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# Wholesale News

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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1878.

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Sir ALBERT JAMES SMITH, Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

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**NOTICE.**

PRESCOTT (ONT.) ILLUSTRATED.

We beg to call the attention of our readers to the double-page illustration of the flourishing town of Prescott which we present to-day. It is the first of a series of several which will follow without unnecessary delay. The artistic work speaks for itself. As to the letter-press description we wish particularly to have it read carefully. It is extraordinary how much information can be gathered by a judicious collector of news in each of our towns and villages, and how very interesting he can make his narrative not only to local readers, but to the general public as well. In the present number, the account of the battle of the Windmill is not only graphic, but full of details never before published; and we are sure that thousands of our friends will learn here, for the first time, of the Blue Church, Barbara Heck, and the first Methodist sermon in America.

**CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.**

Montreal, Saturday, May 4th, 1878.

**THE SINEWS OF WAR.**

In order that our readers may have accurate information concerning the military strength of the armies and navies which may probably soon come into hostile contact, we have translated and condensed the following figures from a French study on the subject:

The army of Great Britain is thus distributed:

Infantry.....	61,037
Cavalry.....	13,375
Artillery.....	17,856
Engineers.....	4,007

To these must be added 36,609 men belonging to colonial regiments and different foreign stations, which would give a total of 132,874 men of all arms.

The strength of the British army in India is 62,856 men of all arms.

The army of native troops counts 123,263 men. A total in India of 186,712.

The reserves figure as follows:

Militia.....	139,619
Infantry Volunteers.....	136,927
Artillery Volunteers.....	31,323
Mounted National Guard.....	15,078
Reserve.....	31,000

Total, 354,447

England has therefore 674,043 men under arms at the present time. This is exclusive of the Malta and Gibraltar garrisons, which have about 7,000 men each.

The General-in-Chief of Her Majesty's troops is the Duke of Cambridge, but the Commander-in-Chief of any expeditionary force, in case of war, will be Lord NAPIER of Magdala, with Sir GARNET WOLSLEY as Chief of Staff.

There is question of the immediate concentration of eight army corps of 30,000 men each at different points of the United Kingdom—Aldershot, Croydon, Edinburgh, Dublin, and other places not yet determined upon.

The British fleet comprises 62,000 officers and men.

Ironclads of the 1st class, extra.....	3
Ironclads of the 1st class.....	18
Ironclads of the 2nd class.....	25

There are, besides, 3 ironclads of the 2nd class for the colonies.

Wooden vessels: In the 1st class there are 18 frigates and ships of the line of

light tonnage and good speed. In the 2nd class there are 55 corvettes, sloops and gunboats.

Beside these vessels, there are 150 vessels of the Royal Marine reserve, used as transports, training-schools, &c.

The Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Squadron is Vice-Admiral GEORGE THOMAS PHIPPS HORNBY. Sir J. EDMUND COMMERCIAL, commands the Channel Squadron.

The army of Russia is thus distributed:

Infantry.....	694,511
Artillery.....	48,773
Cavalry.....	49,183
Engineers.....	16,253

Total, 803,670

1st. Reserve—Troops of all arms. 127,923

2nd. Reserve—Troops of all arms. 276,664

Total, 1,213,257

We must add to these figures the Cossack contingent, who are the irregulars of the Russian army, to the number of 180,000, thus raising the forces of the Czar to the tremendous total of 1,393,257.

The Russian fleet comprises 9,112 officers and men.

Ironclads of the 1st class.....	1
“ “ 2nd “.....	2
“ “ 3rd “.....	15
Circular Monitor.....	1

The Commander of the fleet would doubtless be Admiral POPOFF, the inventor of the circular monitor. The Russians have secured a very large number of torpedo boats.

The army of Austria is thus distributed:

Infantry.....	597,602
Cavalry.....	58,794
Artillery.....	62,774
Engineers.....	78,296

Total, 798,066

The reserve is of 40,664, raising the ultimate figure to 838,700 men of all arms. The Commander-in-Chief is the Archduke ALBRECHT.

The Austrian fleet contains:

Ironclads of the 1st class.....	4
“ “ 2nd “.....	6
Wooden Frigates and Corvettes.....	10
Sloops and Gunboats.....	23

The principal sea fortress is Pola.

**ECHOES FROM PARIS.**

THE two towers of the Trocadéro Palace do not appear in all their graceful outlines as yet, owing to the fact that scaffolding still partly surrounds them; when entirely freed from this, they will appear all the more light and admirably proportioned.

THE Grand Salle des Fêtes, in the Palace of Fine Arts on the Trocadéro, is now completed, and is certainly most imposing in all its appointments. It will be lighted by 4000 gas-burners, which will make it dazzling bright. In height this hall is ninety-four feet, and, from its admirable proportions, seems even more lofty.

A waterfall costing \$25,000 is rather an extravagant undertaking, even in these days of costly enterprises. That, or, to be precise, 24,800, L. is the sum which the grand cascade in front of the central hall of the Trocadéro Palace at Paris will cost. The work contains over 30,000 cubic yards of excavation and masonry.

FEARS are freely expressed as to the success of the coming Exhibition in May. The world, in fact, is tired of these world-fairs; and it seems a grave irony on our age that no sooner do we decide to hold a great peace celebration of this kind than some war breaks out. It seems as if the War Goddess were envious of these solemnities, and showed her spite in this way.

AMONG “the curiosities” of the Paris Exhibition, according to the *Chronique des Arts*, will be the display of the treasures belonging to the Prefecture of the Police. These are divided into three categories. 1. A collection of the portraits of all the lieutenants, ministers, and prefects of police. 2. Collection of portraits of criminals. 3. Reproduction of all the various instruments used by thieves in the exercise of their profession, such as picklocks, crowbars, jemmies (called more politely in French “mon-seigneurs”), centrebites, and other valuable tools. More curious than instructive, we should imagine, such an exhibition, except to the enquiring mind of the youthful thief.

ROSSINI's widow, who lately died, was an eccentric person. Her most distinguishing trait was love of money. Her husband left her merely the interest of his property, and directed that the capital should be given to the town of Pesaro, in Italy. This greatly angered his widow, who never lost an opportunity of speaking ill of the place. As she was very economical she soon massed a considerable fortune out of her savings, and died worth £80,000. She almost disinherited her family, and left only £2,000 to her sister and £1,000 to her nephew, the rest has been bequeathed for the erection of a sanatorium for sick musicians; but they must be vocalists; instrumentalists she has expressly excluded, because she once heard an orchestra murdering one of her husband's operas. She sold some one in London all the erudite melodies and fragments of her husband, and the publisher, thinking that he was buying the composer's own MS., gave a high price. His disgust may be gathered when on complaining to Madame, and asking for the originals, he was told that it was not in the bond.

THE construction of the Tuileries captive balloon is attracting much attention. The necessary excavations for the rope-winding roller, steam engines, pulleys, &c., have modified the appearance of the old Tuileries yard. A large wooden saloon has been erected for the sewing of the canvas, which is quite ready; not less than 100 girls will be required for about a month. The work of making the rope, which is almost finished, has been immense. The weight of the netting will be 3,000 kilogrammes more than the displacement of the largest balloon in use. Besides the netting, the other ropes connecting the car, &c., will weigh 2,000 kilogrammes, and the large rope for mooring the balloon to the steam winding apparatus will be 3,000 kilogrammes. Experiments will be made to show that the rope can bear a traction of 50,000 kilogrammes, although it is not intended to ascend when the effort to move the balloon will exceed 12,000 kilogrammes. The real steam power required will be 300 horse-power. The displacement of the balloon will vary according to its station; on the ground it will be 24,000 cubic metres, but floating at 600 metres in the air it will be 25,000.

AMONG the artistic curiosities of the coming Exhibition may certainly be mentioned M. Gustave Doré as a sculptor. This is a new phase of his versatile talents. He is going to exhibit an enormous vase four metres in height, with a diameter of two metres. It terminates in a straight narrow neck, on the brim of which children are seated, maintaining their equilibrium with difficulty, being intoxicated by the fumes issuing from the amphora. The body and pedestal of the vase are adorned by little Bacchanalian figures, men, women, and children, fauns and dryads led by Silenus mounted on the back of a crocodile, and entangled in flowers and foliage covered with butterflies, mice, weazles, and lizards also intermingling. It is a strange, almost audacious, production, but manifesting powerful originality. Every figure is a study. The vase itself has, perhaps, the fault of not resting on a sufficiently broad base, but as a whole the work is calculated to produce a sensation. Gustave Doré is finishing another sculptural group of quite a different and very classical kind, “The Prize Glory”—a young hero dying beneath the kiss of Glory. This group is of real beauty. The forms, though rather effeminate, are striking, the proportions are graceful, and the expression is mild, profound, melancholy, and natural. This group is the work of a thinker and philosopher and, curiously enough, it does not betray the painter, either in subject or execution. It is really the work of a sculptor and places Gustave Doré in a new light, which cannot but add to his renown.

**ECHOES FROM LONDON.**

THE rumour is abroad that the Government intend enlarging the Post Office, and that an offer of £700,000 has been made to the Governors of Christ's Hospital for their property in Newgate street.

THE Ritualists have got another grievance, and a more substantial one than most of theirs. There has been lately issued an order in council reviving a regulation of 1627, which was made by Charles I. in order to insure secrecy for the proceedings in the Star Chamber. This regulation forbids any member of the judicial committee of the Privy Council to say how he voted on any cause brought before him for trial.

THE general impression is that the Royal Academy Exhibition this year will not be of even average excellence. It is difficult to say how this estimate can be fairly made, and it is of course only founded on the partial and incomplete critical survey which is taken by those who “go the rounds of the studios,” and give their impressions in print or in chatter in advance. This “going the round” custom is being overdone.

THE stupidity of opening our docks and arsenals and even most private workshops to foreigners, is being shown in the fact that the Russian Government is well informed respecting all that is being done and actually possess working models and drawings of every important invention and contrivance, torpedoes included. Some of our manufacturers are also supplying Russia with torpedoes under the strong proba-

bility that they will be used against the British navy.

THERE is just opened at Lillie Bridge a gymnasium for ladies. A ladies' class meets there on Tuesdays and Thursdays; and its proceedings are regulated on similar principles to those so successfully adopted at the German Gymnasium at King's Cross. The exercises chosen for the pupils are not violent, but gentle, as befits the “softer sex.” When the ladies become fully developed in muscle it will be their agreeable duty to see young men home at night to give them the benefit of their protection.

THE large house in Piccadilly at the corner of Hamilton-place, which has only once been let, and that for a few months to Sir Salar Jung, has become the property of Lord and Lady Rosebery. It has been purchased, so rumour says, by Baron Lionel Rothschild, and given to his niece as a wedding present, with a proviso that it shall be entailed upon all succeeding generations of Rothschild-Roseberys. The price is variously stated; but £300,000 about represents the total sum paid for house, stables, and adjoining premises.

LONDONERS are promised some little comfort and convenience at Victoria Station. The underground—or rather the District Railway—is to be connected by a subterranean passage or tunnel with the Victoria Station itself, so that people will no longer have to walk or wade across an open yard full of puddles, and traversed in every direction by omnibuses and cabs, at the risk of life and limb, if they want to get from one to the other destination. Two or three companies who may be presumed to be interested in this little arrangement will bear the cost between them. But why was not this little job undertaken years ago? It would be difficult to say.

THERE is a rumour, which, however, must be taken for what it is worth—the English for saying it is doubtful if it is yet worth anything—that the Duke of Cambridge is likely to give up Gloucester House, which he finds too large for his wants, and to migrate to Curzon House in South Audley-Street, a house that has been undergoing the most extensive repairs from top to bottom. The brown exterior of the dull old English mansion is indeed “transmogrified,” and nobody would know it again with its red face and cheeks, half Italian and half Dutch. It would be strange if royalty should take to this one house a second time in half a century.

**LITERARY.**

A SUBSCRIPTION is opened for a monument to Rouget de l'Isle, author of the “Marseillaise.”

FRESH arrangements have been made by the Government of India to prosecute the search for Sanscrit manuscripts.

THE King of Portugal is continuing his translations from Shakespeare, and is now engaged upon *The Merchant of Venice*.

BRONSON ALCOTT says Mr. Emerson never valued criticism and seldom if ever read any of his critics.

HARRISON AINSWORTH is still alive, a well-preserved and dandyish, though gray, old man of seventy-two.

J. G. HOLLAND, who is said to have made \$120,000 from lecturing, has been advised by his physicians to decline all engagements for the coming season.

THE Dean of St. Paul's is going to republish his essay upon Dante. Appended to it will, it is said, be a translation of the *De Monarchia*, by the Dean's son.

THE title of the two poems with which Mr. Browning will soon delight his admirers are “La Saisiaz,” and “The two Poets of Croisic.” Each poem is in a metre unemployed by the writer.

THE Duke of Devonshire has authorized the reproduction of photolithographic fac-similes of his copies of the first and second quartos of *Hamlet*, and certain other first quartos of Shakespeare's plays.

THE life of Harvey, discoverer of the circulation of the blood, with notices of the anatomists and other predecessors for whom the discovery has been claimed by R. Willis, M. D., will shortly be published.

PROF. STERN has discovered in the archives of Oldenburg a relation by Mylius of his visit to England, containing an account of his conversation with Milton, as well as some unpublished letters of Milton himself.

JAMES PARTON says he has lost a good many valuable positions during the fifty-seven years of his life because he is a free-thinker. He has been working for the last twenty years of the life of Voltaire, which he means to make “the one well written book of his life.”

THE death is announced of Risk Allah Hagsoun Effendi, of Aleppo, one of the greatest Arabic scholars and poets of the day. He was Turkish and Arabic interpreter to Fuad Pacha on the expedition sent to Syria by the Porte at the time of the massacres. He was a naturalised English subject, and the author of several excellent works in Arabic, both in prose and verse.

**HUMOROUS.**

THE Colossus of Rhodes—The Union Pacific. WE suspect that war is going to be inevitable for several years yet.

“Do editors ever do wrong?”—“No.” “What do they do?”—“They do write!”

VERY few brass bands in a military parade can play as many airs as a drum-major puts on.

THERE are only 300 shades of blue. We sometimes feel as though there were twice as many.

“WITHIN five minutes after the alarm was given our reporter was on the ground.”—“We have little doubt of it, if he gave the slightest provocation to the foreman of the Engine Company.”

THE Cincinnati *Enquirer's* Essay on Man is in one canto, as follows:

Man's a vapour,  
Full of woes;  
Starts a paper,  
Up he goes.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

SIR ALBERT J. SMITH.—On our front page we present the portrait of the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, whom it has pleased Her Majesty to raise to the dignity of Knighthood, in connection with the successful termination of the Halifax Conference. The biography of Sir Albert will be found in a late number as that of the NEWS for March 21, 1877.

THE ASSASSINATION OF THE EARL OF LETERIM.—We need not rehearse the full particulars of this tragedy, as given by the daily press. Our view represents the very spot where the nobleman was murdered, and we also give a portrait of the deceased Earl.

THE GRAND DUKE AND THE SULTAN.—This interchange of princely courtesies between the illustrious personages who were lately at war with each other, and whose hostile relations had been terminated, as all the world knows, by the preliminary Treaty of Peace agreed to at San Stefano on the 3rd ult., was deferred many days, through the difficulty of arranging some details with respect to the route by which the Grand Duke should approach the Sultan's residence. In order to avoid the excitement which might be caused by a large number of Russian officers riding through the streets of Stamboul and Pera, the Russians themselves proposed that the Grand Duke and his followers should go by water to the palace of Dolma Bagtche on board the Livadia steam-yacht belonging to the Empress of Russia, and that the Sultan should return the visit on board the Livadia, or in any other way that might be considered advisable. To this the Turks consented, but went beyond the Russian propositions in proposing to put the palace of Beglerbeg on the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus at the disposition of the Grand Duke, in which to receive the return visit of the Sultan. The arrangement was finally agreed to, and was carried into effect on Tuesday, the 26th, without any inconvenience. The Grand Duke, with fifteen or twenty officers, went on board the Livadia, while the rest, to the number of about sixty, embarked on board the Constantine, and were seen steaming up to the mouth of the Bosphorus. They have to just off the Palace of Dolma Bagtche, and a large steam launch of the Sultan's came off and took the Grand Duke and several Generals ashore, the rest following party in the boats of the Livadia and Constantine, partly in a second launch of the Sultan. They landed at the marble steps of the palace and were instantly conducted to the reception-room, where the Sultan entered at the same moment.

The meeting between the Sultan and the Grand Duke was very cordial and friendly. They shook hands, inquired after each other's health, and the usual polite speeches were made. Only five or six Russian Generals were presented to the Sultan, the rest looking on. Coffee, sweets, and shikhs were served, and the Grand Duke had a long consultation with the Sultan, the dragoman of the Russian Embassy acting as interpreter, with only M. Nelidoff, Saivet Pasha, and Raouf Pasha present. The conversation lasted about three quarters of an hour. Then the Grand Duke withdrew, and went on board the Livadia, which steamed up the Bosphorus about three miles, and here to the other side, off the Palace of Beglerbeg. Here the Grand Duke awaited the visit of the Sultan, walking up and down the marble platform in front of the palace, chatting gaily with his officers. In about half an hour the Sultan arrived in a steam-launch, and was met at the steps by the Grand Duke, when they again shook hands. Another conversation of about half an hour followed, of which nobody but those engaged heard anything. Then the Sultan withdrew. On getting into the launch he proposed that the Grand Duke should accompany him back again to the Palace of Dolma Bagtche. The Grand Duke consented, and stepped into the launch, accompanied only by the dragoman to act as interpreter. He went back to Dolma Bagtche, thus paying a second visit to the Sultan, which lasted about half an hour. The Grand Duke and part of his suite paid a visit to Prince Reuss, and then went to the Russian Embassy. The two eagles over the gateway, which were tied up in oil cloth at the declaration of war, were uncovered amid the cheers of the crowd, as an outward sign and token that the war was at an end. Osman Pasha was present and shook hands with the Grand Duke in a very friendly way. He greeted Skobeleff warmly, almost affectionately. Neither the French, German, nor Austrian military attaches were present at the reception at either Palace, although invited. The Grand Duke next day again visited and dined with the Sultan at the Dolma Bagtche Palace. Several Russian Princes and Generals, and Vefik, Saivet, Namyk, Raouf, and Osman Pasha, were among the guests. The Sultan has bestowed costly presents and a decoration on the Grand Duke, who returned to his headquarters at San Stefano on Wednesday.

A BROKEN SAVINGS' BANK.—The scene depicted in our illustration is one which has become too frequent on this continent within the last few years. Savings' banks were originally intended to afford the industrious poor a safe place of deposit for their scanty savings, by which they could lay up something for support in sickness or old age, or provide for their children. As a rule, no doubt, these institutions are honestly and prudently managed; but in too many instances the dishonesty or flagrant mismanagement of the officials has brought ruin upon a trusted bank, and caused great suffering and dis-

stress among thousands of poor and worthy depositors. In some cases old men and women have lost the savings of a life-time, and invalids unable to work have been deprived of their only means of support.

THE CONSPIRACY OF ANAGNI.—This represents one of the many episodes of ecclesiastical war and revolt, in Italy, during the middle ages. A band of conspirators, led by a *Condottiere* of repute, make an irruption into the aged Pontiff's palace at Anagni. His followers fly in dismay, but the Pope steps forward to meet his enemies, who, in their turn are so awestricken by his intrepidity, that they turn around and escape.

VARIETIES.

ONE WAY OF DOING IT.—The following incident took place in an American shipping office. The conversation was on betting, each person in the office relating in turn some one operation of the kind that he had been engaged in. Finally it came to a certain Captain Jack, who opened by saying he never made a bet of any consequence, or did not recollect one just now, but would bet any one in the room five dollars that he would poke "that hat"—pointing to one—through a ring which he had on his first finger, and not injure the hat. "That can't be did nohow!" said some one in the room. "Will you bet?" asked the captain. "I don't care if I do," said number two, his eyes glistening at the prospect of making five dollars on such a "sure thing," as he termed it. The money was deposited, and the company gathered round to see some one "done brown." Captain Jack slowly took off the ring and passed it round to show that all was fair. Every one was satisfied. Then he deliberately wiped and polished the inside, and announced he was ready. Number two advanced to the "pile" to be in readiness. The captain held the ring between his forefinger and thumb, and marched towards the hat, holding the ring an inch from it. He ran his small finger through the ring, the former striking the hat and winning him the bet, as he had "poked the hat through the ring."

PLAIN LIVING.—A letter to the editor of the *New York Sun* says:—This is what we need; that our wealthy people, whether enriched by inheritance, good fortune, or honorable industry and frugality, should make the not very difficult or self-denying sacrifice of living in the community in such a way as will commend itself to all for its simplicity, its economy, and at the same time its elegance and refinement; thus presenting the highest social station as a thing easy within the reach of all honorable and honest people. This would produce a healthy, hopeful striving for the station which is ever allied with genuine moral development and progress. Instead of this, our rich people, for the most, set an example, by their style of living, which sets upon the great body of the people, exciting a restless, despairing envy that finds consolation only in the hope of vying with it by means of some lucky hit, or in gloating with unhealthy selfishness over the daily-recurring instances of financial and moral wreck and downfall of some hitherto envied neighbor. These instances show that the so-called upper-class is so impregnated with the qualities of rascality and infamy that it is only a question of time, and that short, how soon the whole vicious thing will come down with such a crash and ruin, accompanied by such a blow on the great moral nerve of the land, as will render for ever hateful the very name of social station as now misapplied and absurd.

PIANOFORTE TUNERS.—Can any reasonable objection be advanced to the employment of women as pianoforte tuners? The present writer is totally ignorant of music, and therefore may have erroneous notions respecting the scientific acquirements necessary for the exercise of the tuner's art; but whatever those may be, is it proved that women cannot attain to them? Has the experiment ever been made? If the tuner needs only a true ear for harmony, mechanical facility in handling the implements of his craft, and a knowledge of the construction and capacities of the various instruments on which he may be required to exercise it, there can be no doubt that women are as well qualified by nature as men to be pianoforte tuners. The true ear for harmony is the best requirement, and as many women as men possess that. The occupation is not fatiguing, and it is one that, like the cleaning, repairing, and regulating of clocks and watches, might be secured to numbers of properly taught and qualified women, if the ladies who are interested in extending the area of employment for their own sex would combine to commence the movement in favour of it. It cannot be too emphatically repeated that in all these suggestions there is no thought of anything but self-supporting industry, that it is distinctly to recommend certain kinds of work which being fairly well done by women shall recommend themselves to that only true and lasting valuable patron, the public, these suggestions are offered, and that it is only the first "push" that is needed or asked. In former days, when ladies used to play the harp, and would indulge their friends by having the cumbersome but delightful instrument carried to their houses on festive occasions, the fair performers were their own tuners. In this case also the argument for pleasantness and suitability in the employment of women that has been used in the case of female hair-dressers would apply. The charge made for

"tuning" by the musical instrument makers is an important addition to the cost of the hire of pianos; if women were taught the art, they could afford to exercise it at much lower rates.

CIVILITY.—Civility is a beautiful word, coming from the old Latin *civilitas*, which means, relating to the community, or to the policy and government of the citizens and subjects of a State; thus reminding us in its root-idea of the fact, that we are members one of another, that mere individual care and selfishness is not civil, and that we are related to those around us in multitudes of ways. An uncivil man by his conduct says, "Your pleasure, your comfort of mind, is nothing to me. What care I whether you are happy or not?" But a civil man desires by his very conduct to see those around him in the enjoyment of the pleasant sense of satisfaction and good-will. Thus it happens that *civilitas* comes, in its secondary sense, to mean gentle, obliging, well-bred, affable, kind; and—let this be a satisfaction to citizens—it means, having the habits of a *civis*. This surely is one of the greatest compliments that can be paid to those who have to endure a city's smoke and noise, that they are supposed to be especially civil. Certainly it is a sign of good breeding to be civil. It manifests that delicate and instinctive appreciation of the feelings of others which is the essence of true gentlemanliness. Manifestly there are dangers in this, as in every other aspect of life and duty. We can easily understand in physics how too much of sweets nauseates instead of pleasing the palate, and so in morals we can quite well understand that there is a danger lest courtesy should merge into a ridiculous and empty excess of mannerism. There are rocks on either hand here as elsewhere, but there are wide seas between in which we may safely steer our vessels; and if we are to be afflicted from one position because of its possible excesses, we had better confess at once our inability to steer between extremes. The danger of excess in this respect is not one-hundredth part so great as the danger of neglect. We are liable each day to be "put out" by so many things—to have the angry spirit, the grumbling spirit, the discontented spirit awakened in us—that it requires a marvellous amount of energy not to put this essence of unpleasantness into our mannerism towards others. Who has not felt it to be a great wrong that he should suffer Smith's supphishness, because in the morning Brown happened to be gross with Smith? It is difficult indeed to rid ourselves of the feelings of the hour; but if we *will* tried to be civil and courteous to each other, in court and camp and shop, in street, at home, and abroad, we should cure the evil at a stroke; and just in proportion as we personally cultivate a courteous spirit, do we diminish the discomfort of the world.

A PARISIAN BEAUTY'S REVENGE.—An English marchioness resident in the Legationist faubourg, and avoiding the Napoleonic as "low," gave grand parties. To one of these an English lady took, uninvited, a pretty French woman, a friend of the Empress. The pretty woman made herself conspicuous by her prettiness and dirtiness, but the marchioness found out who she was, and was disgusted. She said to her:

"I am so conscious of the honor you have done me in visiting me that I dare not expect a repetition of the unexpected compliment."

The pretty woman grew pale, but smiled, and ordered a cavalier to order her carriage. The pretty woman was clever, and guessed a revenge. She bribed the marchioness' *francis de chambre* to give her the list of guests invited for the next *souper*. Armed with this she prepared a circular note, which she despatched to each of the invited late in the afternoon of the appointed day:—"The marchioness presents her compliments to so and so, and regrets that a domestic calamity will prevent her," etc. She then went to a great "Mad Doctor," representing herself as the daughter of the marchioness, and acting with the consent of her ladyship's family; she represented that her mother, the marchioness, was afflicted with insanity, and her madness was in the delusion that she was always having grand parties. For instance, if monsieur the doctor would go to her ladyship's hotel that evening, he would find her dressed in great splendour, with the saloon illuminated, adorned with flowers, and buffets covered with refreshments.

The doctor went, on the understanding that he was to obtain the proper police authority to take the marchioness to Maison de Sante in the event of the representation made to him being confirmed in his own observation. He arrived at 10 in the evening; he was the first—the only guest; and though the marchioness did not remember his name, she took it for granted she had invited him, and was profusely civil. His manner puzzled, and his questions startled her, and as he grew adroit as his perception of her lunacy became more clear, she was at last offended, and rang for her servants. At the same time he made the proper intimation of his police authority; and the end of the story is, that she was taken off by the doctor in hysterics, and detained as a prisoner in his asylum until the whole truth came out. All Paris was in roars, and the pretty flirt was a heroine forever. Protected by her august friend, she escaped retaliation—a British marchioness is too grand for wit.

If you would be exempt from uneasiness, do nothing which you know and suspect is wrong; and if you wish to enjoy the purest pleasure, always do everything in your power which you know is right.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

A LESSON for wives: The best broiled steak in Washington is to be had at a gambling-house.

ARCHERY for ladies will be the rage during the coming season, and the beaux are in a quiver about it.

SOME scribbling wretch says: "It takes as much wit not to displease a woman as it takes little to please her." Put him out.

A DETROIT woman is being reduced to her last dress because silk is so high that she can't afford it, and calico is so cheap that she won't wear it.

THE simplicity of a rural courtship was never better illustrated than by the following anecdote: "I'm gann to be marrit, Peggy," said a hind to a servant-lass whom he had been in the habit of visiting. "Ay, are ye? And to whom, gin I may be allowed to speir?" "To yerself, Peggy." "Aye?" said Peggy; "I wish I had kenn'd sooner."

MISS SARAH H. LEGGET, a well-known and successful business woman of New York, is about starting a hotel for women, which will afford a plain, wholesome food, be furnished neatly and comfortably, but without any display, have a library, bath-room, &c., where respectable working girls can live at four dollars a week, and bring their sewing-machines, too.

MRS. DICKENS has become reconciled with her sister, Miss Hogarth, who, after the separation of the novelist from his wife, became his house-keeper, and of whom he said that she was "the best and truest friend man ever had." There was some scandal at one time about this relationship, but it has been entirely dispelled. Mrs. Dickens and Miss Hogarth live together.

OCCASIONS of trouble and adversity do not make a man frail, but they show what he is.

THERE is no man so friendless but that he can find a friend sincere enough to tell him disagreeable truths.

As time passes, memory silently records your deeds, which conscience will impressively read to you in after life.

DON'T live a single hour in your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through it from beginning to end.

ROUSSEAU used to say, "That to write a good love-letter, you ought to begin without knowing what you mean to say, and to finish without knowing what you have written."

As a general rule, men obtain less sympathy than those who are continually running about to beg for it; whilst it is often liberally proffered to those who are too proud to accept it.

HAVE courage to review your own conduct, to condemn it when you detect faults, to amend it to the best of your ability, to make good resolves for future guidance, and to keep them.

It is not worth while to think too much about being good. Doing the best we know minute by minute, and hour, we insensibly grow to goodness, as fruit grows to ripeness.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

THE fan alone of a Parisian actress in Dumas' new play cost 2,000 francs.

NUSSON was lately the recipient of a silver urn valued at \$5,000, given by her admirers in St. Petersburg.

THEY say Albani is married; they also say she is engaged to Capoul, the tenor, and, furthermore, it is stated that she will never marry.

SELIKA WILLIAMS, a mulatto, born in Natal, in 1850, is spoken of in the West as "America's coloured Paul." Her voice is said to cover three octaves from lower E to high G.

A WELL-KNOWN dramatic author is dramatizing a story for Miss Maggie Mitchell, in which it is said her characterization of the leading part will surpass that of *Enoch* or *Little Bircfoot*. The play will not be produced until next fall.

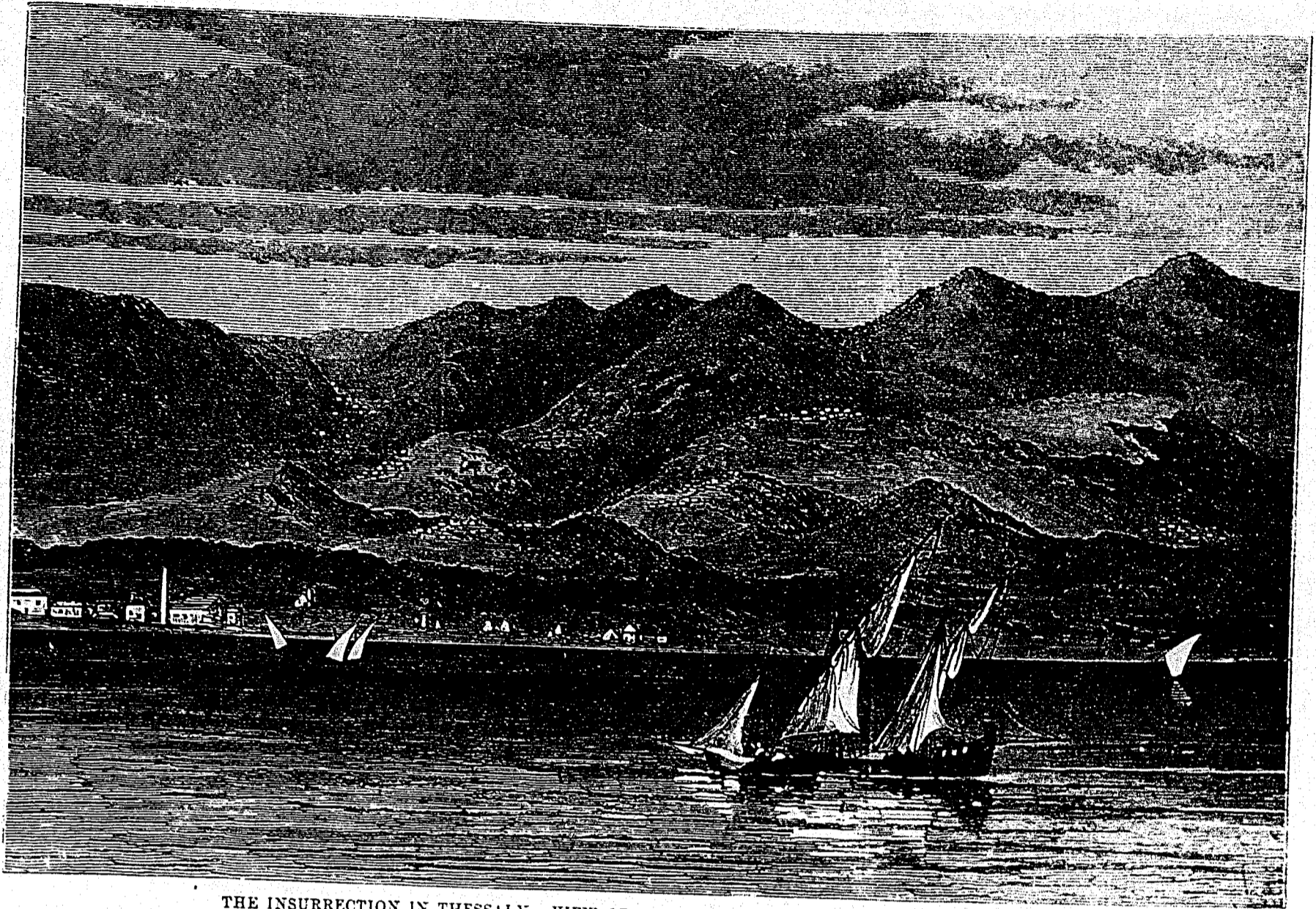
MRS. BOYD-CRAWFORD (Agnes Robertson) has a boy eight years old who has conceived the plot of a play wherein the catastrophe is that of the foundering of a ship plied full of holes by a swordfish hired to perform this deed by a friend of the family who was not invited to tea.

A LEIPSIC paper records a number of superstitious of artists, some of which are very curious. Tiegens, for instance, believed that the person would speedily die that shook hands with her over the threshold at parting; Rachel and Mars thought they gained their greatest success immediately after meeting a "curran" (bellini) would not permit a work to go out if on the day announced he was first greeted by a man, and "La Sonnambula" was several times thus postponed; Meyerbeer regularly washed his hands before beginning an act, and a young noted tragedienne of Vienna never plays unless she has a white mouse in her bosom.

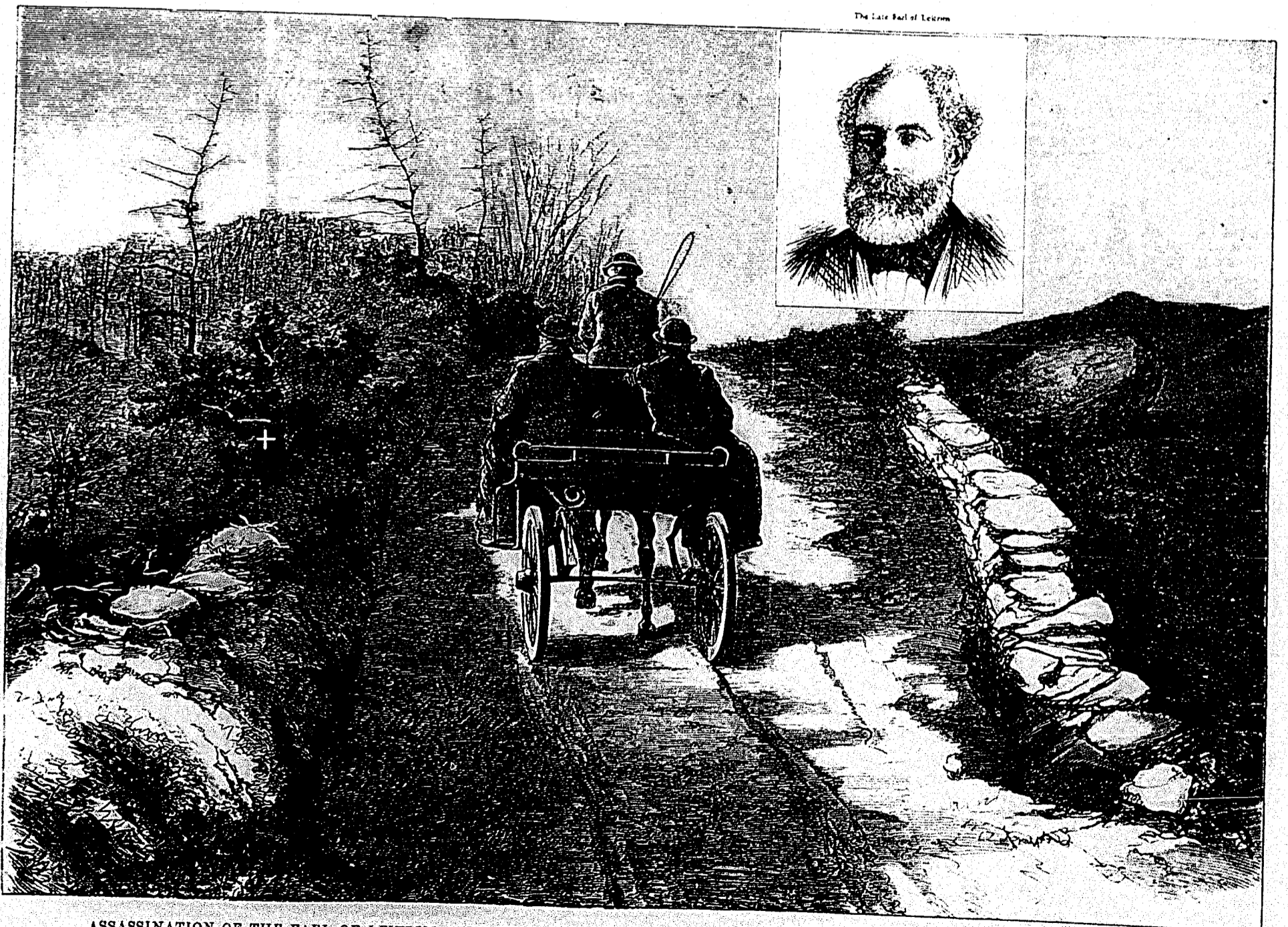
Interest blinds some and makes some see. Study your own interest and buy **Treble's Perfect Shirt**. The largest stock of **French Cambrie Shirts** in the Dominion. Samples and card for self-measurement sent free. **TREBLE'S**, 8 King Street East, Hamilton.

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: 517 Craig St.

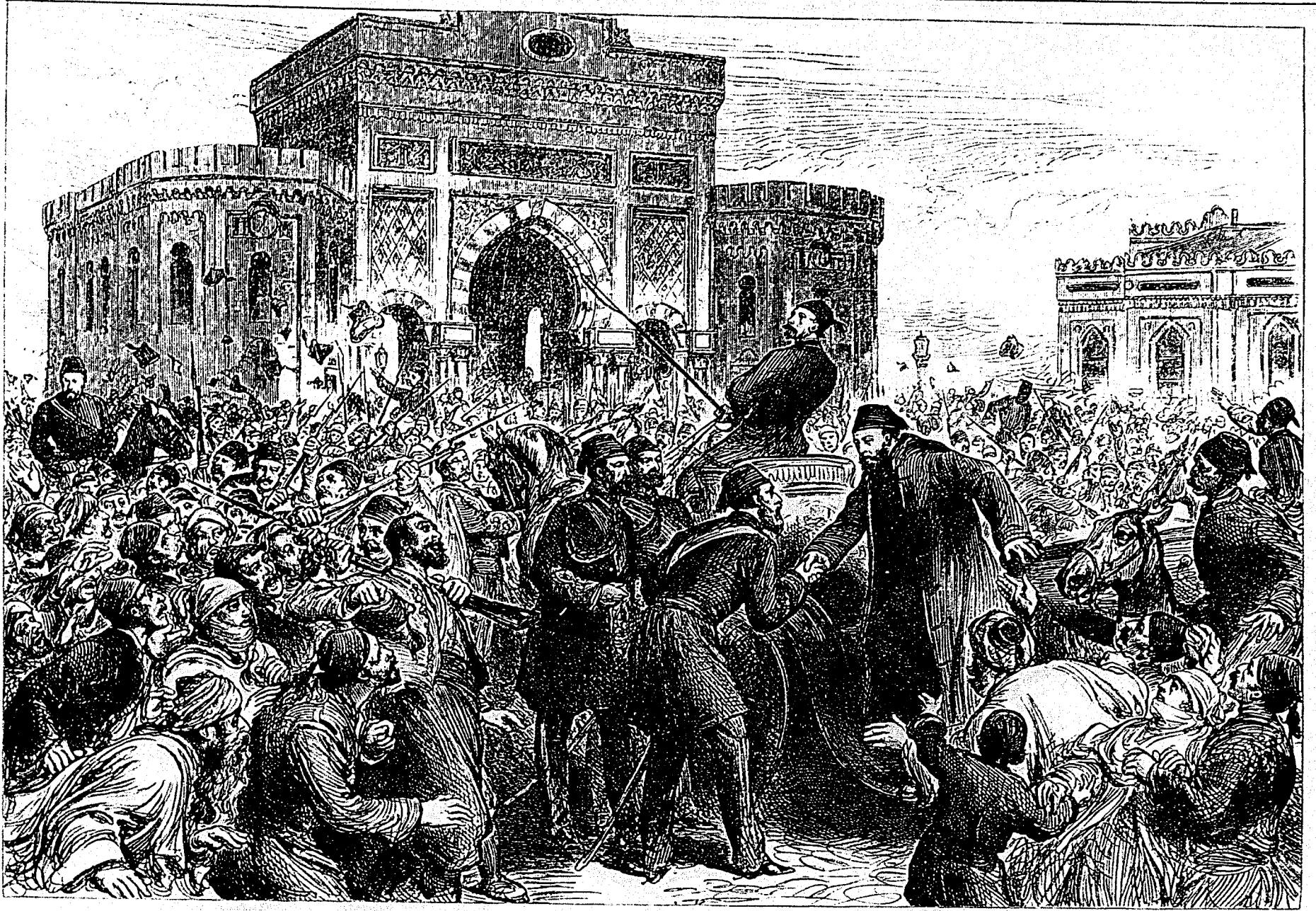


THE INSURRECTION IN THESSALY. VIEW OF VOLO WITH MOUNT PELION IN THE BACKGROUND.

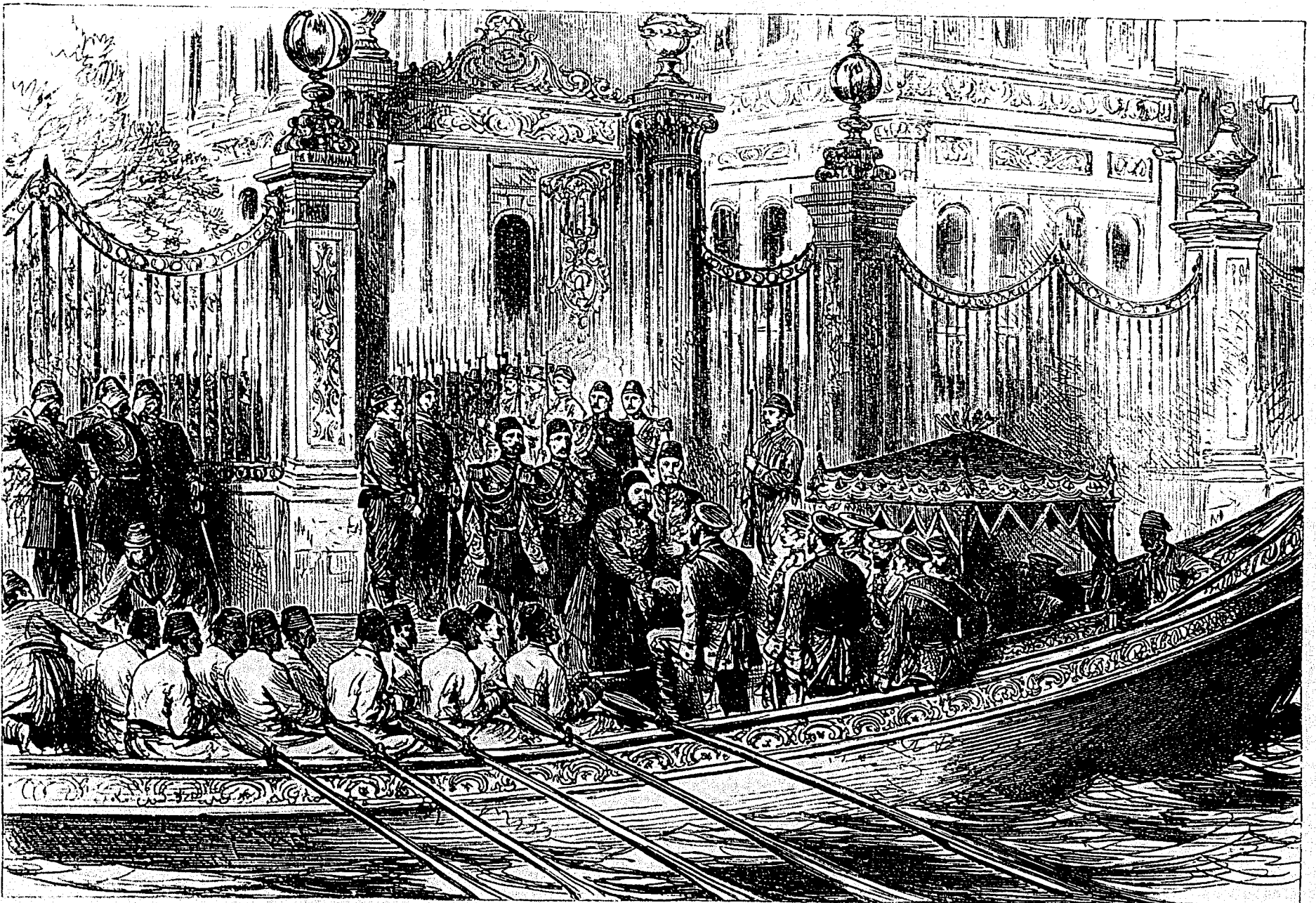


The Late Earl of Leitrim

ASSASSINATION OF THE EARL OF LEITRIM. THE CROSS ON THE LEFT MARKS THE SPOT IN THE HEDGE FROM WHICH HE WAS SHOT.



RECEPTION OF OSMAN PASHA AT CONSTANTINOPLE.



VISIT OF THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS TO THE SULTAN. RECEPTION AT THE PALACE STAIRS BY THE GRAND VIZIER.

# THE Cities and Towns of Canada

ILLUSTRATED.

VI.

## PRESCOTT, Ont.

THE SETTLEMENT AND GROWTH—THE REBELLION OF 1837-8 AND THE BATTLE OF THE WIND-MILL—CHATS WITH EYE-WITNESSES—A REMARKABLE LETTER FROM THE REBEL LEADER—THE FIRST METHODIST SERMON PREACHED IN AMERICA—BARBARA HECK'S BURIAL PLACE.

### EARLY HISTORY.

The town of Prescott is situated on the St. Lawrence River, in the township of Augusta, south riding of the County of Grenville, 112 miles from Montreal, 54 from Ottawa, 12 from Brockville, and immediately opposite the city of Ogdensburg, N.Y., the river at this point being about one mile wide.

Its founder was Major Edward Jessup, a U. E. Loyalist from Albany, N.Y., grandfather of Dr. Jessup, the present Collector of Customs at Prescott. The homestead of the Jessup family was situated upon the site now occupied by the Fort; their farm-house still stands, the oldest house in Prescott, on a point on the river bank in rear of the Town Hall. It is a frame building of the farm-house type and, standing among fine large elms, looks lost and out of place in the midst of warehouses, wharves and shipping. During the war of 1812 it was used as officers' quarters and beneath its roof the scheme for capturing Ogdensburg was planned. It now belongs to Buckley Bros., but has not been inhabited for some years.

The idea of establishing a town at this point appears to have been due to the fact that it is a few miles above the first of the St. Lawrence rapids. In those days there were neither canals nor steamboats; large flat barge-like craft, called "Durham boats," propelled by sails, pushed with poles, or drawn by horses or oxen according to circumstances, were used between Montreal and Prescott, and schooners for lake navigation. Hence Prescott became a great transshipping point and those who engaged in the "forwarding business" generally amassed wealth.

The land upon which the town is built was granted to Major Jessup under date 26th Aug. 1797. The patent sets forth that he is to "have and to hold" twelve hundred acres, comprised in lots 1, 2 and 3, situated in the first and second concessions. It is signed by the Hon. Peter Russell, Administrator. In 1810 Major Jessup had lots 2 and 3 laid out in town plots. The site was named after the celebrated General Prescott.

The same year Mr. William Gilkinson purchased four centrally situated plots (where the Town Hall and market now stand), and built a warehouse and wharf, thus initiating the forwarding business which for some years made Prescott quite an important point. In 1812 the British Government expropriated Mr. Gilkinson's property for military purposes, compensating him handsomely. After the war the forwarding business prospered; the most prominent names at that time being Messrs. McMillan, McLean & Co., Averell & Hooker and McPherson & Crane. The opening of the Rideau Canal in 1834 diverted the bulk of the forwarding trade to Kingston and naturally the growth of Prescott received a severe check. It was in this year that an Act of Incorporation was obtained, the public affairs being entrusted to what was called a Board of Police. The town was divided into two wards; each ward elected two members and the four members elected a fifth. The members then elected a chairman who was called the President. The creation of this body was evidently urgently called for judging from the minutes which are mainly records of trials for breaches of the peace by bateaux men and other roving characters. The first Board was composed of Messrs. Alex. McMillan, President; Thos. Frazer, John Holden, Moses Murphy and Timothy Buckley, (father of the present Mayor.) Mr. R. Headlam was the clerk. Members had to be householders assessed at \$60. The town limits then, as now, were one mile square. Soon after the town was incorporated the Board ordered a seal of a Mr. Ramage. It seems to have been quite a unique affair as there is an entry in the Board minutes to the effect that, Mr. Ramage having stated that he had only been paid seven and sixpence over and above the cost of the silver used, the Board resolved that he be paid seven and sixpence more. To this minute the Clerk adds the following:

"Memo: That it seems an undoubted fact that the handle to this Corporation Seal mentioned above has been formed from a part of the Yew tree in which Mary Queen of Scots sat to witness the battle of —, and which has been imported by Mr. McDougall an intelligent mechanic now residing in this place."

The Clerk seems to have forgotten the name of the battle and probably intended to fill in the blank at a future day. This habit of procrastination shews itself very annoyingly in the minutes of the year 1838 when there appears to have been held a sort of extraordinary meeting to consider the doings of the rebels. The entry records that—"at a meeting of the members of the Board and a number of respectable indi-

viduals the following resolutions were carried," but all that follows is a blank half sheet.

In 1847 a marine railway was projected but owing to a disagreement respecting the acquisition of a site it was built at Kingston.

In 1850 the Board of Police was superseded by a Town Council elected by the people; the Council electing the Mayor. In 1852 another change was made, both Councillors and Mayor being elected by the people. The first Mayor thus elected was the present Town Clerk, Major White, who was also elected to the same office in '52, '55 and '59.

The forwarding business received another blow when the railways were put into operation and Prescott seemed to have served its time and purpose. When the American Civil War broke out, however, trade became very brisk. As a merchant remarked to me: "The Americans would buy anything." No doubt many Prescott traders did a good stroke of business during that sanguinary struggle.

The town to-day, viewed from the river does not present a very prepossessing appearance, the front being disfigured in great part by tumble-down buildings and old wooden shanties. But this first view is very deceptive. On the business streets there are a number of fine blocks, the public buildings are first-class and the rear streets abound with handsome residences. The large number of cosy dwellings suitable for families with limited incomes is particularly noticeable. Nearly every house has a good sized garden attached and as all the streets are more or less embellished with shade trees the town when the leaves are out presents a charming appearance and affords many delightful walks.

The trouble with Prescott seems to be that it is a border town pure and simple. It has no water-power and cannot boast a rich back country. Its progress depends upon a change in our fiscal policy. With either a full measure of reciprocity or protection it would no doubt soon rival the city of Ogdensburg.

### THE CORPORATION

is composed of the Mayor and nine Councillors who meet three times a month. The Mayor is Mr. John Buckley who has been elected three terms. The Councillors are Messrs. J. P. Wiser, G. T. Labatt, Albert Whitaeay, Ed. Mundle, J. M. Martin, Ed. Leslie, Thos. Keilty, P. Coughlin and Thos. Melville. Major White discharges the duties of Town Clerk and Clerk of the Division Court.

The taxable property in the town is valued at \$855,000. The debt is \$59,450 and the rate of taxation for all purposes is fifteen mills on the dollar.

### THE TOWN HALL

is a very fine edifice, tasteful in design, conveniently planned and substantially built. It was erected four years ago, Mr. Thomas, of Montreal, being the architect. The first floor comprises the Council Chamber—also used as a Court Room—and the necessary accommodation for the municipal officers. A branch of the Merchant's Bank is located in the eastern corner of the building, Mr. Harper, Manager. Overhead, covering the whole area, is the Victoria Hall which is claimed to be unequalled anywhere between Montreal and Kingston. It is in all respects very creditable. There is a good stage furnished with some very fair scenery for general purposes. For local entertainments the hall is let for \$10; strangers are charged \$15. The basement comprises a range of cells, fuel storage, furnace room and a front office suitable for brokers or insurance agents. The building cost some \$33,000; the furnishing bringing the total to about \$40,000.

### THE MARKET BUILDING

stands a little to the west of the Town Hall. It was built soon after the latter and cost about \$6,000. Messrs. Schellenger & Johnston, of Ogdensburg, were the architects. The rear part is used by the Fire Department as an engine-house. The butchers' stalls last year rented for \$1,401, and the market fees amounted to \$1,160.

### MAYOR BUCKLEY

is one of three brothers, sons of Mr. Timothy Buckley, who came to Canada in 1822, from Cork, Ireland, and established himself as a general merchant and forwarder. He early began to acquire real estate and left his sons large property owners. Piece by piece the family possessions have been added to until today the Buckleys own more houses and lands than any other family in the town. Messrs. John and James Buckley carry on the old business as forwarders and general merchants dealing in steamer supplies, fuel, &c. They own an extensive river front with commodious wharves and warehouses. Mr. W. P. Buckley is a physician. As Chief Magistrate, Mr. John Buckley has made himself exceedingly popular by his kindly manner, tact and evident fitness for the position. One of his first acts was to bring about the consolidation of the town debt, and his great study has been to carry on the government of the town in the best manner with the least expense.

### FORT WELLINGTON

stands at the eastern end of the town and, viewed from a distance westward, seems to block King street, the highway (the King's Highway as it was wont to be called) taking a bend towards the river at this point. The fort was

built during the war of 1812, apparently to hold in check the Americans who were ever on the look-out to pounce upon reinforcements and supplies for the British military points above. The original building was of timber; this was replaced by the present stone erection in 1837-8. It is a substantial square building situated in the centre of an earthwork enclosure. The entrance to the latter is through a massive gateway on the north side. From this entrance a wide dyke runs either way. On the south front there is an earth-covered stone sally-port extending into the dyke. Its sides are pierced with loop-holes to be used for clearing the dyke should a storming party attempt to scale the earthworks. Some distance beyond the walls there is a tall fence of thick poles stuck in the ground close together, and from the steep sides of the earthworks similar poles, with pointed ends, stick out "like quills upon the fretful porcupine." The earthworks enclose a considerable space and are very wide, having broad sloping roads on each side to enable troops to quickly gain the summit, transport cannon, &c. In the old days four pieces of artillery were mounted at the corners of the embankment; but only the iron runways are to be seen now. The fort building, or block-house as it was originally called, has several floors, the first comprising vaulted chambers intended to be used for the storage of arms and ammunition; the upper stories are fitted up as barracks. The top storey is of heavy timber, with an over-hanging covered gallery running entirely round. This gallery is pierced with numerous windows and loop-holes. The roof is covered with bright tin. As a military work the fort can hardly be regarded as a success. History fails to record a single instance wherein its utility was demonstrated. When in 1813 Wilkinson desired to get past Prescott he simply had to land his troops on the American shore and march them down a mile or so; the boats being floated down by a few men at night. We are told that "an active bombardment was kept up on them the whole night without, however, doing much damage." It would no doubt have been a stronghold in the days of attacks by Indians, but a very few years after it was built it must have been plain to military men that to coop troops up in such a place would be to ensure their certain destruction. The fort is commanded by high ground in the rear, from whence it would be easy to carry away the wooden roof and complete the work of destruction by dropping a few shells within the walls and enclosure. If captured by an enemy it might be used to destroy the town. So, considering all things, the order for its dismantlement was a wise one. The Royal Canadian Regiment was quartered here for some time. Within the lines there are all necessary buildings, officers' quarters, guard-room, &c., and the fort itself is in good repair.

During Lord Lisgar's sojourn in Canada a very spirited sham fight took place at the fort. An old soldier who was present assured me that it was the most real sham fight he ever took part in. The "garrison" at present consists of one man, Sergt. Press, a veteran artilleryman.

### THE REBELLION OF 1837-8.

Stirring events occurred at Prescott during the unhappy uprising variously termed "The Rebellion" and the "Patriot War." At that time there were, undoubtedly, grievances to be redressed, but there was no excuse for the course which the disaffected took.

The leaders of the movement counted upon strong support from the Americans and persuaded themselves that the bulk of the Canadian people would espouse their cause. In both respects they were disappointed. In the States it is said 60,000 men joined what were known as "Hunter's Lodges," the oath of membership pledging them "to devote life and property for the extirpation of Royal Dominion in North America and to relieve nations from the absurdities of Monarchy." These persons swore "never to rest till the British tyrants cease to have any possession or footing in North America." In Canada there were scattered about a good many who were bitterly opposed to the existing system of government, but when the supreme moment arrived for actions to take the place of words, very few of the American "Hunters" filed an appearance and the Canadians who were foolish enough to take up arms could be counted by scores instead of thousands as the instigators of the rebellion expected. Probably there were a few really sincere men engaged in the affair, but the majority were either fools or knaves. The first outbreak was in the Province of Quebec the rebels assembling at St. Charles under "General" Brown. These were routed by a body of regulars and militia under General Wetherall. The ringleaders fled to the States. Another lot were dispersed at St. Eustache by Sir John Colborne. About 200 were killed in this encounter, a number were taken prisoners and the village was pretty well destroyed by the bombardment. In December, 1837, a section of the rebels under their prime mover, Wm. Lyon McKenzie, appeared before Toronto. While posted at Gallow's Hill (ominous name!) they were attacked by the militia (all the regular troops having been sent to the Province of Quebec) and fled precipitately. McKenzie settled in New York where he contented himself with issuing an inflammatory newspaper.

A party of Americans calling themselves sympathizers with the "Patriots" seized the steamer *Caroline*, an American boat, and used

her for the purpose of transporting military supplies to the rebels across the Niagara river. On the 29th December a party of Canadian militia captured the boat, set fire to it and sent it over the Falls. On the night of the 29th May following, the British steamer *Sir Robert Peel* was seized while lying at an American wharf between Brockville and Kingston by a party disguised as Indians. The passengers were driven ashore, the vessel plundered and set fire to. The British Government offered a large reward for the arrest of these pirates and the Governor of the State of New York added \$500. A few days after a proclamation was found setting forth that the signer, one William Johnston, a notorious character, combining the proclivities of Captain Kidd and Jack Shepherd, had done the deed and that his object was to aid the Independence of Canada. An American steamer with a body of troops was sent to hunt up Johnston. His island home—a large cave—was found but he and his gang were out. He was captured during November.

Early in the winter of 1838 symptoms of a fresh outbreak of the McKenzie rebellion manifested themselves. The neighbouring Republic was made use of as a base of operations just as the Fenians have done in later times. A good many Americans openly sympathized with the scheme and not a few denounced it as the height of folly. The American sympathy was largely due, apparently, to ignorance. McKenzie and his clique persistently represented that the people of Canada were longing to be "free" and only wanted some one to set the example when they would rise as one man to overthrow the yoke of their tyrants. That appears to be the style of oratory indulged in and it caught the ear of a certain class, but not to any great extent.

Rumours of a coming attack were rife about Prescott for some time. The women folks were considerably alarmed, dreading to be left alone, and planning how they and their families should escape to the woods when the rebels appeared. Many sleepless nights were passed in fear and trembling. At last, after several false alarms, information came that the Canadian rebels and a body of American sympathizers had embarked on the steamer *United States* and two schooners and were approaching Prescott. This was on Sunday night, Nov. 11, 1838. The people of Prescott were astir, and at two in the morning the flotilla hove in sight. The steamer went across to Ogdensburg while the schooners, which were lashed together, steered for a wharf at the western end of the town. A party of Prescott men were there and hailed the strangers. They reported that one of the schooners had struck a rock and was leaking badly. As only the crew requisite to manage the craft were seen on deck no opposition was offered but the captains finally decided to moor further down. The lashings were severed and one of the schooners crossed to Ogdensburg and grounded near the mouth of Oswegatchie. The other dropped down stream and anchored opposite the celebrated Wind-mill. It transpired that both these schooners were full of armed men. When night set in the bandits landed and took possession of the Mill where they were joined by their confederates from the opposite shore.

### THE WIND-MILL,

which is one of the most prominent objects along the banks of the St. Lawrence, is situated on an elevated point about a mile and a-half east of the town of Prescott. It was built about the year 1822 by a Mr. Hughes, a wealthy West Indian merchant. Several similar erections were once to be found along the St. Lawrence—all apparently after the same model: circular stone towers, with very thick walls, from sixty to eighty feet high, tapering to the dome which, being covered with tin, glistened in the sunshine like burnished silver. The most perfect as regards outward appearance is at Maitland between Prescott and Brockville. It forms part of the notorious Halliday distillery (closed by the Government on account of certain irregularities). Its summit is adorned by an inebrated-looking weather-cock representing a barrel on which, in black letters on a yellow ground, are the words "OLD RYE." With the exception of this modern addition and the removal of the arms, the mill appears to be just as the builders left it, but the Wind-mill, of rebellion fame, has undergone great changes. Originally it had two doors high up the walls; these have been built up. The round tin roof has been replaced by a light-house lantern and gallery of fanciful design, and the grey battered walls have been treated to a liberal coat of whitewash.

As a business speculation the mill did not prove a success, and it had been abandoned before the rebels turned it into a fortress. At that time there were a lot of short, dense cedars in the vicinity, affording good cover for sharpshooters.

The person who was expected to lead the rebels was a "General" Birge, but he proved a poltroon, and the sole management devolved upon an exiled Polish nobleman, named Von Schoultz, who, by all accounts, was utterly deceived as to the merits of the cause he hastily espoused. I have conversed with many who took part in the affair, both Americans and Canadians, and find that all agree in representing Von Schoultz as a perfect gentleman, an one who was led to believe that, in taking arms as he did, he was aiding a patriotic people to free themselves from a state of unbearable bondage.

THE BATTLE.

The first night was spent in fortifying the position. Four pieces of artillery, three iron guns, captured by the Americans during the war of 1812, and one four-pounder brass cannon were seized by the rebels at Ogdensburg. The steamer *United States* was pressed into their service, and the armament transported. Early on Monday morning a little steamer from Brockville, called the *Experiment*, came upon the scene to aid the loyalists. She carried two small cannon, and plied up and down the river in front of the Windmill, firing at the boats which were constantly crossing to and from that point. One of her shots struck the wheel's-man of the *United States*, nearly beheading him. The poor fellow, who, like the engineer, had been compelled to obey the orders of the rebels, dropped so that his legs were entangled in the steering chains, and the steamer very nearly ran into the wharves on the Prescott side before the body was removed and a fresh pilot installed. The steamer was seized by the U. S. authorities in the evening, and the rebels were thus deprived of a valuable auxiliary. During Monday night the British steamers *Queen* and *Colony* arrived with thirty marines and forty men of the 53rd Regiment of the line. A detachment of the Glengarry Militia and 140 men of the 9th Provincial Battalion also came upon the ground. On Tuesday morning, a battalion of Dundas militia, 300 strong, and some of the Grenville militia filed an appearance. The enemy had stationed a number of pickets, but these were soon driven to take shelter behind the stone walls and houses near the mill. From these positions the rebels kept up a galling fire upon the troops, who, however, continued to advance, until they had compelled the enemy to retreat to the mill and the stone houses in the immediate vicinity. A party of fifty-two rebels, who had pursued a body of militia, were surrounded and captured. The officer commanding the troops resolved to wait for artillery, and the rest of the day was spent in irregular firing, the rebels having the best of it, as they included some skilled riflemen from the other side, and enjoyed a superior position. During the afternoon a man was seen to run from the mill to a barn which afforded the troops a little shelter from the rebel bullets. His mission was to set it on fire, which he did, and it was soon destroyed. It is said that one of their own wounded was lying in this barn at the time.

On Wednesday the British sent a flag of truce to allow the dead and wounded to be gathered in. It was not till Friday that the expected reinforcements from the west arrived. The interval was spent in comparative inaction, the rebel sharpshooters watching every chance to pick off a man, and paying particular attention to officers. Of course, by this time, the country all around was considerably stirred, and the American shore was thronged with spectators. At times the more ardent sympathizers would cheer the "patriots." The Board of Supervisors of St. Lawrence County were in session at Canton, and one Isaac Ellwood moved that the Board adjourn, "in order to enable the members thereof to rescue the Spartan band of patriotic friends and preserve their lives from the hands of their enemies, the tyrants and advocates of the British Crown." The resolution didn't carry. Similar sentiments were uttered at meetings at Ogdensburg, but it does not appear that the appeals met with a very warm response. General W. Scott, of the U. S. army, did his best to expose the folly of the movement. Said he: "The greater your numbers, the more complete will be your humiliation; it will only be more credit to the handful of British. I tell you plainly that no body of undisciplined citizens, however numerous, can stand the charge of a single regiment of British regulars."

A COMICAL INCIDENT.

During the lull in the fight, a tall man was seen to step out from the rebel lines and run full speed toward a knot of troops some distance off. Some of the soldiers were about to shoot him, but were restrained by their Captain. When the man arrived in the British lines, the officer asked him who he was and what he wanted. "Why," said the fellow, "I thought you beckoned me with your sword!" "I never beckoned you," replied the officer. "Oh, well, I guess I had better go back," said the stranger, and he prepared to depart. The Captain, who had prevented his men firing before, noticed that one or two of them had dropped on one knee, evidently determined to have a flying shot at the retreating rebel, and concluded that it would be best to retain the fellow as a prisoner. He proved to be the boss artillery-man in the rebel army, where he was known as Col. Abbey.

THE COLLAPSE.

On Friday, at noon, three steamers, the *William IV.*, the *Shore* and the *Brockville*, arrived at Prescott with the long-expected reinforcements and artillery. They brought the 53rd Regiment and a detachment of the Royal Artillery, with three 24-pounders. The cannon were placed in position on the high ground in rear of the Mill, and the gun-boats prepared to take part in the bombardment. The artillery played havoc with the stone houses. Every shot went clean through. The rebels speedily congregated in the mill. It was not so easy to batter this, as, unless the shot struck fair on the crown of the wall, they glided off harmlessly. Even when they did strike fairly, they did little damage, as the walls are three feet thick, and the blow seemed to drive the stones closer to-

gether. But the concussion felt by those inside was startling. It is said that when a shot struck with full force, the men were thrown from one side of the mill to the other. One or two shots went through the dome. The place soon became too warm, and a party of rebels were seen to issue forth and try to get away, but they were met with such a shower of bullets that they speedily retraced their steps. Then a small white flag was waved, but the attacking party were too exasperated to notice it, and the cannonading went on for some time. When it stopped, the Commanding Officer asked who would volunteer to go down and bring the rebels out. A big Irishman, named Star, stepped forward, and accordingly he went down, knocked at the door and ordered the inmates to tumble out lively. The troops were formed in hollow square and the rebels marched in. They numbered one hundred and ten, besides those captured during the fight. In the mill were found a large quantity of ammunition, two hundred rifles, and a number of swords, dirks and pistols. There was also a fine flag, showing a spread eagle and one star, with the legend—"Liberated by the Onondaga Hunters." This was apparently intended to be the flag of Canada when she became a Republic.

THE FINALE.

The total loss of the rebels was never accurately ascertained, as many wounded and dead were taken across the river during the night. Forty were known to have been killed. In the pockets of one of their officers was found a list of persons in Prescott who were to have been put to death. The loss of the British was two officers, eleven rank and file killed; four officers and sixty-three rank and file wounded. After the prisoners were taken to Kingston by the regulars, Captains Jessup (the present Collector of Customs at Prescott), Jones and Doran, were left with a small force of militia to watch the Windmill. One of the men happening to wander at night among the bushes surrounding the mill, received a blow on the head, which caused him to fall over the bluff to the beach below. When he reported the affair, the officers commanded torches to be lit and a thorough search made. The result was the capture of Von Schoultz and about two dozen of his associates. The prisoners were tried at Kingston. Most of them were condemned to be hanged, but the extreme sentence was only carried out upon ten, including Von Schoultz, the rest being either pardoned on account of their youth—there were some as young as seventeen—or transported to Van Dieman's Land. After some years a general pardon was proclaimed.

HEARING THAT AN OLD LADY, NAMED

GRACE FRASER,

know something of the Windmill affair, I called upon her. Grace is a spinster, aged 74, residing on the land, "drawn" by her people as U. E. Loyalists, a little east of the Windmill. I found Grace living in a small frame house with her brothers. Grace is a tall, straight, slim body, with a well-cut profile, which, being set off by a black silk skull-cap, looks almost manly, and reminded me of the portraits of some of the Popes. Having apologized for not being "dressed for company," Grace proceeded with a merry twinkle in her blue eyes, to relate the story of the "invasion" as she had witnessed it. Said she, "word came that they were landing, and, sure enough, they came ashore right opposite our house. As I saw them fall into line on the river bank, I said to myself, 'Oh, my dear Queen! what would you say if you saw such a rabble landing on your territory?' I began to count them, but was so agitated that I only counted seven, when my mind left me, and I had to go in-doors. They were a mixed lot, not wearing uniforms, but all carrying guns. They marched towards the Windmill, and I then made out their number to be about three hundred. Afterwards two came to the house and said they were hungry. I gave them bread and butter, for which they offered to pay, but I said I would never take pay for a piece of bread and butter. I asked them what they had come for, and they replied that they were going to free the people. I told them they were a pack of fools. 'Oh,' says they 'so you're a Tory, are you?' 'Yes,' says I, 'I am a Tory.' 'Well,' says they, 'don't you move anything out of your house.' 'Oh,' says I, 'don't be alarmed. I shall have no need to move, but you'll be moving pretty smart shortly. You won't want to carry any beds with you. In a very little while the troops will be around you as thick as hail, and you'll wish you had never come!' Says they: 'Why, you're a regular soldier; where's your weapon?' Says I: 'My weapon's a broomstick, and here it is!' Says they: 'Let's get out of this!' and with that they left."

Grace says that during the fighting a gun-boat began to fire upon her house, a crowd of friends having evidently been mistaken for rebels. She says she tied a red shawl to a pole and waved it, immediately the firing ceased. "For," said she, "red is the British colour, you know." It was about time to stop, as Grace says a shot passed through the skirts of a woman's dress. Grace says she frequently used to take a big loaf of bread under each arm and a couple of pails of milk and go to the troops, giving to all who were hungry. After the affair was over the officer in command, accompanied by his suite, rode up to her door, thanked her for all that she had done, and called for three cheers, which were heartily given.

INCIDENTS.

The struggle, though brief, was marked by many instances showing how savage "men and brothers" can be. Two militiamen brought in a prisoner; accosting a comrade they asked what they should do with him. "I'll soon show you," was the reply, and, putting his musket close to the poor wretch's ear, he blew the top of his head off.

Grace Fraser says some of the country-folks behaved more like wild beasts than human beings—stripping the dead rebels stark naked and carrying home their bloody clothes. Fifteen corpses thus treated were buried in a pit dug on the river side, near the Windmill.

One of the rebels, named Wright, was shot through the body with a ram-rod, which the militiaman in his hurry had omitted to remove from the barrel of his musket. The wound was not immediately fatal, and the poor wretch was sent up to Kingston, but died on the way. He was tied up in a sheet and thrown overboard. Some time afterwards the body was brought to the surface by some men dragging for a lost anchor. It was finally claimed by the family.

"General" Birge never landed on British soil; he made one trip on the *United States* steamer, but skulked behind a wood-pile, afraid of the *Experiment's* shots. When he regained the American side, he complained of cramps in the stomach, and left for parts unknown.

Three of the cannon captured at the mill were taken to Kingston. The fourth was mounted on the Fort at Prescott, where it remained until the dismantlement.

Elie Clark, a rebel prisoner, like many others, said he was pressed into the affair against his will. As a reason why he should not be condemned, he said that, during the battle, two riflemen in the mill spied a wounded soldier leaning against a tree, and, saying "there's a good mark," took their rifles to shoot at him. Clark said he exclaimed, "For God's sake, don't shoot a man who is wounded, but show mercy!" which, he claimed, saved the wounded man's life.

Men of position, who should have known better, demeaned themselves sadly with regard to their treatment of the rebel prisoners. The poor wretches were almost stripped of clothing, and robbed of every bit of jewellery they possessed; a gold watch and a miniature of his wife were taken from Von Schoultz.

One of the prisoners, testifying on his own behalf at Kingston, said General Birge told him that the plan was so well laid that it could not fail that Montreal and Quebec would be taken the same night by the people in them, and that nine-tenths of the people of Upper Canada and three-fourths of the troops would join the revolution.

The *Ogdensburg Republican*, of Dec. 25th, 1838, alludes to the affair as "an unwarrantable invasion upon the property, rights, lives, and liberties of a foreign power with whom we are at peace."

In the same paper, a wide-awake advertiser heads his announcement respecting cheap wares with the name "Bill Johnstone," in very large type.

There is also an advertisement headed "American Patriotism!" It is a call for a meeting to be held in the Ogdensburg Town Hall, on the 2nd January, of "all persons disposed to obey the laws, to discourage any further invasion of Canada, and to discountenance secret societies." It bears the names of a large number of the leading citizens of that day.

AN ATTEMPT TO INTIMIDATE A MAGISTRATE.

The following was addressed to "The Chief Magistrate of Kingston, Upper Canada. With speed." I give it *verbatim*:

ELLISBURGH, Nov. the 30th, 1838.

To His Majesty Chief Magistrate of Kingston in Upper Canada, &c., &c.

If you pass judgment on those patriots, or sentence them to death or to Banish them, you may expect trouble before spring. I have got the minds of the people in the Joining counties & in this county I can raise in a fortnight an army of 10000 effective men that neither fears death nor hell they are ready and willing when they are called upon if you put them or eos them to be put to death nothing but death shall hinder you and your executors from sharing the same fate and if you will relieve them I will promise that they will not trouble you any more and if not death and destruction will be your fate.

Since and sealed this 30th day of November in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight.

J. W. H.  
M. H.

A REMARKABLE LETTER FROM VON SCHOULTZ.

In a newspaper of the period I found a long letter from Von Schoultz to a friend. It is dated Fort Henry, Kingston, Nov. 27, 1838. The writer says that the person whom he addresses can testify that he (Von S.) "started from Salina in search of the cowardly rascal Birge, and not with the intention of going to Prescott, and that we were told about a new formed Government in Canada, where the President and his Cabinet were chosen." He gives directions as to the disposition of his property in Virginia, valued at \$200,000, and proceeds as follows: "I wish I could see my dear Emeline for a moment, or that I had not been robbed of her miniature. I pray God that my death may stop further blood-shed, but I know very well that it will operate exactly in a contrary sense, and that thousands will take up arms to

revenge my death. Yet I beg you to tell everyone that my last wish is that nobody may any further interfere with the Canadian struggle. It seems only to add new sufferings, and, to tell you the truth, it appears to me to be only some selfish scheme planned by the few, instead of the many."

"Except when I am thinking of Emeline, I feel calm and composed, and I think I will meet my fate with perfect indifference. I will thus be able to satisfy that burning thirst after knowledge which, in my lonely hours, when contemplating this splendid creation, nearly suffocates me. If it is permitted to the departed soul to roam among those brilliant yet unknown orbs, how inexpressibly happy will I not feel in soaring over them, and see with eyes that are not clouded with any material covering those wonders which so often made me fall down and adore the Supreme Being. Oh! my dear friend, when the long, long night is approaching and we stand at the door of the tomb, how different then does life appear with all its small and petty sorrows! They are scarcely worth a second thought were it not for those bosom friends we leave behind."

"If my cousin (you know he bears exactly my name) should come to Salina, I beg you to tell him that my curse rests upon him if he undertakes to revenge my death. I will leave that in the hands of God, and wish nobody to interfere therewith."

THE WINDMILL AS A LIGHTHOUSE.

The Windmill was converted into a lighthouse in 1873, the light being first shown on the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, 15th June. This has ensured the preservation of one of the few historic monuments to be found in Canada. The lantern is of the kind known as Catoptric; it is sixty-two feet from the base of the tower, and ninety-two feet above high-water mark. The light is visible for a distance of twenty-two miles. The lighthouse is in charge of Mr. Bernard Kane, who sold the building and ground around it to the Government. Mr. Kane told me that he had considerable trouble in giving the Government a satisfactory title, as the deeds which he held mentioned "Water street," and a difficulty was experienced in determining where this street ran. The lighthouse now stands on the river bank, the main road running some sixty feet north of it, but this road was not known as Water street. At last an old fellow known as "Chub" Fraser (on account of his chubbiness when a child), was found, who testified that Water street used to run *in front* of the lighthouse, but that it had been washed out; indeed, just west of the Windmill the river has made quite a deep bay, and in several other spots between Edwardsburg and Prescott the inroads of the mighty St. Lawrence are becoming quite serious.

The lighthouse is fitted with a substantial staircase leading to the gallery outside the lantern, from whence very fine views are obtained.

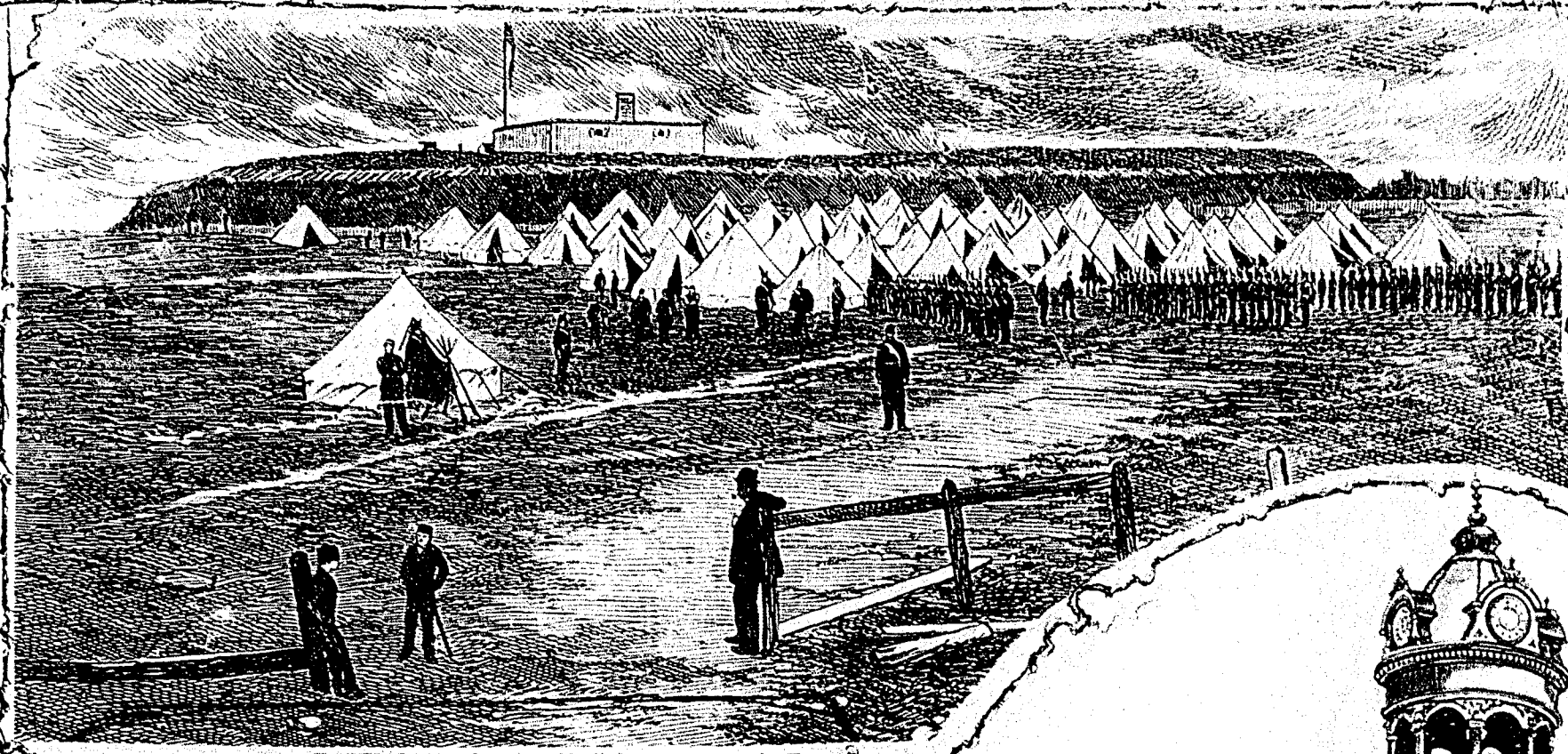
THE BURIAL PLACE OF BARBARA HECK.

The name of Barbara Heck figures prominently in the history of Methodism on this continent. Though there were Methodists in America before her arrival, it is claimed that to her belongs the credit of having brought about the first semblance of organization. The story goes that Barbara, who emigrated to New York with her folks from Balligatone, Ireland, in 1765, found the Methodist fire almost extinguished. Calling at a neighbour's house one evening, she was shocked to find a party of professing Methodists engaged in a game of cards. One version says that a local preacher, named Phillip Embury, was of the party, and that Barbara made a dash at the cards, tore them across and flung them in the fire, exclaiming, "We shall all go to hell together, and God will require our blood at your hands!"—addressing herself to Mr. Embury. This version was subsequently denounced as a slander upon Mr. Embury, who is said to have been in his own house at the time, and was there visited by the indignant Barbara and addressed as above. Mr. Embury is said to have replied that he had neither church nor congregation, and could do nothing. This excuse did not satisfy Mrs. Heck, and finally she persuaded him to hold a service in a room in a private house. The congregation numbered five persons: Barbara and Paul Heck, John Lawrence, Mrs. Embury and Betty, a negro servant. This, the first Methodist sermon delivered on this continent, was preached in Oct., 1776. The congregation increased steadily, and a rigging loft was secured as a meeting place, and finally a church was built. When the American revolution broke out, the Hecks, like many others, preferred the old flag, and were accordingly obliged to cross the frontier. They came by way of Montreal, and settled a few miles west of Prescott, where descendants of the family still reside—indeed, I gleaned the above from a conversation with the granddaughter and great-granddaughter of the devout Barbara.

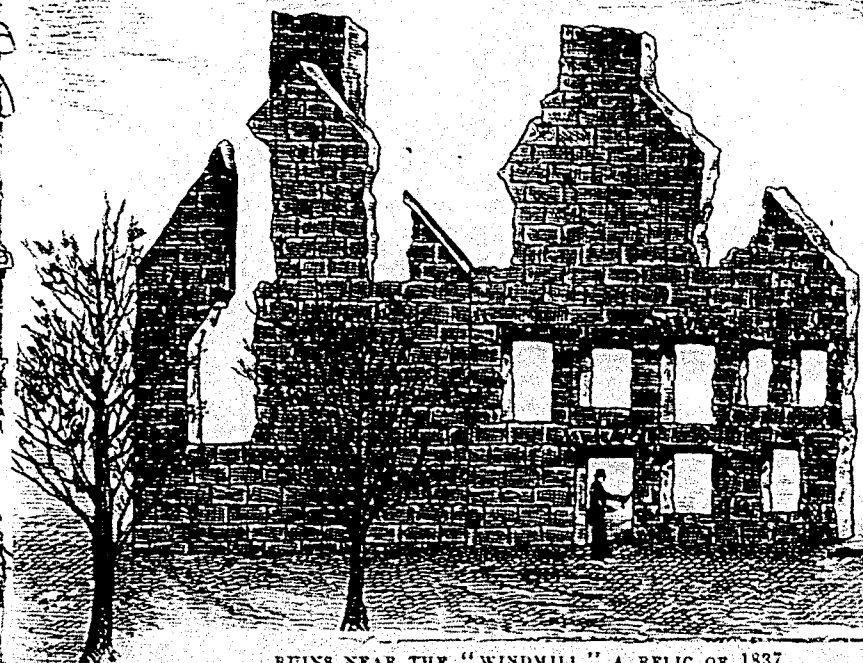
Her grave is in what is known as the "Blue Church" burial ground, a pretty spot on the river side, about three miles from Prescott. The church is a tiny wooden building, not blue, but *white*—the prefix relating to an earlier erection which *was* painted blue. It stands at the edge of a splendid pine grove, whose dark shades bring out in bold relief the gleaming marble slabs telling of those who have "gone before."

If we had no pride we should not complain of that of others. Send for samples and card for self-measurement, and get six of **Treble's Perfect Shirts** for \$12. TREBLE'S, 5 King Street East, Hamilton.

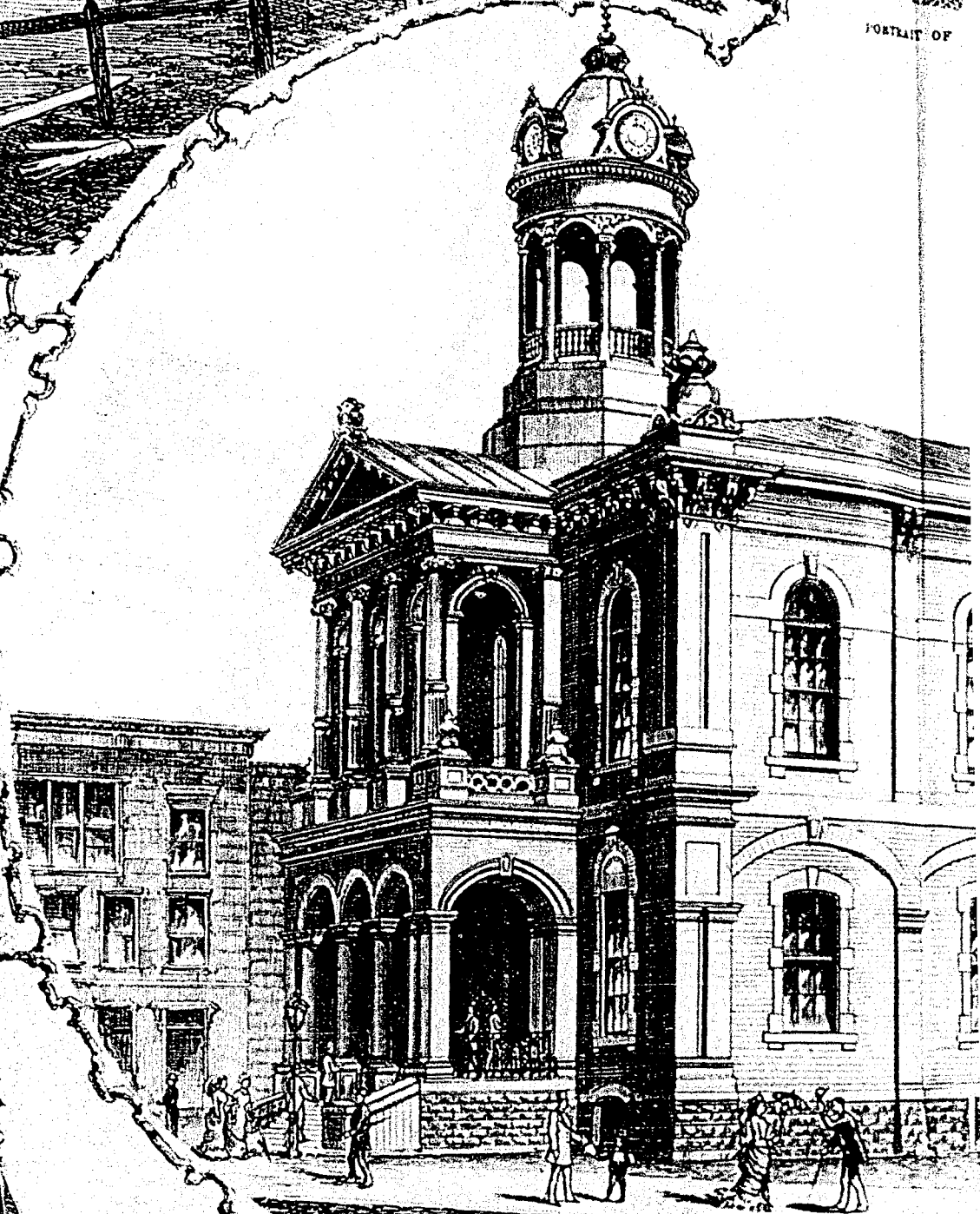




THE FORT DURING THE FENIAN RAID, 1866.

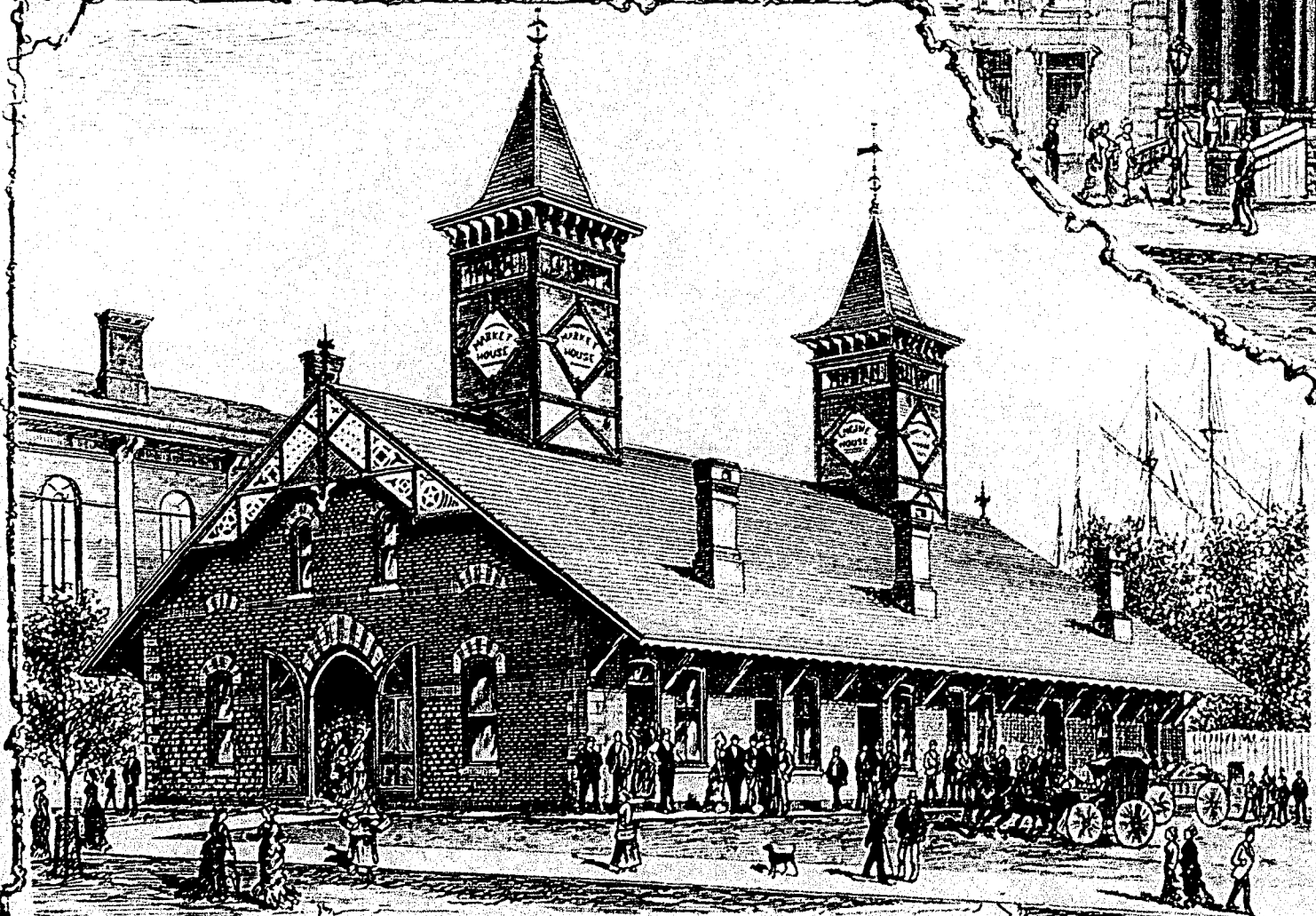


RUINS NEAR THE "WINDMILL," A RELIC OF 1837.

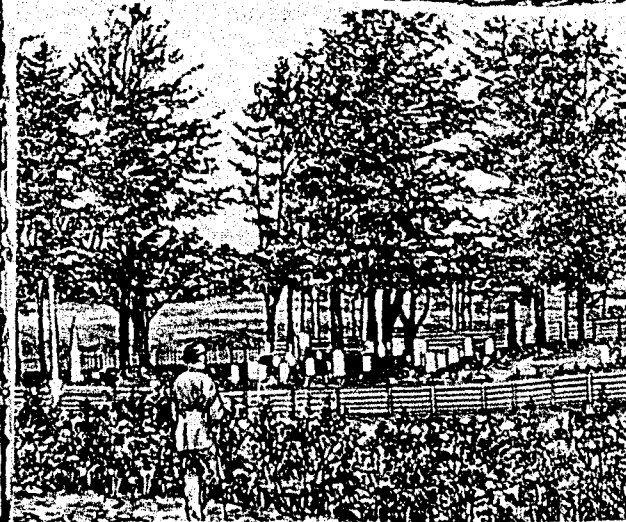


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THE MARKET BUILDING.

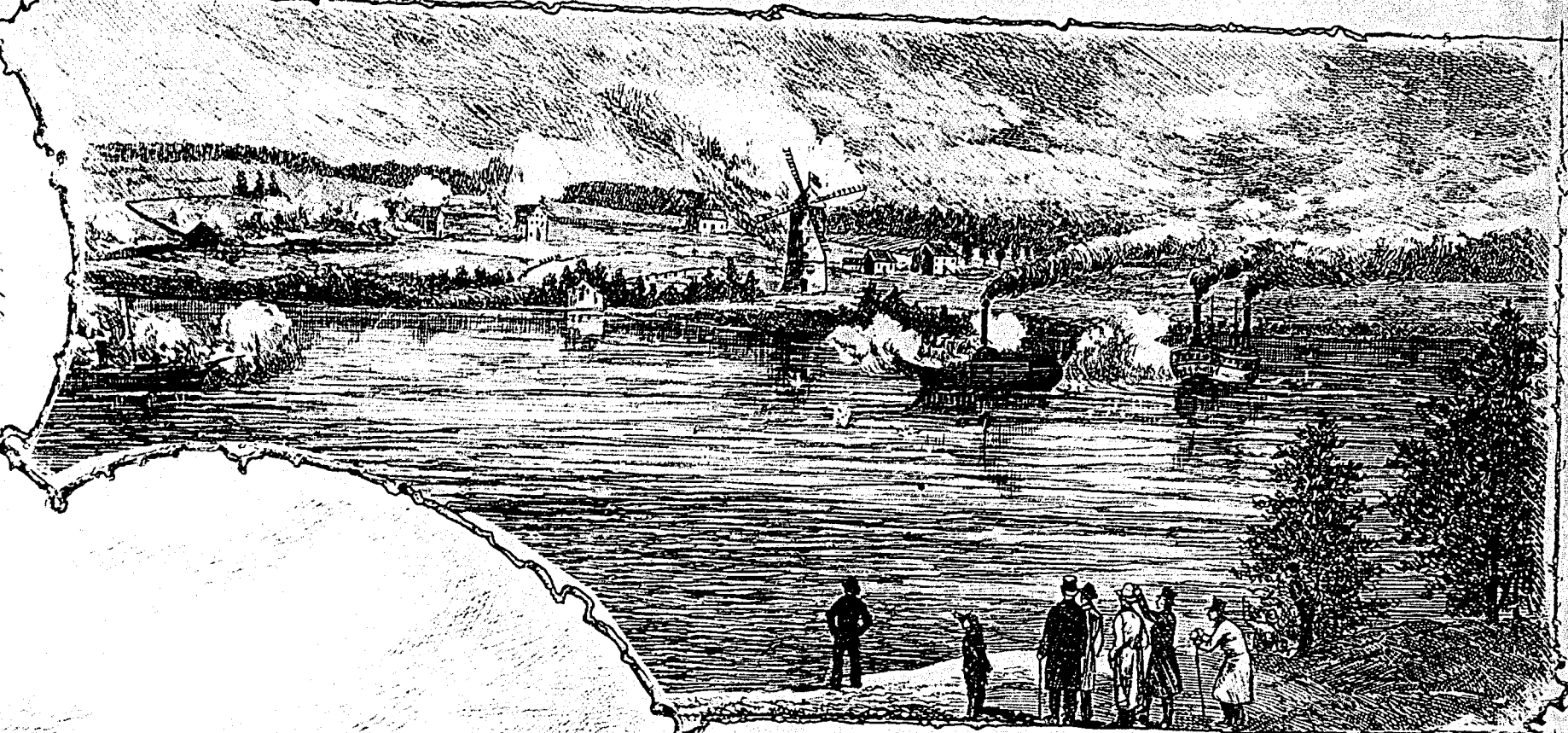


THE BURIAL PLACE OF BARBARA HECK, FOUNDER OF

# PRESCOTT (ONT.)



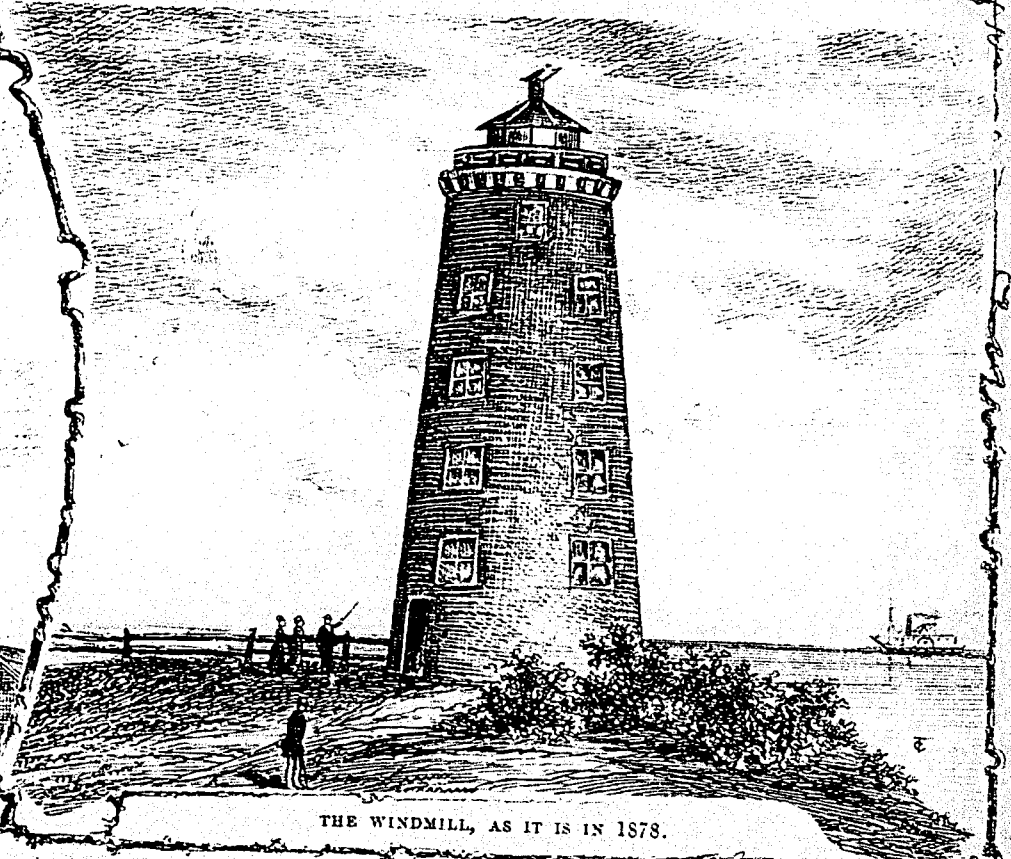
... OF MAYOR BUCKLEY.



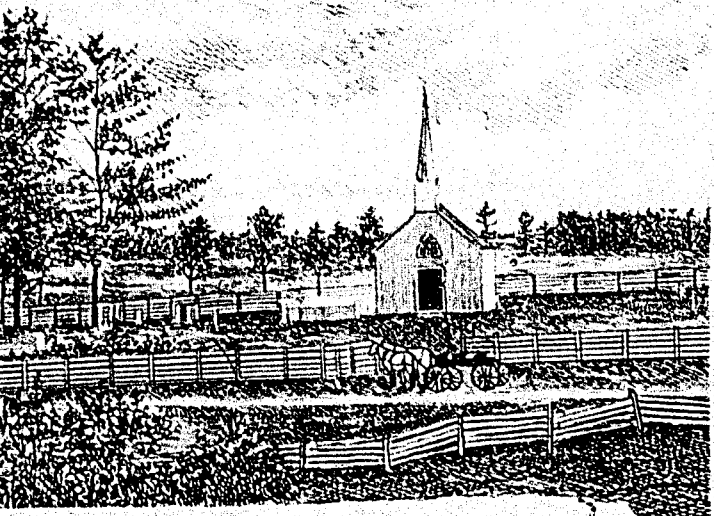
BATTLE OF WINDMILL POINT.



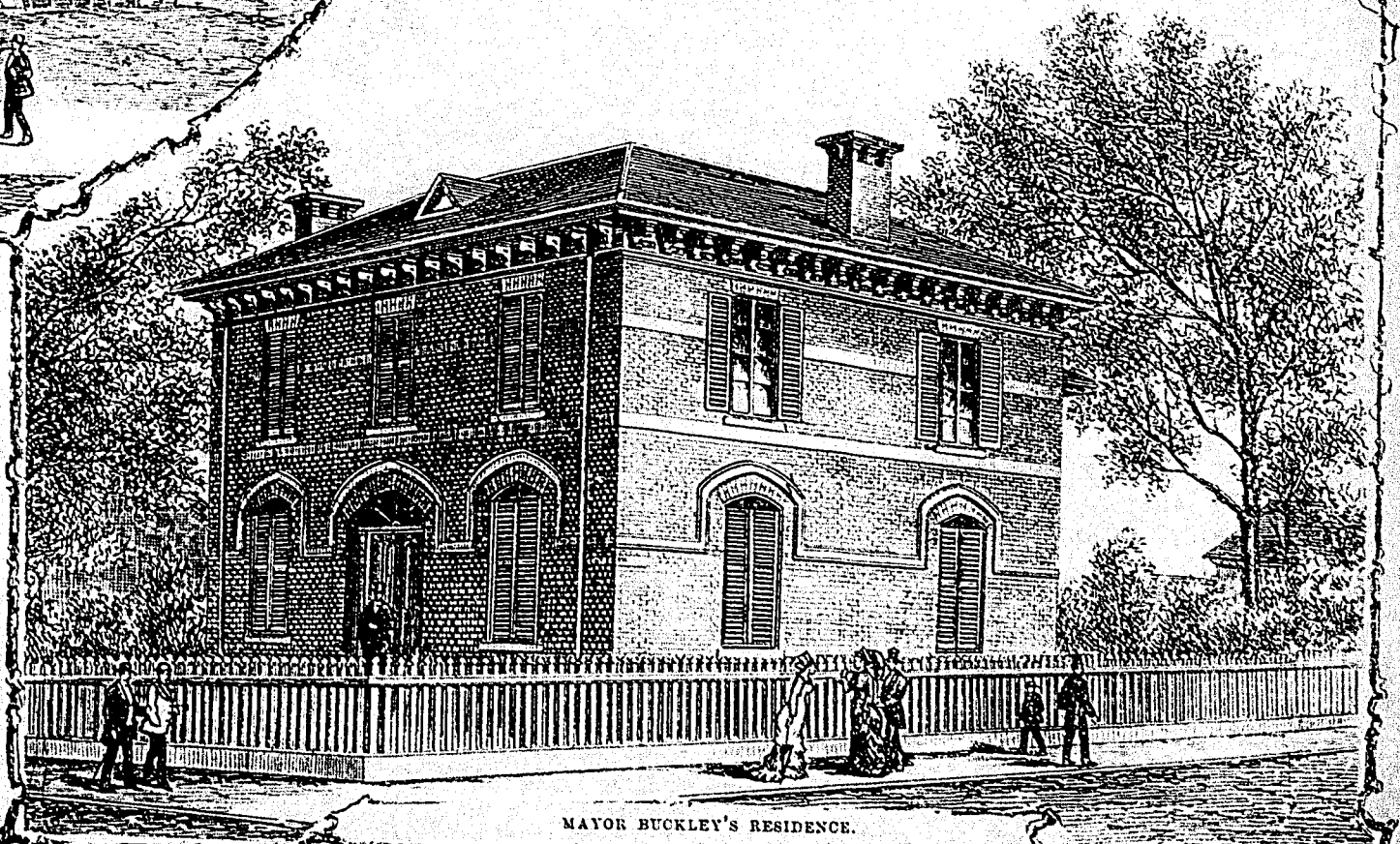
THE TOWN HALL.



THE WINDMILL, AS IT IS IN 1878.



... BLER CHURCH.  
... nder of Methodism on the American Continent.



MAYOR BUCKLEY'S RESIDENCE.

T.) ILLUSTRATED.

## A LEGEND OF HOHELAGA.

Near "Ladaanna" the Great River,  
Lived an Indian maiden fair,  
Her bright eyes were Cupid's quiver,  
Raven black, her braided hair.  
In the "lodge," or gently moving  
Through the village, was seen  
Ever smiling, ever loving;  
Or at evening on the green,  
Seated by her aged mother  
Watched the youths, who "neath her eye,  
Wrestled fiercely with each other,  
Striving for the mastery.  
Two, there were who vowed to win her,  
For they trod their first "war-path,"  
And each on each they looked intently,  
Like the storm-cloud gathering wrath.  
And each day they brought unto her  
Spoils of chase, or presents rare,—  
Singing-birds, or lovely feathers,  
Flowers bright to deck her hair.  
Then, each tried in wildest tempest,  
Who the "Rapids" best might "shoot,"  
Or, which through the densest forest  
Where is heard the "owl's" "hoot,"  
And the "Spirit of the Mountain"  
Would mislead the intruding foot!  
Thus they wooed the lovely maiden,  
Tried by every art to gain  
Even a glance with favour laden,  
Yet each youth still tried in vain.

Passed is the summer bright, and now,  
Autumn has tugged the mountain brow,  
While the "Tribe" rests in peace serene,  
And plenty all around is seen.  
But soon the thoughts of peace and rest  
Are scattered from each throbbing breast,  
As a wild "scout" comes bounding in  
With nostrils wide, and panting breath,  
Like a swift messenger of death,  
And tells of a fierce hostile band,  
Of "warriors" on the "war-path" seen  
Approaching fast this quiet land.  
How changed the scene!—for quick as thought,  
A "Council," with all wisdom fraught,  
Of aged "Chiefs" and hardy "Braves"—  
Is called, and soon in silence grave  
They sit around the "Council-fire"  
And solemnly meditate on war.  
Then rose the old and wise "Soway"  
And, stretching forth his withered hand,  
Thus spoke aloud in accents grand,  
"Hear! all ye Chiefs, my words this day,  
And listen, all ye faithful band,  
Wait not, until like panther sly,  
These serpents creep into the camp,  
And to surround, and trap us try.  
Then, laden with our wealth decamp,  
Rejoicing in their victory!—  
No!—rise in aid your pride of birth,  
And sweep such miscreants from the earth!  
What are these dogs, that they should try  
A tribe like ours, thus to destroy?  
They know full well, that in fair fight,  
They would be quickly put to flight.  
Not could they stand for one short hour  
Against our host's ever-bolting power!"  
The "tribe" approve his counsel wise,  
And straight to arm, they all arise.  
The "warriors" in their "war-paint" grim,  
And bristling crests, pass on and in  
Giving command the "camp" to guard,  
Or ordering "scouts," with visage hard,  
To range around, and keep strict watch  
And lurking foe to prompt dispatch.  
Thus, setting not the invaders know  
That they were bound to meet the "foe."

While thus her "tribe" prepare for war,  
The fate Wabiscan wept—  
"Ah! better had it been by far  
That I had owned my love for thee,  
And not cold silence kept.  
As thus she mourned with head bowed low,  
Like drooping lily cup,  
A gentle touch—quick she looked up!  
And close beside her gazing down  
Her loved Wistonneau stands,  
"Oh, fair Wabiscan!—if for me  
These gentle tears do flow,  
Then meet me on the mountain brow,  
When west the sun lies low."  
He said, and quickly disappeared  
Among the crowd of "Braves."  
As when a stately sea-bird dives  
And round him close the waves,  
Up, rising in her glad surprise,  
Wabiscan proudly stood  
A moment, like a statue fair,  
Then fled into the wood  
To wander far from prying eyes,  
And gain her wonted mood.  
Close by a crystal streamlet, where  
She stooped to taste the wave,  
She saw in lovely clusters there  
The sweetest flowers love ever gave,  
By true love named "Forget-me-not."  
All eagerly she gathered them  
In her soft gentle hands,  
Then some she twined in her rich braids  
And some she wove in bands,  
Her eyes all radiant with love's smile,  
While thus she softly sang the while,  
In tones would melt the hardest heart,—  
"Oh! sweet it is to meet my love,  
But sad 'twill be to part."  
Thus passed the time till slanting low  
The sunbeams gild the corn,  
And all the streams in sunset glow,  
Looked ruddy, as at morn.  
Like "Flora," decked, tripped bow the maid  
To meet her lover true,  
Round neck and arm, in silken braid,  
"Forget-me-not" so blue,  
Now all rejoicing—now afraid,  
She fast and faster drew!  
By the high fields of tasseled corn  
Beside the rushing stream,  
Still—still, as in a pleasing dream,  
She near the "mountain" drew,  
High on the cliff a form she sees,  
And, hidden half among the trees,  
She deems it him she loves!  
So, up the mountain path she moves  
With heart and footstep light,  
But when at last the top is gained  
She stands aghast afraid—  
Not Wistonneau before her stands,  
But fierce Micoona—grasps her hands,  
He glared upon her lovely form,  
And, heeding not her wild alarm,  
"Say, Wabiscan," he muttered deep—  
"Say,—what dost thou up here to—  
I heard what that 'dog' Wistonneau,  
To thee this morning said,  
And, were he here, this sneaky arm  
Would lay him with the dead,  
Long have I wooed thee, and I vow  
That not with him shalt thou wed now;  
Either to me thy truth be given  
Or sooner shall this cliff be riven,  
Than thou shouldst be his bride,  
Wilt thou be mine?"  
I ask thee not with fancy free  
A willing heart to give,  
Say but thou wilt,—and it may be,  
That thou hast long to live;  
Give but one frown.

And from this height  
I hurl thee instant down!  
"To give thee an unwilling heart,  
Proud Wabiscan would scorn,  
And better far from life to part  
Than leave my love forlorn."  
Scarce had these words her pale lips passed  
When her light form in both hands grasped,  
He raised her in the air!—  
"Now, wilt thou still invite thy fate?  
Or wilt thou yield 'er yet too late."  
The only answer that she knew  
Was one wild cry, "Oh! Wistonneau!"  
Then like a tiger glared his eyes,  
And on he strode with fendish yell.  
But,—swift as the blue lightning flies,  
An arrow pierced him,—down he fell  
Prone to the earth,—no more to rise;  
Then, quick as he fell, stood Wistonneau,  
All panting, at his side,  
And from his rigid grasp soon drew  
His darling, rescued bride.

Montreal.

E. L. M.

## A GREAT MISTAKE.

Mrs. Dameril had come in late from her afternoon drive, and the Blackliffe drawing-room looked especially comfortable after the chill fog outside. So, instead of going upstairs, she laid aside her hat, and sat sipping her tea. She was not left long alone. Voices were heard—a childish treble and a deep bass—and presently there appeared in the doorway a rosy little damsel of three years, riding on the shoulders of a dark-bearded man.

"Ah, Louise! I thought that I heard the carriage."  
"Yes, I've just come in. It was horribly cold, and I wanted some tea to revive me. Well, Millie, what mischief have you been about?"  
"There, Millie, go and confess," said the father, setting her down. "Let me see: Dolly's nose is melted. I think that is the worst enormity to-day."

"Mrs. Dameril's beautiful face had lacked something till eyes and lips smiled a welcome to the child climbing her knee."

"And how did you fare?" her husband asked as he threw himself into a chair opposite to her.  
"Oh, pretty well. Some of the people were out, but I caught those I most wanted."

"Mrs. Vivian, to wit?"  
"No; I had a note from her before I started. Here it is. She promises us her boy protégé, you see."

"That's good. I hear he sings like a seraph. Her Viking? Who on earth does she mean by her Viking?"

"Captain Lester. She expects him soon, I believe."

Allan Dameril looked up. "Do you mean Harold Lester?"  
"Yes; he got his promotion the other day."

"I thought he was in the Pacific."  
"So he was till lately. Now, I believe, he's appointed to a ship on the American station. Of course I shall tell Mrs. Vivian to bring him."

"Of course," but the assent was absently spoken.  
"Come, Millie," said the mother, rising, "are you going up stairs with me? I've something to show you."

As the two went out hand-in-hand, Allan Dameril's gaze followed them. He could hardly look at them without pride, and yet was there pride in his dark eyes just then? When the door had closed behind them he started up, and walking to the fire, heant his arms upon the mantelpiece, and bowed his head upon them. His thoughts were busy, but not with wife or child.

"Oh, Grace! if you were here," he muttered, "you would help me. And yet I made you miserable enough. I won't wish you back again. I made my own bed, and I must lie on it."

His ride next day took him across the hills to Hadleigh. He had promised his wife to carry some messages to old Mrs. Vivian, and he had besides his own reasons for going to the Manor. When he had done his errand he turned up on to the wild lonely moorland. He had often come up there for a gallop, but now he let his mare wander on at her own will. That keen bronzed face of his, generally so animated, was now almost despairing in its anxiety. He was thinking of a work that he had set himself to do, and which was not done—of a peril that was coming fast upon him, and which he could not escape. And yet he was not a man to let his heart sink or his hands hang down.

That evening he said to his wife, "Louise, what do you say to a run over to Paris when this musical affair of ours is over?"  
She looked up at him, surprised. "To Paris! Why should we go there?"

"Oh, I don't know. It would be a change after vegetating here so long. Shouldn't you like it?"

"No, I don't think I should. I'm getting too lazy to care about crossing the channel in mid-winter. Still that is no reason why you should not go if you fancy it."

"I've no fancy for going alone," he said quietly, and took up his newspaper again.

Mrs. Dameril's conscience smote her. He was always so ready to humor her slightest whim that it seemed hard that he should be disappointed. Presently she did what she was very seldom moved to do—she rose, and kneeling down beside him, said lightly:

"Allan, I was surely just now, I'll go to Paris if you really wish it."

He looked up at her. He had not been angry—he never was angry with her; but the sudden clearing of his face showed that he had been disappointed.

"Will you? That's good of you, Louise."

Perhaps she had not quite expected to be taken at her word, but she answered pleasantly: "Yes, I will. When shall we start?"  
"We might be off directly after the concert. I must be home in February, you know, to meet Philip."

So it was settled. But three days later Mrs. Dameril came down to breakfast with a grave face. Tilly was terribly hoarse, and the doctor must be fetched. He came and pronounced the child in for an attack of bronchitis. It had been taken in time, but there was no more thought of Paris in her mother's mind.

"Even if she were pretty well again I should be afraid to leave her," Mrs. Dameril explained to her husband. "She is so willful with nurse, and any chill might be dangerous. But you had better find another companion, Allan."

He shook his head. "I shall get along here very well," he said. "He was dearly fond of his little girl, but at that moment he was almost angry with her for falling ill."

The evening of the concert came, and Millie, swathed in an eider-down wrapper, watched from her nursery-window the carriage-lamps flashing out and in between the great oaks in the park. Down stairs all was light and warmth. Mrs. Dameril in her black velvet and white lace, stood greeting her in-coming guests; and her husband stood near, talking to one and another, but glancing ever and anon at the pale, clear-cut profile of his beautiful wife.

"She looks even better than usual, I think, to-night," said Mrs. Vivian, contentedly, following the direction of his eyes as he stood beside her. "I must ask Harry whether he doesn't think her improved. It must be four years at least since he saw her. Isn't it shabby of him only to give me a week after all the care I took of him when he was a sickly little Indian?"

"Yes, very," Allan Dameril responded, mechanically; and just then Captain Lester came up to them.

"Ah, Harry," said his aunt, "I was abusing you."  
"That's too bad, when I only came to you twenty-four hours ago."

"No, that's the very ground of my abuse. But tell me—never mind Mr. Dameril—don't you think Mrs. Dameril is handsomer than Mrs. Sidney ever was?"

The color rose into the sailor's comely face.  
"I decline to be catechized," he said, smiling. "Mr. Dameril told me once that I was an impertinent little beggar. He might tell me so again. I could not expect you see to hold my own against him. He is a county magnate, I—well, I am only a beggarly sailor."

The two men's eyes met for a moment, then Dameril said abruptly:

"There's an old admiral yonder thirsting to hear your Polynesian experiences. I relied on your good nature, and promised him a treat. Will you come?"

"To be sure," said Lester, carelessly, and they went off together.

"How tired you look," said Mrs. Dameril to her husband, as the last rattle of wheels died away.

"I might return the compliment," he answered, handing her the candle he had just lighted.

"Yes, I have worked hard, between solos, trios, and small talk. Now you, whenever I looked at you, were prowling about alone."

"Oh, I made a few remarks. But, after all, a host's duty is to see that every one else is amused."

"Well, I think every one was amused. I think it has been a success," said Mrs. Dameril, as she went wearily up stairs. But she certainly was tired, and her rest that night was broken by disturbing dreams. When she awoke the sun was shining into her room, and her husband had vanished.

He had gone out at daybreak, so she was told—and she came in as he was unblocking the post-bag.

"See, Allan, this is from granny," she said. "It is marked 'immediate.' I hope there is nothing wrong."

He broke the seal and glanced at the contents. Soothing in his face made his wife exclaim:

"What is it? Tell me!"

"Nothing—at least nothing to frighten you. Philip is to be at Southampton to-day."

"To-day! A fortnight before they expected him. Can you get there in time?"

"I—I don't know. I hardly think so."  
"Let me see the note," and he gave it to her.

"Oh, yes you can. See, she says to-night or to-morrow. The midday train will get you in by five o'clock. I'll have your things put up at once."

She was moving to the bell, when he called her back.

"Louise, do you think it worth while? It would be a rush, and some one is sure to look after him."

She stared at him in astonishment.  
"Why, Allan, you know how ill he is. You can't leave him to shift for himself. Granny relies on you, and of course you must go. It's only to order the dog-cart and send word to Vincent. Now come to breakfast."

He lingered a moment at the bay-window, looking out at the cold, gray sky, and his look was as hopeless as it had been on the moor, a fortnight before.

"I thought I was safe," he was saying inwardly, "but I believe there is a curse upon me."

"And you'll be back to-morrow?" asked his wife, when he bade her farewell an hour later.

"Yes, to-morrow—without fail. Dearest—" he paused a moment, with his hands on her shoulders, as if about to ask her something; but if so, he changed his mind, and only said, earnestly, "Take care of yourself and the child. I shall be home to-morrow."

"It's not a very long parting," she said, brightly, but his yearning gaze seemed to reproach her.

"No, it is not a long parting—at least I hope not. Good-bye, my wife, good-bye."

H.

"Dear Mrs. Dameril, may I come in?"  
It was getting dusk. Louise had been playing hide-and-seek with Millie till both were tired out, and now she was resting.

"Of course you may. But, Constance, who would have thought of seeing you at this hour?"

"Ah, but I want something," explained the rector's daughter, coming forward. "I know Mr. Dameril is away; papa told me so just now, and I want you to come and help us with our Christmas-tree. Please do."

Mrs. Dameril hesitated, but she had a long, lonely evening before her, and she liked that rectory full of girls and boys. So in a few minutes she and Constance were driving down to the village.

"Ah, Miss Constance, you've done well," said the rector, as he greeted his spouse's wife, "and I've something to show for my time, too. I've laid violent hands on Captain Lester."

Mrs. Dameril did not seem overjoyed to see him.

"I did not expect to meet you here," she said, as they shook hands. "I thought it was to be only a village gathering, and you are all together an outsider."

"I know that," he returned. "I was not overbold. I was only venturing through the village when Mrs. Beaumont captured me. But little man's tail was a bit, and I've a weakness for small fry."

"Then you ought to appreciate my friend George here," said Mrs. Dameril, stepping to get the round check of a sturdy boy of two. "Come George, won't you take me to see that great black pussy cat of yours?" and she led away her small cavalier.

The presents had been distributed, the pink tapers had been turned out, and the children were at supper. Mrs. Dameril, released from magic nets, was talking to the doctor's wife; and Captain Lester, sitting near her, was turning over a photograph-book.

"Ah!" he said abruptly, "surely that must be meant for Grace Dameril."

He spoke to Mrs. Dameril, and she, turning round, glanced at the open book.

"Yes," she said, "it is; it was taken a few months before she died."

He looked at it more closely. "It looks like her too. How long is it since she died?"

"Nearly four years."  
"Poor girl! you and she were great friends?"

"Yes, we were."  
"And yet I could never quite make out why. Somehow, I never thought her interesting. Perhaps I did not know her well enough."

Louise made no answer, and he looked up at her.

"You are thinking that I ought not to discuss your friend. I beg your pardon."

"No," she said, in a low voice. "Shall I tell you what I was thinking?"

"If you please."  
"That it is a pity people should take so much useless trouble to die."

Her own words started her. They seemed to have rushed forth against her will. They startled him, too.

"What do you mean? You speak enigmas," he answered, slowly.

She must tell him now—she had gone too far to stop, and there was a certain relief to her in saying what she was going to say.

"Do I?" and her bright eyes looked straight into his. "Shall I make my meaning clearer if I say that I once saw a note of yours to Grace Dameril?"

"A note of mine? I never wrote a line to her in my life. Why on earth should I?"

In Mrs. Dameril's answering smile there was a touch of scorn.

"Why? Your memory is bad, but I'll refresh it. Have you quite forgotten that you once asked Grace Dameril to be your wife? Your letter was short, but it was sufficiently urgent."

"If she showed you such a letter, and told you I wrote it, she told you the blackest of falsehoods!"

A sudden quiver passed over Louise's face, but she controlled herself perfectly.

"You will excuse my believing my own eyes," she said calmly. "You see, I saw it, and as it happens, I remember it distinctly, even to the date. It was written from Plymouth a week before you sailed."

"You may have seen a letter. You saw none of my writing."

"Whose was it then? The handwriting was yours. It was signed with your name."

"Ah! Whose was it?" he returned grimly.

There was a silence. Then he spoke again.  
"Mrs. Dameril," he said, and his voice had a stern ring in it, quite new to her, "there are some things better not talked or thought about, if you can help it; but isn't it enough for a woman to try to spoil a man's life for him, without insulting him besides?" Before she had time to answer he was gone. She saw him join the group

about the door. She heard some one speak to him. Some one came up to her and began to talk. Presently there was a call for Captain Lester. He had promised the children a season's song. Where was he? No one could tell.

Louise could never afterward clearly recall how she got home that night. She remembered a great babel of shouting and laughter, and Mr. Beaumont putting her into the carriage, and her being shut in there, in the dark, alone. After that all was blurred until she found herself by her bed-room fire, her maid gone, and an open sheet of paper in her hand. It was three years since she had looked at those written lines, which had then burnt themselves in on her memory; and yet even then she had hardly looked on them with such shuddering pain, such sick fear as now. She got up suddenly, and, going to a desk, took out a packet of her husband's letters. Seeking further, she came across a sheet of manuscript music, with words in pencil underneath, and "Lester" scrawled in the corner. She untied the packet, unfolded one of the letters and laid it on her knee, besides the little song and the note to Grace Dameril. Carefully she looked at one and all; then putting them aside, she covered her face with her hands.

She had no doubt—no real doubt when Harold Lester left her, and yet it was terrible to read the mute witness borne by those papers. Oh! how could any one have done it! She saw again Grace slipping that note into her hand and turning away, as though loth to watch her face. She felt again the girl's tightening grasp when she asked her, "And will you have him, Grace?" She heard again the vehement answer, "Oh! no, no." She had been brave then. She had hidden her wound well, but she had suffered. It had seemed to her that there was no man on earth worth loving since Harry Lester had proven false. And so she had married her cousin Allan, because Allan so passionately desired it, and because he was an old friend and play-fellow. Why not he as well as another?—so she had said to herself in the bitterness of heart—at least he was a good, true man.

And now—she folded up the letters and hid them away, and crept to bed.

It was very late next evening when her husband returned. She had been listening for him many hours, when the bell rang. Even then it seemed to her long before he came up stairs. At last there was a quick tread in the gallery and her door opened. She did not move or speak. She only looked at him; but that look was enough. Before his foot had crossed the threshold he knew that his great dread was fulfilled.

He came to her and mechanically bent his head to kiss her; but she put out her hand hastily.

"Not now, Allan; I have something to say to you," and then he saw that she had an open letter.

"Why did you write this?" she asked holding it up.

"You know—" his parched lips could utter no more.

"Yes, I know that you wrote it," she said, mistaking the meaning of his words.

"You know why. I was losing you, and you were the one thing in life I cared to have."

It never occurred to him to deny her charge. He seemed to have known all through those past days that the hour must be faced. Perhaps she had looked for a denial, or had thought to have to drag the truth from him bit by bit. At any rate they were both silent awhile. At last she raised her eyes to his pale face.

"You can gain nothing now, I think, by lying. You may as well tell me the truth. Did Grace know?"

"Yes, she knew, but she only did as I bade her. I told her if she did not help me I should go away—for life."

"Do you think the little you gained was worth buying at the price you paid for it?"

"You mean that I never gained your love. You need not tell me so; I know you too well."

"Shall I tell you how I comforted myself when I found that marriage did not bring me the joy it brings to some? I believe that in one way at least I was happy, since I could honour my husband entirely."

He shivered, but he was dumb. What could he say? His own hand had risen up against him; Grace, the sister who had worshipped him, had betrayed him. She had not promised to destroy that cursed letter.

"How did you know?" he asked; "did he tell you?"

"He told me last night that he had never written to Grace, and then I remembered one summer's day years ago—do you remember it? We were in the garden at Moorhill, and you imitated all our handwritings."

"I remember."

"And I came home and got out the letter—I had found it in Grace's desk after she died—and I saw—she stopped and then went on slowly—"a forgery. I knew a poor clerk once who forged his name to keep his children from want—and he was transported."

"How did you come to meet Harold Lester last night?" Allan put the question quite gently. From beginning to end he showed no anger.

"They had a children's party at the rectory, and Constance Beaumont begged me to go. Captain Lester was there, and he spoke to me about Grace."

"You know that he has gone away?"

"He had better go if he guesses what I know."

He used to be hot-tempered. It is well the seas should part you."

Allan smiled faintly. "If that were all—his anger—I could face it; I have faced worse things. Why did he come in between us, and snatch you from me—me who had loved you always—ever since you were born!"

"Loved me?" she broke in, bitterly. "Well, there are different ways of loving, I suppose; but you had better have hated me."

He stood for a moment looking down at her, his dark face working.

"Yes," he said at last, "but I didn't know then—perhaps if I had known—Louise, I can't talk any more now—I am quite worn out. I have not slept—how long is it, I wonder, since I did sleep?"

She did not answer him, or try to detain him. Her strength, too, was well-nigh spent.

III.

A week went by. They ate and drank, walked and rode, sometimes together, more often apart. They talked to one another civilly before Millie and the servants, yet sometimes Louise almost wondered wildly how long it would be before she grew used to the terrible truth that now sounded in her ears whenever she heard her husband's step or saw his face. Some day, no doubt, the sharpness of the pain and shame would die away as other pains and shames that she had known had died, and she would no longer shrink from him as a liar and a thief.

He saw that she shrank from him. He had always been very quick to see any mood of hers; and at the end of that long week he broke silence. They were in the library, and he had found her some book for which she had been searching. As their hands touched, he said in a low voice: "You would sooner have hunted for it yourself, wouldn't you? You would sooner have no help from me, little or great. Well, it isn't strange, after all. You have cause enough to shun me."

"I don't want to shun you," she answered, standing before him with downcast eyes. "You are my husband—Millie's father. I don't forget that. But it is hard just now—I think if we were apart for awhile it might be easier. Let me go to my mother's with Millie for a month or two."

"You shall go, dear, when and where you like."

And then he went away to the little oriel room where he did his farming and justice business. He did not generally write his letters there, but he meant to write one now which had been on his mind for days. Yet he did not begin it at once. The short winter afternoon closed in while he still sat shading his face with his hand. At last he lighted a candle, and drew a sheet of paper toward him. This was what he wrote:

Four years ago, Lester, I saw that you cared for Louise Sydney. I cared for her, too. I thought I had reason to fear you. I wanted to make sure of her while you were away, and I did a dastardly deed. I forgot that letter of which she told you, and in that way I won her. I could have won her in no other way. You have guessed the truth already; but you ought to know it.

ALLAN DAMERIL.

He had stopped after each sentence, as if doubting whether to say more or less, and when he had signed his name he read the whole twice over. Then folding and sealing it, he enclosed it to Mrs. Vivian, begging her to complete the address. And now, with his letter in his pocket, he went softly up-stairs to bid his little daughter good-night. When he came down again to the drawing-room, his wife was there working.

"Have you made any plan?" he asked.

"Would the day after to-morrow be too soon? My mother needs no notice. I could write to-night."

"Yes, write to-night. You had better go soon."

There was silence till he spoke again.

"Louise, after to-night we will never speak of those things that are past. But now will you listen to me?"

She murmured, "Yes."

"Will you try and believe me that if I have sinned I have suffered for my sins? I don't think I have ever known a peaceful moment since the idea of writing that letter came to me. I was miserable enough before, but I should have done better to endure my misery. I didn't think so then. I was selfish—cruelly selfish. I thought of my own desolation if Lester won you, and I sacrificed you. I used to fancy that when you were married, and I had made you to love me, I would tell you what I had done. But that time never came. I cannot undo the past, but, dear, try and forgive me. If I thought of myself then, I think only of you now. There is nothing I will not do to make amends, to make you happy."

She was moved, but she hardened her heart.

"You have always wished me to be happy in your own way," she said. "You can do no more than you have done."

"I will try, at least. And now I am going out. Louise, before I go, can you say, 'I forgive you?'"

There was a struggle within her. Then she stood up, pale and trembling, and held out her hands.

"I may have judged you hardly. I do forgive you."

For an instant, as she looked at him, he seemed to see, not the face of his cold, reserved wife, but of the girl-friend and comrade who had been lost to him four years ago. His hand closed on hers. His eyes asked with piteous entreaty

for some sign of relenting. But it did not come, and with a sigh he turned away.

And she, left alone, wept silently and long. It was over, the terrible strain of suppressed anger and contempt. She could pity, and she did forgive him. Pity and forgive! How things had changed with her since the childish days when Allan's holidays were the event of her year! How merry they had been then, and how good Allan had always been to her! And then her mind travelled on to a later time, when Harold Lester had come back from his four years' voyage, no longer a mail-cap boy, terrifying her by his wild freaks, but a man who had done gallant things and who, for all his fun and frolic, could be very much in earnest sometimes. And in all that long stay of his at Hantleigh he had often been in earnest. He had never told her that he loved her. What had he, the penniless lieutenant, to offer? But she had needed no telling, for she thought she knew, until—well, she had known. He was cleared. He was beyond reproach. But, ah, that other! Could shattered faith, could dead love ever live again?

And, while she wept, Allan was abroad in the darkness. It was a strange, weird night. Now and again rent and ragged clouds swept across the moon. There was a storm coming up. The wind blew chill against his face—but wind and storm mattered nothing to him now. He went first to the little general shop in the village, and there posted his letter. Then he turned in again at his own gate, but not up the steep winding road to the house. He crossed the open pastures to a stream which, swollen by the winter rains, dashed noisily along. Following its course, he came in time on to the wild grounds bordering on the moor. There the water had eaten for itself a deep channel, and the banks rose high and steep, clothed down to the water's edge with fern and mountain ash. He halted, and looked around. Beyond the dark shoulder of the moor he saw some glimmering lights—the windows of Arley court. A thought came into his head. An old school-friend—his only intimate friend—lived there. He had not seen him lately. What more natural than that he should go over to him, as he had often gone before? Who would wonder—who would guess? And then a great longing seized him that she should guess. But he fought with that longing, and conquered it. He would only care for her and for her peace. She should have no suspicion that might trouble her. He thought again. Then he retraced his steps as far as a woodman's cottage in the dell below. The woodman's little grandson opened the door at his knock. Hastily scribbling on a piece of paper, "I am going over to Arley. I may stay the night if St. John is at home," he twisted it up, gave it and sixpence to the lad, and bade him make the best of his way to the house. Then he went out again into the silent night. Breasting the hill, he hurried onward, as though urged now by some fixed, eager purpose. On and on, plunging through dry brake, climbing over great rocks, groping his way through the pine wood, he found himself at last by a narrow wooden bridge spanning the stream that roared and foamed far below—a seldom-used bridge, slippery with green lichen and guarded only by one slender rail.

This was his goal. Hereabouts in the days of his boyhood he had shot many a rabbit, robbed many a bird's nest, and here had now come to die! Yes, to die! That was the only way in which he could make her happy. Had he not told her that he was ready to do anything? And this was no light thing to do. He was young, and life was strong in him. He clung with passionate yearning to all that he was leaving—his wife, his child, his home—he shrank from the death he had come to seek. He looked down into the white seething cauldron. He remembered once saying to his wife that he would have that rickety old bridge taken away and a safer one built. He wondered if she would remember it when they found him. Ah, well! neither she nor any one would doubt that in crossing those green planks in the uncertain moonlight his foot had slipped, and—

One step on to the bridge—one whisper of his wife's name—one more gaze into the gulf beneath, and then he fell, and lay bruised, and crushed, and senseless, washed by the hurrying water.

"Allan, do you know me?"

The dark head upon the pillow did not move; there was no strength for that, but the white lips parted and whispered, "Is it you, Louise? has it always been you?"

"Oh, Allan, yes! who else should it be?" Her tears were dropping fast upon his breast; her lips were pressed to the powerless hand she held.

"Where am I? I thought the stream was sucking me in—I thought I was out of your way."

"Darling, you are at home. You have been very ill, but you are better now, thank God."

"Do you say that? Are you glad?"

"Glad?"—her eyes, her voice, answered for her.

He lay for a few minutes musing.

"Did they find me there—under the Cow Bridge?" he asked at last.

"Yes; old Trower found you, in the early morning, as he went to his work."

"How long ago?"

"More than a month."

"And so it did not kill me—that fall?"

"You fell between the rocks. But you were terribly hurt—at first they said you could not live."

"Louise, I did not slip. I meant—"

"My husband—I know! Oh, Allan, when I believed you would die, and that I should never be able to tell you—"

She stopped, fighting with her sobs.

"Tell me what?" he asked, his sunken eyes fixed on her face.

"That I do love you—more than all the world beside. When I thought you would never know it my heart was ready to break."

"My wife?" he said no more, but into his face there came a tremulous joy.

"Listen, dear," she went on softly. "I had better say it all now, and then you will be at rest. It has come back, Allan—the love of the old days, only more a thousand-fold. It has come back, and all the rest seems blotted out."

Then she leaned over him, and kissed him with a long, lingering kiss.

"And now, my Allan, we are going to be quite, quite happy. But we must not talk any more. Let me sit here beside you, and sing you to sleep."

He was content, for he was strangely, blissfully weary. And so, sitting with his hand locked in hers, she sang till, lulled by her voice, he fell into a slumber.

ARTISTIC.

A SCHOOL of art, costing \$125,000, is to be erected at Manchester, England.

It is stated that Mr. Ruskin's condition still continues such as to cause considerable anxiety.

ABOUT 150 water-colour drawings have been sent by English artists to the French Universal Exhibition.

A LARGE statue, to represent North America, has been placed upon the Chateau d'Eau of the Cascade on the Trocadéro.

AMONG the contributors to the next exhibition of the Royal Academy will be Mr. Robert Barrett Browning, the son of the famous poet and poetess.

MR. G. PAUL CHAMBERS, R.S.A., who was so mysteriously murdered some time ago in Edinburgh, left several paintings, which have just been sold and realized £5,000.

M. WALTERDIN, a French gentleman who possesses a fine collection of the works of Fragonard, has announced his intention of throwing open his gallery to the public every Friday during the Paris Exhibition.

A FINE painting by Courbet, called "La Vague," and exhibited in the Salon of 1874, has just been bought for the Luxembourg for the sum of 200,000 francs. It is said to be one of the most powerful works of this powerful painter. The cross of the Legion d'Honneur was offered to him immediately after its exhibition, but he, with his customary bluntness, refused the honour.

RUSSIAN art, it is stated, will be well represented at the French Exhibition. An exhibition has been lately held at the Academy of Arts in St. Petersburg of the paintings destined to be sent to France. Some of these have been seen before, but most are new, and among them there are reported to be several remarkable works. A large picture by Gerson of Copernicus, expounding his system before an assembly of notable persons in Rome, in 1543, holds the place of honour.

FASHION NOTES.

SILK finished violets in all shades can be bought for three cents a dozen.

BLACK shirts with white dots in them are now sold in London; they will hardly supersede the white articles.

MANY of the coloured fringes are mixed with chenille, which adds both to the richness and lightness of texture.

A MARKED feature about new bonnets is the absence of all hanging draperies; they are made to look as compact as possible.

HOSIERY lace returns with new favour to dress trimmings, and is exhibited in elaborate designs and profuse quantities on rich robes.

BONNETS this season are largely of the capote form, and set close to the head; they have greater breadth than formerly, but narrow brims.

It is the fashion now to have very elaborate costumes trimmed with tureen laces, macramé fringes and white or coloured embroideries.

THE daisies or marguerites—the flower of the Queen of Italy—are formed into chains and arranged round the brims of some of the newest bonnets.

PLATED black lace, headed with rainbow jet passementeries, has appeared on black silk and black camel's-hair mantlets, dolmans and saques.

A BEAUTIFUL toilet of cachemire and English crepe is made in princess shape, and these materials and this style make the most desirable deep mourning dress that can be had.

A NEW way of making sets of lingerie consists of a turned-down collar, with cuffs to match, covered with small lace ruffles. The plain princess dress exacts this kind of lingerie.

IN children's underclothing there is very little that is new. Sometimes the combination form of garment is adopted by them, and their little petticoats are gored; but they should always be made with bodices attached, drawers and flannel petticoats buttoning on to the corded stays.

COPY OF TESTIMONIAL JUST RECEIVED.

93 ST. FRANCIS XAVIER STREET, MONTREAL, 5th April 1878.

To the Proprietors of "Phosfozone."

MONTREAL.

Gentlemen, I have been using your PHOSFOZONE for the last two months, and I have thus derived very great benefit from it in the cure of a DISORDERED LIVER and of INDIGESTION, and I can therefore most cordially recommend it to all suffering from either of these ailments.

Respectfully, (Signed) JOHN POPHAM

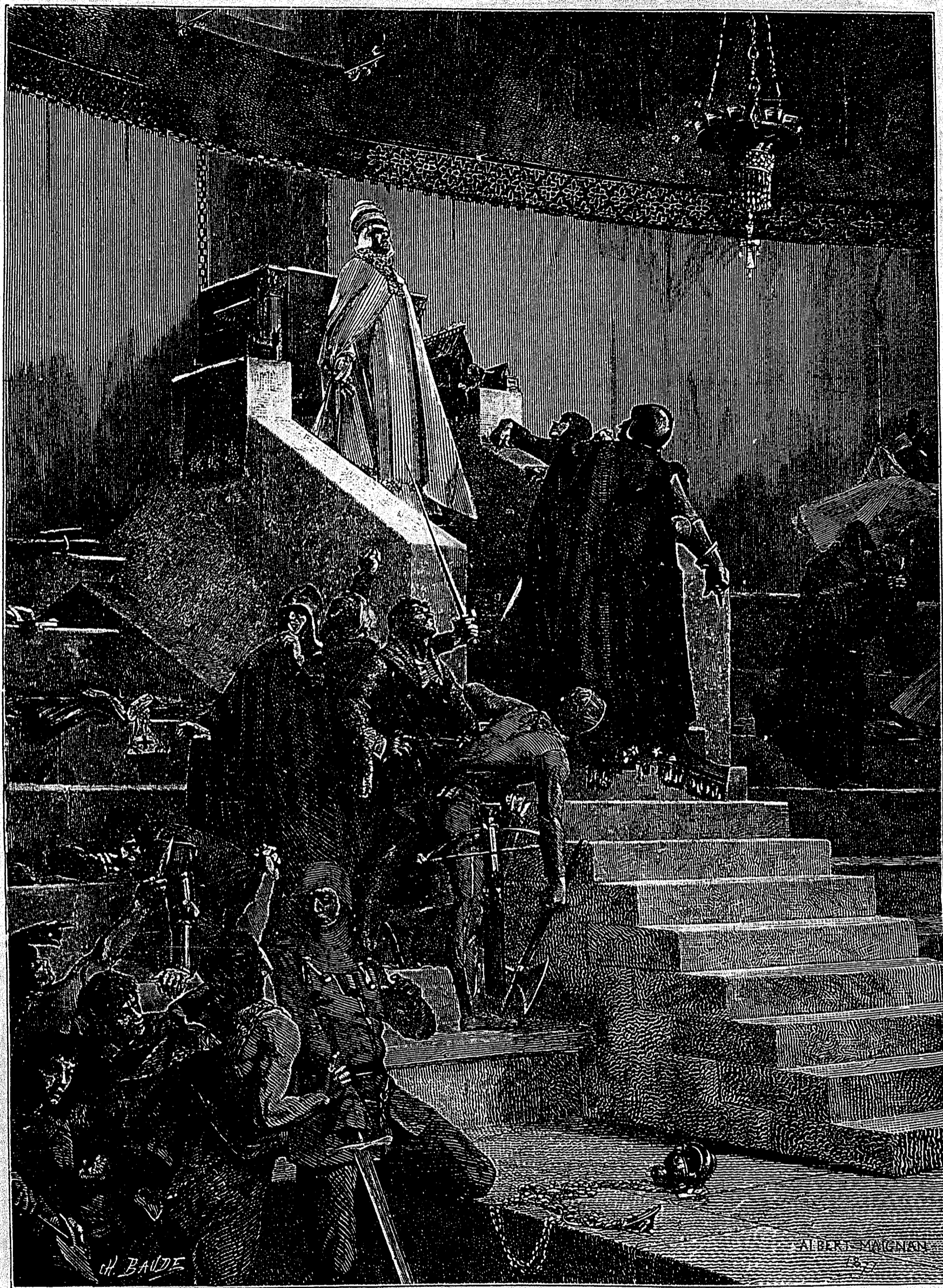
"Phosfozone" can be had from every Chemist and Druggist throughout the Dominion. Price, \$1.00 per bottle.



THE ARTIFICIAL INCUBATION OF POULTRY IN NEW JERSEY.



A BROKEN SAVINGS BANK.



THE CONSPIRACY OF ANAGNI.

## HER PUNISHMENT.

Could'st thou have borne with me, this had not been;  
Thy spirit scorned the vagaries of mine;  
I wished o'er every heart to reign a queen,  
But most of all beloved, a queen o'er thine;  
Alas! the fates had willed 'twas not to be,  
Thy patience died at last and I am free.

Free! oh, the mockery of that bitter word!  
I know thou deem'st I never had a heart.—  
Could'st thou, as I have felt its pulses stirred,  
When that dread fiat came that we must part,  
Could'st thou have seen the tidings fall on me,  
Thou wouldst indeed have witnessed misery!

I tried thy strong, deep tenderness I know;  
I felt of thy protecting love secure,  
And thought no act of mine could overthrow  
That which could uncomprehendingly endure;  
For while I had a sunny smile for all,  
Each bounding pulse was held by thee in thrall.

I felt like some young bird that would be free,  
And foolish fadgelling takes his flight away,  
Far from his parents and his sheltering tree,  
To bathe within the sunshine's golden ray,  
But soon returning with a weary breast,  
Seeks warmth and safety in his shady nest.

The world's gay homage was my sunshine bright,  
In which I revelled oft with fluttering wing,  
And tasting such ephemeral delight,  
Did to the winds my choicest treasure fling;  
Returning homeward like the feathered guest,  
Thy love forsook, the birdling had no nest.

But I forgive thee: haply in thy place,  
Such jealous pang had earlier rent my heart,  
Thou could'st not read in my averted face  
That death were easier than from thee to part.  
Enough; I know that we two, hand in hand,  
Will never journey to the Silent Land.

Thou knowest not the treasure thou did'st hold,  
I laughed with others while I turned from thee,  
Thy words were warm yet my replies were cold,  
I revelled in my false security;  
Twas cruel yet thou might'st be well content,  
To know how bitter is my punishment.

Love, love, henceforth a barren word! fill now  
It woke the sweetest echoes in my breast;  
The bridal wreath shall never grace the brow  
With such remorseful memories oppressed;  
I'll hide some long-forgotten nook within,  
And expiate my folly and my sin!

But thou! may heavenly sunshine gild thy way,  
And all rich blessings rain upon thy head;  
May Love's pure taper shed its mellow ray  
Along the flowery path I bid thee tread;  
Thus I to others with a pang resign  
The happiness, the hopes that once were mine.

MARY J. WELLS.

Montreal, March 1st.

## NOTES FROM HAMILTON.

## A WALK WITH A PHILOSOPHICAL MAN.

An irresistible proclivity for strolling and sauntering about in all sorts of out-of-the-way places, ultimately brings one into contact with a variety of odd and eccentric persons, whom he could not otherwise have met. Such has been my experience, at all events, and a description of some of the singular characters which I have thus run across, would be amusing in the extreme. But I desire only to speak of an intelligent and gentlemanly-looking man, with whom I have, on numerous occasions, when least expecting it, come face to face. Our accidental meetings finally became of such frequent occurrence as to excite the curiosity of both as to who and what the other one was. We did not take kindly to each other at first, for there seemed to be a kind of reciprocated aversion to each other, but, as time wore on, our intimacy was of a remarkably rapid growth, and both were surprised to find that neither was the villainous fiend that each had supposed the other to be. I found him to be a man of a more than ordinary reflective turn of mind, who had a habit of taking a most philosophical view of things. There was a charm of novelty about him which was new to me. Many a pleasant walk and many a profitable hour have we since spent together. On a delightful morning, not long since, we set out for a ramble, and determined to ascend the mountain by an isolated bridle path in the east end. I was glad to find my intelligent friend in a more than ordinary talkative mood, and, as we sauntered leisurely along, our thoughts drifted into the curious, but interesting, work of comparing great men with each other. Europe, the United States and Canada were severally ransacked for subjects, and, to my youthful and inexperienced mind, the great men of the world appeared as numerous as the stars in the evening heavens. By the time we had reached the summit of the mountain, however, my astute companion had reduced the number of truly great men down until he could count them all on his fingers. As we reclined upon the green sward and gazed out over the fair city, the shortcomings of human nature were expatiated upon without mercy.

"Yes, my boy," he remarked, as his eyes fairly glowed with interest, "Vincit, qui se Vincit." "If you are not already too tired of listening," he continued, "I will tell you what a careful study of the history of the world, together with my own observations of life, have taught me as to who is

## THE HERO OF MODERN TIMES."

Upon the assurance that nothing would give me more pleasure than to be favoured with his views on that important question, he began, as follows:—

"Away back in old romantic days, when chivalry was effulgent, deeds of daring, personal courage, physical prowess, a complete subordination of the love of life to a love of honour—were the qualities which made men glorious. That was before the world had become what England was once termed—i.e., 'A nation of shopkeepers.' But the times have changed.

Human ambition now aims at a different goal. The victories now sought are conquests of mind over matter. To surmount physical obstacles, to pry into the hidden mysteries of nature, to control and utilize the forces of the universe—are the fields in which men now distinguish themselves. The successful savant, engineer, soldier, statesman, merchant, are the great lights which receive the world's adoration. To accumulate a fortune, tunnel mountains, bridge mighty rivers, to send forth valuable books, vanquish armies, or subjugate a nation, are grand achievements, but for a spendthrift to conquer his extravagant habits, is a mightier victory than them all. It is a result that can be accomplished only by the exercise of a tremendous will-power. Many of the qualities which insure success in the great fields enumerated are requisite to gain a victory in this respect—viz., resolution, foresight, action and an unyielding determination. He is opposed at every turn by the advance skirmishers of the army of conventionalism. He is attacked on every quarter by the most powerfully seductive attractions; a thousand allurements are ready to ensnare him, and he must, at the same time, struggle against a fierce internal rebellion. It is one long, unceasing fight, and, not for a single instant, day or night, dare he slacken his zeal or rest in the conflict, until he has gained a complete mastery over himself. And when he has succeeded in enthroning a kingly self-control at the helm of his ship, he has achieved a grander triumph than the conqueror of a nation or the winner of a crown. Such a man is, in my opinion, the hero of modern times.

"To understand this, let me introduce to you my friend, Mr. Bevel Zechin, a young man about town. Perhaps you may already know him."

"The name is not familiar to me," I reply.

"Ah! I am not surprised to hear you say that, for, if his name was familiar to every one, he could not be the subject of our present conversation. Let us go back to twenty years ago. He was then a fine-looking young fellow; clever, witty, pleasant and sociable. He appeared to have an abundant income from his business, and his liberality and agreeable qualities made him wonderfully popular. His bachelor apartments were most luxuriantly fitted up in every respect. His wines and cigars had more than a local reputation for their excellence, and his splendid horses were the envy of the Park. His yacht was pronounced the finest of any on the lakes, and his immense variety of sporting equipments were all of the finest description. His associates were a number of elegant and affluent young gentlemen, and their group was the acknowledged back-bone of all sporting circles. By way of diversion from the monotony of business, they were in the habit of investing in all sorts of pools, and putting up handsomely on the result of all pending contests of any consequence. Experience had made them shrewd in such matters, but they scorned the idea of betting for mere gain. They indulged in this pastime for the pleasure which the excitement afforded. Some of the friends were annoyed when luck went against them (as they termed it), but not so with Bevel. He deliberately ran the risk, and, therefore, abided by the consequences with a good grace.

"With all his fascinating qualities, it is no wonder that he was the idol of the fashionable and the envy of the poor. Warm-hearted, dashing, gallant Bevel! What a brilliant future seemed to await him! But this splendid young man had a fault. He was a spendthrift; he spent more than he could afford. His mode of life had never given him a serious thought, and his extravagant habits grew upon him unconsciously until his annual personal expenses became something enormous. His life appeared to be a realization of a beautiful poetical dream; no racking cares, no distracting troubles, but one long round of elegant pleasure. At last, the unperceived cloud which, all the while, had slowly been gathering about him, burst, with all the fury of a thunder-storm, and, as the blackness of the sudden uproar rolled away, he beheld the grim spectre, bankruptcy, staring him in the face. The day of reckoning had come, and it was the most terrible day he had ever seen. It was followed by a night of indescribable agony. Then he rose triumphant. What did he do? Did he apply for a compromise? no; did he ask his mother to mortgage the farm? no; did he take that little seven-barrelled instrument out of the drawer and look upon it as a panacea for his troubles? no, no; did he flee away to other fields and pastures new? no. He retrenched. Thick and fast came the bills payable, for no one had confidence in him now. He realized and paid—realized and paid; day after day he battled against overwhelming difficulties; still, he would not give up. Securities, which he held, one after another, proved worthless; still he fought on. The proceeds of the sale of all his elegant personal effects, including jewellery, helped him to keep his head above water. He gave up everything—friends, horses, cigars, pocket-money. He turned everything into money and paid the claims against him. Dishonest and conniving creditors did all in their power to compel him to assign, that some of their hirelings might have an opportunity to wind up his affairs to their (the creditor's) undue advantage. All the machinery of the law was set in motion against him, but he would not be crushed. He fought them all, single-handed, and the wreck of his fortune enabled him to pay all, dollar for dollar. It was a fearful conflict, but he came out of it victorious, and when the last shilling he had in the world had been given to wipe out the last

shilling of his indebtedness, he stood 'erect, with front serene, a man,' and smiled amidst his poverty.

"Then he began afresh. He had to make a new world for himself, and he had to fit himself into it. He plunged into work, and with superhuman efforts he began to restore the remnant of his business. No luxuriant abode; no more elegant leisure. As he hurried through the streets in his shabby attire, hundreds of his former friends looked out at him and whispered, 'Heavens, what a fall is there!' All that glittering world, which had helped to land him in the mire, could not now extend a hand to help him out of it. Mercantile sharks and social parasites no longer found him an easy victim. Energy, perseverance and economy invariably have their reward. In time, the fickle goddess, wealth, was waved back to his desolate hearth, and when prosperity again smiled upon him he was able to bear it like a man. To-day his name is a tower of strength to all great financial enterprises, and when he is seen in the city, which is seldom, all those people who stood off and pitied him in his hour of trial, are forced to regard him as the Hero of Modern Times."

"Do you regard him as such simply because he has acquired a fortune?" I asked.

"Decidedly not. As I said before, the accumulation of a fortune is a great achievement, but, in this instance, the acquirement of a complete self-control, by a spendthrift, and the power of making great personal sacrifices, by one who had always been in the habit of gratifying his every whim, is an accomplishment of unparalleled value. And, to a person possessing such qualities, the acquirement of a fortune is but a natural consequence."

During our walk home, I, of course, thanked my friend for the lesson which he had given me.

"You do well to regard it as a lesson, my boy," he replied; "and I only wish that every Canadian youth would make himself familiar with, and profit by, just such experiences. The old quotation, 'Let the dead past bury its dead,' is often misinterpreted. The past is not all dead. It is full of living examples which, if properly utilized, would surely shield millions of our fellows from the terrible disasters which are daily overtaking them."

I will have to leave my philosophical friend for the present, and, should any of your readers run across him in some out-of-the-way place, as I did, I beg of them to treat him kindly for my sake, and for his own as well.

W. F. McMAHON.

April, 1878.

## THE GLEANER.

ENGLAND has eight newspapers over a century old.

BISMARCK writes with a pencil fifteen inches long.

It costs English fox hunters about £50 for each fox killed.

BEECHER expects to net \$55,000 from this season's lecture tour.

It is stated, on legal authority, that the stamps on the Rosebery-Rothschild ante-nuptial settlement instruments amounted to 4,000.

THERE is talk of a grand festival and illumination of Paris on some night during the Exposition, at an expense of half a million francs.

THE Indians never touch a telegraph wire from superstitious fear. Were it not for this the difficulties of frontier life would be greatly increased.

SIR WILLIAM GULL, one of Queen Victoria's physicians, advises those fatigued from overwork to eat raisins rather than to drink wine or alcoholic drinks.

COUNT ANDREASSY, it is said, is as popular in Vienna for his graces as a dancer and for his drawing-room conversation as for his acknowledged diplomatic acumen.

THE *Petit Marseillais* says a marriage is contemplated between the Marshal's son, Lieut. Patrick MacMahon, and Mlle. Lambrecht, daughter of a Minister of M. Thiers.

THE American firemen with their steam-engines will create a marked sensation in Paris. It is said that the authorities have granted them permission to parade in the Champs Elysées.

THE *Contemporary Review* says that Major Walter Wingfield, who invented the game of lawn tennis, has done more for the women of England than any 10,000 doctors have done.

A PRIVATE house at Mortlake (with eight windows commanding a view of the river to Barnes bridge), was offered furnished on lease for the boat race week for the sum of 200 guineas.

THE Count and Countess de Chambord, having been given to understand that they would be received at the Vatican merely as private persons, have decided not to undertake their contemplated journey to Rome.

It is said that the glass used by Marshal Bazaine at Sainte Marguerite, and the rope, with hooks, by which he descended to the boat, have been sold to the police authorities for 300 francs, purchased, no doubt, for show purposes in Paris.

It is said that a great British financier has gone so far as to promise Prince Gortschakoff to float a Russian loan for twenty millions sterling, if Russia modifies her views so as to bring them thoroughly within that area wherein only peace lies.

THE new down town merchants' club at New York has been built on a plan of unusual common sense. The kitchen is placed in the upper storey, whence its fumes can by no possibility permeate the building.

THE centre stone of the Countess of Dudley's tiara is worth \$150,000. It was found in South Africa over ten years ago by a black shepherd, who received \$1,200 for it and who thereupon drank himself to death. His master sold it for \$60,000.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE is, and has been for years, a prisoner to her room from illness, and overwhelmed with works of all kinds. So she writes a letter expressing her sympathy with the promotion of the Volunteer Ambulance movement in England.

THE Viennese fiacre has long enjoyed a European reputation. Some members of the Austrian Jockey Club have decided to send specimens to the Paris Exhibition. They at first thought of travelling thither in them, but have abandoned the design.

THE *Italia* states that the health of Father Becky, General of the Jesuits, who has lately met with an accident, leaves hardly any hope of recovery. He is eighty-three years old. Father Valeriano Cadellas, provincial of the province of Rome, is designated as his successor.

THERE is some talk of erecting a statue to Alexandre Dumas, *père*, on the Place Malesherbes. The spot is excellently chosen. His son lives only a few steps distant, and at the time of his death Alexandre Dumas occupied the third floor, No. 1, Boulevard Malesherbes.

THE work in connection with the preparations for erecting Cleopatra's Needle on the Victoria Embankment is making good progress, though it has been found necessary to sink to a considerable depth in order to secure a firm foundation for the concrete bed which is to support the pedestal.

THE taking of cod liver oil is seldom found a pleasant operation. M. de Pontevet recommends mixing a spoonful of the oil with the yolk of an egg and ten drops of the oil of peppermint, and adding half a glass of water with some sugar. This is said to effectually conceal the characteristic odor and taste.

A VIENNA mechanic has succeeded in constructing an apparatus for working sewing machines. Electricity, steam or water power, are, on the score of cost, domestically inapplicable. A system of cog wheels is arranged underneath the surface of the table upon which the machine is fixed, and by a handle at the side the string is wound up with facility.

PRINCESS Mary of Teck is so petulantly warlike that she is called the "Queen of the Jingles." The other day the English Premier was dining with Her Royal Highness. "You have," she said, "the Queen with you, Parliament and the country; what more do you want?" Lord Beaconsfield glanced at his plate, and solemnly replied, "Potatoes, ma'am."

OSMAN PASHA, before leaving his Russian imprisonment, is said to have presented jewelry to the host of the hotel in which he stayed, and expressed himself most favourably to the correspondent of the *Standard* with respect to the treatment of his countrymen, sick and otherwise, in captivity. He ordered 5,000 cigarettes to be distributed, without distinction of nationality, to the patients in the local hospital.

GAMBLIYA has just been "struck by a grand grief," to use the stock phrase of the French newspapers. He has lost his aunt. The misfortune is one which most nephews bear with equanimity. But in this instance the bereavement is really keenly felt. Mlle. Massadun has been like a mother to the eminent statesman, had devoted her life to him, and often given him most useful advice. She was seventy-one at her death.

PREF. SIMONS, who was tutor of education to the Prince of Wales in 1855, says that his father, Prince Albert, insisted that each of his sons should learn a trade, and that the Prince of Wales showed him a pair of boots he was wearing which he had made himself, having learned the shoemaking trade. Prince Alfred, the Duke of Edinburgh, learned to make his own clothes, and Prince Arthur was taught cabinet-making.

THE auction of the ex-Queen of Spain's jewels is fixed for the month of July. The ex-Queen does not publicly admit that she is driven to this course by impending penury, but it presents that being no longer compelled to appear at State ceremonials she has no further need of such a quantity of ornaments. Her son Alfonso is anything but generously disposed towards the Lady of the Golden Rose, and shows no inclination to help his mother in her financial distress.

## DEATH IN HIS FAVORITE ROBE.

THE mortality statistics of the whole civilized world show that about one-fifth of mankind die of consumption alone, and the number of deaths due to consumption bears a greater ratio to the whole number than that of any other three diseases together. Moreover, investigation proves that this ratio is steadily increasing. Its increasing prevalence has led to the popular belief that consumption is incurable. Every year hundreds of these sufferers seek, in the sunny retreats of Florida or the dry atmosphere of Colorado, for health—and find only a grave. The influence of the atmosphere—the only remedial agent that either Florida or Colorado

can afford the consumptive—is at best only palliative. The cure of consumption depends upon two essential conditions: 1st, the arrest of the abnormal breaking down of the tissues, which prevents emaciation, and 2nd, the restoration of healthy nutrition, in order to stop the formation of tuberculous matter. Fulfill these conditions, and consumption is as curable as fever. To fulfill these conditions the required remedy must increase the appetite, favour the assimilation of food, and enrich the blood, thus retarding the development of tubercles. To accomplish this, a more powerful alternative than Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has never been discovered. At the same time, it soothes the irritation of the nervous system produced by violent coughing, which in its turn so often leads to more serious results. The use of "expectorants" in consumption is absolutely suicidal. For while removing the tubercles already formed, they produce yet more serious results by inflaming and destroying the sound and healthy tissues. Consumption requires a remedy that will soothe while it relieves; harsh medicines but add fuel to the flame that already threatens to consume the system. The Golden Medical Discovery fulfills these conditions, and has been pronounced the best remedy yet discovered to allay and arrest consumption.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

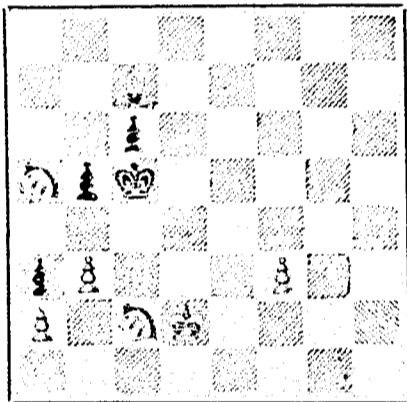
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- J. W. S. Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 171 received. Correct. Letter containing valuable information received. Thanks.
Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 71 received.
M. J. M. Quebec.—Solution of Problem No. 167 received. Correct.
B. S. Montreal.—The games shall have due attention.
E. H. Montreal.—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 105 received. Correct.
W. A. Montreal.—Letter received. Many thanks.

PROBLEM No. 172.

By M. J. MURPHY, Quebec.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

(From the Chess Player's Chronicle, for April, 1878.) We had sent you a long since a copy of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, in the Chess Column of which we were glad to see a letter from Mr. Shaw, proposing a Canadian Correspondence Tourney. Mr. Shaw complains of the indifference shown to Canadian Chess by English Chess journals. On our part, we beg to assure him that there is no indifference, but simply lack of information. If the Chess players of the Dominion will only take the same pains to keep us in current with their proceedings as those of the Antipodeans, we will give them the same prominence, but in our appreciation of your services, this column is at your disposal.

From accounts published recently by Chess journals it appears that in Australia and New Zealand the game of Chess is becoming very popular, and that Clubs are being established in all the rapidly growing cities of those distant parts of the world. The Sydney Club is well at work, and so is also the Club at Adelaide. At Melbourne they have a flourishing Club, which was increased during the past twelve months by fifteen new members.

In New Zealand the interest in the game is most encouraging. Clubs exist in all the chief cities; Chess columns are to be found in several weekly papers, and frequent tourneys and matches testify to the enthusiasm that prevails.

At Dunedin the Chess Club numbers thirty-five members, and at Wellington, also, they have a very flourishing association of players.

Strong players seldom find an opponent worthy of their attention, and consequently, with all their knowledge and love of the game, have comparatively very little enjoyment from actual play, and often have to amuse themselves by playing over the games of others. On the other hand, the problemist finds pleasure even at the sight of his men; he knows that they are the willing instruments of his imagination; that they will assist him in his endeavour to puzzle the world; they are his companions; their checked play ground is his; he lives with them; he loves them, and is satisfied. The solver, when he wants an opponent, does not, of necessity, resort to the favourite club-rooms to find him, he meets him in the conception of others; in fact, obtaining a solution to a problem is a hard to hand encounter between the composer and the solver. To me there is no game so absorbing, or result more satisfactory, than the solution of a beautiful and difficult Chess problem.—R. S. Wash, in Chess Journal.

Mr. Blackburne's latest blindfold exhibition resulted as usual in his complete success. Out of the eight games he won seven, and one was drawn. This man Blackburne is beating the world on blindfold Chess. Where is Paulsen's ghost?

In the International Tourney, Crake, of England, has resigned a game to Foster, of Michigan. This makes honours even—three for Great Britain and three for America. Let the Envoys make a note of this.—Hartford (Conn.) Times.

CHESS IN GREAT BRITAIN. GAME 257th.

Played by Correspondence in Mr. Nash's Tourney. (King's Bishop's Gambit.)

- (H. BIVAN, Ayr.) WHITE: 1. P to K 4, 2. P to K B 4, 3. B to B 4, 4. B takes P, 5. K to B sq, 6. Kt to Q B 3, 7. Kt to K B 3, 8. P to Q 4, 9. P to K R 4, 10. K to Kt sq, 11. B takes Kt ch, 12. Kt to K 5, 13. B takes P, 14. B takes P, 15. Kt to K 2, 16. Kt to K R 4, 17. P to K R 5, 18. Q takes P, 19. P takes B, 20. Q to K B 3, 21. Q to K 3, 22. R to R 1, 23. Q to Q Kt 3, 24. R P takes Q, 25. P to K 6, 26. R to K sq, 27. R takes R, 28. Kt to Q 5, 29. P takes B, 30. P to Q B 4, 31. P to K Kt 3, 32. K to K 2, 33. K to B 3, 34. R to K 4, 35. P to K Kt 4, 36. K to B 1, 37. K to B 5, 38. K to B 6, 39. R to K sq, 40. R to K R sq, 41. R to R 5, 42. K to K 6, 43. R to B 5, 44. R to B 7, 45. R to B 8 ch, 46. B takes R ch, 47. K to Kt 7, 48. R takes P, 49. K to R 7, 50. P to Kt 5, 51. P to Kt 6, 52. K to K R 8.
(G. W. FARROW, Hull.) BLACK: 1. P to K 4, 2. P takes P, 3. P to Q 4, 4. Q to R 5 ch, 5. Kt to K 2, 6. Kt to Q B 3, 7. Q to R 4, 8. P to Kt 4, 9. P to K R 3, 10. P to Kt 5, 11. P takes B, 12. P to B 3, 13. P takes Kt, 14. R to R 2, 15. B to Q Kt 2, 16. Q to B 2, 17. B to Kt 2, 18. B takes B, 19. R to Kt 2, 20. Castles, 21. Q R to K B sq, 22. K to Kt sq, 23. Q takes Q, 24. Q R to Kt sq, 25. P to B 4, 26. R to Kt 5, 27. R takes R, 28. B takes Kt, 29. R to Kt 4, 30. R takes R P, 31. K to Kt 2, 32. R to Kt 4, 33. R to Kt 2, 34. Kt to B 4, 35. Kt to R 5 ch, 36. Kt to Kt 3 ch, 37. Kt to K 2 ch, 38. R to R 2, 39. K to B sq, 40. K to Q sq, 41. Kt to Kt sq ch, 42. R to K 2, 43. K to K sq, 44. K to Q sq, 45. R to K sq, 46. K takes R, 47. Kt to K 2, 48. R to B sq, 49. Kt to Kt sq, 50. K to K 2, 51. Kt to K B 4, 52. Resigns.

GAME 258th.

THE INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE TOURNEY.

A game recently won by Mr. Nash, of St. Neots, Eng. WHITE.—(Mr. Nash.) BLACK.—(Mr. Romney.)

- 1. P to K 4, 2. Kt to K B 3, 3. Kt to Q B 3, 4. B to Kt 5, 5. Kt takes K P, 6. Kt to Q 3, 7. Castles, 8. Kt takes K.
1. P to K 4, 2. Kt to Q B 3, 3. Kt to K B 3, 4. B to B 4, 5. Q to K 2, 6. Kt takes P, 7. Castles, 8. Resigns.

NOTES.

(a) On account of the loss of a piece which hangs lately follows.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 170.

- WHITE. BLACK. 1. R to Kt 2, 1. B to R 2, 2. R to Q 3 ch, 2. K takes R, 3. K takes Kt dis, check and mate. There are other defenses.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 105.

- WHITE. BLACK. K to K 7, K to Q B 4, B to K Kt 7, Q to K B 4, B to Q B 5, B to K Kt 8, K to Q 2, B to Q B sq, Pawns at Q 7, Pawns at K R 4, K to Q B 3, Q R 5 and Q Kt 3, Q Kt and Q R 3.
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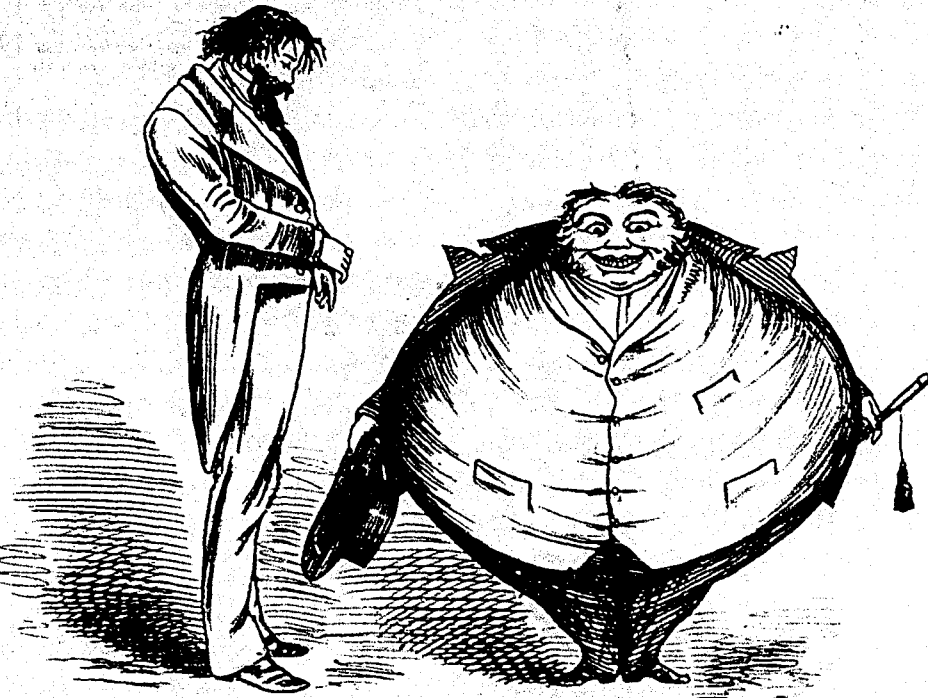
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