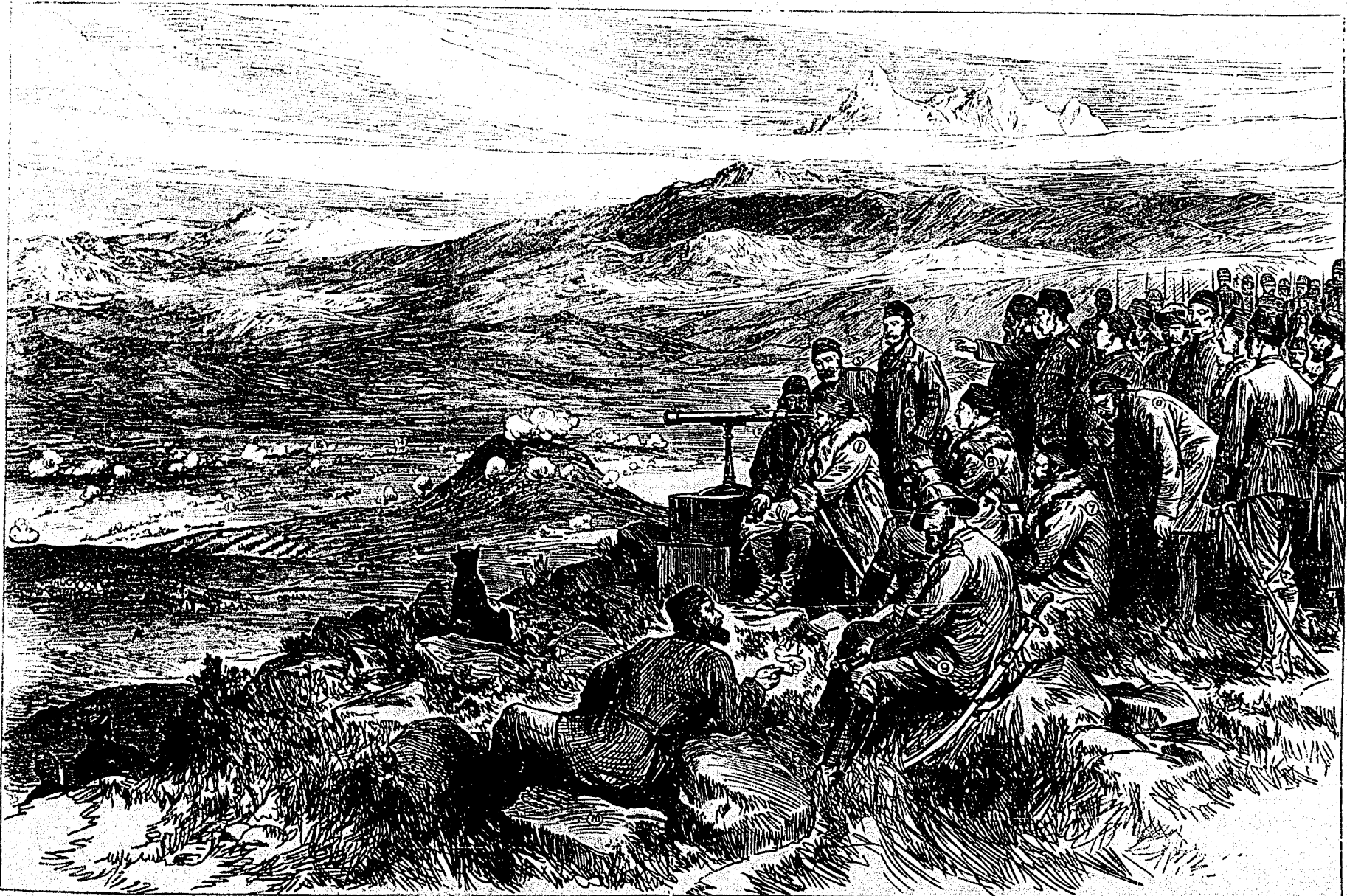
BAY OF QUINTE.



BAY OF QUINTE, FROM THE MOUNTAIN.



MOUNTAIN MILLS.
From Sketches by A. W. Moore.



1—Moukhtar Pasha, Turkish Commander-in-chief. 2—Rashid Pasha. 3—Ali Pasha. 4—Baron Schinga (Austrian). 5—Chevket Pasha. 6—Aarif Bey (Secretary). 7—Chevket Bey (Superintendent of Telegraphs). 8—Hassan Pasha. 9—Mr. Charles Williams. 10—Mr. O'Donovan. 11—Turkish position on hill, with guns. 12—Turkish troops on terrace. 13—Skirmishers. 14 and 15—Russian Batteries. 16—Russian Infantry.

THE TURCO-RUSSIAN WAR.—BATTLE OF JAHNILAR, AUGUST 18.

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BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.

A NOVEL.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE, AUTHORS OF "READY-MONEY MORTIBOY,"
"THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY," &c.CHAPTER XIII.
A FLOWER OF LOVE.

It was very early in that year, or at the end of 1857, that I made a discovery about myself. Regarded from the point of view which the climbing of so many following years have enabled me to reach, the discovery seems a thing which might have been expected,—quite natural, and belonging to daily experience. At the time, I remember, it was most surprising.

I suppose no one would believe that a young man could come to the age of one-and-twenty, and remain so little of a man as I did. But I was deformed. I was morbidly sensitive of ridicule. I was extremely poor. I had some pride of birth. I could not possibly associate with the professional men, the drawing, dancing, and music masters of the town, who might have formed my set. Their thoughts were not mine; their ways were not my ways. Not that I claimed any superiority. Quite the contrary. Men who could ride, hunt, shoot, play billiards, and do all the other things which belong to skill of hand and eye, seemed, and still seem to me, vastly superior to a being who can do nothing except interpret the thoughts of the great masters. In a country town, unless you belong to the young men of the place, and take part in the things which interest them, you fall back upon such resources as you have in yourself. There was nothing for me but my piano and my books for the evening, and Celia in the afternoon.

It was partly on account of my deformity that we were so much together. When Leonard went away I had hardly an acquaintance of my own age in the town—certainly not a friend; and I was at the age when the imagination is strongest, and the need for close companionship is felt the most. In adolescence the heart opens out spontaneously to all who are within its reach. The friends of youth are close and confidential; there is no distrust, no reserve. I think it is rare for such a friendship as that between Celia and myself to exist between two persons who are not of the same sex, neither brother and sister, nor lovers. Yet it existed, up to a certain time, and then, without a break on her part, but after a struggle on mine, it was resumed, and has been since continued. There was no shadow of restraint between us, but only a perfect and beautiful confidence, when Celia was a girl and I was a boy. Like me, but for different reasons, she lived apart from other girls; she had no school-girl friendships; she never went to school, and had no masters, except myself. I taught her all I knew, which was not much, in a desultory and methodless fashion, and the girl poured out to my ear alone—it was a harvest sixty and a hundred fold—the thoughts that spring up as clear and bright as a spring of Lebanon in her pure young heart. The thoughts of youth are sacred things; most because young people lack power of expression, they are imperfectly conveyed in the words of the poets, who belong especially to the young. Great utterances by the men of old sink deep into the hearts of those who are yet on the threshold of life. They fertilise the soil, and cause it to blossom in a thousand sweet flowers. There is nothing to me, a teacher, and always among the young, more beautiful than the enthusiasms and illusions of youth, their contempt of compromise, their impatience of diplomatic evasions, fancied impartiality, and their eager partisanship. And I am sometimes of opinion that the government of the world—its laws—its justice—its preaching—its decisions on war and peace—its expenditure—should all be under the control of youth. Before five-and-twenty all but the hardest men are open to higher influences and nobler aims. The lower levels are reached, step by step, through long years of struggle for luxury and position. Let the world be ruled by the adolescent, and let the wisdom of the *senex*, who have, too, probably become cynical, disappointed, or selfish, be used for administration alone. Above all, no man should be Autocrat, King, President, or Prime Minister after his five-and-twentieth year. As yet, however, I have made no converts to my opinion, and I fear I shall not live to see this admirable reform.

I have had many pupils, and won some friendship among them, but Celia was my first and best. No one was ever like her in my eyes, so zealous for righteousness, so pitiful for wrongdoers, so sweet in thought. Perhaps we loved her so much—the Captain and I—that we saw in her more virtues than she possessed. It is the way of those who love. What would this world be worth without that power of illusion which clothes our dear ones, while yet in life, with the white robes of Heaven?

"Has she wings somewhere, do you think, Laddy?" said the Captain one evening. Turning over the pages of the Bible, he lighted on a chapter which, he announced to me, bore upon the subject, and he would read it. "Celia's price," he read, commenting as he went along, "is far above rubies. That is perfectly true. The heart of her husband—she shall have a good one—shall safely trust in her. If he can't trust in

her, he won't be fit to be her husband. She shall rejoice—there is prophecy for us, Laddy—in time to come. Many daughters—listen to this—have done virtuously, but Celia excels them all. The woman that feareth the Lord she shall be praised. Now, if that does not bear upon the girl, what does?"

It was not possible that our boy-and-girl confidences should remain permanently unchanged, but the change was gradual. I noticed, first of all, that Celia's talk grew less personal and more general. As I followed her lead, we ceased in a measure to refer everything that we read or played to our own thoughts. So that we grew more reserved to each other. An invisible barrier was rising between us that we knew nothing of. It was caused by the passage of the girl into womanhood, imperceptible as the rising of the tide, which you do not notice until you compare your landmarks, and see how the water has gained. It was the transformation of the child, open as the day, candid and unreserved, into the woman—the true emblem of her is this figure of the Veiled Nymph—who hides, nourishes, and guards her secrets, gathering them up in the rich garden of her heart until she can show them all to her husband, and then keep them for her son. A woman without the mystical veil is no woman, but a creature androgynous, amorphous, leathsome. So that Celia would never be again—I see it so well now—what she had been to me. Her face was the same as it had been, set grave at one moment with its fine delicate lines and ethereal look, and at the next bright and laughing like a mountain stream, but always sweet with the same kindness when she looked at me. Only it seemed at times as if I was groping about in the dark for the soul of Celia, and that I found it not.

"Cis," I said, one afternoon—we were in our old place, and she was leaning against the gun looking thoughtfully across the harbour. The tide was out, and instead of the broad lagoon was a boundless stretch of green and black mud intersected with a stream of sea water, up and down which boats could make their way at all tides.

"Cis, do you know that we are changed to each other?"

Almost as I said it I perceived that if Celia was changed to me, I was no less changed towards her.

"What is it, Laddy?" she asked, turning gently, and resting her eyes on mine. They were so soft and clear that I could hardly bear to look into them,—a little troubled, too, with wonder, as if she could not understand what I meant.

"What is it, Laddy? How are we changed?"

"I don't know. I think, Cis, it is because—because you are growing a woman."

She sat down beside me on the grass. She was so much taller than I that it was nothing for her to lay her hand upon my shoulder. We often walked so. Sometimes I took her arm. But now the gesture humiliated me. I felt angry and hurt. Was I then of such small account that she should change in thought, and yet retain the old familiar fashion, as if it mattered nothing what she said or did to me? It was a shameful and an unworthy feeling.

"Because I am grown a woman?" she repeated, quietly. "Yes, I believe I am a woman now."

She was, indeed, a stately, lovely woman, with the tall and graceful figure of Helen, and the pure face of Antigone, elastic in her tread, free in the movements of her shapely limbs, brave in the carriage of her head, full of strength, youth, and activity. Her face was long and oval, but her lips, which is not usual in oval faces, were as full and as mobile as the leaf upon the tree. Her features were straight and delicate. All about her was delicate alike, from the tiny coral ears to the dainty fingers and little feet, which, like mice, went in and out. A maiden formed for love, altogether and wholly lovable; sweet as the new-mown hay, inexhaustive in loveliness—like the Shulamite, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, lovely as Tirzah, a spring of living waters, but as yet a spring shut up, a fountain sealed. And as I looked up at her my heart sank down within me.

"But why should that make a difference between us, Laddy?"

I put her hand from my shoulder roughly, and sprang to my feet, because suddenly my heart overflowed, and words came bubbling to my lips which had to be repressed. I walked to the parapet, and looked across the harbour, battling with myself for a few moments. Then I turned. The girl was looking at me with wonder.

"Why should that make any difference, Laddy?" she repeated.

I was master of myself by this time, and could answer with a smile and lightly:

"Because you have put away the thoughts of a child, Celia. You no longer think or speak as you used to. Not any sudden change, Cis. Do not think that I complain. I was thinking of what we were a couple of years ago, and what we are now. You cannot help it. You show your womanhood in your new armour of reserve. Very bright and beautiful armour it is."

"I mean no reserve, dear Laddy. We always

talked together since we were children, have we not? And told each other everything."

"Not lately, Cis, have we?"

She hesitated, and blushed a little. Then she evaded my question.

"Why, who could be more to me than you, Laddy? My companion, my tutor, my brother. What have I to hide from you? Nothing, Laddy, nothing."

"Not that you know of, Cis. But there is a change. I think that we do not talk so freely of our thoughts as we did. Do we?"

She pondered for a moment.

"I thought we did, Laddy. At least, I have not thought anything about it. There is no change indeed, dear Laddy. What if I am grown up, as you say, into a woman?"

"What, indeed, stately Cis! Only girls are so—they wrap themselves up in their own thoughts and become enigmas."

She laughed now.

"What do you know about girls, pray? We have so few thoughts worthy the name that we can hardly be said to wrap ourselves in them. And why should girls be enigmas any more than your own sex, sir?"

"I don't know. Perhaps we want to find out more than they care to tell us about themselves."

"Perhaps because men always think and talk of women as a class. Why can't they give us individuality?"

"You see, Laddy, we are different from men chiefly because we have no ambition for ourselves. I suppose it is our nature—so far we are a class—that we desire peace and obscurity for ourselves, and greatness only for those men we care about. I have no hopes for myself in the future, Laddy. But I want to see Leonard famous, and you a great composer of beautiful music, and the dear old Captain happy in your success, and my father to grow in honour and reputation. That is all my prayer for myself and my friends. And I like to think of men and women working all over the world to make us all better and happier. Perhaps it may come in my way some day to do something quietly for the love of God."

"You do something quietly, already, Cis," I said, "because you live as you do live."

"Ah, Laddy, I have so many people who love me. Life is very easy when one is surrounded by the affection of so many. Suppose one had been born in the courts, where the voices are rough and men swear. Look at that troop of miserable men."

She pointed to a gang of convicts passing through Liberty gate.

"What have been their temptations? How could they have lived the Christian life?"

"Their standard is lower than yours, Cis. Do you remember the statue of Christ, which was always higher than the tallest man? The higher one's thoughts carry one, the more wonderful, the more unattainable seems the Christlike life. But our talk has led us into strange paths, Cis. All this because I said you were grown a woman."

"No, sir, you called me names. You said I was an enigma. See now, Laddy, I must never be an enigma to you. I promise this. If ever you think that I am hiding any thought from you, ask me what it is, and I will confess it unless it is an unworthy thought, and then I should be ashamed."

"You could not have unworthy thoughts, Cis."

She shook her head.

"Foolish and frivolous thoughts. Vain and selfish thoughts," she said. "Never mind them now. Let us only continue as we have always been—my brother, my kind and sweet-faced brother."

Mine, indeed; but that she did not know. She took my hands in hers, laid her sweet fair cheek to mine, and kissed me on the lips and forehead. I think I feel her kisses still. I did not dare—I could not return them. For when that ruby red-rose blossom of her lips met mine I trembled in all my limbs.

Think, I was small, mean of appearance, and deformed, but I was past twenty-one years of age. I was a man. And I loved the girl with an unbrotherly love, and with a passion which might even have belonged to a man whose back was straight.

If I trembled when she touched me, just as I rejoiced when I saw her, or heard the rustle of her dress, the kisses which she gave me struck my heart with a coldness as of death. Of course I knew it all along, but there is always a reserve power of illusion in youth, and I may have deceived myself. But now it came home to me with clearness as of crystal that Celia could never, never, by any chance, care for me in that way.

I realised this in a moment, and pulled myself together with an effort, returning the gentle pressure of her soft warm hand just as if my heart was as calm as her own. Then I answered in commonplace and at random:

"Thank you, Cis. Some day, perhaps, I shall take you at your word, and make you confess all sorts of hidden things. Tutor and pupil is all very well, so is elder brother and younger sister. But you are six inches taller than I already."

I have always thought that this simple speech was the wisest I ever made in my life, because I was so very near saying what I should have repented ever after. Had I said what was in my heart, and almost on my lips, I might have destroyed the sweet friendship which existed then as it still exists, pure and strong as the current of a great river. I thank God solemnly that I refrained my lips. "Whoso," says the

wise man, "keepeth his tongue, keepeth his soul from trouble." I loved her, that is most true; in those days when I was yet struggling with the impulses of a passionate love, there were moments when the blood ran tingling and coursing through the veins, and when to beat down the words running riot in my brain, was almost beyond my strength. We were so much together, and she was so unconscious. She could not understand how her voice fell upon my soul like the rain upon a thirsty soil. Even when we were apart there was no moment when Celia was not present in my thoughts. All the morning the music of my pupils, even the very scales, sang Celia, Celia, Celia, in accents which varied with my moods, now wild and passionate, now soft and pleading, now hopeful and now despairing.

There was one time—I do not know how long it lasted—a week or a dozen weeks—when I was fain to pretend illness because the misery of crushing this hopeless love was too great for me, and I craved for solitude.

CHAPTER XIV.

In those days the new suburb, which is now a large town, had hardly yet been begun; there was no sea wall along the beach outside the harbour, and half a mile beyond the rampart you might reach a place perfectly lonely and deserted. There was a common, a strip of waste land where the troops drilled and exercised, and beyond the common an old castle, a square and rather ugly pile built by Henry VII., when he set up the fortresses of Sandown, Walmer, and Deal. It was surrounded by a star fort, and stood on the very edge of the sea, with a sloping face of stone which ran down to the edge of the water at low water and into the waves at high, protecting the moat which surrounded the town. As a boy I regarded this fortress with reverence. There had been a siege there at the time of the Civil War. It was held for the king, but the governor, after a little fighting with his Roundhead besiegers, surrendered the castle and then the town itself capitulated. One pictured the townsmen on the wall, looking out to see the fortunes of the battle, the men for Church and King, side by side with their sacred brethren who were for God and country, the discomfiture of the former when the Royal Standard was hauled down, and the joy of the Puritans when their party marched in at the town gates. Of course in my young imagination I supposed that the town was just the same then as now, with the bastions, curtains, ravelins, and glacis. It was a lonely place in those days, fit for a dreamy boy or a moody man. Beyond the castle the beach stretched far away under a low cliff of red earth, curving round in a graceful line; behind the beach was a narrow strip of ground covered with patches of turf, whose yellow and sickly sweet blossoms seemed to flourish independently of all seasons on its scanty edge grew sea poppies; and here, amidst the marshy ground which lay about, we used to hunt as boys for vipers, adders, and the like; even, the alligator of Great Britain, who is as long as a finger and as venomous as a hawk. Sometimes, too, we would find gipsy encampments planted among the furze, with their gaily painted carts, their black tents, and their Romany has a black tent like the modern Bedawi or the ancient dweller in the tents of Kedar. While we looked at the bright-eyed children and the marvellous old woman standing over the fire of sticks and the great black pot, there would come out of the tents one or two girls with olive skins and almond eyes and the almond eyes of Syria, but darker, darker, and brighter. They would come smiling in Leonard's face, asking him to cross his hand with silver. When he said he had no silver they would tell him his fortune for nothing, reading the lines of his palm with a gibberish which showed their knowledge of the art. But it was always a beautiful fortune, with love, fighting, wife, and children in it. Behind this acre or two of furze stood, all by itself, a mill, and there was a story about this mill because its centre pillar, on which the vases revolved, had once been part of the mastmast of a French frigate taken in action. And higher up the beach again, because this was a place full of historic association—stood two old earthwork forts at intervals of half a mile. The ramparts were green with turf, the grass all blown inland and lying on the days of each summer in long swathes upon the slopes, beaten down by the sea breeze; the moats were dry, and these towers were grown over with grass; there was an open place at the back where once had been a gate and a drawbridge; there was a stone wall in the open part of the enclosure, only some inclined to the belief that it was only a sham wall, and masked, *profecto sub nomine*, a subterranean passage to the Castle; the fronts of these forts were all destroyed and dragged down by the advancing tide. No ruined city in Central America, no temple of the Upper Nile, no hill of Kouyoungjik could be more desolate, more lonely, more full of imaginative associations than these forts standing upon the unpeopled beach in a solitude broken only by the footsteps of the Coastguard. Before Leonard went away, and when we were boys together, this place was to us the uttermost part of the world, a retreat accessible on a holiday morning, where one could sit under the cliff or the grassy slope of the fort; where I, at least, could dream away the hours. Before us the waves ran along the shingle with a murmuring sh—sh—sh, or, if the day was rough, rolled up their hollow threatening crests like the upper teeth of a hungry

monster's jaw, and then dashed in rage upon the stones, dragging them down with a crash and roar which rolled unceasingly down the beach. In the summer months it was Leonard's delight at such times to strip and plunge to swim over and through the great waves, riding to meet them, battling and wrestling till he grew tired, and come out red all over, and glowing with exercise. After a storm the beach was strewn with odds and ends; there were dead cuttle fish—Victor Hugo's *peuvre*—their long and ugly arms lying powerless for mischief on the shingle; their backbone was good for rubbing out ink, and we had stores enough to rub out all the ink of the Alexandrian Library. There were ropes of seaweed thicker than the stoutest cables; if you untwisted the coils you found in them strange creatures dead and alive—the seamouse, with its iridescent tufts of hair; little crabs with soft shells killed by the rolling of the pebbles; shells inhabited by scaly intruders, cuckoos among crabs, which poked out hard spiky legs and were ready to do battle for their stolen house; starfish, ugly and poisonous; sea nettles and all kinds of sea-beetles. And lying outside the wood were bits of things from ships; candles, always plenty of tallow candles; broken biscuits, which like so many of Robinson Crusoe's stores were spoiled by the sea-water; empty bottles; bits of wood; and once we came upon a dead man rolling up and down. Leonard rushed into the water, and we pulled him up between two waves. He was dressed in sailor's clothing and wore great sea boots, and his black hair was cut short. Also he wore a moustache, so that he could not possibly be an English sailor. When we had got him beyond the reach of the waves, we ran to tell the Coastguard, who was on the cliff half a mile away, telescope in hand.

First he swore at us personally and individually for troubling him at all with the matter. Then, because Leonard "up and spake" in answer, he changed the object of his swearing, and began to swear at large, addressing the much-enduring ocean, which made no reply, but went on with the business of rolling along the beach. Then he swore at himself for being a Coast-guardman. This took altogether some quarter of an hour of good hard swearing, the excellent solitary finding greater freedom as he went on. And he would have continued swearing, I believe, for many weeks if necessary, only that a thought struck him suddenly, like unto a fist going home in the wind, and he pulled up and gasped.

"Did you, did you?" he asked, "look in that dead man's pockets?"

We said "No."

Then he became thoughtful, and swore quite to himself between the teeth, as if he was firing volleys of oaths down his own throat.

"Now, lads," he said at last, "what you've got to do is this. You've got to go straight away to the parish," which I suppose he took for a police office, "and tell the parish to come here and look after that man. I'm not stationed here to look after dead men. I'm for live smugglers, I am. You tell the parish that. Not but what it's proper for you to tell the Coast-guard everything that goes on along the coast. And next time you fish up a drowned man you come straight to me first. No manner of use to look in their pockets, because they've never got nothing in 'em. Them nasty fishes, you see, gets into the pockets, and pulls out the purses." His belief in the emptiness of drowned men's pockets did not prevent him from testing its correctness. At least we looked back, and observed him searching diligently. But I suppose he was right, because the "parish" certainly found nothing in the pockets.

It was to this place that I came, as to a wilderness, to struggle with myself. Here I was free to think, to brood, and to bring railing accusations against Providence because I could not marry Celia. Sitting on the lonely beach I could find a gloomy satisfaction in piling up my grievances against high Heaven. Who was I that I should be singled out for special and signal misfortune? Had I been as other men, tall, straight, and comely, Celia might have loved me. Had I come to her gallant and strong, rich and noble, one born in high station, the son of a brave and successful father, I might have had a chance.

Day after day I wandered here, brooding over my own wrongs, with bitter and accusing soul. The voice of the sea echoed the sorrow of my heart; the long roll from left to right of the ebbing or the rising wave was the setting of a song whose words were all of despair; the dancing of the sunlit waves brought no joy; my heart was dead to the blue sky, flecked with the white wing of the seagull, and dotted along the distant horizon with the distant sails of passing ships. It pleased me to lie there, with my chin upon my hand, thinking of what ought to have been. During this time I was with Celia as little as possible, and at home not at all. Both she and the Captain, I remember now, were considerate, and left me alone, to worry through with the trouble, whatever it was. It was not all hopeless; it was partly that for the first time in my life I thoroughly understood what I was, what my prospects were, and what I might have been. I said at the beginning that it takes a long time for a hunchback entirely to realize what his affliction means; how it cuts him off from other men's pursuits; and how it isolates him from his youth upwards. I saw before me, as plainly as I see it now, a solitary life; I thought that the mediocrity of my abilities would never allow me to become a composer of

eminence, or anything better than the organist of a church and the teacher of music in a country town; I should always be poor, I should never have the love of woman, I should always be a kind of servant, I should live in obscurity and die in oblivion. Most of us live such lives; at least they can be reduced, in hard terms, to some such colourless, dreary wastes of weary years; but we forget the compensations. My dream was true of myself; I have actually lived the life of a mediocre musician; I have few friends; and yet I have been perfectly happy. I did not marry Celia; that I may premise at once; and yet I have been happy without her. For I retained her love, the pure and calm affection of a sister, which is with me still, making much of me, petting and spoiling me almost while I write, as it did twenty years ago. Surely there was never any woman before so good as Celia. The vision of my life was prophetic; it looked intolerable, and it has been more than pleasant. Say to yourself, you have thirty years to live; you will rise every morning to drudgery; you will live poorly, and will make no money; you will have no social consideration; you will make few friends; you will fail to achieve any reputation in your profession; you will be a lonely man—is that a prospect to charm any one? Add to this that your life will be contented, that you will not dislike your work, that you will not live for yourself alone, that your days will be cheered by the steady sunshine of affection; and the prospect changes. Everything in the world is of magic. To some this old town of ours seemed dirty, crowded, mean; to me it is picturesque, full of human interests, rich in association. To some my routine would be maddening; to me it is graceful and pleasant. To some—a career which has no prizes has no joys. To me it is full of joys. We are what we think ourselves; we see everything through the haze of the imagination; why—I am told that there is no such thing as colour in nature, but that it is an effect of light—so long as the effect is produced I do not care; let me only thank the Creator for this bunch of sweet peas in a glass before me, with their soft and delicate tints more beautiful than ever human pencil drew. We see what we think we see; people are what we think they are; events are what they seem to us; the man who least enjoys the world is the man who has the faculty of stripping things of their "effects"; who takes the colour from the flower, or the disinterestedness from love. That is common sense, and I would rather not be without it.

One evening—it was after dusk and rather cold—I was still sitting in the enjoyment of a profound misery, when I became aware of a voice addressing me. The voice was inside my head, and there was no sound, but I heard it plainly. I do not pretend that there was anything supernatural about the fact, nor do I pretend to understand how it happened. It sprang from the moody and self-distracted condition of my mind; it was the return of the over-stretched spring; it was the echo of my accustomed thoughts, for the last fortnight pent up and confined in narrow cells to make room for the unaccustomed thoughts. This is, exactly, what the voice said to me:—

"You were a poor Polish boy, living in exile, and Heaven sent you the Captain to educate you, give you the means of living, and make you a Christian gentleman when you might have grown up among the companions of profligate sailors. You are an orphan, without neither mother, brother, nor sister. You have no relations to care for you at all. Heaven sent you Leonard to be your brother, and Celia to be your sister. From your earliest infancy you have been wrapped in the love of these two. You are deformed, it is true; you cannot do the things that some men delight in. Heaven has sent you the great gift of music; it is another sense by which you are lifted above the ordinary run of men. Every hour in the day it is your privilege as a musician to soar above the earth, and lose yourself in divine harmonies. You have all this—and you complain.

"Grateful! With these favours you sit here crying because you cannot have one thing more. You would have Celia love you, and marry you. Are you worthy of such a girl?"

"Rouse yourself. Go back to your work. Show a brave and cheerful face to the good old man, your benefactor. Let Celia cease to wonder whether she has pained you, and to search her heart for words she has never spoken; work for her and with her again; let her never know that you have hungered after the impossible even to sickness.

"And one more thing. Remember Leonard's parting words. Are you blind or are you stupid? With what face could you meet him when he comes home, and say, 'Leonard, you left me to take care of Celia; you trusted to my keeping the secret of your own love. I have betrayed your confidence, and stolen away her heart.' Think of that."

The voice ceased, and I arose and walked home, changed.

The Captain looked up as I entered the room, in a wistful way.

"Forgive me, sir," I said. "I have been worrying myself—never mind what about, but it is over now, and I am sorry to have given you trouble."

"You have fought it down, then, Laddy?" he asked, pulling off his spectacles.

I started. Did he, then, read my soul? Was my secret known to all the world?

Only to him, I think.

walking up and down the room with his hands behind him, "I fell in love—with a young lady—I believed that young lady to be an angel, and I daresay she was. But I found that she couldn't be my angel, so I went to sea, which was a very good way of getting through that trouble. I had a spell on the West Coast—caught yellow fever—chased the slavers—forgot it."

I laughed.

"Do you recommend me to go out slave-chasing, sir?"

"You might do worse, boy. She is a beautiful creature, Laddy; she is a pearl among maidens. I have always loved her. I have watched her with you, Laddy, and all the love is on your side. I have seen the passion grow in you; you have been restless and fidgetty. I remembered my own case, and I waited. No, my boy, it can't be: I wish it could; she doesn't look on you in that light."

After supper he spoke allegorically.

"I've known men—good men, too—grumble at their pasts in an action. What does it matter, Laddy, when the enemy has struck, where any one man has to do his duty? The thing is to do it."

This parable had its personal application, like most of the Captain's admonitions.

"You have been unlike yourself, Laddy, lately," said Celia.

"Yes, Cis, I have been ill, I think."

"Not fretting, Laddy, over things?" I shook my head.

"It seems hard, poor boy, sometimes, does it not? But your life will not be wasted, though you spend it all in teaching music."

She thought I had been brooding over my deformity and poverty. Well, so I had, in a sense.

Enough of my fit. The passion disappeared at length, the love remained. Side by side with such a girl as Celia one must have been lower than human not to love her. Such a love is an education. I know little of grown women, because I spend my time among girls, and have had no opportunity of studying woman's nature except that of Celia. But I can understand what is meant when I read that the love of woman may raise a man to Heaven or drag him down to Hell. Out of this earthly love which we share in common with the lowest, there spring for all of us, as we know, flowers of rare and wondrous beauty. And those who profit most by these blossoms sometimes express their nature to the world in music and in verse.

(To be continued.)

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

VERY stout ladies always look best in black.

THE retention of the Princesse style enable ladies to make over their old dresses.

IT would be puzzling to decide what will become of any man if some woman does not take care of him.

A WOMAN of eighteen wants five trunks when she travels. At fifty she can get along with a bottle of cold tea.

IT is a sad commentary upon the course of instruction pursued in young ladies' schools, that the graduates seldom know how long to decline marriage.

THEY were at a picnic. On the grounds was a small stand for the sale of watch charms. "Oh, Charles," she said, "buy me a charm." "Sara," said he, "you have too many charms already!"

TEACHER—"Define the word 'excavate.'" Scholar—"It means to hollow out." "Teacher—"Construct a sentence in which the word is properly used." Scholar—"The baby excavates when it gets hurt."

AN alarmed correspondent writes from Portsmouth,—"The other night, while taking a stroll on Southsea Pier—of course, to hear the band—I positively saw a lady raise her hat in acknowledgment of the politeness of some gentleman friend!"

"Pack me up one or two nice books to read," said Mrs. Jones to her husband just before departing on a journey to the country. Jones did so, and the disgust which Mrs. Jones felt cannot be described when she took out from the satchel to read on the cars: "Barnes' Notes on Matthew," "Cicero's Tusculan Disputations," a copy of "Livy," with notes, and a cook-book.

MARTHA, dost thou love me?" asked a Quaker youth of one at whose shrine his fondest heart's feelings had been offered up. "Why, Seth," answered she, "we are commanded to love one another, are we not?"—"Ah, Martha! But dost thou regard me with that feeling the world calls love?"—"I hardly know what to tell thee, Seth; I have tried to bestow my love on all; but I have sometimes thought, perhaps, that thou wast getting more than thy share."

THE wife of Alphonse de Lamartine, the French poet, was mistress of many languages, and excelled both in music and painting, and was also a brilliant writer. In the stormy days of '48 her husband wrote diligently to free himself from debt. She suffered acutely for him, whose honor and fortune then seemed trembling in the balance. The delicate face became wrinkled and the sweet voice was often tremulous with anxiety. When Lamartine was finishing an article on Béranger, at a time of great political excitement in Paris, she was nearly beside herself, lest by any verbal imprudence he should get himself into trouble.

Her husband's printer was also greatly alarmed at the political allusion in his article; but Lamartine, obstinately deaf to all their entreaties, vowed that every line should go to the public just as it was written, or not at all. Madame Lamartine was at her wits' end. Finally a gentleman, a mutual friend, got leave from her husband to read over the proofs and modify the offensive expressions. All the long night that this gentleman was thus occupied, Madame Lamartine sat up, sending into the library to him little suggestive notes of her own. At last the poor, weary friend was so overpowered with fatigue and sleep that he had to desist and go to bed; but, when he awoke next morning, he found a small paper pushed through the key-hole of his door—a last idea from the indefatigable Madame Lamartine, who had not herself slept a wink all night. This gentleman friend took all the credit of the alterations, while the good poet's wife kept silence and sent her husband's article to the press. Madame Lamartine was often the amanuensis and proof-reader of her husband.

MY ANSWER.

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing
Ever made by the hand above:
A woman's heart, and a woman's life,
And a woman's wonderful love?

Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing
As a child might ask for a toy,
Demanding what others have died to win,
With the reckless dash of a boy?

You have written my lesson of duty out,
Men like you have questioned me,
Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul,
Until I shall question thee.

You require your mutton shall always be hot,
Your socks and your shirt be whole;
I require your heart to be as true as God's stars,
And as pure as is Heaven, your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef;
I require a much greater thing—
A seamstress you're wanting for socks and shirts—
I look for a man and a king.

A king for the beautiful realm called Home,
And a man that his Maker, God,
Shall look upon as he did on the first,
And say, "It is very good!"

I am fair and young, but the rose will fade
From my soft young cheek one day;
Will you love me then, 'mid the falling leaves,
As you did 'mid the blossoms of May?

Is your heart an ocean, so strong and deep,
I may launch my all on its tide?
A loving woman finds heaven or hell,
The day she becomes a bride.

I require things that are grand and true,
All things that a man must be;
If you give this all, I would stake my life,
To be all you demand of me.

If you cannot be this—a landress and a cook
You can hire—and little to pay;
But a woman's heart and a woman's life,
Are not to be won that way.

FASHION NOTES

STAYS made of glove kid are to be worn, as they fit the figure more closely than either corset or corsets.

NEW trimmings are very original. Fringes are now made to imitate flowers and fruit, and for evening dresses the effect is charming.

PRINCESSE cloth dresses are frequently laced at the back, the band down the front is either faille or velvet, and the lacing is continued to the end of the elongated waist.

KNICKERBOCKER drawers for autumn wear are made of double foulard, much trimmed with Valenciennes lace or with fern lace. If flannel is used, it is light in colour, but not white.

PRINCESSE dresses bring back, as a matter of course, cashmere shawls; and up to the present checked or cashmeres de fantaisie are all the rage. The prettiest are Indian cashmere of plain colour, and the border embroidered with either white or gold silk.

A QUANTITY of lace is now used for tabliers, strips of it being placed as perpendicular bands. Old Venetian point, Louis XIV. lace, and flat guipure are the varieties most fashionable for this purpose, and the lace is sewn either on the material of the dress or on white. Nothing looks so soft under the lace as plaiting of crêpe lisse.

THE simple Princesse dress will predominate over every other style. It is pretty, because it is simple and unpretentious; but clinging, as it is now made, indeed so tight that it is difficult to get into it, there is no disputing the fact that it only suits very slight women. Another disadvantage about the Princesse or Gabrielle dress is that to look graceful it must have a train; so let us hope that it will be reserved for indoor wear and tête occasions, while the polonaise or tunic, with all-round skirt, will be adopted generally for walking and ordinary occasions.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

SIGNOR SALVINI has been engaged to play in Vienna during the winter season, and amongst other pieces will undertake "Timon of Athens," and "Coriolanus."

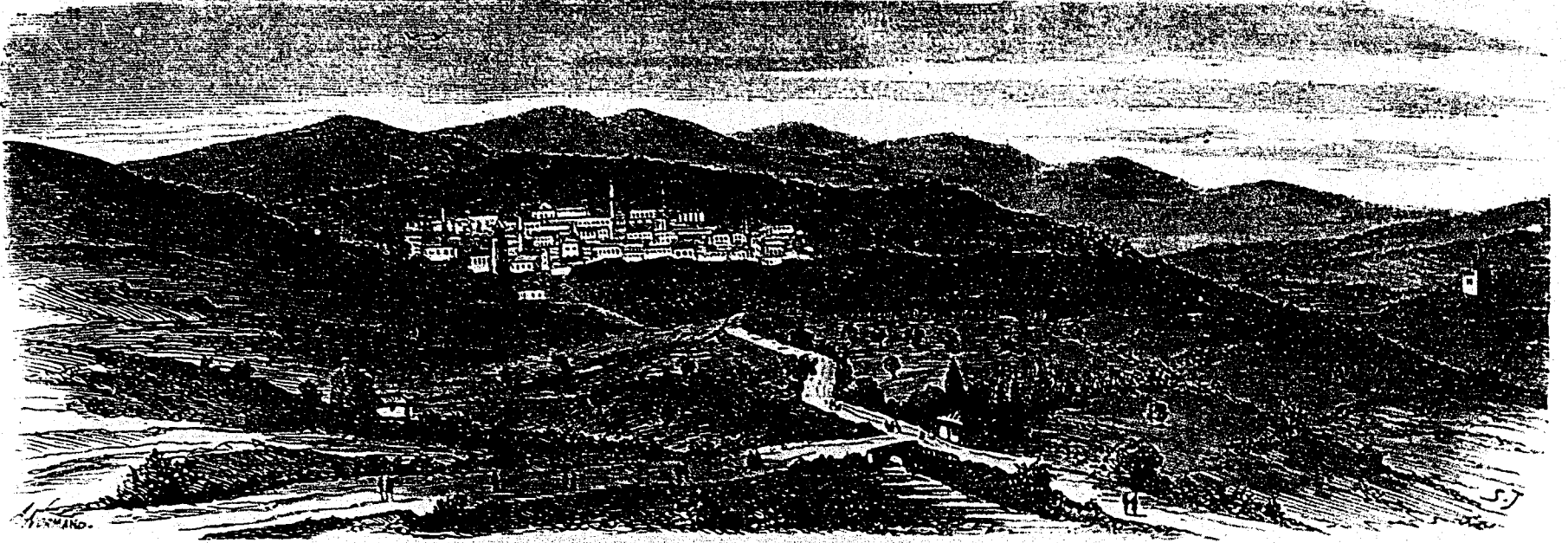
MR. GILBERT'S "new and original comedy" for the Haymarket is called "Engaged," and Mr. J. S. Clarke is to play in it. Miss Terry, who has just returned from Scotland, is also in the cast.

THE manager of the Opera-house at Patterson, N.J., had placed in the hallway leading to the auditorium of the Opera-house a large cut of the late E. L. Davenport in the character of Sir Giles Overreach, and draped the same in mourning. As Miss May Davenport was passing to her dressing-room, the sight of the picture caused her to swoon, and she had to be assisted to the stage; but before the performance commenced she had fully recovered from the shock, and filled her part in the piece satisfactorily.

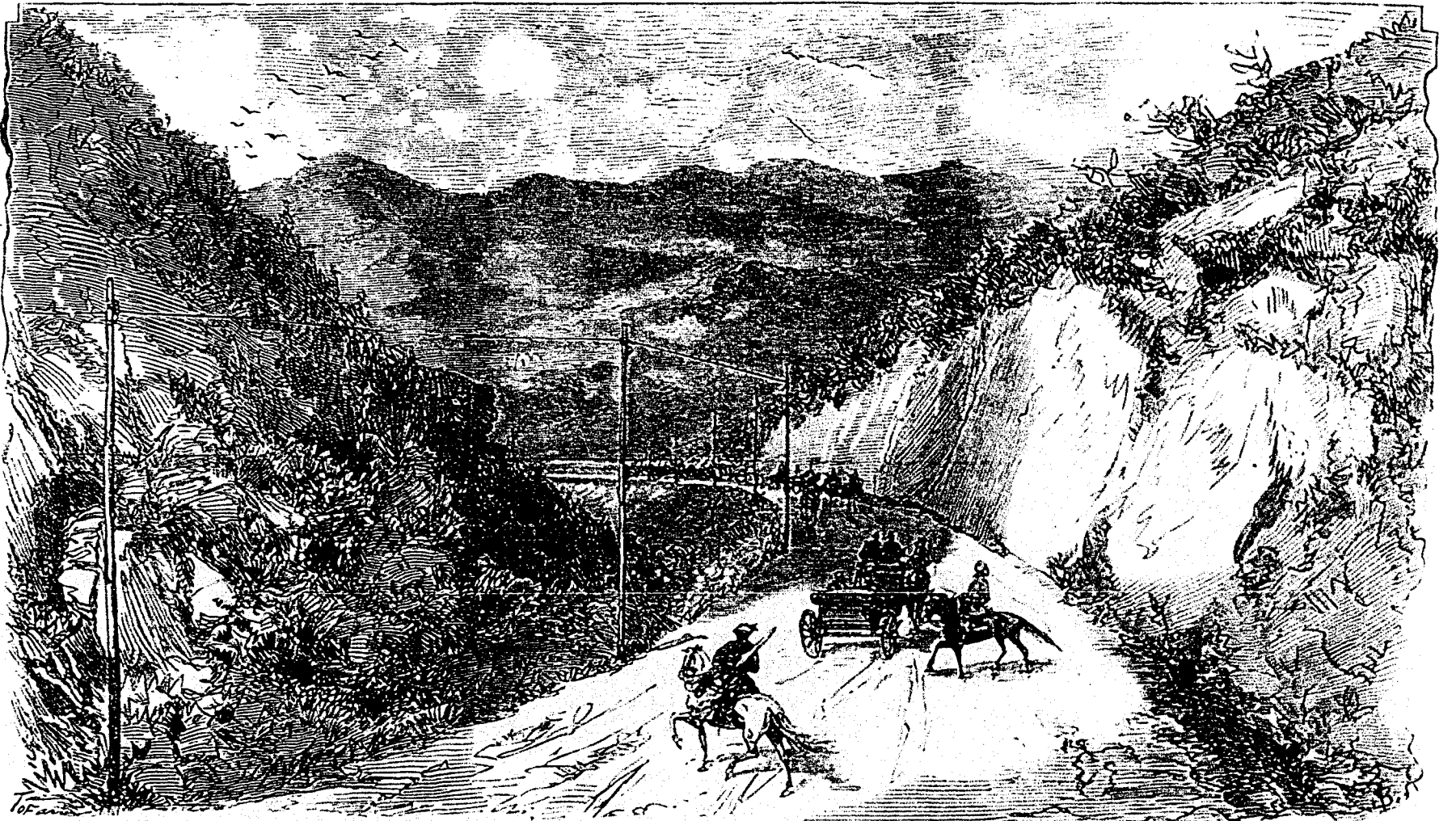
HOW

TO RESTORE HEALTH AND STRENGTH to the feeble is a question often asked. PHOSFOZONE is one of the most active elements of the body. If it is wanting, disease creeps in, beginning with Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Weakness, Neuralgia, Sore Throat, Bronchitis. PHOSFOZONE has cured many cases of above when all other remedies have failed. Sold by all druggists, and prepared in the Laboratory of the Proprietors, Nos. 41 and 43 St. Jean Baptiste street, Montreal.

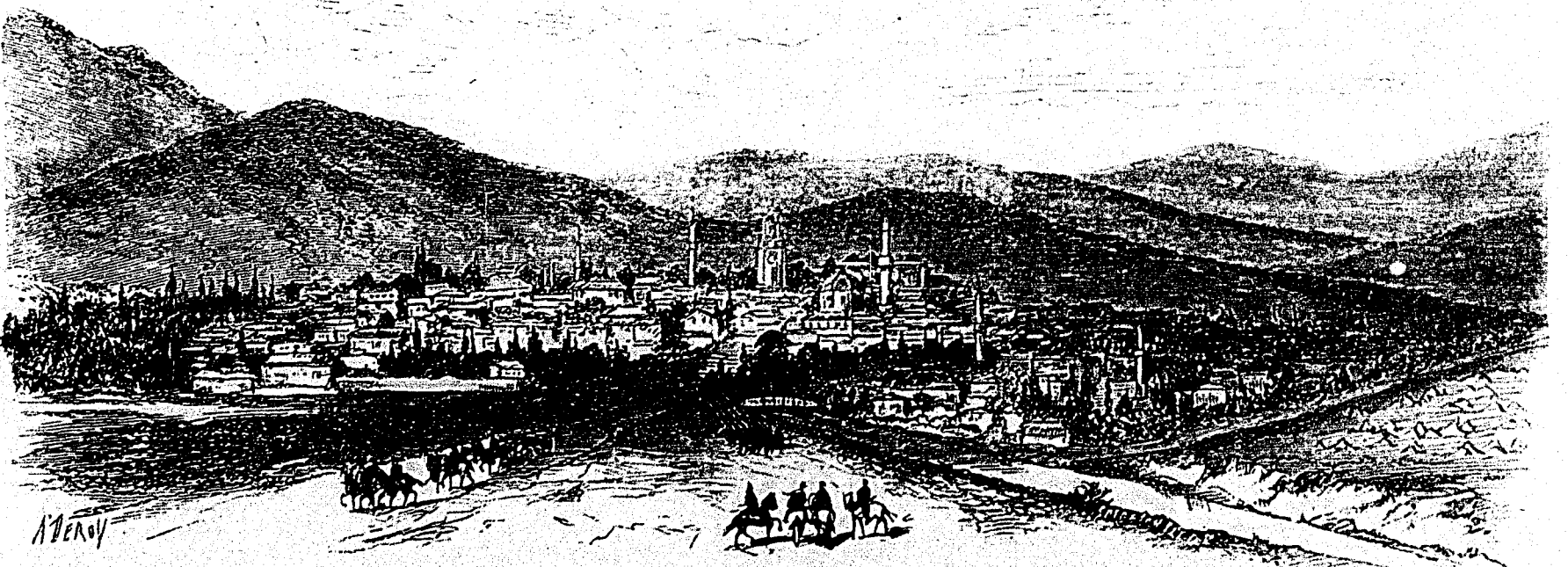
THE EASTERN WAR.



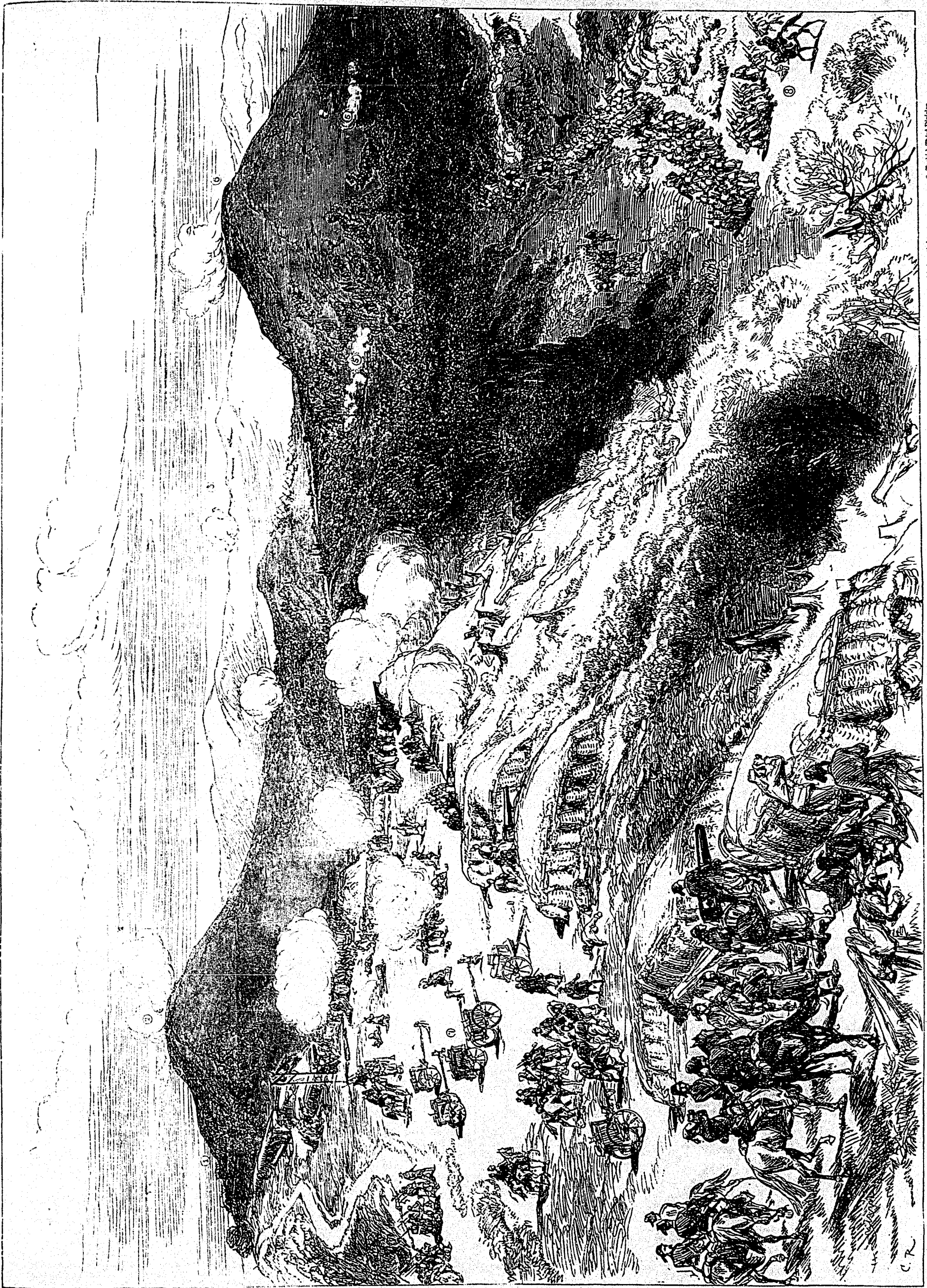
VIEW OF OSMAN BAZAR, AT THE FOOT OF THE LESSER BALKANS.



THE GORGE OF ESKI-DJOUMA, IN THE LESSER BALKANS.



VIEW OF ESKI-DJOUMA, IN THE LESSER BALKANS.



GENERAL ATTACK ON THE RUSSIAN POSITION IN THE SHIPKA PASS, AUGUST 24, SHOWING BOTH SIDES OF THE TURKISH ADVANCE.

1. Turkish First Division. 2. Mount St. Nicholas. 3. Turkish Left Attack. 4. Shipka Road. 5. Ridge. 6. Russian Centre. 7. Shipka. 8. Turkish Third Division. 9. Artillery Limbers tied to stump.

THE KING'S QUAIR.

"Anno 1423, 2nd Henry VI.

This same year, in the month of February, Sir Jamys Steward, King of Scotles, spoused dame Johanne the Duchesse's daughter of Clarence of his first husband, and the Earle of Somerset, at Seynt Marie Overye." *Old Chronicle.*

In those old days, four hundred years gone by,
When our fourth Henry o'er this realm did reign;
And Geoffrey Chaucer's pilgrims still did die
To Canterbury, and himself had lain
But five short years within the sacred fane
Of Westminster; and Gower slept scarce three
On his stone books in Marie Overye,—

There was a king who did in Scotland dwell,
And Robert was he hight, the last and third
Of that ill-omen'd name; and writers tell
How weak he was in deed as well as word;
And how his brother Albany preferred
His interests to his lord's, and caused to die
That king's son David with great cruelty.

Yet had King Robert left some other son,
A little lad call'd James, but ten years old;
And fearing as the treacherous duke had done
Unto his brother he might be so bold
To do to this young child, he straightway told
His followers quick to take to France the boy,
Who there in learning might his youth employ.

But as the prince was well upon his way,
And that his ship by Flamborough Head did go,
It so fell out upon an adverse day,
As "weltering waves" them tossed to and fro,
That he was prisoner made by English foe;
And unto London brought, where he did lie
In strictest ward, while tardy years crept by.

Yet taught he was, and tended in such wise
That, when that he to man's estate was grown,
A marvel great was he in all men's eyes.
Sweet music could he make with subtle tone,
And tuneful measures write. He was alone
In tilts and wrestling, and in deeper lore,
In jurisprudence, and the art of war.

With these things did they strive to hide the walls
That held him captive, sore against his will;
But in his heart he ever heard the calls
Of love of freedom and of country still:
The while his land and kinfolk wrought him ill,
Nor strove to ransom him: thus he in vain
Sigh'd on from hour to hour in hopeless pain:

"The bird, the beast, the fish eke in the sea,
They live in freedom, each one in his kind;
And I, a man, that liketh liberty,
What shall I say? What reason may I find
That fortune should do so!" Thus in his mind
He mourn'd full often: but 'twas all for naught:
Thus was his deadly life full of woful thought.

And all the live-long day and through the night
He would bewail his misery in such wise,
That from his eyes there fad'd all the light;
And all his gloesome youth was turn'd to sighs.
Darkness doth deepen ere the bright sun rise;
So when despair had thick outspread her pall
Then Love did come and swiftly changed all.

And then the morn arose and shadows fled;
And then the flowers did bloom and birds did sing;
And all his hopes, that had been well nigh dead,
Did all revive again, and on light wing
Forth flutt'ring free; and every living thing
Did seem to joy with him, and did indite
A song of love which straightway he did write.

Wherein he tells us how one fresh May's morn,
Despair'd of all joy and remedy,
Sore tired of his thoughts and all his sorrow,
He to the Tower's window turn'd his eye;
To see the world and folk that went a-nigh;
"Though for the time," saith he, "of mirth's glad food
I might have none, to look it done me good."

"Now there was made, fast by the Tower's wall,
A garden fair; and in the corner's set
An herby green, with lattice long and small,
All rail'd about; and so the green trees met
Above the place, o'er hawthorn hedges wet
With dew, that passing there for-by
Scarce living man might any wight espy.

And on a small green twist there sat
The little sweet nightingale, and sang
So loud and clear the hymns long consecrate
To Love's own use, now soft, now loud among.
That all the gardens and the high walls rung
Fill'd with their song; and thus they sang that May:
"Come, summer come! O winter, away!"

And then they call'd all lovers to rejoice;
And then they stopp'd awhile, and, unafraid,
From bough to bough they flew; and no man's voice
Did scare them as they hopp'd about and play'd,
And freshly "in their birds kind" array'd,
Their feathers now, and peck'd them in the sun,
And thanked Love that they their mates had won."

Then did the king again cast down his eye,
And there he saw, beneath his prison-tower,
Walking to take the air full secretly,
"The freshest and the fairest young-fower"
That ever he had seen before that hour;
"At sight whereof," saith he, "there then did start
The blood of all my body to my heart.

And there I stood" (so doth he further write),
"Abas'd; and for why? My wits were all
So overcome with pleasure and delight
Only through looking of my eyes full,
That suddenly my heart became her thrall
For ever—of free will; for of menace
There was no token in her sweet-f face.

And then I drew my head back hastily,
And then once more I bent it forth again,
And saw her walk, so very womanly,
And so wight with her, only women twain.
And then I needs must to myself exclaim,
"Ah, sweet! are ye a worldly creature?
Or heavenly thing in likeness of nature?"

Or are ye great god Cupid's own princess,
And are ye come to loose me out of band?
Or are ye very Nature, the goddess
That hath depauper'd with your heavenly hand
This garden full of flowers as they stand!
What shall I think? Alas, what reverence
Shall I address unto your excellence!"

* The head of Gower's effigy rests on his three books, *Vox Clamantis*, *Confessio Amantis*, *Speculum Medicantia*.

† He is said to have been the first to adapt Scottish melody to modern harmony and to have introduced it into regular composition.

‡ The Round Tower, Windsor.

§ i. e. slender.

¶ Robert III. died soon after his son's detention by Henry IV.; James was consequently the lawful king of Scotland, although the Duke of Albany and his son had long usurped the supreme power.

Then doth he of her further write
And praise her golden hair and rich attire,
All fret-wise cross'd about with pearls so white,
And ruddy rubies gleaming as with fire,
With many an emerald green and fair sapphire;
And on her head a chaplet fresh of hue
Of parted plumes of red and white and blue.

And many a quaking spangle bright as gold
Wore she in likeness of a true-love knot—
So new, so fresh, so pleasant to behold.
And round her neck (too white to be forgot)
A slender chain of goldsmith's work, I wot;
And on her throat (more fair than falling snow)
A heart-shaped ruby like a spark did glow.

And for to walk upon that fresh May's morn
An hook she had upon her tissue white;
But such her beauty was, it might not borrow
Aught from her raiment, she herself more bright
Than all her jewels; therefore with delight
I gazed upon her, yet withal with dread;
But from her steps I could not turn my head.

Now when that I had fully understood
She was indeed a worldly creature—
It did my woful heart so much of good,
That it to me was joy without measure,
My look into the heavenly land so pure.
"Ah well," said I, "were I her little hound,
That with his bells plays by her on the ground!"

Another while, the little nightingale
That sat upon the twigs then would I chide,
And say right thus: "Where are thy notes so small
That thou of love hast made this morning tide?
Seest thou not her who sitteth thee beside?
For Venus' sake, that blissful goddess dear,
Sing on again, and make my lady cheer."

Then, from the window, did I see her go
Beneath the sweet green trees with boughs low bent;
Her fair fresh face, as white as any snow,
She turn'd from me, and forth her way she went;
And then began my fever and torment.
Ah woe! to see her part, and yet to have no might
To follow her! Methought the morn turn'd night.

And all that day, until the eve did lower,
And Phoebus ended had his beams so bright,
And said at length farewell to every flower;
And shining Hesperus 'gan his lamps to light,
—There in the window, still as any stone,
I stay'd all day, and kneeling made my moan.

Forso had sorrow seized both heart and mind,
That naught could I but weep and mourn full sore;
And when that night was come with chilly wind
No tears had I to weep, I had no more;
So had I spent that day thy bitter store.
Then on the cold stone did I lay my head
Half sleeping, half in swoon, still as the dead."

Now in his book the king doth tell us not
The course his true love took that smoothly ran;
But there were those that pleased well, I wot,
For Jane was niece unto that mighty man,
The Cardinal; who well had laid the plan
Whereby that lady Scotland's queen should be,
And he two kingdoms govern presently.

But none the less their love was true and pure,
Although, perchance, by man's devices wrought;
And day by day it wax'd more strong and sure,
Until the Scots at length their young king bought
With heavy ransom; and the English court
Did set again their happy prisoner free,
To taste once more how sweet is liberty.

So in the winter cold these two were wed,
Within the church of Marie Overye;
And that great Cardinal in hat of red,
And all the monks of that fraternity
In black and white, with much solemnity
Full many a psalm and holy prayer did sing,
And made the arch'd roof and the walls to ring.

There by the altar many a face was seen
Of lady bright; but none that might compare
With that young flower, King Jamys Steward's queen,
Who by him stood and bloom'd exceeding fair,
A yellow crown upon her golden hair;
And well that king might kneel right thankfully,
To win at once his love and liberty.

So grand, so rich, so wondrous was that scene;
So throng'd that church with knights and ladies gay,
That all the carved angels in the screen
Behind the altar high (so might one say)
Did seem amaz'd; and some did fly away,
While some on heavenly instruments did play;
And some did clap their hands, and some did pray.

And when were duly ended all the rites,
Much feasting was there in the Bishop's hall
Of Winchester hard by, for days and nights;
And lordly presents layish'd great and small,
Of gold and jewels, such as not at all
Had yet been seen in Scotland; and with these
Fair arras wrought with deeds of Hercules.

Then Scotland's king away from England hied,
And back in triumph to his land did go;
And with him went his beautiful, wise, young bride;
And great rejoicings were there, and much show
And pageants grand; and all men, high and low,
For joy of heart with merry mouth did sing,
To welcome back their new returned king.

WINCHESTER HOUSE.—Winchester House, the episcopal residence of the Bishops of Winchester, stood near the west end of St. Marie Overye. Part of the massive walls are now built into a block of warehouses belonging to Messrs. Fitch & Cousins, which may be seen from the railway. Cardinal Beaufort was Bishop of Winchester, which accounts for the wedding banquet being held at his house. It will interest the many travellers who may often have noticed the beautiful and curious circular window in the south transept of the church to know that it is an accurate copy of one which in other days lighted the Bishop's hall, and which was discovered in 1814, when a disastrous fire, burning down several of the adjacent wharves, laid bare the ruins of Winchester House. The window is a foliated design, on to which is worked a double triangle. Winchester House was built in 1107, on ground belonging to the Priors of Bermondey, and had a park of fifty or sixty acres attached to it. During the Marian persecution, while Stephen Gardiner lived there, it was frequently used as a prison for those "heretics" who were tried and condemned at St. Marie Overye. It was never used as an episcopal residence after the Civil War; but under an Act of Parliament, passed in 1661, was let to tenants, and gradually fell into decay. It may be seen in Hollar's View of London.

† The "freshe younge flower" was Jane or Johanna Beaufort, the niece of the great Cardinal, then Protector of the kingdom, Henry VI. being an infant.

* James was a prisoner from 1405 to 1423. His ransom, or rather "the sum charged for his maintenance," was £40,000, £10,000 of which was remitted by way of dowry.

† The regular canons of St. Augustine, to whom the church then belonged. Their dress was a white tunic with a line gown under a black cloak with a hood. Cardinal Beaufort's hat and arms may still be seen on a column in the south transept facing the railway.

Of the lady's mental qualifications James writes:

"In her youth, beauty with humble sport,
Bounty, richness, and womanly feature,
God better wote than my pen can report:
Wisdom, largesse, estate, and cunning sure,
In every point so guided her measure.
In word, in deed, in shape, in countenance,
That Nature might no more her child advance."

THE
GOLD OF CHICKAREE.BY
SUSAN and ANNA WARNER.

AUTHORS OF

"WIDE, WIDE WORLD," and "DOLLARS AND
CENTS," "WYCH HAZEL," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FOR BETTER FOR WORSE.

Then, shielded under each napkin, was some pretty token of Christmas. A weighty book, for which Dr. Maryland had been longing; and for Dr. Arthur a fine field glass. Mrs. Coles rejoiced in the prettiest ring she had ever possessed; while by Prim lay a heap of little articles,—a fruit knife, a gold thimble, a superb cutting-out scissors a foot long.

"That must be the very tool employed by Bluebeard!" said Dr. Arthur. "I always marvelled at the clever celerity of his work. Prim, when you are married you must give that to me."

"Looks suspicious for his wife!" said Dane. "I like thoughts in such things," said Dr. Arthur, looking towards the foot of the table and the boubonniere that stood by Rollo's plate; a good-sized wheelbarrow loaded with cotton bales of French candy. "Which is it, Dane?—work in sugar, or sugar in work?"

"The two terms are so transposable, I need not trouble myself much to find out which." So the dinner went merrily on. Of course Mrs. Bywank's part of it was unsurpassed; and but one thing was missing to which guests there were accustomed—Wych Hazel's laugh. But her attention to the guests never failed, and if she only played with her dinner, and if she was all the time living a double life and carrying on two trains of thought, few people found it out. Once indeed, apropos to some demand for roast beef, she wandered quite off to Morton Hollow and the Charteris men; and then of a sudden the lips parted in a full smile, and the brown eyes went down the table to Rollo for sympathy. A moment of forgetfulness followed by one of great confusion, as she remembered that he could not possibly know what she was smiling at. Hazel was glad to drop her napkin or do anything else to put her face out of sight.

As for Dane, his part that evening might be described as filling gaps. He did it admirably. Perhaps he was not to be greatly credited for that, inasmuch as happiness is a great lubricator of the social wheels. He did it, at any rate, easily and coolly too, according to his usual wont. He talked to Dr. Maryland, was affectionate to Prim, amused Mrs. Coles, watched over Wych Hazel and took care of her if ever an emergency in the conversation made it desirable.

The evening in the drawing-room sped quite merrily away, and only the quick flutter of the lace round Wych Hazel's throat, told of something hidden and not at rest. Some European views for the stereoscope were brought out of their corner, and Rollo led the talk in the direction thus indicated, where he had plenty to say. Suddenly passing to Wych Hazel's side he sat down and said half softly,

"There is another view we were going to shew them—a new one—is it ready to be introduced? or will it come better later?"

He got another quick look then,—searching, exploring,—a looked to be remembered.

"Give me a few minutes—"

And presently, when no one was looking, the little lady flitted out of the room.

It is fair to say that the gentleman so far lost his presence of mind for some minutes thereafter, as to be justly chargeable with what is called *absence*. He scarcely answered the observations addressed to him, and made several on his own account without very well knowing what he was talking about. And so, for a little, if time "galloped" up stairs, he went rather slowly, with one or two at least, in the drawing-room. Dr. Arthur presently drew off from the views, and took position again by the mantel-piece,—probably to hear the Christmas wind, which was very musical just then. And probably the doctor's thoughts too wandered off; for after a while he took a pair of white gloves from his pocket and began abstractedly to fit them on.

"Arthur!" said Mrs. Coles severely, whose eyes were never known to be off duty,— "what can you be about?"

"That's the way some people do," said Rollo after quick glance; "they are never ready for an occasion till the occasion is half over."

"But what is the 'occasion'?" said Mrs. Coles.

"Christmas day at Chickaree—dinner—and, Arthur seems to think, ceremony."

"Look at Arthur, Prim," said her sister. "It is a leisure moment," said Dr. Arthur fastening a button,— "and I so seldom have leisure in which to try on new gloves. One of the minor comforts of life, is having your gloves fit." And Dr. Arthur glanced at Dane from

under his brows, and went back to his other glove and the Christmas wind again.

"I declare," said Prudentia, "I think you are very unceremonious!"

"Extremes meet,—here as often as elsewhere," replied Dane.

"But what have you been getting new white gloves for, Arthur?" asked the younger sister. "They look better than old ones, Prim—when they fit."

"Has Molly Seaton sent you cards for her wedding?"

"I dare say.—What about it?"

"She hasn't,—nor anybody else," said Rollo. "Useless things"—said Dr. Arthur. "I am glad they have not come."

Another time Dane might have discussed the subject; but not to-night. He was silent. And as people catch the hidden influences abroad in the air, the others grew silent too, not knowing why, thinking it was the wind which drew their attention. Dr. Arthur, leaning against the mantelpiece with his eyes on the floor, in an attitude of keen listening, had plainly forgotten his gloves; and the fire snapped softly, and the red coals fell, and still nobody spoke. Until, when some little time had passed by, there came a sound of steps in the hall,—steps slow and rather heavy; and the door opened softly, and a vision came in. Not hers the steps they had heard; so noiselessly she came in, so vision-like she looked, so lovely, so girlish in her loveliness, that a caught breath, a half exclamation, greeted her on all hands. The glittering dress was all changed. Not for the white clouds in which her mother might have arrayed her, nor for anything that should make her conspicuous, or could be so. More for seclusion than for show, Wych Hazel had chosen her bridal dress. Dark,—so dark that the depths of folds might have been black, and only the lightly-touched edges threw off a sea-green *reflet*; with no ornaments but the châteline at her side, with no adornment but her own silky hair in its own wayward arrangement. To all this there was just one addition. Hazel had taken the lace veil,—exquisite in pattern, cobweb-like in texture,—and laid it across her head like a Spanish mantilla, from whence it came down about her on all sides to the floor, leaving only the face and the front of the dress clear. One little un-gloved hand held the lace tightly together; for gloves that there was nobody to take off, Hazel would not put on.

Mrs. Bywank and Reo followed close behind her, behind them old Gyda. But there is something in a crisis which stills some natures; and while the faces of the faithful old retainers, weatherbeaten with life's alternating wind and sun, worked and stirred with emotion, the girl herself was quiet and composed, with almost the grave childish calm of her own little picture. Her step was a little quick, but even the colour did not stir, until when after the first three steps into the room there came a minute's hesitation, as if she did not know where to go, now she was there. If any others of the household followed—as probably they did—those who looked saw only the three; and perhaps the glitter of Gyda's embroidery just behind.

Just while Wych Hazel made those three steps into the room, there was a pause upon all that saw her. A half smothered "My dear!"—came from Mrs. Coles' astonished lips, and was arrested mid way. For so many seconds Dane did not move, losing everything else in the direct vision; but then he was at Wych Hazel's side immediately and gave her his arm. A great light had come up into his face, all the light of a smile, but he was not smiling. He led Wych Hazel forward till they stood at the edge of the semicircle which had spread out right and left of the table, everybody having risen to his feet.

"You see what we want of you, Dr. Maryland," he said. "Will you do us the greatest favour you ever can do us?"

"My dear boy!—Dane!" exclaimed the old doctor in bewilderment,— "is it possible? Is this little lady ready on such short notice?"

"She is ready,"—replied Dane, with a hidden ring of strength and tenderness in his voice that only one person could fairly comprehend. And Dr. Maryland seeing them stand still waiting before him was fain to believe his eyes and began to bestir himself to make his preparations. Not many were needed.

"There is a Bible on that table yonder, Arthur," said Rollo, standing like a rock. Mrs. Coles by this time found breath.

"But Dane!—My dear Miss Kennedy!—you don't surely mean to do without having a wedding?"

"Hush, Prue!" said her sister.

"But I never heard of such a thing in my life!"

Nobody heeded her.

Dr. Maryland was ready, and Dane leading Wych Hazel to a place in front of him, dropped her arm and stood beside her. It was time, for a crisis will not bear tampering with; and the girl had grown visibly paler under pressure of Mrs. Coles, and hands were trembling a little, and lips almost. Then she drew herself up with her old quick gesture, and sealed all that, and hid it away. And it was but a few minutes. There was no want of sympathy in Dr. Maryland's sweet, grave ministration; a little accent of gladness was here and there perceptible, and his prayers were exceedingly earnest and loving. The words of address he directed to the two young people were searching and stirring words, such as Dr. Maryland could well speak; but it was all swiftly over, though his utterances were the reverse of swift. On the contrary, they

were tender and deliberate. But even so, it was quickly over, and Hazel was receiving the congratulations of her little knot of friends.

Now character came out. The old doctor's touch of her brow was hearty enough but a little formal. Prim's kiss was trembling. Prudentia's was the impact of wooden lips, moveless and hard; one would have said, sinister, if an expressionless thing could be said to have expression. All the notes of the scale were between her husband's kiss and that, Dr. Arthur almost making up for the rest with his glad, brotherly greeting for Hazel and a brother's wring of the hand for Dane. But from them all, Wych Hazel turned and threw her arms round Mrs. Bywank. Restraining herself then with a great effort, she raised her head and took Reo's hand in both of hers; but not a word passed on either side. And Gyda, who had meekly waited her turn, drew near and lifted one of Wych Hazel's hands to her old lips. She too said nothing audibly, and made way for others of the household who were bashfully coming in.

"Now tell me, Dane," began Mrs. Coles, when the pause at her end of the room had lasted, as she thought long enough, "why you and Miss Kennedy have done things in this unheard-of sort of style?"

Perhaps Dane thought it was not a proper question, for he folded his arms and did not answer. Perhaps he did not hear her; for, though with no outward token of it, he was somewhat anxiously watching Wych Hazel.

"What made you do things in this way, to disappoint the whole world?" The lady's face wore a smile which was meant to be gracious, however the words sounded not so.

"True," said Prim, "people have a right to be married in their own way."

"But my dear—Don't you think you owe something to society, Dane? In your position?"

"I never understood my obligations to society," said Dane carelessly.

"But do you think it is fair, to disappoint all the world?"

"Always fair to disappoint improper curiosity."

"Well, but why is that improper curiosity?"

"Curiosity about other people's business," said Dane good-humouredly.

"And do you call that improper?"

"I suppose not,—when custom has made it seem to be your own business."

"That's it; custom has made it not only seem but be so. And I think it is perfectly natural and reasonable and proper. When does a lady show to more advantage than on her wedding-day? And why should not the world have the benefit of it?"

"I do not know why not," said Dane smiling,—"if it suits the parties concerned."

"Why didn't it suit you, you jealous Mussulman?"

"When a lady has never been seen to advantage," remarked Dr. Arthur,—"that may alter the case. Her Grace is hardly one of those."

Not a word had come from Hazel's lips, that anybody had heard, since those few which nobody was likely to forget. Indeed she had kept herself rather off from the group, among her own dependants, one and all who by degrees filled up the background. And it was no trifle to give even a touch of the hand to all those eager retainers; the touch and the look, which was all she ventured. Now the room was clearing again; and whether Hazel had heard all the talk or no, her cheeks gave swift token that Dr. Arthur's last sentence had reached her ears.

"Her Grace"—she could not throw off the title any more.

But whatever the rights of the public may be in the matter of seeing, the right of discussing, with the parties at hand, Hazel plainly thought needed a check. So the next thing that attracted—or distracted—Mrs. Coles, was the soft ringing peal of her little whistle; and answering promptly to that, the tea-bag. Then the door flew open, and Dingee brought in the tea-service. The tray, with the rarest old china cups, which even Rollo had never seen, followed by Mrs. Bywank's cakes and other home-like dainties. And Wych Hazel glided off to the rather distant table, gathering in Mrs. Bywank and Reo and Gyda for her train; and hid herself behind the hot water kettle, putting its soft cloud of steam between her and all disturbance for the time being. Then Reo was sent to build up the fires,—he was a rare hand at that; and Dingee was despatched for something else; and Hazel demanded little bits of help from the other two near her; talking softly to them, it was plain, though still with the same young face. But the whole picture was sweeter than anybody could tell.

Looking at it, from his place in the other group, something drew Rollo's steps that way; slow, quiet steps, which however brought him to Gyda's side, whom Hazel had seated at the table. While he was safe with her, Wych Hazel watched her chance, and the next thing Dr. Maryland knew, she had brought and set down by him on the table the perfection of a cup of tea. Without a word she was away again and back in her place behind the tea-urn; where with Gyda at her side and the delight of Gyda's eyes standing there near the table, Hazel took up the sugar tongs again and tried to remember what amount of sweetening commonly sufficed for Mrs. Coles.

(To be continued.)

PRINCE BISMARCK declared when at Kissen- gen that "Europe was preserved for fifty years from all danger of war with Russia."

THE GLEANER.

CHINA has her first telegraph. It is six miles long.

It is reported that it has been decided that Cleopatra's needle is to stand on St. Stephen's-green, opposite the Houses of Parliament.

EX-QUEEN ISABELLA, of Spain, has given orders to have the Hotel Basilewski prepared for her speedy arrival, as she intends to pass the autumn and winter in Paris.

"I HAVE," said Dr. Guthrie, "four good reasons for being an abstainer—my head is clearer, my health is better, my heart is lighter, and my purse is heavier."

THE French Government has decided to carry out the project for a deep-water port at Boulogne-sur-Mer, and the past extensive works at Calais are to be actively prosecuted.

THE rather whimsical suggestion has been made to one of the principal English Railway Companies that a specially constructed drunkard's carriage should be attached to trains making long journeys.

A CHESS meeting on a large scale, open to British amateurs, is to be held at Grantham probably the first week in the New year, and Earl Brownlow, the Lord-Lieutenant of that county, has promised, it is said, to preside.

Two additional peers will be entitled to take their seats at the meeting of the British Parliament, viz., the Earl of Ranfurly and Baron Windsor, the former of whom attained his majority on August 11th, last, and the latter on the 27th following.

THE White House at Washington, the residence of the President, is said to have received its name from the circumstance that, after the destruction of Washington public buildings by the British in 1814, the sandstone of the President's house was found so stained and discolored by fire and smoke as to require painting all over with white paint.

COUNT MOLKE recently expressed himself as follows to a person who asked his opinion respecting the chances of the war in the East:—"If the Russians can manage to feed a large army in Bulgaria, they must eventually win; but the question is, what number of troops can be fed there, with the water communications in the hands of the Turks?"

HEARTH AND HOME.

UNKINDNESS.—Keep the tongue from unkindness. Words are sometimes wounds; not very deep wounds always, and yet they irritate. Speech is unkind sometimes when there is no unkindness in the heart. So much the worse that needless wounds are inflicted; so much the worse that unintentional pain is caused.

SINGING HEARTS.—Singing hearts are ever a blessing unto themselves. A song is joy-giving. He who can sing sweetly in the undertone of his inner nature carries a rare pleasure with him always. Hard things appear to him easy; heavy burdens seem light. Sorrow may knock often at his door, but it seldom enters his home or his heart; and when it does, and the clouds obscure the sunlight, when the soul walks down into the night and sees never a star, ah, then trebly blessed is the singing heart! If it can sing psalms at such a time, the dawn will come more quickly, the sunlight reappear sooner.

DON'T BE A LOAFER.—Young man, pay attention. Don't be a loafer, don't hang about loafing places. Better work than sit about day after day, or stand about corners with your hands in your pockets—bustle about, if you mean to have anything to bustle about for. Many a poor physician has obtained a real patient by riding after an imaginary one. A quire of blank paper, tied with red tape, carried under a lawyer's arm, may procure him his first case, and make his fortune. Such is the world. "To him that hath shall be given." Quit dreaming and complaining; always keep busy, and mind your chances.

BUSINESS AGREEMENTS.—When business affairs are talked over in a loose, incomplete manner, misunderstandings are sure to arise. Each party puts his own construction on the conversation; the matter is dismissed by each with "All right." Frequently it turns out all wrong, and becomes question for lawyers and courts. More than half of the expensive and useless litigation of the country could be saved if the people were in the habit of putting their agreements in writing. Each word in our own language has its own peculiar meaning and memory. May be the change of its position in a sentence conveys an entirely different idea from that intended. When once reduced to writing, ideas are fixed and inelastic.

HOW MUCH TO EAT.—In order to keep the system healthy food should be judiciously consumed. The harder a man works the more nutriment he requires. While a working man would need daily five pounds of solid mixed food, two and a half would be enough for persons who lounge and sleep much. Life can be sustained two or three weeks on two ounces a day. A change of diet should follow a change of seasons—in winter, fat and sweets; in summer, fruit, fish, and lighter meats. Milk and eggs, a blood food; steak, a flesh food; potatoes and wheat, which being heated material, are fuel; and coffee a stimulant. It is important that the workman should eat mixed food,

which, partaken of at regular seasons, stimulates the system, and keeps it in working order.

FLOWERS.—How the universal heart of man blesses flowers! They are wreathed round the cradle, the marriage altar, and the tomb. The Persian in the far East delights in their perfume, and writes his love in nosegays, while the Indian child of the far West claps his hands with glee as he gathers the abundant blossoms—the illuminated scriptures of the prairies. The Cupid of the ancient Hindoos tipped his arrows with flowers, and orange flowers are a bridal crown with us, a nation of yesterday. Flowers garlanded the Grecian altar, and hung in votive wreaths before the Christian shrine. All these are appropriate uses. Flowers should deck the brow of the youthful bride, for they are in themselves a lovely type of marriage. They should twine round the tomb, for their perpetually renewed beauty is a symbol of the resurrection. They should festoon the altar, for their fragrance and their beauty ascend in perpetual worship before the Most High.

FOR WIVES.—"What do you think the beautiful word 'wife' comes from?" asks Ruskin. "It is the great word in which the English and Latin languages conquered the French and the Greek. I hope the French will some day get a word for it in place of that dreadful word *femme*. But what do you think it comes from? The great value of Saxon words is that they mean something. Wife means 'weaver.' You must be either housewives or housemoths; remember that. In the deep sense, you must either weave men's fortunes and embroider them, or feed upon and bring them to decay. Wherever a true wife comes, home is always around her. The stars may be over her head—the glow-worm in the night-cold grass may be fire at her foot; but home is where she is; and for a noble woman it stretches far around her, better than houses ceiled with cedar or painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet light far for those who else are homeless. This I believe to be the woman's true place and power."

BAY OF QUINTE.

A drive of two miles from Adolphustown takes the visitor to the shore opposite to the Mountain Mills and the celebrated Lake of the Mountain. Here is doubtless the finest water-power to be found in America, and is utilized by the enterprising firm of J. C. Wilson & Company, of Picton, Ont. We present our readers with a view of the Mountain Mills, as seen from the Adolphustown shore. The large building is devoted to the manufacture of the justly celebrated "Little Giant Turbine" water wheel. The tourist can here diversify his pleasure by leaving the beauties of nature for awhile and inspect the mechanical wonders of this establishment, which has gained for itself, by means of the excellence of its water wheels, a well-deserved and immense popularity in every section of the Dominion. Next to the water wheel establishment is an extensive flour mill, while to the extreme left is the plaster mill, all under the sole proprietorship of James C. Wilson. In the last century the water from the Lake of the Mountain was utilized by the first proprietor of the flour mill, but in a manner vastly inferior to the method adopted by the present firm. The water is now conveyed down the mountain by means of immense iron pipes, instead of the old-fashioned, wasteful method of the overshot wheel. Here again we see another striking contrast between present and bygone days. Surely if ever a locality was adapted for the pleasure of mankind by a kind Providence, where the handiwork of the Great Creator may be thoroughly appreciated, it is at the "Lake of the Mountain," on the Bay of Quinte. The pencil of the artist fails to do justice to a scene at once so vast and grand as spreads itself at the feet of the beholder as he stands upon the summit of the mountain.

The presence of a lake, several miles in circumference, at the top of this eminence, is very remarkable, especially as there is no inlet to it. Thanks to the forethought of Mr. Wilson, fish of all kinds are now abundant in this lake, and visitors have great sport in catching them. Mr. W. has for years past been in the habit of stocking this water with piscatorial treasure. This spot could be made the most enchanting watering place in America, and Mr. Wilson has some thoughts of making it more attractive to visitors by the erection of a large hotel, constructing a labyrinth of paths along the mountain side, around the waterfall, making interesting and picturesque places accessible. There is a magnificent rock formation, of "amphitheatre" shape, over which, at the will of the proprietor, an immense fall of water can be thrown rivalling in height the falls of Niagara. At present, however, only a small stream like the "bridal veil" of the Yosemite is permitted to run over. Under this the inhabitants of the mountain frequently enjoy a shower bath. We hope to give our readers a sketch of this particular spot in a future issue of the NEWS.

To make a perfect place of resort a large sum of money would be required, more than Mr. Wilson (who has already a large business concern in his hands,) feels disposed to lay out. It will, perhaps, be necessary to form a company to undertake the work. Mr. Wilson says he can construct a series of ornamental fountains down the mountain side that would eclipse all the fountains in the world. What a delightful place this Lake of the Mountains would be if these improvements were made! The drives around are beautiful. Five miles takes the tourist to

the pretty town of Picton, while every day the splendid steamer *Hastings* calls at the mill wharf for passengers to and from Belleville and Kingston. The celebrated sand banks are within easy distance also. In fact, nature seems prolific of resources for the amusement of the tourist and pleasure seeker at this point.

LITERARY.

A SECOND series of Poems and Ballads, by Algernon Charles Swinburne, is announced.

THE Agamemnon of Aeschylus, "transcribed" by Robert Browning, will soon appear.

WILLIAM LONGMAN, the late London publisher, left a personal estate of about £290,000 to his heirs.

CARLYLE, it is said, does not admire George Eliot. He says, "She is interesting nor instructive, but just dool, dool!"

MR. HATTON has for a few weeks left his pleasant house in Regent's Park, and is working at his new novel in a rural retreat at Henley-on-Thames.

It is rumoured in Paris that Victor Hugo has in his portfolio a poem of 2,000 lines, entitled "Le Pape," which will appear after the decease of Pius IX.

THAT eminent public functionary, the veteran Calcraft, now resting in seclusion from his labours, is said to be engaged on an "Autobiography of Hanging."

MR. GLADSTONE will contribute to the October number of *Macmillan's Magazine* an article on "The Dominions of Odysseus and the Island Group of the Odyssey."

IT is stated that the Hon. F. A. Stanley, M.P., is preparing a biography of his father, the late Earl of Derby, and that the preface will be written by the Earl of Beaconsfield.

PROFESSOR MAX MULLER has returned to Oxford very much benefited by his year's sojourn abroad, and will now devote himself to the editing of the translations of the Sacred Books of the world which he has undertaken.

THE forthcoming number of the *Fortnightly Review* will contain an article by Mr. Lowe on a New Reform Bill. It will also contain some autobiographical conversations of M. Thiers with the late Mr. Nassau Senior, describing his relations with Louis Napoleon before the *coup d'etat*.

A poetical festival is now being held at Arles, by the *filibres*, the small group of Provençal poets, among whom Mistral is the principal figure. Several literary men from Paris have gone southwards, to be present at these *festes*. The last solemnity of the kind was held at Saint Remy, in '68, and was much talked about.

M. LOUIS BLANC, author of "L'Histoire de Dix Ans," was speaking of the gracious reception he had met with from M. Thiers, whom he had severely judged in his books, and to whom he had gone for information on a certain political fact. "Je suis sûr," said he, to one of his friends, "que M. Thiers ne sait gré d'être plus petit que lui."

HUGO attended Thiers' funeral, though for forty years there had been a coolness between them, so that when they met at the Academy they bowed but did not speak. In 1879 they happened to be discussing 1793 from different standpoints. "Bah, you can never have read the 'History of the Revolution,'" said Thiers. "I never did yours," said Hugo, and they parted.

M. THIERS, it is said, had it in contemplation, at the time of his death, to write a history of Florence, and also a Life of Michael Angelo. He was, as is well known, an able art connoisseur and critic, and found time amid all his other avocations to contribute numerous articles on aesthetic subjects to various journals and reviews. It is hoped that these will now be gathered together in a volume.

At a dinner at Victor Hugo's, the other day, the centre of the table was taken up by a splendid *buffet d'hermines*, or crabs, sent to the poet by an anonymous admirer, with the following dedication:—

"Vous qui poussez le monde au Progrès, vous le Père. De l'avenir meilleur, vers lequel nous allons, D'un féroce appétit vous mangerez, j'espère, Ces petits monstres noirs, qui vont à reculetons."

MR. ARCHIBALD FORBES' health broke down badly before Plevna on the 14th ult. Mr. Forbes had only time to reach Bucharest, and despatch to the *Daily News* his splendid telegram announcing the virtual defeat of the Russians, when he was compelled to take to his bed with an attack of raging fever. Latest advices state that Mr. Forbes has been ordered to quit the Danube altogether, and that he is on his way to England by easy stages.

MISS RHODA BROUGHTON lives the greater part of the time in the beautiful vale of Clwyd, Wales, and has doubtless derived her love of scenery and her power of describing it from constantly having before her the mountains and vales of that beautiful country. She is about thirty years of age, and is described as "spiritual in expression, with a light, quick, impatient manner." Her face is an intellectual one, with an appearance of will and active imagination. She has a good figure, of about the average height.

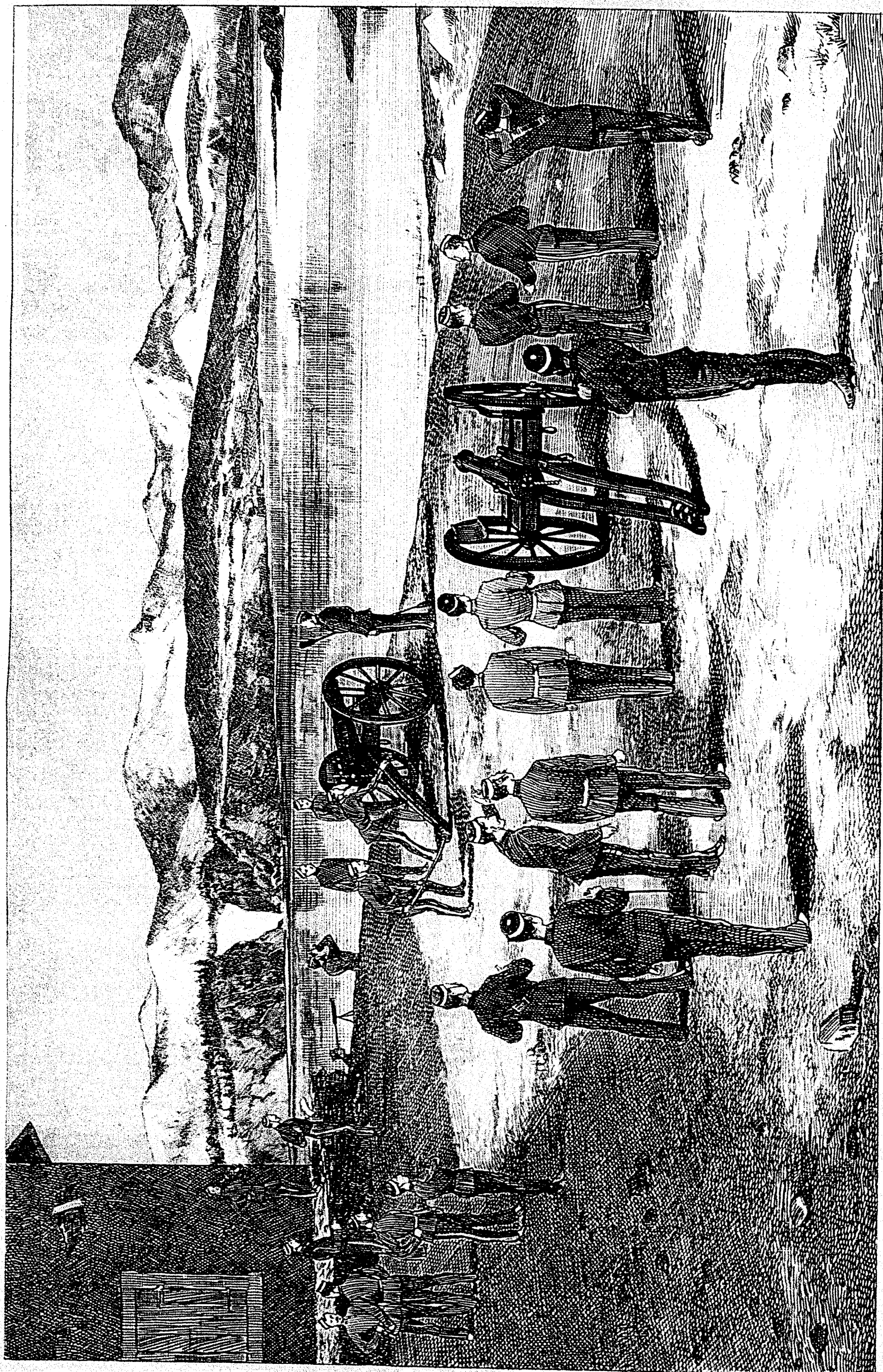
VICTOR HUGO has recently related, with much modesty, of course, that an American gentleman, who called on him on account of the letter which he (Hugo) had addressed to the United States Government, paid him a very high compliment, "comparing me with Shakespeare to no positive disadvantage to myself." Shakespeare is like a spire, said the gentleman, "a lofty spire, pointing heavenward. You are like a dome—a mighty dome. I read him for elevation, you for breadth." The language was peculiar, as well as flattering, and I never forgot it.

In a few days Alexandre Dumas will publish the fifth volume of his dramatic works, containing "La Visite de Noce," "La Princesse Georges," and "La Femme de Claude," each of which is preceded by a preface—a sort of literature M. Dumas has a particular partiality for. That of the first of these plays only, however, is unknown to the public; the others have already been published in separate pamphlets. In the comedies themselves scenes are maintained that do not appear in the acting edition. M. Dumas only condescends to humour his audiences, not his readers.

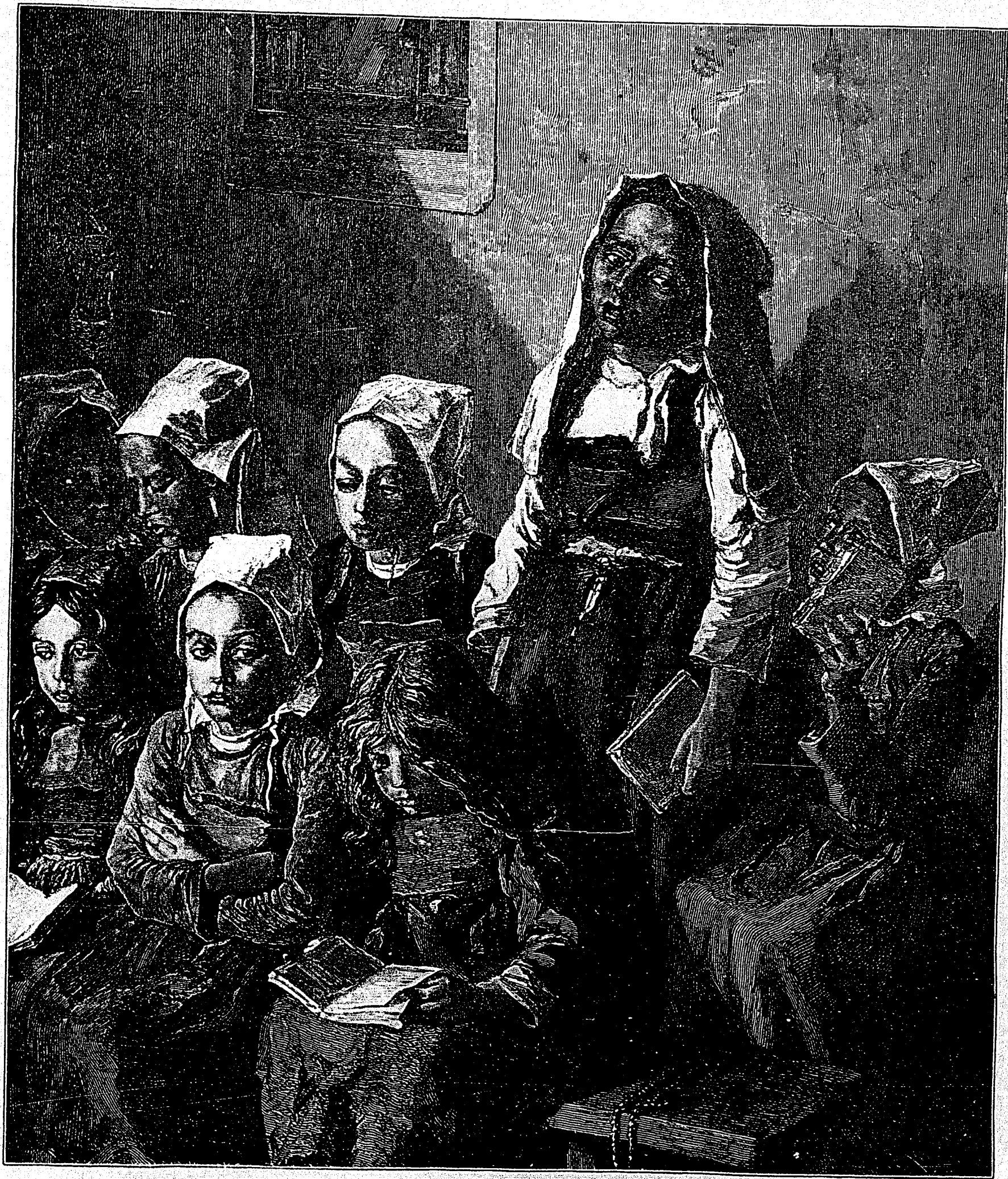
NOTICE TO LADIES.

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.



DOMINION ARTILLERY ASSOCIATION. TARGET FIRING AT ISLE ORLEANS.—FROM A SKETCH BY R. PESSERATIER.



SHE DOES NOT KNOW HER LESSON.

THE HARVEST "EVE."

O for the glory of harvest time!
I sing it in song and sing it in rhyme,
With blush of the beautiful summer's prime
On its dewy dawns,
And its hazy morns,
And gathered grainage of golden corns.

O for the glory of harvest time!
I weave it in song and sing it in rhyme,
While happy hours their passage chime:
And every breath
So softly saith
"There's life new born with the summer's death."

O for the glory of golden noon,
And purpled heather, and ripened bloom,
And full-orbed splendour of harvest moon—
The dangerous moon,
That fades so soon
From starry splendour to starless gloom!

O for the peerless face that shines
Out from the lattice beyond the limes!
Harvest queen of my harvest time,
How shall I praise her in song or rhyme,
With her tangled tresses
And eyes divine?

I'll set her amidst the ripened sheaves,
Or golden glory of burnished leaves:
Flowers and fruits in the autumn eaves,
Fairest "Eve" of them all is she—
My harvest queen
From o'er the sea!

O for the lady of brow serene!
How shall I praise her, the manor-queen,
With the "bon gloss on her ringlets" sheen?
Never a tangled tress is seen,
Nor saucy eyes to dance and gleam,
Like eyes that dazzle my rhymes, I ween.

O for a heart to shrine them both!
Either to lose or leave I'm loth,
For love has grown with the harvest growth.
O gathered grain,
Know you this pain?
Can severed ties be blent again?

The grain is gathered, shadows fall
O'er land and sea like sombres fall;
My heart and I are still in thrall;
Your eyes will shine
Starlike to mine,
My Eve, for every harvest time!

RITA.

JOTTINGS FROM THE KINGDOM OF COD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "QUEBEC PAST AND PRESENT."

THE SHIPWRECK OF SIR HOVENDEN WALKER'S SQUADRON ON EGG ISLAND, 22D AUGUST, 1711—LOSS OF EIGHT TRANSPORTS, WITH 884 MEN—FULL PARTICULARS OF THE EQUIPMENT AND FATE OF THIS FORMIDABLE ARMADA.

Direct in the path of inward bound ships, in the Lower St. Lawrence, lies a desolate isle—of granite formation—about two miles in length. The summit is surmounted by a white wooden light-house,* visible from afar. Had its light shone on these waters one hundred and ten years ago, it might possibly, in spite of ignorant pilots, have preserved from a watery grave many hundreds of British tars and soldiers, and saved from pain and humiliation a proud British Admiral. That stormy, disastrous August night (the 22d) of 1711, has indeed become memorable.†

The repulse before Quebec, in 1690, of Sir William Phipps had not been forgotten in England. In 1708, an attempt had been made to obliterate the memory of this stinging disaster, but war breaking out in Europe, Gen. McCartney's troops were sent to Portugal instead of Quebec. Queen Ann revived the idea three years later, viz.: in 1711. England wished to crown by naval success the splendid victories achieved on land by the great captain of the age—Marlborough.

On the 11th April, 1711, about 7 p.m., Rear-Admiral of the White, Sir Hovenden Walker,† accompanied by Brigadier-General the Hon. John Hill, commander of the land forces, for the intended Canada expedition, waited on the Queen, at her Palace of St. James, to receive their instructions from Her Majesty.

Once in possession of his sealed orders, the Admiral hurried to Portsmouth, arrived next at Spithead, where a variety of delays, some caused by contrary winds, others by unforeseen casualties in the fleet, tried his patience and gave dis-

* With a white revolving light, visible at fifteen miles and completing its evolution in a minute and a half.

† A journal, or full account of the late expedition to Canada, with an appendix containing commissions, orders, instructions, letters, &c., by Sir Hovenden Walker, Kt. London: printed by D. Brawnne, at the Black Swan, W. Mears at the Lamb, without Temple Bar, and G. Strahan at the Golden Ball against the Exchange in Cornhill, 1790.

‡ Sir Hovenden Walker's squadron comprised the following: Flag ship the *Edgar*, 70 guns; *Windsor*, 60 guns; *Montague*, 60 guns; *Swiftsure*, 70 guns; *Sunderland*, 60 guns; *Monmouth*, 70 guns; *Dunkirk*, 60 guns; *Humber*, 80 guns; *Devonshire*, 80 guns. Transports—*Recovery*, *Delight*, *Eagle*, *Fortune*, *Reward*, *Success*, *Link*, *Willing Mind*, *Rose*, *Life*, *Happy Union*, *Queen Anne Resolution*, *Marlborough*, *Samuel*, *Phœnix*, *Three Martins*, *Smyrna Merchant*, *Globe*, *Colchester*, *Nathaniel* and *Elizabeth*, *Samuel* and *Anne*, *George*, *Isabella* and *Catherine*, *Blenheim*, *Chatham*, *Blessing*, *Rebecca*, *Samuel*, *Blessing*, *Goodwill*, *Anna*, *Marlborough*, *Dolphin*, *Two Sheriffs*, *Sarah*, *Rebecca* *Anne*, *Prince*, *Eugene*, *Dolphin*, *Mary*, *Herbin Galley*, *Friend's Increase*, *Anna*, *Tevenmah* and *Thomas*, *Barbadoes*, *Anchor* and *Hope*. Adventure, *Content*, *John* and *Mary*, *Speedwell*, *Baselisk*, *Granada* (*Bowles*), *John* and *Sarah*, *Margaret*, *New England transports*: *Dispatch*, *Four Friends*, *Francis*, *John* and *Hannah*, *Henrietta*, *Blessing*, *Antelope*, *Banah* and *Elizabeth*, *Friend's Adventure*, *Rebecca*, *Martha* and *Hannah*, *Johannah*, *Unity*, *Newcastle*, *The Enterprise*, 40 guns; *Saphire*, 40 guns; *Kingston*, 60 guns; *Leopard*, 54 guns; and *Chester*, 54 guns; also a prize, the *Triton*, joined the Admiral in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. As to the *Leostaff* and the *Feverham*, both of 36 guns, who formed part of the fleet, no mention of them occurred thereafter.

satisfaction to his royal mistress. One day, through an omission of the State Secretary, St. John, the captains refused to take orders from any one except from their superior officer, Sir Edward Whitaker, senior in rank to Admiral Walker. The next, something was wrong in the outfits for the transport service; at other times high winds prevented the fleet from putting to sea; a storm damaged the spars of the *Devonshire*, and the *Swiftsure* lost her top-gallant masts. During these *contretemps*, Secretary St. John, later on Lord Bolingbroke, was despatching to the worried Admiral letter on letter to hurry him on his expedition. Finally, on the 29th April, 1711, the English fleet left the white cliffs of England behind it, and began its voyage towards the gulf of St. Lawrence, where dire disaster awaited it, on the granite shores of Egg Island. Boston, visited by the Admiral twenty-five years previously, in 1686, was the port of rendezvous. The object of the expedition was a dead secret for the twelve thousand men carried on the fleet—for all except the Admiral and the General. At 153 leagues from the Scilly Isles, the flag ship hove to, and the letter containing the sealed orders where every ship was to meet, was distributed to each commander. For all that, the object of the expedition had leaked out. On the 3rd of May, Sir H. Walker, having been compelled by stress of weather, to anchor at Plymouth, whilst the transports sought protection at Catwater, a French sailor of the *Medway*, a renegade, who pretended to have made four trips to a Canada river, having learned in one of the city tap-rooms that an English fleet, destined for the capture of Canada, was now ready to sail, had his services offered to the Admiral to pilot the fleet to Quebec. Walker, amazed, tried to dissemble, pretending that he was bent merely on a cruise in the Bay of Biscay; he had him shipped on board of the *Humber*, with orders that he should be well treated. The French renegade must have much relished his good fortune. Later on in August, Col. Vetch, writing to the Admiral from Canso, states:

AUGUST, 1711, at sea.

"Sir,—I could not but judge it my duty to give you a caution with regard to your French pilot, whom I would have you by no means depend upon, for I find him to be not only an ignorant, pretending, idle, drunken fellow, but fear he is come on no good design.

"Sir, yours devoted to serve you,

SAM. VETCH.

The admiral had much reliance on the experience of this Palinurus to escape the dangers besetting the ascent of the St. Lawrence; and some of these dangers appear to have been rather over-estimated. Col. Vetch's caution was no doubt timely. But trouble and vexation was besetting Walker on all sides. He was scarcely out at sea when it was discovered that the transport *Mary*, conveying a portion of Col. Desney's regiment, had been forgotten at Catwater. During a stormy night, the mizzen mast of the *Monmouth* broke like a reed. The squadron was constantly shortening sail to wait for the unwieldy transports; sometimes tow-ropes had to be thrown out to them, and when it was indispensable to consult with Gen. Hill, who was on board the *Devonshire*, it was found that seasickness had so disordered the military here that he could not answer the letters with his own hand. Discipline itself was occasionally forgotten. In spite of the strict orders for the fleet to remain together, one night, near the banks of Newfoundland, the *Dunkirk* and *Edgar* started in chase of a small vessel in the offing. An example was necessary—the Captain of the *Edgar*, Soams, and the Captain of the *Devonshire*, Butler, one was condemned to lose three months pay, the other cashiered.

At last, on the 25th June, after a passage of fifty-eight days, Admiral Walker cast anchor in the harbour of Boston, where brilliant entertainments as well as frequent annoyances awaited him. On landing in New England, Sir Hovenden was the lion of the Colony: on the 4th July he had to preside at the opening of the courses at Cambridge University, on the 5th and 10th of the same month he witnessed, on Noodle's Island, a grand review of the sea and land forces, which took place under Gen. Hill.

On the 24th he hastened to Roxbury, to inspect a regiment destined for the Canada expedition. A series of dinners and balls took place on the 19th and 23d July on board of the *Humber*, in honour of the Indian Sachem of Connecticut, and also in honour of the Mohawk Indians admitted on board of the flag-ship, with a salvo of guns, music, cheers, and seamen's dances. The Mohawks treated the English to one of their peculiar dances, and this over, one of them, in the name of the Five Nations, says the Admiral, delivered a long harangue, which the interpreter told me was to this effect, "That they had long expected what they now saw, and were much rejoiced that the Queen had taken such care of them, of which they had almost despaired; that at this time they would exert themselves in a most extraordinary manner, and hoped that the French in America would now be reduced. They pledged me, and drank the Queen's health, and when they went away I gave them cheers and guns." But these junkettings must come to an end, and Sir Hovenden Walker set to work in earnest to ship stores and provisions to last 4 months, for 9,385 men, for the Canada expedition.

Walker's Journal contains the following entry under the date of 25th July, 1711, "This morning a French prize called the *Neptune* was sent

by Captain Matthews, which he had taken in his cruise. The mate of her gives an account that a man-of-war of 54 guns, and a store-ship of 30, was to follow them to Quebec in about a month's time. That in a fog they had lost company of two ships of 16 guns each, which came out with them from France. They had come above 100 leagues with Monsieur Duguay (Trouin), who had under his command a strong squadron of men-of-war and several transports with soldiers, but where designed was a secret. He said they had heard nothing in France of our expedition against Canada, nor thought anything of it; and that if I pretended to go up that river with this fleet, I should lose all the ships. The master of the prize, who was on board the *Chester*, it seems, told Capt. Matthews, as I am informed, that last year the French lost eight ships out of nine in that river, and that a great number of ships are cast away there every year, for which reason the seamen of Rochelle avoid the voyage as much as possible, and when shipped to Canada have double wages." Various were the troubles occasioned to the English fleet while at Boston by the rapacity of the bakers and public contractors, the desertion of some of his men, the damage done by storms or accidents to his ships, and finally, by the lukewarmness of Governor Dudley. A final humiliation awaited the luckless Admiral. The French pilots entered over and picked up all through New England, refused to join, under frivolous pretences; it required a Government warrant to compel them to do so.

At last, on the 30th July, 1711, this formidable squadron sent out by England to humble France by the capture of its bulwark across the Atlantic, left the pass of Nantasket, buoyant with hope.

It is curious to reconcile this hostile expedition with the fact that England was not then at war with France. We shall furnish some extracts of this magniloquent document.

"The French have committed several hostilities against the subjects of the Kings and Queens of Great Britain, therefore those lands and territories so possessed by the French do, according to the laws of nature and nations, of right revert to the Crown of Great Britain, where they originally were; and it becomes lawful for Her Majesty of Great Britain, although there were no actual war between Her Majesty and the Most Christian King, to resume them.

"Yet now, with a most pious intent for preserving for the future a perpetual and lasting peace in North America. . . . Her Majesty has resolved (under the protection and assistance of Almighty God), to recover all those said forfeited lands and territories, and appoint her own Governors in all those several territories, cities, towns, castles and fortifications, where his most Christian Majesty has pretended to settle any.

"And because the French now inhabit those parts may either out of ignorance or obstinacy be induced by persons of malignant and turbulent spirits, to resist her Majesty's so good designs, she has thought fit, in reliance on the blessing of God upon her so pious and religious purposes and endeavours, to send such a strength as may by the Divine assistance be sufficient to force a compliance, and reduce all opposers to reason.

"And esteeming all the French who are settled in these said lands and territories, under the pretended title of His Most Christian Majesty, to be as much subjects of the Crown, of Great Britain, as if born and settled there, or in Ireland, or in any other of Her Majesty's Colonies, more immediately under her protection. . . .

"It is hereby declared that after any hostilities shall be committed, then we think ourselves free from all these promises, and we shall then have no further regard than, by the assistance of God, to reduce all that resist by military force; trusting in the Almighty that He will favour and succeed her Majesty's arms, in so reasonable, just and religious a design."

This proclamation, duly approved of by Governor Dudley, was translated into French for the benefit of the Canadians.

When off the Coast of Cape Breton, the flag-ship *Edgar* was joined by the *Chester*, who conveyed to the Admiral what he much wanted—a French pilot for the St. Lawrence. This new Palinurus, by name—Paradis,* had made forty voyages to Canada—his capture at this juncture was considered as a special interposition of Providence. Paradis was the master on board a Rochelle ship the *Neptune*, 10 guns, with a crew of 70 men, thirty of whom were destined for the garrison of Quebec. This French prize had been taken a few days previous by Captain Matthews, of the *Chester*. Paradis was offered 500 "pistoles" to pilot the English fleet to Quebec, and a provision promised for his old age. Whether the temptation proved too tempting for the ancient mariner history does not say. But what we do find recorded is a sombre picture of the dangers of the St. Lawrence drawn by the French Captain. Though the English Admiral at first strived to make light of the advice tendered: it seems to have much disturbed him later on. In dismal array, like a hideous nightmare, stood before him: Canadian "seas and earth locked up by adamantine forests and swollen by high mountains of snow." "Brave men famishing with hunger and drawing lots who should die first to feed the rest." "Men left dead in the march and frozen into

* I am indebted to M. Faucher for the name of the French captain; his summary of Walker's Journal in *De Trebord & Bord* I have also frequently used in this sketch, a *tout seigneur, tout honneur*.

statues for their own monuments." (Walker's journal, page 25.)

"This afternoon, (16th Aug., 1711)," says Walker, "I saw the land, being off Cape Gaspe, and upon sounding had 90 fathoms water.

"This day we saw the Island *Anticosti*. . . . That which now took up my thoughts chiefly was contriving how to secure the ships if we got up to Quebec; foreseeing it to be impossible for them to leave that place before the winter should be too far advanced, and the only way I could think of was quite to unrig them, take out all their guns, stores, ballast, and even their masts, and with crabs and machines contrived and made for that purpose, haul up the hulls on the dry ground, to lie shored up and secured in frames and cradles till the thaw; for the ice in the river freezing to the bottom, would have utterly destroyed and bulged them, as much as if they had been squeezed between rocks."

* Walker's journal, page 121.

ARTISTIC.

A COMMITTEE is being organized by the editors of the Republican newspapers for the purpose of opening a subscription for the erection of a statue of M. Thiers in front of his house in the Place St. Georges.

THE model for the diploma of honour for the Paris Exhibition of 1878 will be designed by M. Paul Baudry, the painter who executed the frescoes at the Grand Opera House. It will be engraved by the well-known M. Henriquel Dupont. It will be remembered that it was Ingres who designed the diploma for the Paris Exhibition of 1867.

ROUND THE DOMINION.

TYPHOID fever is prevalent in Nova Scotia several cases having terminated fatally.

THE fourteenth Convention of the Sabbath School Association for Ontario and Quebec opened last week at Guelph.

LIEUT.-GOVERNOR LAIRD has completed his mission to the Blackfoot Indians, having completed a treaty, the terms of which are very favourable.

THE arrival of the first locomotive for the Canadian Pacific Railway caused a sensation at Winnipeg last Wednesday week. A caboose and six platform cars arrived at the same time.

ROUND THE WORLD.

THE Russian police have discovered a new Nihilist plot at Moscow and Kief, and have arrested over six hundred persons in connection therewith.

ALL immediate danger of a famine in Northern India next year has passed away in consequence of rains during the first nine days of the month. In Mysore, Bombay, and Madras the prospects continue favourable.

THE obstacle which has hitherto prevented the marriage of the King of Spain with the daughter of the Duke de Montpensier, viz., the unpopularity of the latter, has, it is stated, been removed by the Duke undertaking to leave Spain immediately after the wedding.

PRESIDENT MACMAHON issued a manifesto to the people of France, declaring his intention of maintaining order, and denying that the Constitutional Government of the country is threatened. The Senators of the Left have issued a counter-manifesto denying the President's assertions.

BIRTH.

At Montreal, on the 11th inst., Mrs. C. D. Thériault of a son.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondent will be duly acknowledged.

All communications intended for this department to be addressed Chess Editor, Office of CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 143 received.

M. J. M., Quebec.—Solution of Problem No. 142 received.

Student, Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 142 received. Correct.

H. H., Montreal.—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 140 received.

A., Quebec.—Letter received. Will answer by post.

J. B., Montreal.—The game shall be inspected.

THE INTERNATIONAL CHESS MATCH.

This contest is beginning to attract to a considerable extent the attention of Chess-players, and when it is finished and the games published, which we trust will be the case, they will form a very interesting addition to the Chess student's library.

There is no doubt that it will be found ultimately that several mistakes were made in pairing the opponents, but this was likely to be the case when so many were found to enter the lists. At the end of the fight, when the victors on both sides have by their success testified to their fitness to be chosen as champions in an international struggle, it will be an easier affair to make another selection, and to continue the contest in a second engagement, which, we are sure, will be entered into with eagerness by the successful competitors on both sides of the Atlantic.

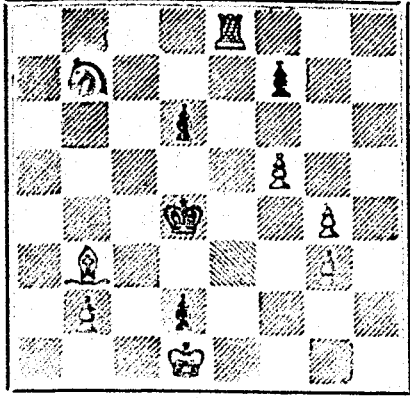
The following extract from the *American Chess Journal* on the present contest will be found interesting to players generally.

"The list presents a good array of names, most of which are well known to the Chess world, and we anticipate some fine play, though, owing to the great distance, we must possess our souls in patience for some time to come. It seems to us that Mrs. Gilbert is slightly over-matched in placing herself against so strong an opponent as Mr. Gossip—a player of great experience, as well as the author of a well-known handbook. Max Judd, it appears to us, would have been the proper selection. However, we have a high opinion of Mrs. Gilbert's ability; and if the lady vanquishes her renowned opponent, so much greater will be the honour. Mr. Coates, who is opposed to Mr. Judd, is a master at problem composition, as may be seen by an examination of the beautiful set contributed to the Centennial Problem Tournament, under the motto 'The Virginians,' published in the February journal, and reproduced in the *Westminster Papers* for July. If his play is as fine as his composing, Friend Judd had best 'look a leedie out.'"

Through the kindness of our correspondent, J. W. Shaw, Esq., we have been furnished with the subjoined Problem by Sergt.-Major McArthur, of Chichester, Eng., who has acquired a reputation for skill in Chess Problems, and who will be recognized by name as one of the players in the International Chess Match. The Problem was sent expressly for insertion in a Canadian Chess Column, and has never before been published.

PROBLEM No. 144.

BY SERGT.-MAJOR MCARTHUR, Chichester, Eng. BLACK.



White to play and mate in four moves.

CHESS IN CANADA. GAME 211th.

Played between Messrs. Fletcher and Shaw, at the Sixth Annual Congress of the Dominion Chess Association, held at Quebec, August, 1877.

(Hishop's Opening.)

- WHITE. (Mr. E. T. Fletcher) 1. P to K4 2. B to B4 3. P to Q3 4. Q Kt to B3 5. K Kt to B3 6. Q to K2 7. P to K R3 8. Q takes B 9. B to Q2 10. B to Q Kt3 11. P takes P 12. Castles (K R) 13. Q R to K sq 14. Kt to K4 15. Q to K2 16. P to K B4 17. Kt to Kt5 (ch) 18. P takes B 19. P to Kt6 20. Q to K R5 21. B to K (ch) 22. B to Kt3 23. P to B3 24. B to B7 25. Q to B3 26. R to K2 27. R (B sq) K sq (ch) 28. Q to K4 29. Q to B2 30. P to B4 31. B takes Kt 32. B takes P 33. Q to Kt4 (ch) 34. B takes K P 35. P takes Q 36. B takes Kt 37. R (K sq) K4 38. R to Q Kt5 39. P takes P 40. P (K R) takes Q P 41. P to R3 42. R takes R 43. K to B2 44. K to R3 45. R to K4 46. R to Kt4 47. P to Q4 48. P to Q5 49. R to Q4

And White won.

NOTES.

- (a) A move which appears injudicious, but which subsequently proved of considerable benefit to White. (b) Why not P to B3? (c) This move of B and subsequent retreat seem to have occasioned White loss of time. (d) Forcing the B to his former position somewhat, where he becomes very useful. (e) The right move. (f) An injudicious move, leading to ultimate loss. (g) Well played.

CHESS IN GERMANY. GAME 212th.

Played during the Leipzig Chess Congress between Dr. Schmidt and Herr Wimmers.

- WHITE. (Dr. Schmidt) 1. P to K4 2. Kt to K B3 3. B to Kt5 4. B to R4 5. Castles 6. P to Q4 7. Kt takes P 8. P takes Kt 9. B to Kt3 10. R P takes Kt 11. Q to Kt4 12. B to K3 13. Q to Kt3 14. B takes P (ch) 15. Q to K3 16. Resigns (b)

NOTES.

- (a) A mistake. (b) White cannot evidently guard the mate by P to K B3 on account of the impending B to B4, winning the Q, and if Q returns to K Kt3, a piece is clearly lost by the rejoinder of P to K R3

SOLUTIONS.

- Solution of Problem No. 142. WHITE. 1. R to K6 2. R to Kt3 3. K to Kt2 4. R takes P mate

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 140.

- WHITE. 1. to Q B4 (ch) 2. P to Q R3 mate

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 141.

- WHITE. K at Q2 Q at K R4 R at K sq B at K R5 B at K B4 Pawns at Q3, and Q B3

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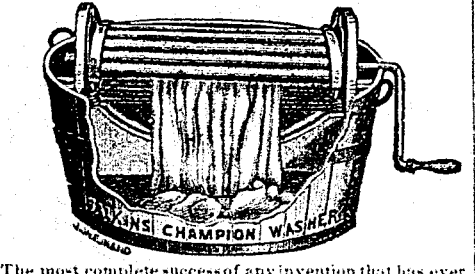
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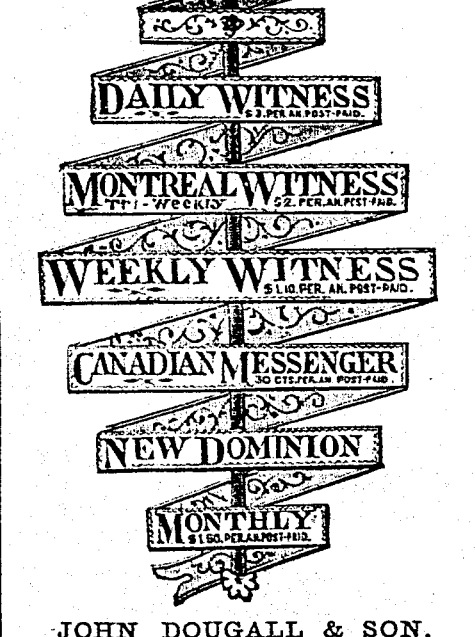
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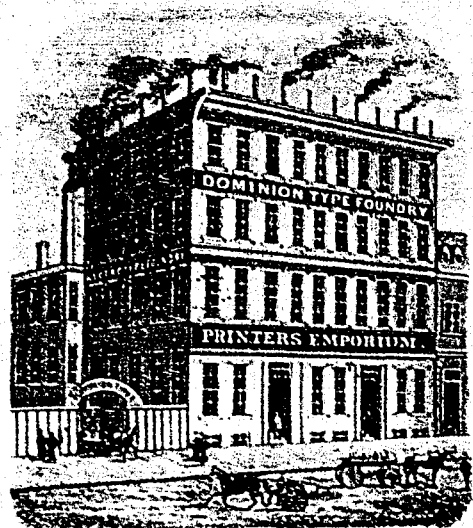
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