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AMERICAN Wholesale News

Vol. XVI.—No. 11.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1877.

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THE GREAT RUBENS TERCENTENARY AT ANTWERP.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is published by THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum in advance, \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance, \$3.00 for clergymen, school-teachers and post-masters, in advance.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Sept. 15th, 1877.

THE PROPAGATION OF DISEASE THROUGH LAUNDRIES.

This is a new point of caution in sanitary science, and the *Lancet* has lately given it much attention. It appointed a special commission to investigate the subject, and their report is very painful indeed. It clearly establishes that, though cleanliness is the best safeguard against disease, it is nevertheless an undoubted fact that clean linen is often the medium for propagating small-pox and other similar complaints. Under these circumstances, the recklessness and ignorance displayed, not only by common washerwomen, but even by the managers of model laundries, are totally out of keeping with the progress achieved in other sanitary matters. The smallest rooms, the most unwholesome back kitchens still seem good enough for the washing of linen; and the same is dried in passages frequented by the lowest class of persons, and hung between walls on which the dirt of ages has accumulated. The clothes that go nearest to the skin, that are the most likely therefore to introduce through the pores any germs that may fall on them, are thoughtlessly entrusted to a laundress without any inquiry being made as to the suitability of the place where they are to be washed. If they are taken to the suburbs it is simply because rents are cheaper in those districts; but there, as in town, clean and dirty clothes are brought into constant contact, and the washerwoman's family, perhaps also some of her assistants, sleep, eat, sicken, and die, with their customers' linen lying round about them. Innumerable laundries have been visited by the Commission, and what is described is not the exception, but the rule.

For instance, at Kensal New Town, a district especially favoured by washerwomen, they inspected a row of dilapidated cottages, each containing four rooms, with a little yard behind, and a plot of ground in front, called, by courtesy, a garden. The two central cottages were occupied by washerwomen, each washing for from twenty to thirty families, according to the season. During the month of March last a boy, living in the first of these cottages, was taken ill with small-pox, but, fortunately, the sanitary inspector of the district received timely information, and acted with commendable energy. The linen in the house was all seized and disinfected, and the washing for customers abandoned during the course of the illness. But the inspector had no power to interfere with the neighbours, who still

continued washing as usual, hanging up their clothes to dry almost immediately under the window of the room where the patient was lying.

They visited several other laundries where there had been cases of small-pox or scarlet fever, and in every instance the clothes there washed must in all probability have been contaminated with the germs of disease, and the action of the authorities was not always sufficient to entirely dispel the danger. They discovered, near the Blackfriars' road, a woman who took in washing for several families for a children's school, and dried the clothes in her small cottage, in the passage or in the backyard—the latter barely twelve feet square, and containing the dustbin and the closet. This woman had five children and, some weeks ago, one of her boys was severely attacked with small-pox. Two other children were also unwell, but their symptoms were so slight that the mother let them run about as usual, and it was not till they were nearly cured that the attending practitioner saw them and succeeded in persuading her that they also had the small-pox. How far this woman continued washing while the small-pox was raging in her tiny and overcrowded home is a moot question, as she, of course, would not give all details.

Other cases conclusively prove how often infected clothes are taken to public baths. A woman, who washed for several families in Soho, related that she had two or three times taken and washed clothes at the Leicester-square public laundry which emitted so peculiar an odour that her suspicions were excited, and, on making inquiries, she ultimately discovered that there had been fever or small-pox among her customers.

SWIMMING AND FLOATING.

The sketches of the Montreal Swimming Club, which we published a couple of weeks ago, have attracted much attention, and we are pleased to learn that the Club is daily increasing its roll of membership. We ourselves have taken interest in the subject, reading up the science or art of swimming, and from three or four different sources, have gathered valuable rules both for learning natation and for keeping up in the water in the hour of danger.

First, work up theoretically and practically (as far as may be out of the water) the position of the body in swimming, and the rhythmical extension and adduction of the legs and arms. Then boldly walk into the water, when it is rather calm, up to the chin, turn to the shore, and fall forward on the chest, letting the arms cut the water before the body, and practise the motions made beforehand. Never mind swallowing a little water. Persevere in this for several days in succession, and then, if possible, get a swimmer to support your chest for a minute or two. Or, better still, as man is nearly of the same specific gravity as water, the addition of a very few pounds of cork will make him float. Get several pieces of cork, therefore, and fasten them to loops in which the arms can be inserted, and with the addition of these you will find, when the "stroke" is once familiar, that you will easily float, and what is more, make progression through the water. Stick to this plan for a few more days, and then try your own unaided powers again, and you will be astonished to find that you can swim. In this way, without any swimming-master or parade of any kind, swimming is easily learned, and then what a treat, and what a charming mode of gaining exercise, does a bath become! Instead of being a shivering duty, the daily bath is eagerly welcomed, and the whole system invigorated and braced up by it. For the swimmer leaves the water with every muscle and limb aching with his exertions, and the whole body pervaded by a healthy glow, of which he will feel the beneficial effects throughout the day. When once the stroke is familiar to a man—comes, as it were, by instinct to him—all that is needful is to set one's self

daily the task of a stroke or two more, and soon the learner will find himself able to swim any reasonable distance, not now near the side, but boldly dashing out among the waves. Thus, if he finds he can only struggle on for six strokes to-day before his face sinks and he gets a ducking, to-morrow let him set himself the duty of struggling on through seven strokes, eight strokes next day, and so on, never being satisfied with his efforts until he has succeeded in performing his daily number of strokes. In this way a visit to the river or the sea becomes a happiness to be looked back upon ever after in a man's life with pleasure. How much better it is thus to have acquired the mastery over a strange element than to have lounged up and down the beach for many mornings, listening to Italian organ-grinders and smoking innumerable cigars.

Now, as to the manner of keeping afloat in time of danger. Men are drowned by raising their arms above water, the unbending weight of which depresses the head. Other animals have neither motion nor ability to act in a similar manner, and therefore swim naturally. When a man falls into deep water, he will rise to the surface, and will continue there if he does not elevate his hands. If he moves his hands under the water in any way he pleases, his head will rise so high as to allow him free liberty to breathe, and if he will use his legs in the act of walking (or rather walking upstairs), his shoulders will rise above the water, so that he may use less exertion with his hands, or apply them to other purposes. These plain directions are recommended to the recollection of those who have not learned to swim in their youth, as they may be found highly advantageous in preserving life.

THE LATE NEW YORK FIRE.

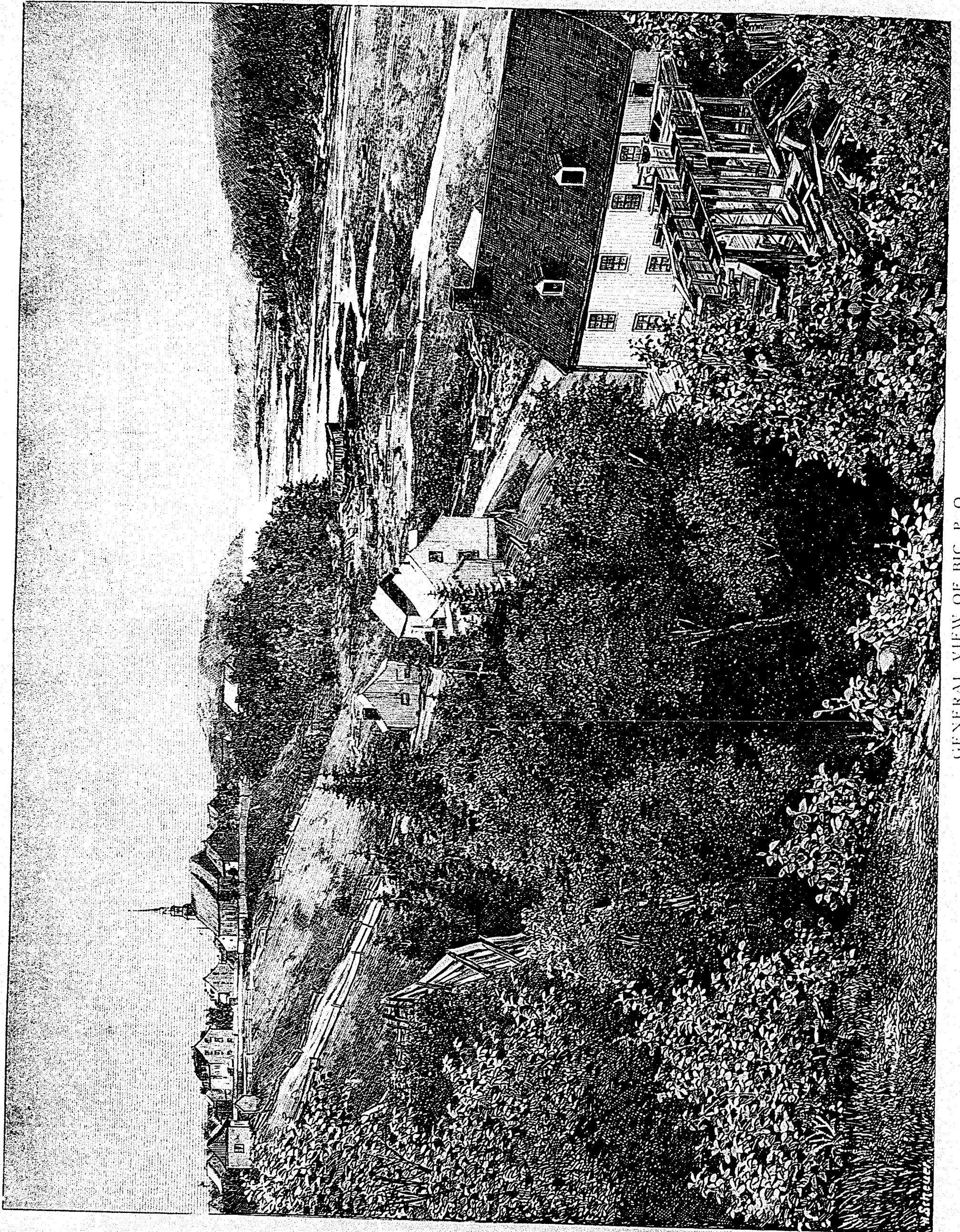
If the widespread depression under which the American continent has so long suffered fails to bring on a calm review of the various economies by which its industries are carried out, the result will be disappointing, and a great opportunity will have been thrown away, for in times when trade is brisk and speculation rife, it is difficult indeed to get men to listen to the claims of common sense in their dealings with the various classes who have interests concerned. The good-will that Christianity has always preached calls for new interpretations of its practical bearing with the fresh industrial developments of each succeeding age, but the law of kindness and humanity remains always the same in its essential requirements, and demands that we look about us and see what are the arrangements chiefly demanding attention. Life and health in multitudes who are more or less dependent have to be protected, and if possible advanced—and there are few things that will better tend to heal the differences that have arisen—multitudes receive with encouraging interest the instructions of the pulpit and the Bible class, who scarcely make direct applications of what they have been hearing to the life they are living and the life they see around them. But this was not the way of the Saviour of men. He went about doing good, and the good he effected was exactly that which the population of the day and the land stood in need of. If, as instructed by His teachings, we also seek to do good, we no doubt find ourselves greatly circumscribed, and sometimes subjected to neglect or opposition, calling the more for patience and discretion. In some things, chiefly matters of omission, a whole continent will show itself in the wrong. When this is so, it is discouraging enough, and with many would be thought deterrent. Still our Reformers should persevere. Everything must have a beginning, and it is not always well to attempt too much at once. Tongue and pen have not yet lost their faculty of usefulness, and truth is great and will prevail in the end. All this is *à propos* of that sad burning of the Hayes Piano-Forte Manufactory in New York. Could not the building have been made less comfortable, we say involuntarily

Could it not have been better provided with means of escape? The contingency was so serious! Why did not the people concerned think of these things? Ah! why! Because it was only a contingency. We do not provide for contingencies as a rule. The habit has not yet grown upon us, because we have not yet felt our consciences distinctly impressed with the duty. Clergy and laity alike shrink from enforcing civic duties involving expenditure. Governments pass them aside, and interest themselves about the little group of "coming events" in the political world. Let the political student take his paper and write down a list of these interesting matters which are conceived to come on the *tapis*. Let him take another paper and inscribe what he conceives to be the most urgent wants of society as now constituted, and if the two at all correspond, we can only say it will surprise us. The social needs of the time have to be both thought and talked over before they become political questions, and of such, in the department of public health and safety, are tiled floors and stairs, and safety towers for buildings of wide extent and many stories.

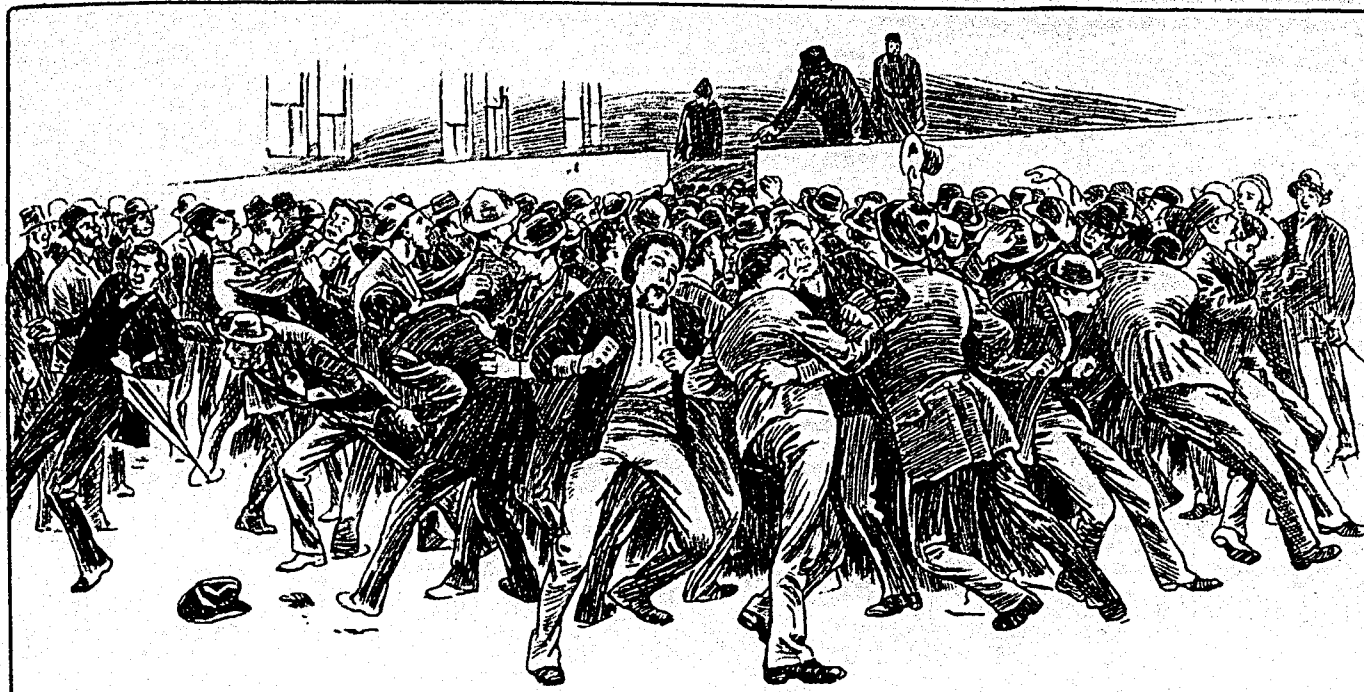
The transcript of the photograph, by NORMAN, of the Indian Boys, which appeared in our last number, was inadvertently styled "Oka Indians"—the fact being that they are the portraits of the little Indian scholars of Rev. Mr. Wilson, Episcopal missionary to the Algoma District, and were lately brought by him to Quebec and other cities and towns in the Province where they excited attention by their gentlemanly bearing, intelligence, and healthful appearance. The burning of the late school-house in Algoma was described in the NEWS, and it was in connection with the increased expenses of the Mission that Mr. Wilson's tour was undertaken. There can be no charitable effort more deserving than this, or more appropriate to the times we are living in.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE RUBENS TRIESTE ENALY.—The great demonstration which we illustrate on our front page, as having taken place at Antwerp in the third week of August, calls for a few lines of biography of the immortal Rubens. It has been considered hitherto doubtful whether he was actually born at Antwerp or at Cologne, or at another place on the Rhine. The precise date of his birth, in 1577, was June 29. His father, John Rubens, was a citizen of Antwerp, and one of the municipality, but had been compelled, by the political disturbances in the Netherlands, to remove to Cologne shortly before Peter Paul Rubens was born. It has now, however, been ascertained that the wife of John Rubens, and mother of Peter Paul, had been left at Antwerp, and it is certain that the families of both parents belonged to that city. In his sixteenth year he was placed as a page in the household of the Countess of Lalaing, but disliked that service, and soon returned home. He chose to become a painter, and was the pupil successively of Tobias Verhaeght, Adrian van Oort, and Otto Venius, till the age of twenty-three, when he went to Italy. He had letters of recommendation from the Archduke Albert, the Austrian Viceroy of the Netherlands, to the Duke Vincenzo Gonzaga, of Mantua, who appointed him a gentleman of the chamber at his Ducal Court. Rubens now devoted himself to studying the pictures of Giulio Romano, of Titian, and of Paul Veronese, as well as other great Italian artists, both at Venice and Rome. In 1605 he was sent to Madrid, on a special mission from the Duke, his master to King Philip III. of Spain. He had by this time acquired high reputation as a Court portrait-painter. Returning to Antwerp, he finally settled in his native place, under the patronage of the Archduke Albert and the Archduchess Isabella, an Infanta of Spain. Rubens about this time married his first wife, Elizabeth Brant, who died in 1626; his second wife, Helen Forman, was much younger. Both wives are depicted, with himself, in several of his pictures of domestic scenes. He was a very prosperous man, and renowned all over Europe. Between 1620 and 1625 he was much employed in Paris in painting historical pictures for the decoration of the Louvre and the Luxembourg. At Paris he gained the personal acquaintance of the Duke of Buckingham, favourite of James I. and Charles I. This led to his being sent to England, in 1629, as Ambassador to the last-named King, who bestowed a knighthood upon him, and commissioned him to paint the ceiling of the Banqueting-house at Whitehall. The allegorical picture of "War and Peace," which is in the National Gallery, was also painted for Charles I. Rubens was again and again called upon by the Infanta Isabella to exert his talents



GENERAL VIEW OF BIC, P. Q.

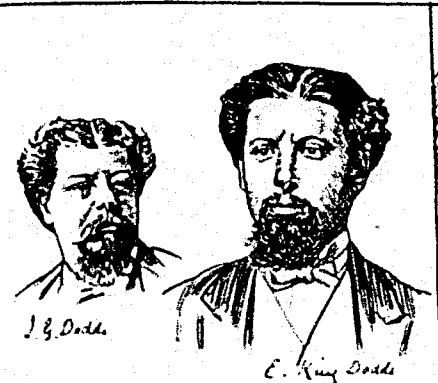


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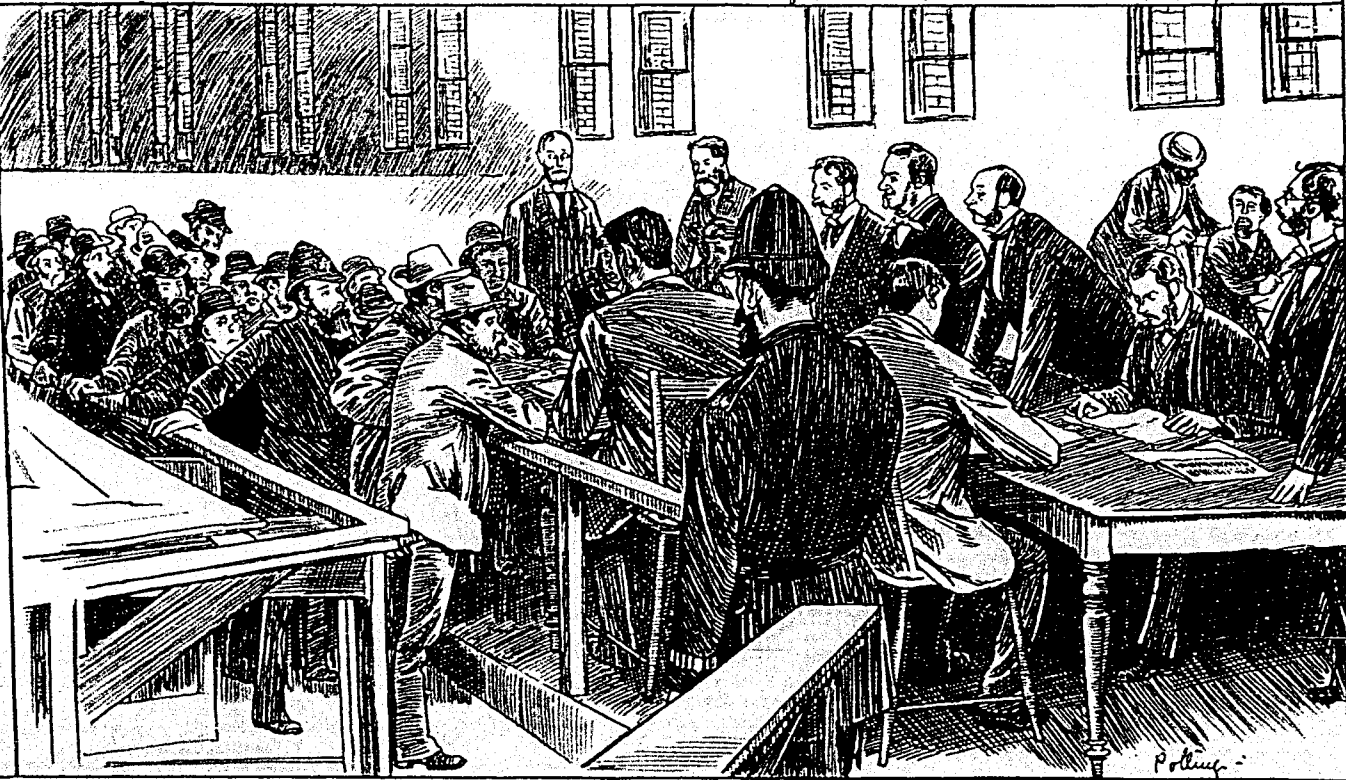


Re-employment.

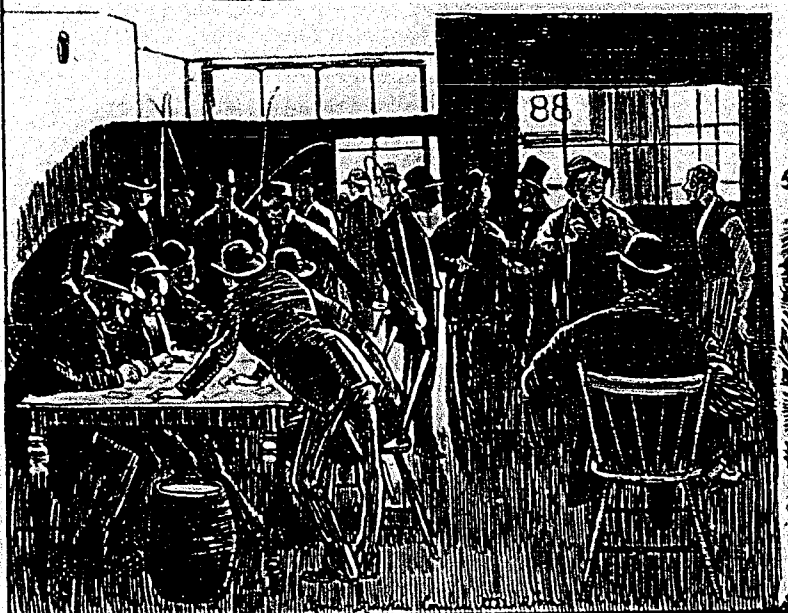
Opening of the poll.



A doubtful vote -



Polling.



Pro and Con.



"Prevention is better than cure"



The triumph of Bacchus.

TORONTO.—SCENES DURING AND AFTER THE MEMORABLE VOTE ON THE DUNKIN ACT.—FROM SKETCHES BY W. CRUICKSHANKS.

[COPYRIGHT SECURED FOR THE DOMINION.]

BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.

A NOVEL.

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

CHAPTER III.

VICTORY ROW.

Mrs. Jeram was a weekly tenant in one of a row of small four-roomed houses known as Victory Row, which led out of Nelson street, was a broad blind court, bounded on one side and at the end by the Dockyard wall. It was not a dirty and confined court, but quite the reverse, being large, clean and a very Cathedral Close for quietness. The wall, built of a warm red brick, had a broad and sloping top, on which grew wall-flowers, long grasses, and stoncrop; overhanging the wall was a row of great elms, in the branches of which there was a rookery, so that all day long you could listen if you wished to the talk of the rooks. Now this is never querulous, angry, or argumentative. The rook does not combat an adversary's opinion; he merely states his own; if the other one does not agree with him he states it again, but without temper. If you watch them and listen you will come to the conclusion that they are not theorists, like poor humans, but simple investigators of fact. It has a restful sound, the talk of rooks; you listen in the early morning, and they assist your sleeping half-dream without waking you; or in the evening they carry your imagination away to woods and sweet country glades. They have cut down the elms now, and driven the rooks to find another shelter. Very likely, in their desire to sweep away everything that is pretty, they have torn the wall-flowers and grasses off the wall as well. And if these are gone, no doubt Victory Row has lost its only charm. If I were to visit it now, I should probably find it squalid and mean. The eating of the tree of knowledge so often make things that once we loved look squalid.

But to childhood nothing is unlovely in which the imagination can light upon something to feed it. It is the blessed province of all children, high and low, to find themselves at the gates of Paradise, and quite certainly Tom the Piper's son, sitting under a hedge with a raw potatoe for playing, is every bit as happy as a little Prince of Wales. The possibilities of the world which opens out before us are infinite; while the glories of the world we have left behind are still clinging to the brain and shed a supernatural colouring on everything. At six, it is enough to live: to awake in the morning to the joy of another day; to eat, sleep, play and wonder; to revel in the vanities of childhood; to wanton in make-believe superiority; to admire the deeds of bigger children: to emulate them, like Icarus: and too often, like that greatly daring youth, to fall. Try to remember if you can something of the mental attitude of childhood; recall, if you may, some of the long thoughts of early days. To begin with, God was quite close to you; up among the stars. He was seated somewhere, ready to give you whatever you wanted; everybody was a friend, and everybody was occupied all day long about your personal concerns; you had not yet arrived at the boyishness of forming plans for the future. You were still engaged in imitating, exercising, wondering. Every man was a demigod—you had not yet arrived at the consciousness that you might become yourself a man; and the resources of a woman—to whom belong bread, butter, sugar, cake, and jam—were unbounded; everything that you saw was full of strange and mysterious interest. You had not yet learned to sneer, to criticise, to compare, and to down-cry.

Mrs. Jeram's house, therefore, in my eyes contained everything that heart of man could crave for. The green-painted door opened into a room which was at once reception room, dining-room, and kitchen; furnished, too, though that I did not know, in anticipation of the present fashion, having plates of blue and white china stuck round the walls. The walls were built of that warm red brick which time covers with a coating of grey-like moss. You find it everywhere among the old houses of the south of England, but I suppose the clay is all used up, because I see none of it, in the new houses.

We were quite respectable people in Victory Row. Of that I am quite sure, because Mrs. Jeram would have made the place much too lively by the power and persistence of her tongue for other than respectable people. We were seafaring folk, of course; and in every house was something strange from foreign parts. To this day I never see anything new in London shops or in museums without a backward rush of associations which lands me once more in Victory Row. For the sailors' wives had all these things long ago, before inland people ever heard of them. There were Japanese cabinets picked up in Chinese ports long before Japan was open. There was curious carved wood and ivory from Canton. These things were got during the Chinese war; and there was a public-house in a street hard by which was decorated, instead of a red window-blind, like other such establishments, with a splendid picture representing some of the episodes in that struggle. All the Chinese were running away in a dis-

graceful stampede, while Jack Tar, running after them, caught hold of their pigtailed with the left hand, and deftly cut off their heads with the right, administering at the same time a frolicsome kick. John Chizaman's legs were generally both off the ground together, such was his fear; then there were carved ostrich eggs; wonderful things from the Brazils in feathers; frail delicacies in coral from the Philippines known as Venus' flower baskets; grew some looking cases from the West Indies containing centipedes, scorpions, beetles, and tarantulas; small turtle shells, dried flying fish, which came out in moist exudations during wet weather and smelt like haddock; shells of all kinds, big and little, clubs, tomahawks, and other queer weapons carved in wood from the Pacific; stuffed humming birds and birds of Paradise. There were live birds, too; arvada-vats, Java sparrows, love birds, parrots, and parrots in plenty. There was one parrot, at the corner house, who affected the ways of one suffering from incurable consumption—he was considered intensely comic by children and persons of strong stomach and small imagination; there were parrots who came, stayed a little while, and were then taken away and sold, who spoke foreign tongues with amazing volubility, who swore worse than Gresset's Vert Vert, and who whistled as beautifully as a boat-swain—the same airs too. The specimens which belonged to art or inanimate nature were ranged upon a table at the window. They generally stood or were grouped around a large Bible, which it was a point of ceremonial to have in the house. The live birds were hung outside in sunny weather, all except the parrot with the perpetual cold, who walked up and down the court by himself and coughed. The streets surrounding us were, like our own, principally inhabited by mariners and their families, and presented similar characteristics, so that one moved about in a great museum open for general inspection during daylight, and free for all the world. Certain I am, that if all the rare and curious things displayed in these windows had been collected and preserved the town would have had a most characteristic and remarkable museum of its own.

Victory Row is the very earliest place that I remember. How I got there, the dangers to which I was exposed in infancy, the wild tragedy which robbed me of both parents,—these things I was to learn later on, because I remembered nothing of them. I was in Mrs. Jeram's house with three other boys. There was Jem, the oldest. His surname was Hex, and as it was pronounced without the aspirate I thought, when I had learned the alphabet, that to be named after one of the letters was a singular distinction, and most enviable. Jem was a big boy, a good-natured, silent lad, who spent all his time on the beach among the sailors. Moses came next. I never knew Moses' surname. He was a surly and ill-conditioned boy. Leonard Copleston, the third, was my protector and friend. The day, so far as I can recollect, always began with a fight between Leonard and Moses. Later on, towards dinner-time, there would be another fight. And the evening never ended without two or more fights. From my indistinct recollection of this period I fancy that whenever Leonard and Moses came within a few yards of each other, they as naturally rushed into battle as a Russian and Turk. And the only good point about Moses was that he was always ready to renew the battle. For he hated Leonard; I suppose because Leonard was as handsome, bright, and clever, as he was ugly, lowering and stupid.

Naturally, at the age of five one does not inquire into antecedents of people. So that it was much later when I learned the circumstances under which we four boys were collected beneath one roof. They were characteristic of the place. The paternal Moses, returning from a three years' cruise in the Mediterranean, discovered that his wife, a lady of fickle disposition, had deserted. In other words, she was gone away, leaving a message for her husband to the effect that little Moses, the pledge of their affections, and his curious collection of china brought from foreign parts would between them console him for her loss. So he put the boy under the charge of Mrs. Jeram, gave her a sum of money for the child's maintenance until he came back again; smashed the crockery in a rage; wept but little, if at all, for his ruined household gods; went away and never came back any more. Jem Hex, on the other hand, was the son of a real widower, also a Royal navy man, and he was left with Mrs. Jeram to be taken care of under much the same circumstances except that he was regularly paid for. As for Leonard, you will hear about him presently. In one respect he was worse off than any of us, because we had friends and he had none. There was, for instance, an aunt belonging to Moses who came to see him about once a month. In the course of the interview she always caned him, I do not know why; perhaps because she felt sure he deserved it, as he certainly did; or perhaps because she thought it a thing due to her own dignity as the

boy's only relative. She wore a dress, the splendour of whose original black colour was marred by patches of brown snuff lying in the creases. She was a stiff and stately dame of forbidding appearance, and manners which were conventional. Thus, she always began the conversation, before she caned Moses, by remarking, even in August, that the weather was "raw." The monthly caning was the only thing, I know now, that she ever contributed towards the maintenance and education of her nephew. Jem Hex had plenty of uncles and other relations. One was a harbour boatman, a jolly old man who had been in the wars; one was a dockyard foreman, and one was a ship carpenter. They used to drop into Victory Row for a talk on Sunday afternoons when the weather was warm.

I used to envy Jem his superior position in the world and his family connections. I had friends, too, in plenty, but they were of a different kind. Not rich to begin with—not holders of official rank, and unconnected in any way with the Royal Navy, and which stamped them at once as objects of pity and contempt, they were unable to speak the English tongue except with difficulty. They were big and bearded men; they had scars on their faces, and went sometimes maim and halt; they were truculent of aspect, but kindly of eye. When they came into our court they took me up gently, carried me about, kissed me, and generally brought me some little simple gift, such as an orange or an apple.

Somehow or other I learned that these friends of mine were Poles, and that they had a great barrack all to themselves, close to the walls, whither I used to be sometimes carried. It was a narrow building, built of black tarred wood, with windows at both sides, so that you saw the light quite through the house.

It stood just under the walls, almost in the shade of the great elms. Within it were upwards of a hundred Poles, living chiefly on the tennance a day which the English Government allowed them for their support, with this barn-like structure to house them. They were desperately poor, all of them living mostly on bread and frugal cabbage soup. Out of their poverty, out of their tennance a day, some of these poor fellows found means by clubbing together to pay Mrs. Jeram, week by week, for my support. They went hungry that I might eat and thrive; they came every day, some of them, to see that I was well cared for. They took me to their barrack, and made me their pet and plaything; there was nothing they were not ready to do for me, because I was the child of Roman Pulaski and Claudia his wife.

The one who came oftenest, stayed the longest and seemed in an especial manner to be my guardian, was a man who was grey when I first remember him. He had long hair and a full grey beard. There was a great red gash in his cheek, which turned white when he grew excited or was moved. He limped with one foot because some Russian musket ball had struck him in the heel; and he had singularly deep-set eyes, with heavy eyebrows. I have never seen anything like the sorrowfulness of Wassielewski's eyes. Other Poles had reason for sorrow. They were all exiles together, they were separated from their families without a hope that the terrible Nicholas, who hated a rebel Pole with all the strength of his autocratic hatred, would ever let them return; they were all in poverty, but these men looked happy. Wassielewski alone never smiled, and carried always that low light of melancholy in his eyes, as if not only the past was sad, but the future was charged with more sorrow. On one day in the year he brought me *immortelles*, tied with a black ribbon. He told me they were in memory of my father, Roman Pulaski, now dead and in heaven, and of my mother, also dead, and now sitting among the saints and martyrs. I used to wonder at those times to see the eyes which rested on me so tenderly melt and fill with tears.

Three or four days in the week, sometimes every day, Mrs. Jeram went out charing. As she frequently came home bearing with her a scent of soapuds, and having her hands creased and fingers supernaturally white, it is fair to suppose that she went out washing at eighteen-pence a day. Something, indeed, it was necessary to do so, with four hungry boys to keep, only two of whom paid anything for their daily bread, and Mrs. Jeram—she was a hard-featured woman with a resolute face—must have been possessed of more than the usual share of Christian charity to keep Moses in her house at all, even as a paying boarder, much less as one who ate and drank largely, and brought to the house nothing at all but discord and ill-temper. And besides the food to provide, with some kind of clothing, there was always "Tenderart," who called every Monday morning.

He was the owner of the houses in the Row, and he came for his rent. His name was Barnfather, and the appellation of Tenderart, a compound illustrating the law of phonetic decay, derived from the two words *tender heart*, was bestowed upon him by reason of the uncompromising hardness of heart, worse than that of any Pharaoh, with which he encountered, as sometimes happened, any deficiency in the weekly rent. Behind him—the tool of his uncompromising rigour—walked a man with a blanket, a man whose face was wooden. If the rent was not paid that man opened his blanket, and wrapped it round some article of household furniture, silently pointed out by Tenderart, as an equivalent.

My early childhood, spent among these kindly people, was thus very rich in the things which stimulate the imagination. Strange and rare

objects in every house, in every street, something from far-off lands, talk to be heard of foreign ports and by-gone battles, the poor Poles in their bare and gaunt barracks, and then the place itself. I have spoken of the rookery beyond the flower-grown Dockyard wall. But beyond the rookery was the Dockyard itself, quiet and orderly, which I could see from the upper window of the house. There was the Long Row, where resided the Heads of Departments; the Short Row, in which lived functionaries of lower rank—I believe the two Rows do not know each other in society; there was the great Reservoir, supported on tall and spidery legs, beneath which stood piles of wood cut and dressed, and stacked for use; there was the Rope Walk, a quarter of a mile long, in which I knew walked incessantly up and down the workmen who turned hanks of yarn into strong cables smelling of fresh tar; there were the buildings where other workmen made blocks, bent beams, shaped all the parts of ships; there were the great places where they made and repaired machinery; there were the sheds themselves, where the mighty ships grew slowly day by day, miracles of man's constructive skill, in the dim twilight of their wooden cradles; there was a pool of sea water, in which lay timber to be seasoned, and sometimes I saw boys paddling up and down in it; there was always the busy crowd of officers and sailors going up and down, some of them godlike, with cocked hats, epaulettes, and swords.

And, all day long, never ceasing, the busy sound of the Yard. To strangers and visitors it was just a confused and deafening noise. When you got to know it you distinguished half-a-dozen distinct sounds which made up that inharmonious and yet not unpleasant whole. There was the chatter of the caulkers' mallets, which never ceased their tap, tap, tap, until you got used to the regular beat, and felt it no more than you felt the beating of your pulse. But it was a main part of the noise which made the life of the yard. Next to the multitudinous mallets of the caulkers, which were like the never-ceasing hum and whisper of insects on a hot day, came the loud clanging of the hammer from the boiler-makers' shop. That might be likened, by a stretch of fancy, to the crowing of cocks in a farmyard. Then, all by itself, came a heavy thud which made the earth tremble, echoed all around, and silenced for a moment everything else. It came from the Nasmyth steam hammer; and always, running through all, and yet distinct, the r-r-r-r of the machinery, like the rustling of the leaves in the wind. Of course I say nothing about salutes, because every day a salute of some kind was thundering, and rolling about the air as the ships came and went, each as tenacious of her number of guns as an Indian Rajah.

Beyond the Dockyard—you could not see it, but you felt it, and knew that it was there—was the broad blue lake of the harbour crowded with old ships sacred so the memory of a hundred fights, lying in stately idleness, waiting for the fiat of some ignorant and meddling First Lord ordering them to be broken up. As if it anything short of wickedness to break up any single ship which had fought the country's battles and won her victories, until the tooth of time, aided by barnacles, shall have rendered it impossible for her to keep afloat any longer.

When the last bell rang at six o'clock, and the workmen went away, all became quiet in the Dockyard. A great stillness became suddenly, and reigned there till the morning, unbroken save by the rooks which cawed in the elms, and the clock which struck the hours. And then one had to fall back on the less imaginative noises of Victory Row, where the parrot coughed, and the grass widows gathered together, talking and disputing in shrill concert, and Leonard fought Moses before going to bed, not without some din of battle.

CHAPTER XVI.

THIRTY YEARS AGO.

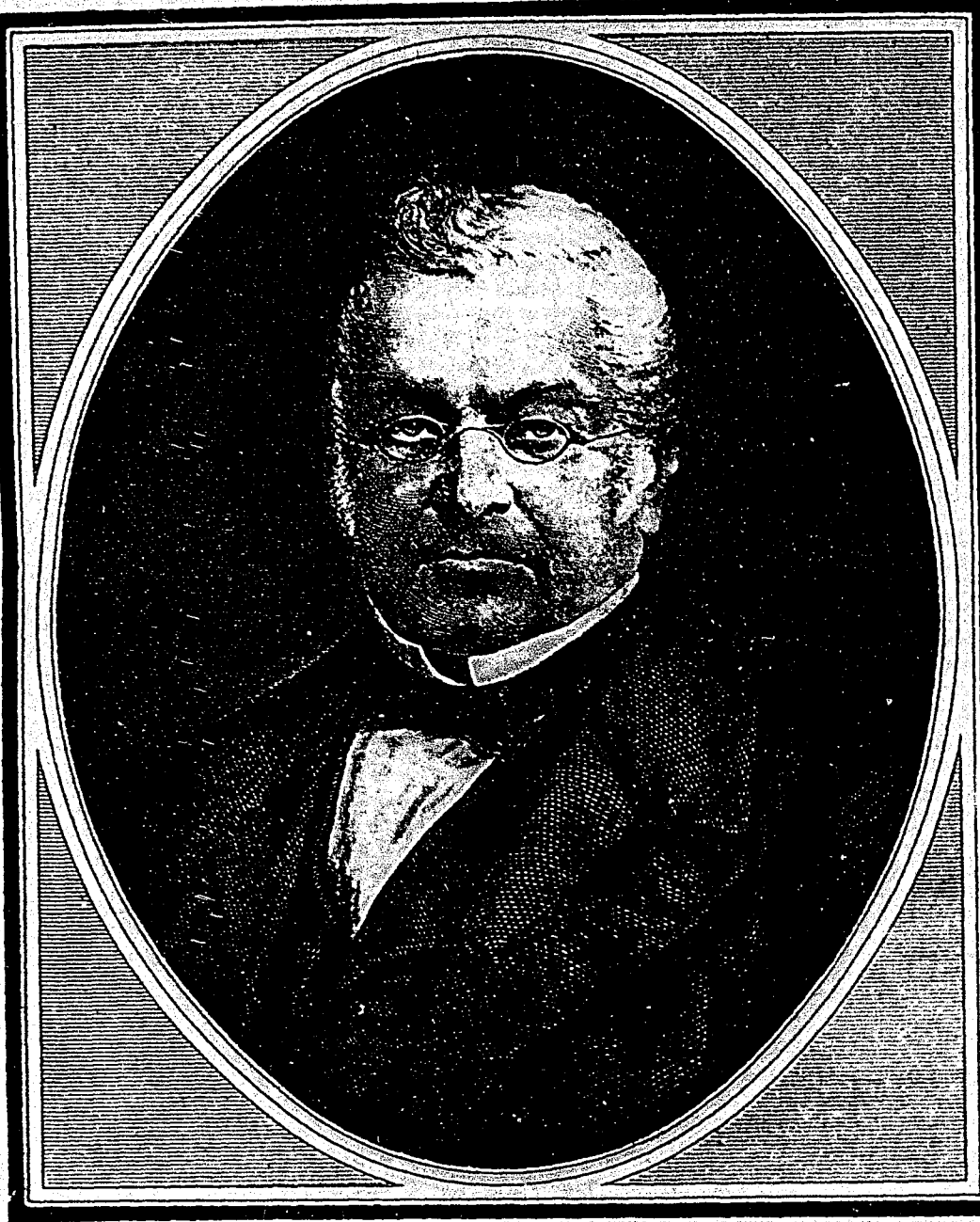
Recollections of childhood are vague as a whole, but vivid in episodes. The days pass away, and leave no footprints on the sands one being like another. And then one comes, bringing with it a trival incident, which somehow catches hold of the childish imagination, and so lives forever. There are two or three of these in my memory.

It is a sunshiny day, and as the rooks are cawing all day in the elms, it must be spring. Sitting on the doorstep of Mrs. Jeram's, I am only conscious of the harmonious blending of sounds from the Dockyard. Victory Row is quiet, save for the consumptive parrot who walks in the shade of the wall coughing heavily as if it was one of his worst days, and he had got a bronchial asthma on the top of his other complaints. With me is Leonard, dancing on the pavement to no music at all but the beating of his pulse, enough for him. Jem and Moses are always on the beach. I suppose, but I am not certain, that it is afternoon. And the reason why I suppose so is that the Row is quiet. The morning was more noisy on account of the multifarious house duties which had to be got through. We hear a step which we know well, a heavy and lingering step, which comes slowly along the pavement, and presently bears round the corner its owner, Wassielewski. Leonard stops dancing. Wassielewski pats his curly head. I hold up my arms; he catches me up and kisses me, while I bury my face in his big beard. Then he puts me down again, lays aside the violin which he carries in one hand (it is by this instrument that Wassielewski earns a hand-

M. THIERS.

Louis Adolphe Thiers was born April 16th, 1797, at Marseilles. Brought up to the study of the law, he early proceeded to Paris, and there endured the hardships which most young men endowed with brains, who seek fame and position in that metropolis, have to undergo. He became a journalist, early securing a position on the staff of the *Constitutionnel*. His vigorous articles soon attracted attention and opened to him the doors of the most distinguished members of the Opposition, and the most brilliant society of Paris. Living on terms of intimacy with such men as Laffitte, Casimir Perier, the Comte de Flahault, Baron Louis and Talleyrand, all actors in the great Revolution, he enjoyed exceptional facilities for the collection of material for his great work, *L'Histoire de la Revolution Française*. This magnificent history at once placed M. Thiers in the very foremost rank of French authorship, and its enormous sale raised him to comparative affluence. He was now enabled to take a responsible position in politics, and became aggressive. He established the *Democratic National* in 1830, and commenced a bitter war against the Polignac ministry. His blows were terrible, and so deep was their impression upon the public mind, and so complete the dismay of the Government, that the desperate policy of issuing what have come to be termed "the Ordinances of July" was resolved upon. The consequence was that Louis Phillippe, Duke of Orleans, was elected to the throne by the popular will in place of the incapable Charles X., and Thiers, devoting himself to a public career, became Secretary to the Minister of Finance. He was elected deputy for the town of Aix, and took his seat in the Chamber, in which he was destined to become a great power. He was a minister in the Soult Cabinet from 1832 till 1836, when he passed into Opposition. He was called to the Premiership in 1840, and initiated an offensive policy toward Great Britain and nearly embroiled the two countries in war. Louis Phillippe was forced to dismiss his Prime Minister in order to avoid a struggle which, in view of the alarmed condition of the Continental powers, would have involved France in an awful war. Then Thiers returned to his historical studies and devoted himself to his great *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*. This occupied him 15 years.

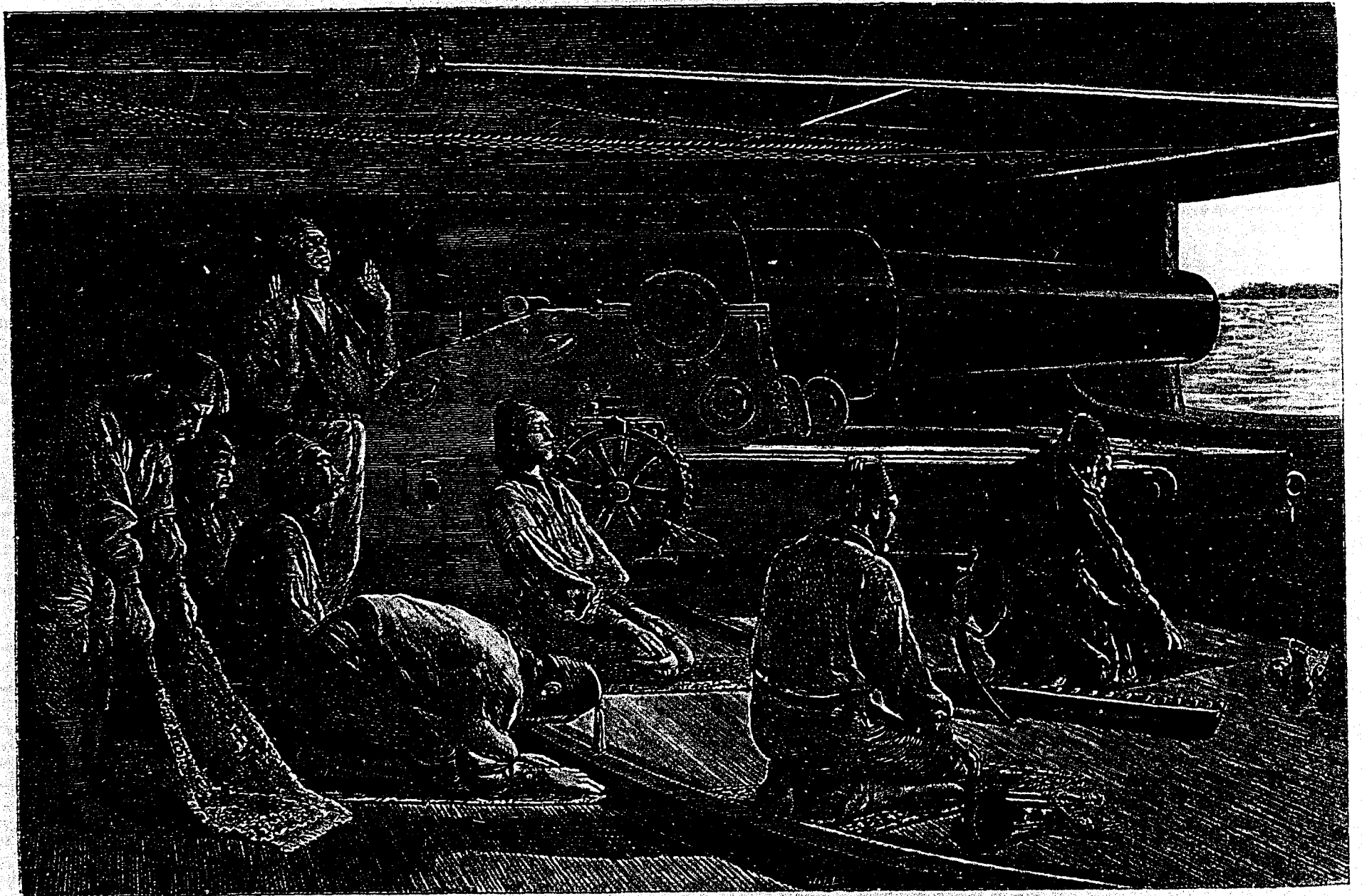
He accepted the Republic which the Revolution of 1848 brought about. In 1851, however, he was banished after the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon, and retired to Switzerland. Being allowed to return to France, he published a continuation of his history, and was elected to the Chamber of Deputies in 1868, for the department of the Seine, by the Liberal Opposition.



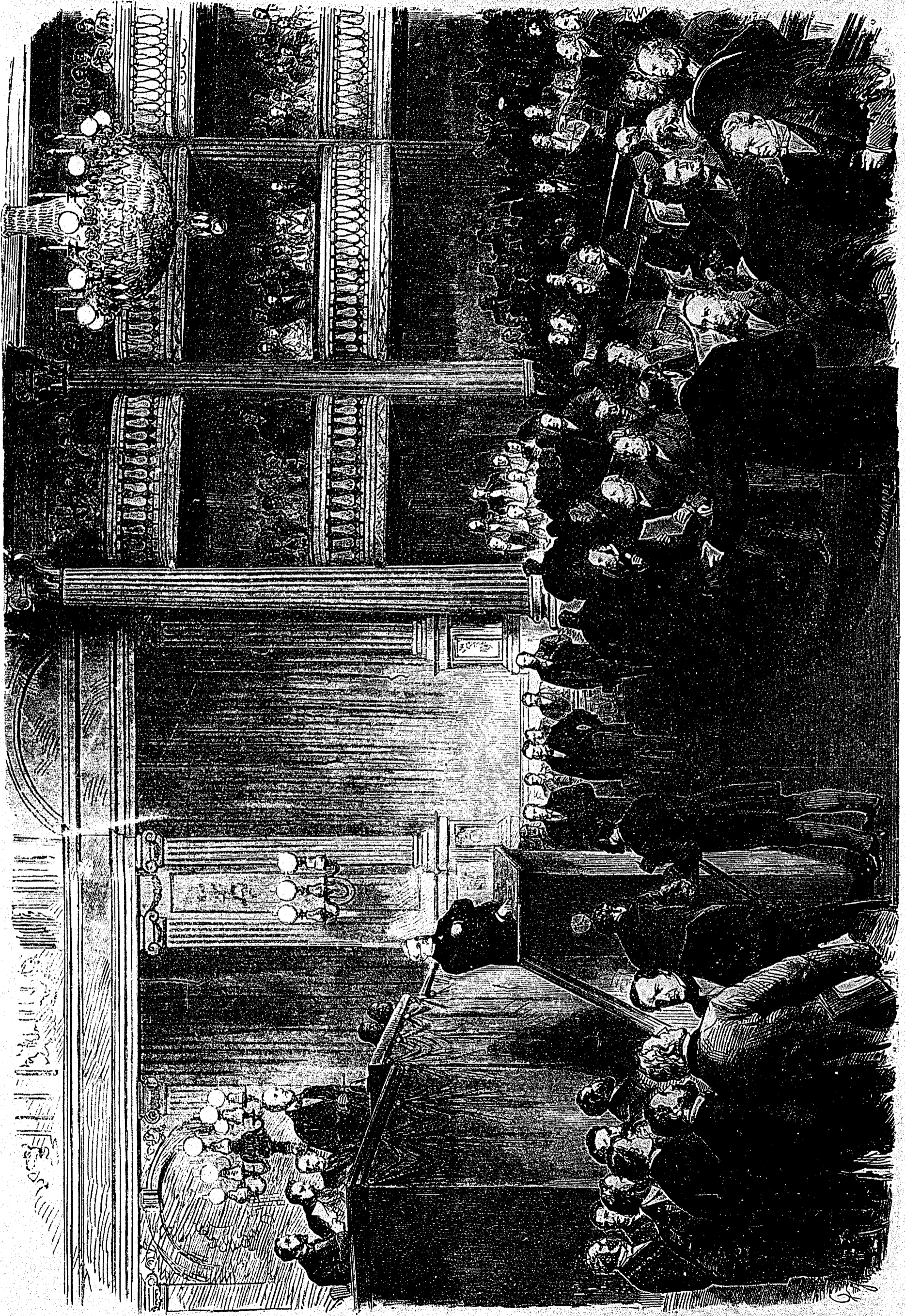
EX-PRESIDENT THIERS.

When the Duke de Gramont declared the termination of the Government to enter into war against Prussia, Thiers raised his voice and predicted defeat. He made an eloquent appeal for peace, but in vain. War was declared, and almost before Europe could realize it, German arms were sweeping France, and the Emperor and his 90,000 men were prisoners at Sedan. Then Thiers came forward, not as the exultant prophet of disaster, but as the idol of the people. Refusing to become a member of the National Government, he undertook voluntary diplomatic missions to England, Russia, Austria and Italy on behalf of France. This self-imposed work won him the gratitude of the country. He acted upon the advice of the Governments of the neutral powers to whom he had applied, and opened negotiations for peace with the Prussian King. These were unsuccessful for a time, but eventually they were accepted, and the war brought to its close. Then came the struggle with the Commune, and, having helped to quell that uprising, M. Thiers became "Chief of the Executive Power." In 1871 he was elected President of the French Republic, a position he held until 1873, when he was replaced by Marshal MacMahon. Latterly, as revolution seems again impending over France, M. Thiers has been looked to by the people as the only one competent to hold the tiller of State.

ADULTERATION OF WINE. The inventiveness of the French wine falsifier are apparently boundless. No sooner had a law been passed rendering penal the employment of fuchsine, of which so much was said last year, than they turned their attention to some other means for passing off bad wine as something fairly drinkable. Their attention has seemingly been attracted to salicylic acid, of which the remarkable therapeutic effects have of late been so much canvassed. It must not, however, be supposed that the wine-makers were animated with the philanthropic notion of curing the wine-drinkers of all their rheumatic affections, or that they were prepared to furnish a safeguard against contagion or infection. They discovered that, mixed in certain proportion with new wine, it gave it the appearance and flavour of age. Had they stopped here there would have been but small harm done, but their next discovery was that a further addition of the same drug stopped fermentation, and concealed all the bad qualities which wine in that condition presents. The result would be that, so long as the wine remained in the cask or bottle, no change would take place, and the merchant might boldly retain it in his cellar; but once drunk, the salicylic acid is set free, and the deleterious qualities of the wine allowed to work upon the consumer.



THE EASTERN WAR.—WITH HOBART PASHA. EVENING PRAYER ON BOARD A TURKISH IRON-CLAD.



EX-PRESIDENT THIERS ADDRESSING THE FRENCH ASSEMBLY AT VERSAILLES.

THE TWO VOCALISTS.

BY GEORGE T. BULLING.

A bird perched in his gilded cage. Seeming sad, would never sing. And looked with envy on his mate...

HEARTH AND HOME.

A BIT OF ADVICE. If you are melancholy and know not why, be assured it must arise entirely from some physical weakness...

BAD TEMPER. There are few things more productive of evil in domestic life than a thoroughly bad temper. It does not matter what form that temper may assume...

DEATH. All have a debt to pay that it is allowed to us to put off, as long as human foresight and human providence may enable us to defer...

THE TRIUMPHS OF LIFE. It is not true that the world is smooth. Therefore do not teach your boys that they will find it so. If you do they will have to learn the contrary by bitter experience...

HOUSEHOLD AND PERSONAL CLEANLINESS. We may as certainly gauge the morality of a country by the condition of the women and children, by the beauty or disorder of the homes...

A WORD TO GIRLS. Girls, listen to this, and with a virtuous resolve demand as your right a pure love. Young men of bad habits and fast tendencies never like to marry a girl of their own sort...

marrriages purity for purity, sobriety for sobriety, honour for honour. There is no reason why the young men of this land should not be just as virtuous as its young women...

WIVES AND HOUSEWIVES. If young men whose incomes are under one hundred a year were bound over not to marry anyone who had not earned a diploma in domestic management...

BURLESQUE.

WAGNERIAN. A Chicago man's young wife entertained him with selections of Wagner, after which he expressed himself as resigned to go to bed...

WORD PAINTING. Oh, who would die in Summer when the trees are clothed in green: when the June bug warbles sweetly...

ABSENT-MINDED. She walked on board a Desbrosses street ferry boat, intending on securing a good seat. She found it opposite a large window...

SHE WILL PLAY! A Philadelphia evidently not a lover of "music" thus describes a young lady of that city who is experimenting with a new organ...

PHRASING IN CHOIR SINGING. A little girl who was slightly ill, asked her mother to sing something nice and pretty to her. "What shall I sing?" said the mother...

you do; you often sing it—about Sally Comfort and Georgie Turner, you know." The mother sang over the familiar hymn until the delighted child exclaimed: "That's it!—that's the one!"

"His religion that can give Solid comfort while we live: 'Tis religion can supply Joys eternal when we die.

We were at church the other evening, where the choir consisted of a leader and half dozen young ladies, and where the music was well rendered...

Once for Rollo!—Sinner receive it. Once for Rollo!—Brother believe.

The same choir gave the well-known refrain of "Title clear":

My Godmi-heavenmy-ya-a-wimi. Godmi-heavenmi-yawi.

Precisely as we predicted. This carelessness in phrasing often leads to an utter perversion of the sense, as in the lines:

He saw me ruined by the Fall. He loved me, notwithstanding all.

In the last line of which we have heard sung:

He loved me not—withstanding all.

The choir deliberately stopping and taking breath after the "not."

WOMAN'S CURIOSITY.—"John," said Mrs. Sanscript to her husband, one evening last week, "I've been reading the newspaper."

"No, you stupid woman." "Then why in the world did they stop 'em—why didn't they run more of 'em, or run 'em faster?"

"I mean pitches it." "Oh! there it says Jones nudged a ball after a hard run. What was the ball doing after a hard run?"

"I mean, dear madam, that whenever a woman begins to pry about among these strikes, fair balls, base hits, daisy-cutters, home runs, and kindred subjects, she's in danger of being lost."

John was fast asleep, and Mrs. Sanscript turned gloomily, not to say sceptically, to the letter list for information.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

It was very careless leaving the parrot in the parlor Sunday evening, but she never thought anything about it till Monday morning when he roused the whole house by making a smacking noise...

A RUNAWAY couple went to Eugene last week to get married. The clergyman and clerk both wanted proof that the young lady was of proper age. Strategy, which has proved so efficient in other scenes, was resorted to with success.

AN old gentleman had three daughters, all of whom were marriageable. A young fellow went a wooing the youngest, and finally got her out-

sent to take him "for better or worse." Upon application to the old gentleman for his consent, he flew into a violent rage, declaring that no man should "pick his daughters in that way,"

SHE wore a round hat upon the back of her head like the aureole of a saint, to whom her sweet face gave her an appearance of kindred. Her bodice was close-fitting—indeed drawn tight about the waist...

A COLLOQUIAL ACTOR.—Macready was one of the most careless actors at rehearsals, and was often an enigma to the country actors.

"Do you wait for me to lead Virginia in? Or will you do so?" were spoken very naturally, and the actor replied, "Oh, I don't mind, Mr. Macready! Just as you like—the way they do it in London."

LITERARY.

His recent essay in the dramatic line has made Joaquin Miller at once the lion of the hour.

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD, tired of his four years' wandering abroad, has just returned to his native land.

It is stated that Mr. William Longman leaves behind him several unfinished historical works.

MR. WILLIAM MORRIS, the poet, has promised to deliver in the Metropolitan next winter a series of lectures on the history of decorative art.

It is again asserted that Mr. James Gordon Bennett intends to start a daily newspaper in London, similar in style to the New York Herald of which he is proprietor.

MR. HERBERT JOHN GLAISDALE, University College, one of the sons of the ex-Premier, has been appointed Lecturer in Modern History at Keele College, and will commence his duties in October next.

MRS. CRAIK, the authoress of "John Halifax, Gentleman," and other well-known works, has been bitten by a dog. Although the wound was rather a severe one, the patient is doing very well, and no evil results are anticipated.

"MARK TWAIN'S" birthplace was Hannibal, Mo., and the house in which he was born is still standing and is the residence of a poor family.

ACERBACH is an illustration of the truism that there is no excellence without great labor. He dictates his stories to a shorthand writer, and never allows the first draft of his manuscript to go to press.

It would scarcely be imagined that the most passionate productions of Georges Sand in her earlier days were the result of milk fresh from the cow.

MR. A. C. SWINBURNE having become disgusted with the immoral tone which pervades much of the novel writing of the day, has undertaken to launch a novel for the columns of the London Tatler.

LONGFELLOW invariably has John Owen to do all the hard work of "finishing" his poems. Owen revises them, punctuates them, smooths their orthography...

MR. JUSTIN MC CARTHY has died at the early age of forty seven. Mr. McCarthy was for many years the editor of the Morning Star, and latterly was a writer on the Daily News.

ANOTHER addition to the history of Canada under the French régime has been given to the world by the American historian, Francis Parkman, under the title of "Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV."

A "REVISED English Bible" has just been issued from the Queen's Printers, the chief peculiarities of which are a revision of the authorized version and an improved version of the text, which is divided into sections and paragraphs according to the sense...

A REVISION of the Roman Catholic Bible is being undertaken. In England the version in use is that translated at Douai University, in France, but the idiom is considered to be now old-fashioned, and in need of modern adaptation.



THE LATE BRIGHAM YOUNG.



THE LATE SIR JAMES DOUGLAS.



WITH A CUSTOMER OF TWENTY.



WITH A CUSTOMER OF THIRTY.



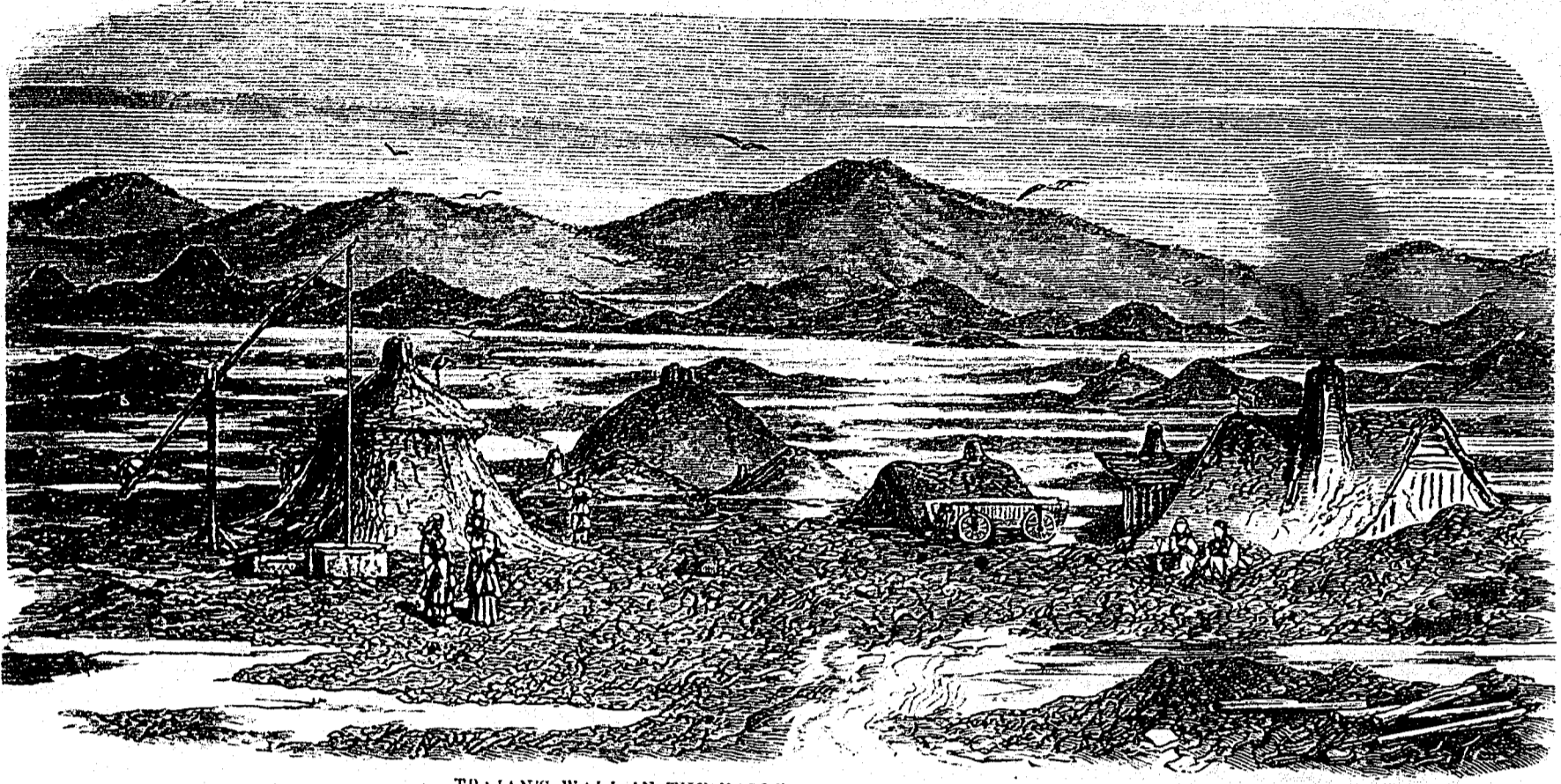
WITH A CUSTOMER OF FORTY.



WITH A CUSTOMER OF FIFTY.

THE BARMAID'S TACTICS.

THE EASTERN WAR.



TRAJAN'S WALL IN THE VALLEY OF THE LOWER DANUBE



THE BATTLE OF PLEVNA. BAYONET CHARGE OF THE TURKS ON THE SCHATOTSKI DIVISION

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter and interesting contents received. Many thanks. Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 135 received. J. B., Montreal.—Many thanks for the score of the game sent for inspection. It shall be carefully looked over.

Owing to unforeseen circumstances the Dominion Chess Congress and Tourney, held this year at Quebec, which was advertised for the 21st of August, was postponed to the 28th, and this change of the time of the meeting led to modifications of the customary manner of carrying on the contest between the players on the occasion.

In the first place it was perceived that several of the players having lost time by the postponement, could make but a short stay at Quebec, and that facilities would have to be afforded them to play all their games with the players of that city before their departure. In the second place inasmuch as every player of the Tourney would have to play one game with every other player, it was stipulated at the opening meeting that the Montreal players on their return to their own city should finish their games with one another and transmit the results to the Club at Quebec in order to make up the final score. The Quebec players, also, would have to finish their contests among themselves, before the full particulars of the Tourney could be published.

The subjoined item from the Montreal Witness gives the condition of the contest at the time of the return of Montreal players.

CHESS.

The score of the Tourney in Quebec, as it stood last Saturday evening, is given below. The competitors, eleven in number, were on this occasion confined to the cities of Montreal and Quebec, the Province of Ontario not having sent representatives.

By arrangement the contest as between the two cities was first entered upon and has been finished, except in the case of Professor Hicks, who has still three games to play against the old Capital, his duties having required his return to Montreal last Thursday week.

Table with columns: QUEBEC, Won, Lost, Drawn. Rows: Holt, White, Sanderson, Fletcher, Pope, McLeod, Bradley.

Table with columns: MONTREAL, Won, Lost, Drawn. Rows: Howe, Hicks, Henderson, Shaw.

The Montrealers have yet to play against each other. So also, but to a less extent, the Quebecers. Our players have all returned gratified by the hospitable hostility of their opponents.

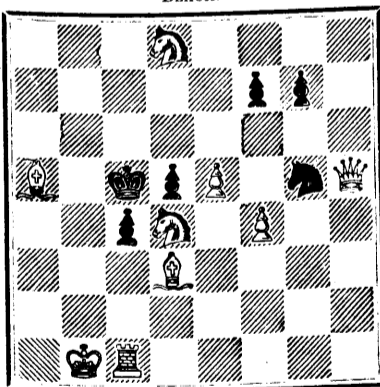
The annual meeting in England of the Counties Chess Association, which in its nature and object is similar to our Dominion Chess Association, took place this year at Birmingham. There were thirty competitors, who were divided into three classes, and prizes were contested for by each class. At the close of these, a handicap tourney was commenced for which sixteen players entered. The subjoined game was played in this handicap tourney.

PROBLEM NO. 139.

By J. G. CAMPBELL.

(From English Chess Problems.)

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 201ST.

(From Land and Water.)

Occurring in a handicap tourney at Birmingham, the Rev. Professor Wayte giving Queen's Knight to Mr. Shorthouse.

(K B's opening—Remove White's Q Kt.)

WHITE. (Prof. Wayte.)

- 1. P to K 4
2. B to B 4
3. P to Q B 3
4. B to Kt 5 (ch)
5. B to R 4
6. Kt to K 2
7. P to Q 3
8. Castles
9. P to K B 4
10. P to R 3
11. Q takes B
12. B to B 2
13. B takes P
14. P to K 5 (b)
15. B takes P
16. P to Q 4
17. Q R to K sq
18. Q to K B 3
19. P takes Kt
20. K to R sq
21. Q to K B 5
22. P takes Kt

BLACK. (Mr. Shorthouse.)

- P to K 4
Kt to Q B 3
B to B 4
Kt to B 3
B takes P
B to Kt 3
Kt to B 3
P to K R 3
Q Kt to Q 2
Q Kt to Q 2
B to Kt 5
B takes Kt
Kt to Q B 4
P takes P
P to K Kt 4
P takes P
Castles
Q Kt to Q 2
R to K sq
Kt takes B (c)
B to B 4 (ch)
Q to Q 7
B to B 7
R takes R

And White now mated in two moves.

NOTES.

- (a) Black is evidently inexperienced, and seems disposed to rely upon exchanging pieces to make the odds tell in his favour.
(b) Intending, if P takes B, to capture the Kt afterwards, winning the "pinned" Bishop.
(c) This is suicidal, but his case appears hopeless anyhow.

GAME 202ND.

Played recently in London, Eng., between Mr. Ensor and an amateur; the former giving the odds of Q R.

(Evans' Gambit.)

(Remove White's Q R.)

WHITE.

(Mr. Sydney Ensor.)

- 1. P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3
3. B to B 4
4. Castles
5. P to Q Kt 4
6. P to Q B 3
7. P to Q 4
8. P takes P
9. P to Q 5
10. B to Q Kt 5
11. P to K 5
12. Q takes Kt
13. Q to K 4
14. Kt to B 3
15. Kt to Kt 5
16. Kt to Q 5
17. Q to R 4
18. Kt to B 6 (ch)
19. Kt takes R P (ch)
20. Q takes P
21. Q to R 7 (ch)
22. Q to R 6 (ch)
23. Kt to R 7
24. B to Kt 5 (ch)
25. B takes Q
26. Kt to B 6 (ch)
27. R to Q B sq (ch)
28. Kt to K 8
29. K to B sq
30. Q to B 6
31. R to B 3
32. R takes Kt
33. Q takes R
34. Kt takes P
35. Kt takes B (ch)

BLACK.

(Mr. T.)

- P to K 4
Kt to Q B 3
B to B 4
Kt to B 3
B takes P
B to Q B 4
P takes P
B to Kt 3
Kt to Q R 4
Castles
Kt takes Q P
P to Q B 3
P takes B
R to K sq
P to K Kt 3
Kt to B 5
P to K R 4
K to Kt 2
P takes Kt
Kt takes K P
K to B 3
K to K 2
P to Q 3
K to Q 2
R takes B
K to B 2
K to Kt sq
B takes P (ch)
Kt to Q 6
B to Kt 3
Kt to B 4
B takes R
P to R 3
K to R 2
Resigns.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 137.

WHITE.

- 1. B to Q Kt 5
2. B to Q 7 mate

BLACK.

- 1. P to K 4 (a)
1. Either Kt moves
1. P to K 4
2. Any move.

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 135.

WHITE.

- 1. Q to Q R 8
2. Mates accordingly.

BLACK.

- 1. Any move.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 136.

(Exercise in pawn play.)

WHITE.

- K at K B 7
Pawns at K R 5 and K Kt 5

BLACK.

- K at K R sq
Pawns at R 2
K Kt 2, K B 3 and Q 4

White to play and win.

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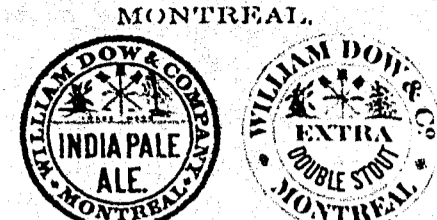
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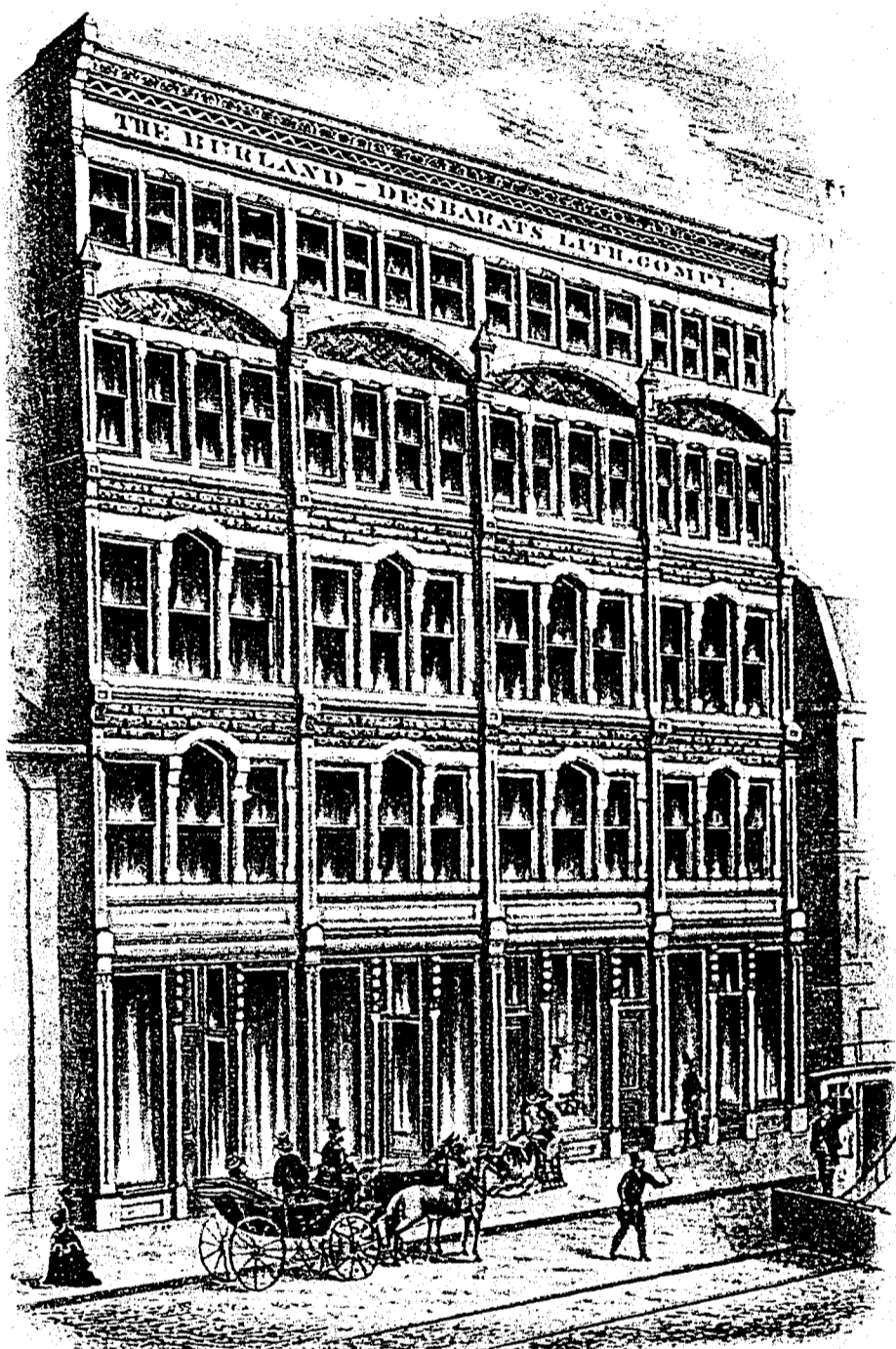
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