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AMERICAN Wholesale News

Vol. XXI.—No. 6.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1880.

{ SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.
\$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE



WELCOME BACK TO CANADA.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is printed and published every Saturday by THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (Limited) at their offices, 5 and 7 Bleury St., Montreal, on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum in advance, \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance.

All remittances and business communications to be addressed to G. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

All literary correspondence, contributions, &c., to be addressed to the Editor.

When an answer is required, stamp for return postage must be enclosed.

City subscribers are requested to report at once to this office, either personally or by postal card, any irregularity in the delivery of their papers.

TEMPERATURE.

As observed by HEARN & HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING

Table with columns for dates (Feb. 1st, 1880) and corresponding week (1879), showing Max, Min, and Mean temperatures for each day of the week.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, February 7, 1880.

HELP FOR IRELAND.

The good work has begun in Canada and we trust that it will be prosecuted with vigour. Relief is being sent from our shores to the desolate homes of Ireland, all classes joining willingly in the mission of mercy. There was some delay at first until the true state of Irish distress was laid before the public, but the moment that the call was made it was responded to with alacrity. The relief fund is under the immediate superintendence of the Duchess of Marlborough and that is a sufficient guarantee of honest and impartial management. In this city and elsewhere a house to house collection is being made, and to render it as successful as possible it is necessary that the political aspect of the Irish question should be kept out of sight entirely. This is the more necessary as we shall probably have a visit from Mr. PARNELL shortly. That gentleman is also soliciting subscriptions for the poor and suffering of Ireland, but he canvasses as well for the Home Rule League. Let those who feel so inclined assist him in this second object of his mission, but let it be thoroughly understood that charity and charity alone is the motive of our local collectors. It is remarkable how the American press have insisted upon this distinction, thus showing their own discrimination, at the same time that they rendered a substantial service to the Irish cause. From the time that he landed on American shores Mr. PARNELL was warned against mixing with his representations of the wants and sufferings of his countrymen anything of a political nature. To do so, he was told, would weaken the effect of his cry for help, because it would awaken doubt and opposition in many quarters, whereas a simple appeal for starving women and children will go home to the hearts of all. Mr. PARNELL has taken kindly to this advice and acted in a great measure upon it. He has prosecuted his political mission indeed, but much more calmly than he might otherwise have done, and he has taken care distinctly to state in his speeches that he wishes the charitable subscriptions to be kept apart from the political. We have no means of knowing yet, how

some papers have pronounced themselves, whether his political mission is a failure or not, but his charitable mission has so far been a success, and he will have reason to be proud of seeing his name associated therewith. No appeal of ours is needed to strengthen the hands of those who are collecting for the poor and starving Irish people. Their need is deplorably great and must be immediately relieved. There is no dallying with hunger and cold. They must be met at once. Hence the necessity of pushing through the collections as rapidly as possible.

GEORGE STEWART, Jr.

On the 27th of July, 1872, we published a portrait of Mr. STEWART, who has recently been honoured in an especial manner by the International Literary Association of Paris of which M. VICTOR HUGO is the acknowledged head. The occasion of that portrait was the retirement of Mr. STEWART from the editorship of Stewart's Quarterly—a magazine which he had conducted with marked ability and power for upwards of five years. We offer no apology for the publication of a fresh and better portrait of the young author to-day, for during the seven or eight years which have passed away the subject of it has done much to entitle him to the best recognition of the Canadian reader. To those of our readers, who can claim any acquaintance with Canadian literature, Mr. STEWART's name will be perfectly familiar. He founded one of the earliest and best national magazines in this country—the Quarterly—published at St. John, N.B. Unfortunately for himself, and unfortunately for the tone of our literature, his venture, though well received in literary circles, did not meet with sufficient pecuniary aid to warrant its continuance. At the end of its fifth volume its spirited proprietor withdrew it from publication, much to the regret of the cultured classes among whom it was always a welcome visitor. Its pages were always well filled with instructive and interesting reading matter, and the estimation in which it was held can be best understood from the fact that at the time of its suspension Mr. STEWART was entertained at a public banquet by the first citizens of St. John, N.B. On this occasion also he was presented with a number of valuable books.

GEORGE STEWART, JR., son of GEORGE STEWART, Esq., merchant of St. John, N.B., was born in the city of New York, on the 26th of November, 1848. He removed with his parents to Canada in 1851, living in London, Ont., till 1859, when he went to St. John, N.B. He began writing for the press at the age of 14. In 1865 he founded the Stamp Gazette, a little journal devoted to the interests of stamp collectors. This paper he continued until 1867, when he relinquished it for a higher flight, of which Stewart's Quarterly was the result. This publication closed its career in 1872. In 1876-7 Mr. STEWART was the reviewing editor of the St. John Watchman—a paper known throughout the Dominion for its bright, scholarly criticisms of the current literature of the day. Later on he became city editor of the St. John Daily News. He has been a contributor of essays, sketches and tales to the Maritime Monthly, St. John, the Canadian Monthly and Belford's Monthly, Toronto; Appleton's and Scribner's, New York; Potter's American Monthly, Philadelphia; the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal, &c., &c. In May, 1878, Mr. STEWART left St. John for Toronto, Ont., to take the chief editorship of Belford's Canadian Monthly—a position which he held for one year, when he removed to Quebec to occupy the leading position on the Morning Chronicle of that city. In addition to his editorial work on the Chronicle, Mr. STEWART is engaged just now in writing a series of biographical sketches of eminent Canadians for a Toronto publishing house, and a number

of articles for one of the best known American magazines. He has lectured several times chiefly on literary subjects, his efforts in this direction being marked by assiduous scholarship, critical culture, natural vivacity and good taste. On the eve of his departure from St. John, he was presented with an address and a magnificent gold watch by the Oddfellow's Society, of which organization Mr. STEWART is a distinguished member. In September, 1879, he was elected an associate member of L'Association Littéraire Internationale—a Society which numbers among its fellows such names as Tennyson, Longfellow, Bancroft, Emerson, Froude, Gladstone, Beaconsfield, Grey, Emilio Castelar, Blanchard Jerrold, &c. Mr. STEWART is the first Canadian to enjoy this high honour. In January of this year he was elected a member of the Council of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec—the oldest institution of its class in Canada.

His published volumes are (1) The Story of the Great Fire in St. John, N.B., (1871) a history of the conflagration in St. John, which was written in a fortnight and passed through three large editions; (2) Evenings in the Library, a collection of gossip and of critical conversations about popular authors of the day—a book of much genial criticism; (3) Canada under the Administration of the Earl of Dufferin—a work which has been favourably reviewed in these columns. It has passed into two editions.

On the 28th of April, 1875, Mr. STEWART married Miss MAGGIE M. JEWETT, the accomplished niece of E. D. JEWETT, Esq., of Lancaster Heights, St. John, N.B.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

JEWEL cases are fastened by a bee which remains firm in its position until its wings are pressed in a peculiar way.

DRELS between editors are very rare, and some serious; perhaps it is a new way of seeing the old year out, or of balancing accounts.

At the Hotel Drouot, recently, was sold the collection of the Comte de Pourtales-Gergier, old stained glass of the 16th and 17th centuries, and old Chinese porcelains. It was a rare treat for the connoisseurs, those without money enough, to fill with their eyes that would last them for many a year.

IMMEDIATELY after the opening of the winter session of the Chambers, preparations will be made for the official grand balls at the palace of the Elysee. These balls, to the number of four, will be given successively at an interval of a fortnight, concurrently with the receptions of the President of the Republic, to be held on Thursday of each alternate week.

M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS fils will publish, on the 20th inst., his new work on a question of the day—divorce. The date of the publication of this interesting book, which is to be entitled La Question du Divorce, was fixed to coincide with the return of M. Leon Renault's report to the Chamber of Deputies.

"PARIS coachmen," the Shah observes, as if recording the habits of certain birds or beasts in the forests of Mazandaran, "never have any fixed hours of repose. I have not yet seen a coachman that keeps awake when not actually moving. Whenever his master, or the person who has hired the vehicle, goes into a shop or into a house to visit some one, or stops there a short time, the coachman immediately falls asleep, and sleeps on again till his master comes out. Every coachman has a newspaper in his hand, but before he can begin reading it he is fast asleep."

M. CAZENEUVE, the celebrated cook, has just died in Paris, at the remarkable age of ninety-six. As far back as 1815 he was chef de cuisine to General Blicher, to whom he was recommended by the then Duke d'Angoulême, afterwards Charles X. After the Treaty of Peace, Cazeneuve followed his master to Berlin, whence he returned to France in 1825, on the occasion of the King's coronation. He entered the service of M. de Talleyrand, and soon afterwards reached the height of his ambition in being attached to the Royal Kitchen of the Tuileries. After the death of Charles X., Cazeneuve served his successor with equal zeal, and retired from his profession at the Revolution of 1848.

MADAME ELIZA, who trained so many of the Empress of Austria's horses is making quite a sensation in Paris at the Hippodrome, the enormous circus between the Avenue de l'Alma and Avenue Josephine. La Pezzold, as the Empress playfully styles Madame Eliza, drives four thorough-bred horses that are her own property. Some idea of the Hippodrome may be had by taking its dimensions and cost only. It covers 75,000 square feet, holds 8,500 persons without crowding, and its working expenses is about £1,000 a day. French people are drifting into American forms and getting up everything on a large scale, believing in bigness as a certificate of merit.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY, January 26.—The Greek Ministry have resigned.—M. Gambetta is reported to be seriously ill.—A weavers' strike is imminent at Burnley, in Yorkshire.—The minority in the Spanish Cortes have resigned their seats.—The Kohistanis are preparing an expedition against the British.—The Afghans are making preparations for another attack on the Shirpuz.—It is said that the French Government has ordered the occupation of Tonquin.—The French Government has announced its continued opposition to universal amnesty.

TUESDAY, January 27.—Lord Beaconsfield is reported to have recovered from the bronchial attack from which he has been suffering.—It is rumoured that Persia and Beloochistan have formed an alliance under English influence, against Afghanistan.—Prince Hohenlohe has assured M. De Freycinet of his Government's desire to maintain friendly relations with France.—At a recent meeting in Paris of Turkish bondholders, it was resolved to ask the Government for an international commission to look after their interests.—An English journal in Constantinople has been suspended and its office closed by the police, in violation of the capitulation terms. The Porte is to be called to account.

WEDNESDAY, January 28.—M. De St. Vallier, French Ambassador at Berlin, is to remain at that Court.—Medical opinion confirms the insanity of Guzman, who attempted to shoot King Alfonso.—The State House at Augusta, Me., was thrown open yesterday, and Governor Davis hopes that the trouble is now over.—Davitt and Brennan, the Irish agitators under indictment for sedition, are to be sent for Parliament by the Mayo Nationalists, on condition of their not taking their seats.—Popular risings have occurred in County Antrim, in opposition to attempts to evict tenants who refused to pay their rent.—Incendiary fires are also reported from the same part.—General Roberts is expecting the natives to renew their attack on the British positions in a few weeks, and is making preparations to give them a warm reception. The Ghuznee rebels have offered to disperse if Yakoub Khan is reinstated.—A considerable force of Hindoos from the Nagas Hills territory have made a raid into the adjoining portion of Bengal, laying waste and destroying numerous tea gardens, and killing the managers. It is rumoured that the affair is due to the influence of malcontents in British Burma.

THURSDAY, January 29.—Grand banquet to Hon. Mr. Chapleau and Cabinet at Sherbrooke.—Affairs in Augusta, Me., are fast resuming their normal condition.—The district of Herat is to be transferred to Persia.—The ex-Governor of Jellalabad has joined the rebels at Ghuznee, with a number of guns.—The German Government has imposed a defence tax on all those exempted from military duty.—Sitting Bull, with 69 lodges, is reported going south after the buffalo. Trouble is anticipated.—An extensive robbery of arms and ammunition, it is supposed by members of the Freixan Association, has taken place at Chester.—The Ghuzneers have notified General Roberts of their intention to fight to the end, unless Yakoub Khan is reinstated on the Afghan throne.

FRIDAY, January 30.—Pope Leo has given 10,000 francs towards the relief of the poor in Ireland.—The Spanish Senate has passed the modified bill for the abolition of slavery in Cuba.—It is stated that a congress of the signatory powers of the Treaty of Berlin is to be summoned to settle the Greek frontier question.—It is said to be Bismarck's intention to re-open negotiations with the Vatican and to have such clauses of the May laws abolished as stand in the way of the establishment of a solid peace.—The efforts of the British in Afghanistan to prevent a junction of the tribes have not been so successful as could have been wished, and there is no doubt now that another campaign will have to be undertaken as soon as the Kohistanis have collected a sufficient force to commence the attack.

SATURDAY, January 31.—Inauguration of the railway on the ice at Montreal.—The King of Italy will be a Calcutta despatch says Yakoub Khan has been defeated by Ibrahim.—Lieutenant Governor Cauchon was married to Miss Lemoine, of Ottawa, at Chicago.—A Valparaiso despatch says Comacho has been made President of Bolivia.—Stanley, the African explorer, is reported to have reached the last fall of the river Congo.—A man of war has been ordered to La Paz, Lower California, for the protection of British lives and property.—Up to midnight the Sarmatian, with the Princess Louise on board, had not been signalled, at which hour a blinding snow-storm set in.

OBITUARY.—M. Granier De Cassagane, author and journalist, at the age of 72 years.

The Marquis of Anglesey, a Liberal member of the House of Peers, aged 31.

Sir Donaldu John Corrigan, Bart. He was born in Dublin, December 1, 1802.

MIDNIGHT SILENCE BY THE SEA.

Midnight! Nature sleeps now, freed from care: A dome of darkness frowns above; Hail, sable night! so dark yet fair, Nature's veiled daughter, void of love! Lo! stater Silence holds the throne And reigns o'er earth in sweet repose! But as all kingdoms have their own, You also have your restless foes! Hear but the breakers' hissing rush! They check thy universal sway And with their ceaseless, scolding crush Defy and mock thee: light and day—Mid darkness, melancholy grand, Hear! from the boundless vault o'erhead A voice re-echoes to each grain of sand—Eternity! the life-time of the Dead!!

F. ROBERT BROWN.

Montreal, January 29, 1880.

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE AT RIDEAU HALL.

I left the Grand Central Depot, New York, at 8.30 P. M., struck Utica at 5 A. M., changed cars, reached Ogdensburg at noon, crossed the St. Lawrence at one, arrived at Prescott at 1.15, where I was encountered by rosy custom-house officials wrapped in fur from head to heel, boarded the cars, and at 4.20 beheld the twelfth century Gothic State Buildings of the Dominion's capital looming up through a snow fog, strongly and strangely reminding me, in miniature, of England's Parliament Houses by the River Thames. My first duty was to announce my arrival in Ottawa, and, after the harmless necessary wash, I chartered a blooming sleigh, all scarlet and gold and bearskin, and spun cheerily along the two miles of snow-sheeted road that lay between mine hostelry and Rideau Hall, the official residence of John Douglas Sutherland Campbell, Marquis of Lorne, Lord Lieutenant-General and Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada.

The vice-regal domicile is not by any means a lordly dwelling-house, being a low, wide-extending private mansion, with two wings, one of which resembles a primitive Methodist chapel, the other possessing an undeniable *souçon* of a meeting-house. Rideau Hall was originally built by the late Hon. Thomas McKay, and named after the river and falls in its vicinity. The residence with about seventy-seven acres of the estate was leased to the Government in August, 1865, for the sum of \$4,000 per annum, with the right to purchase within three years for \$70,000, and subsequently within twelve years for such sum as might be determined upon by arbitration. An additional ten-acre lot adjacent to it was added at a lease of \$720. At the outset alterations and improvements to the property cost the Government over \$80,000. These improvements consisted of new buildings, comprising vinery, laundry, winter carriage-house, coach-house, ice-house, stables, etc. The Government purchased the property in 1868 for \$162,000. Since that date upwards of \$150,000 have been expended in additions and \$295,000 in repairs. The Hall is surrounded by thirty-five acres of artistically laid-out grounds, which, on the occasion of my visit, were "enshrined in seamless snow."

On my return to mine hostelry I found a letter from Major de Winton, private secretary to His Excellency, informing me that the Governor-General would receive me upon the following morning, and 10.30 saw my sleigh skimming into the *porte cochère* of the Government House.

The door was opened by a stalwart sergeant—formerly, by the way, in the Life Guards and at the relief of Lucknow as an artilleryman—who was attired in England's red. Another orderly-sergeant stood at attention, while a sentry gazed grimly at me as, Martini-Henry on shoulder, he paced backwards and forwards, reminding me of Brinsley Sheridan's luckless creditor who "walked fifty miles on this d—d carpet."

I waited, while my card was being delivered to Major de Winton, in a large hall, with short stairways right, left and centre, the latter giving a glimpse of a sombre interior. The hall is fitted up in oak, with high oaken dados. The paper above the dado is chocolate-color. The Visitors' Book stands at a desk beside a stove. On the desk is the following order:

"The A. D. C. in waiting will be much obliged if visitors will write their names and addresses, in Ottawa, in full."

The sergeant returned to the head of the central staircase, and requested me to follow him. I passed across the inner hall, wherein hangs a superb photograph of the Queen, done in 1875, the gold frame surmounted by the V. R. Here also is a bust—life-size, in bronze—of the Marquis of Lorne, in fur cap and fur collar, executed by Miss Montalba. The hall is furnished with oaken cabinets laden with real "bits o' Chelsea," statuettes and vases in majolica. The carpet is Brussels, a dull-red with white flowers. The hall leads to a corridor which runs the entire length of the building. This corridor, carpeted as the hall, is broken by glass doors, alcoves, and three sets of unimposing staircases.

In a snug and cheery room to the right I found Major de Winton, the most courteous and earnest of "swell" officials, who, after a brief but pleasant chat, proceeded to announce my arrival to His Excellency. Following the major along the gloomy corridor until we arrived at a door on the left, through which came pouring a flood of dayshine, I stepped into the presence of the Governor-General.

The Marquis of Lorne was seated at a cabinet-desk close to the window, a buffalo robe enshrouding his chair. He was attired in a blue shirt with a turned-down collar, a brown scarf, a blue coat with Atrachan collar and cuffs, and braided in black silk after the fashion of a hussar jacket. His trousers were of light plaid, his boots laced, with yellow tops and india-rubber soles. He wore no ornament save a massive gold watch-chain of the curb pattern, and two plain, lumpy gold rings.

"Welcome to Canada!" he cheerily exclaimed, as, starting from his chair, he advanced to meet me with extended hand.

Let me describe the Governor-General's study. The apartment is evenly proportioned and lighted by two large windows, which look upon the skating-rink and the tobogganing gallery. The paper is gray; the carpet, Brussels—green, covered with ferns. The grate is English, and brass-fitted; the mantel, white marble, sur-

mounted by a mirror. On either side of the mantel comes the gas through the heads of bronze Mousquetaires; on either side of the mirror are the portraits of the late Duchess of Argyle, the Governor-General's mother, and the splendid Duchess of Sutherland, his lordship's aunt, and to whom the Queen was so devotedly attached. On the mantel is a clock "ticking the minutes with a weird and skeleton hand." Two photographs of Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise stand on the mantel-piece, one in her wedding-dress, coloured, the other a head only. A superb piece of Gobelins tapestry adorns the northern wall. His Lordship's desk is very deep, very wide, and covered with scarlet cloth. A remarkable ink-bottle stands on the right hand—a horse-hoof shod in silver, the lid bearing the inscription, "The hoof of the charger that carried Lord Clyde through the Crimean War." Lord Clyde, it will be recollected, was the Sir Colin Campbell, who did such splendid service with the 93rd Highlanders at Balaclava. On the desk, confronting the Marquis, is a full-length photograph of the Princess Louise and another portrait of the illustrious lady set in a gold medallion. A miniature of the Queen in ivory, in a scarlet velvet open case, also ornaments a desk laden with—oh! blessed sight—quill pens, and with all the aesthetic *impedimenta* appertaining to scribbling in high latitudes.

A splendid photo of Inverary Castle, the seat of the Duke of Argyle, and an India ink drawing by the Princess Louise of the "home-coming," occupy the southern wall; but the place of honour is relegated to a superbly executed portrait of the late Duchess of Argyle, the intense sweetness of expression which rendered her tranquil beauty so exceedingly winning being admirably rendered. Here, also, are pictures in oil, by the hand of the royal lady of the house, right masterfully executed, the subjects being selected among scenes in bonnie Scotland. An open bookcase, painted white, runs along this wall like a dado, "Hansard's Parliamentary Debates" forming a menacing battery on the top. On a table in the centre of the apartment lay a large morocco-bound volume, inscribed, "Addresses, 1878," and, beside it, three of those scarlet morocco-bound, royal-armed, lion-and-unicorn despatch boxes, so dear to Ministers of State, and other high and mighty personages of Queen Victoria's Government.

On the eastern wall hangs a very large photo of the Princess Louise, and a bunch of red flowers, on a gray ground, painted by Her Royal Highness. On a cabinet stands a coloured portrait of the Princess in walking costume. A glass case of salmon flies and "spoons," terra-cotta vases, a number of breech-loader cartridges, a pair of snow-shoes, an outstretched morocco frame, containing photographs of the Argyle family, also adorn the cabinet.

The Governor-General, after having expressed regret at the death of Mr. Frank Leslie, plunged *in medias res*, chatting with vigorous animation upon many subjects, from the *Trocullis* of Mexico to the proposed Canadian Academy of Arts.

"I am very much interested in this proposed Academy," said the Marquis. "We have lots of talent in this country that requires to be developed and fostered. I want this Academy to be formed utterly independent of any Governmental or Departmental aid. It must make its own way, as did the Royal Academy of England. I have offered a medal for the best design in any art application of any Canadian plant, flower, or leaf for manufacturing purposes."

Apròpos of Mr. Parnoll's visit to the United States, the Marquis laughingly observed:

"If this sort of thing goes on, America will not only have to support the tenants, but the landlords as well."

After a brisk chat upon various topics, the Governor-General started to his feet, exclaiming:—

"Come out and see how we manage to pull through the winter here;" and, wrapping himself in a blue, blanket-hooded coat, lined and bound with scarlet, he strode along the corridor into the hall where the sentry presented arms, the sergeants saluted, and from thence out into the grounds to the curling rink.

"Curling is essentially a Scottish game," observed the Marquis. "We are very fond of it here, and we have some first-class curlers. I play the Vice-regal Club to-day against the Arnprior, a local club. You'll see some good play."

The curling rink is situated in a long shed, lighted at either side by windows—when dayshine fades, by gas-jets. The floor is of ice, forty-two yards long, as smooth as ice may be, and level as a billiard-table. The ice is marked at both ends by circles of "sets." The "stones" to be spun along the ice range from fifty to sixty-two pounds in weight. The walls and roof of the rink at Rideau Hall are painted white, relieved by toboggans, their scarlet cushions breaking the white. The ante-rooms at both ends are fitted up for spectators, who can witness the play in heat and comfort through plate-glass windows. The ante-room through which we passed is fitted up in scarlet, with racks for skates, rubbers and boots. Against the wall is a handsomely-framed printed notice, headed, "Vice-regal Curling Club of Canada," with list of members and officers, the Princess Louise being patroness. The following doggerel, in chalk, upon a black board, written by one of the staff, should not be omitted:

"In curling, there's one thing to be thoroughly known, And that is, that the 'skip' always goes it alone; Another thing is—save the 'skip'—'in' the 'tee' Is a place where no man ought ever to be."

"Now, then," exclaimed the Marquis, "come out and have a look at our toboggans."

Standing at a height of seventy feet from the ground is a wooden structure, enclosed on three sides only, of about four feet square, supported on a framework of timber. This enclosure is approached by wooden steps, one side of the stairway being occupied by a flat board, thoroughly iced, along which the toboggan is trailed by the tobogganist, as he or she ascends to the slippery starting-point.

The Marquis led the way, dragging his toboggan after him.

To the uninitiated it may as well be stated that the toboggan is a flat board of about five feet in length, eighteen inches in breadth, with the prow turned or rolled over. Upon the toboggan a cushion is placed, and upon the cushion the tobogganist either lies flat upon his stomach or assumes a sitting posture with stiffened knee-joints, the feet being firmly pressed against the roll of the prow.

When we gained the summit of this wooden structure the Marquis observed:

"I'm awfully sorry you weren't here on New Year's night. It was a vivid scene. I had the headlight of a locomotive just here," pointing to its empty frame, "and all along down there were Chinese lanterns."

The "down there" meant a strip of snow in a wooden groove about a quarter of a mile long, at an angle of forty-five.

"Now, then, I'll give you a toboggan experience."

The toboggan was placed on the floor of this tower, with its prow peeping over the icy steep.

"Just sit down, so," exclaimed the Marquis. "Put your feet against the prow there. Take hold of the rope. Lean back against me as much as ever you like;" and, turning to one of his staff, "Just tuck in that ulster for him, will you?"

My ulster, a real bit of Irish frieze, was duly wrapped around my legs, and I awaited my fate.

"All ready?" demanded the Marquis.

"All right, sir."

"Let her go!"

I have an indistinct recollection of darting through the air, of losing breath and vision, of a champagne feeling, glorious in its intoxication, of regaining mind and sight, of skimming like a bird along the pure white snow, of slowing, and—then I had my first tobogganing experience.

"We ought to have done better," observed the Marquis in rueful tones. "If it wasn't for the thaw I could have spun you out beyond that turn."

I had done seven hundred yards in twenty seconds, and was perfectly contented. In the second slide the Marquis caught my hat which had blown off, while we were in full career, and waved it above his head. This was a wonderful catch, rivaling his cricket experiences at Eton College.

An aide-de-camp having announced the arrival of the Arnprior Club, we returned to the Curling Rink, but not until Lord Lorne had graciously shown me a log-hut he had erected beside a new skating-ink out in the middle of a grove of pines. The view of Ottawa from this coigne of capital is especially picturesque.

The Arnpriors proved themselves to be good men and true, and the Vice-regals had to look closely to their laurels. Major de Winton, who is a capital curler, flung himself, *con amore*, as did also the Governor-General, into the game, and it was an exciting sight to behold the Marquis, in his turn, besom in hand, sweeping the ice with a rapidity that would put half a dozen spider-brushes to the blush, as his stone came curling slowly along to the "tee."

Leaving the curlers to their game, by permission of the Governor-General I returned to the house, where his lordship subsequently joined me, and honoured me by acting as *cicerone*.

Commencing with the billiard-room, with its English table, pockets, balls and cues, we turned into the tennis-court, admirably devised for killing the dead hours of a rainy day, and from thence to the smoking-room, an egg-shaped apartment furnished with luxurious easy chairs, the walls covered with coloured prints of the uniforms of the British service.

"Here is an old print I picked up, when I was over last year, in St. James street," observed the Marquis, as he pointed to a quaint, out of drawing coloured picture of the "Taking of Quebec." "This is rather good," nodding towards a water-colour sketch of a fancy ball given at Buckingham Palace by the Queen, the costumes being of the period of the Restoration.

Crossing the hall we repaired to the ball-room, a very handsome, lofty room and pale-green with a dais in scarlet at one end, the wall at the other being completely concealed by a magnificent piece of Gobelins tapestry in vivid preservation, although over two hundred years from the loom. Passing along the corridor, where the Montreal illuminated and emblazoned addresses shines from the wall, we entered the drawing-room. This apartment is papered in deal light-blue with gray leaves. It has three windows on the right looking upon a veranda. The cornices are blue and white. The carpet and curtains are of dark-blue. There are two English grates, with gray marble mantelpieces surmounted by mirrors. A grand piano occupies a post of honour, while *bric-à-brac* and countless and costly knick-knacks appear on gipsy tables and cabinets and brackets. The walls are rich in works of art. The Princess Louise, life-size, in her bridal dress, veil, orange-blossoms and all; a Doré, illustrating a passage in Tenayson's "Elaine," the quotation in the artist's writing;

a portrait of Prince Albert. Superb water-colours hang everywhere—Windsor Castle from Datchet Meade, Inverary Castle, Glen Shira, Venice, Como, Nuremberg. A charming photograph of the Princess Louise in walking attire, enshrined in a Gothic silver frame is especially noticeable, while the display of Sévres is as rich as it is unique.

Between the drawing-room and the boudoir of the Princess Louise is the library, a bright, cheery retreat, the open bookcases being white. I found the floor piled with *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* and French pictorial papers neatly arranged preparatory to binding, while the table was littered with all the British and foreign quarterlies. The literary contents of the bookcases betrayed a varied and cultured taste, the French and German elements being strongly in force. On a writing table near the window lay the Bible. Coloured prints of religious subjects—from the old masters—cover the walls, and a bronze clock, crowned with a bust of the Queen, ornaments the mantel-piece. From the library we entered the boudoir of the Princess Louise. It is in this sanctum that the aesthetic tastes of Her Royal Highness reveal themselves. The apartment is all blue—walls, carpet, curtains. The white doors are exquisitely painted over with branches of apple trees in full leaf and fruit, the handiwork of the Princess. Again, we have two pieces of superb Gobelins, and between the windows, of which there are three, glowing flowers on dead-gold panels. A painting of a brick wall covered with peaches is also from the brush of the Princess, the picture having been finished but two days before the fire at Inverary Castle. A very enlarged photograph of the Queen occupies one corner of the room, an old silver casket of quaint design supporting it. Two canaries in gilded cages sing blithely in the windows, and immediately beneath the cage of the sweetest singer stands the *escritoire* of the Princess, laden with its gorgeous blotter and its gilt inkstand, bearing the royal arms, and facing the glass door leading into the conservatory, rich in the most luxuriant ferns. A Capo di Monti clock in ebony and blue tiles stands upon one mantel-piece, while the other groans under grotesques in Sévres. The chandelier is of glass. A cabinet edition of Shakespeare and Tenyson, together with some French novels, lay scattered on the principal table, while on a small stand opposite the crackling fire are spread the latest French and English newspapers. A portrait of the Duchess of Kent, the mother of the Queen, holds a conspicuous position in the boudoir, as do also photographs of the Princess of Wales and the Princess Beatrice.

"These are very rare prints," observed Lord Lorne, pointing to three framed engravings. "They give one an admirable idea of Quebec prior and subsequent to the storming by Wolfe;" and the Marquis, as though he had been in command on that eventful occasion, went through the entire plan of attack.

"The frames are valuable," he observed, from the fact that up to three months ago they formed part of the timbers of a ship sunk during the siege."

I would recommend to the notice of my lady readers the antimacassars in this boudoir, which are of the roughest and the whitest bath toweling, with pink and yellow and blue dog-daisies worked in upon them.

A gong announced luncheon, and presently the curlers filed into the dining-room. With Thackeray, I hold the mahogany to be inviolable, so I shall content myself by merely stating that His Excellency's cook is a *cordón bleu*, and his wine merchant worthy of being canonized.

The dining-room is a large oblong apartment. The walls and carpets are in dull red. Portraits, after Winterhalter, of the Queen and Prince Albert, adorn the end walls. The buffets, right and left of the entrance, are of black walnut, with game subjects in relief. Gold salvers stand *en plaque*, three on each buffet. Claret jugs of horn, mounted in silver, with the Argyle arms emblazoned thereon, support the salvers. A silver biscuit box in the shape of a drum, is a notable object as it bears the inscription "From the soldiers of the Ninety-first Argyleshire Highlanders, presented, by the kind permission of Her Majesty, to Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, on the occasion of her marriage, March 21st, 1871." Two very fine specimens of Van Goyen, village scenes, overhang sideboards standing in recesses at either side of the fireplace, wild ducks shot by the Marquis, and stuffed being suspended on the centre panel of each, with the date of their destruction. There are also two oil paintings of Highland scenery in the room, and a large and imposing landscape. The furniture is of black walnut, upholstered in claret-colored morocco leather, plain, heavy and useful.

The bracing air of Canada would seem to be on good terms with the Marquis. He has become both stalwart and stout. His yellow hair is less *en évidence* than when I last saw him in England, and health and contentment reign in his bright, intelligent face. There will be no Court at Rideau Hall, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding.

It was late in the evening when I took my leave of the blue-blooded Laird of Lorne.

THE first messages of the new telegraph line to South Africa were sent by Queen Victoria to the Sultan of Zanzibar, Sir Bartle Frere, and Sir Garnet Wolseley on the 25th of December. They were received on the 27th, and the replies arrived in London on the 29th.

D. J. Stewart mag. N.P.N. 127

LILLIE LONSDALE.

In presenting the portrait of this estimable and gifted lady we do a pleasure to her numerous friends, not only in this city, where she resided for some years, but throughout the whole of Canada where she was well known. Her last place of residence was Hamilton where her worthy husband is engaged in professional business, and where she expired on the 9th January, after suffering for a long time from an internal disease of a most painful character which the best medical skill was unable to combat. The deceased lady was the eldest daughter of the late Sir Thomas Littleton Holt, of Warwickshire, England, and much against the wishes of her family she took to the stage in early life. In that profession she won a distinguished position and her name has long been familiar to the lovers of the drama. Eleven years ago she came to Canada with her husband, Mr. Thos. Wavell, well and favourably known in business circles of this city, and since that period she did not follow the stage as a profession, but retained all her old love for it, and at the call of every deserving charity her dramatic services were always freely bestowed, and they were greatly appreciated. Her cultured intelligence and warm-hearted sympathies gained for her a very large circle of friends in Montreal, Hamilton and wherever she resided, and many of the poor will deeply deplore her loss, for she had almost a passion for acts of charity and kindness. It was not merely that she gave from her purse to relieve distress, but wherever it came to her notice she went to it and cheered the sufferer with her sympathy and assistance. She was a warm friend and a devoted wife, and the great esteem in which she was held was manifested at her funeral, one of the most imposing ever seen in Hamilton. Besides her husband the chief mourners were the Hon. Isaac Buchanan, Messrs. Thomas E. Brown, A. Peene, and John Townsend (formerly M.P. for Greenwich.) It is safe to say that not one of the ladies of her family could have left the world more honoured and amid the more sincere regret of her friends than Mrs. Wavell. She was very fond of literature and culture generally, and contributed many papers on social topics of an interesting character.

It is stated that Sir F. Roberts, in recognition of his services in Afghanistan, will receive a peerage.

AMONG the heroes of the Cabul war must be ranked the drummer boy of the 92nd High-



THE LATE LILLIE LONSDALE.

landers, who refused to fall out on the march to Cabul. As he was plodding wearily through the sand of the Loger Valley an officer advised him to fall out, but the reply came back prompt and stout, "Nae, nae, I'll nae fa' oot till I've washed my hands i' the Caspian!" The laddie's geography, it may be, was rather at fault, but his heart was right enough.

THE LANGUAGE OF GLOVES.—"Yes" is said by letting one glove fall; the gloves are rolled in the right hand to say "No." If you would have it understood that you have become indifferent, partly unglue your left hand. To indicate that you desire to be followed, strike your left shoulder with your glove. "I do not love you any more" is pronounced by striking the gloves several times against the chin. For "I hate you" turn the gloves inside out. "I should wish to be beside you" is said by smoothing the gloves gently. To ask if you are loved, the left hand is gloved, leaving the thumb uncovered. If you wish to make the charming confession, "I love you," both gloves are let fall at once. To give a warning, "Be attentive—we are observed," the gloves are turned round the fingers. If you would show that you are displeased, strike the back of your hands against your gloves; "furious," you take them away.

A CURIOUS MATCH.—Mlle Lebreton, the fiancée of Henri Regnault, the painter of "Salomé," and so many other famous works, and who died so heroically fighting against the Prussians in 1870, is about to marry Mr. Vaudoyer. The despair of Mlle Lebreton, and her faithfulness to the memory of the great painter, have rendered her quite a heroine. She had in her house a chamber draped in black, in which she had collected all the objects that she could find which had belonged to her fiancée, and in this chamber she used to pass long hours in meditation. She also occupied herself in gathering into a volume the remarkable letters which the young painter wrote to his family and to his friend, the painter Clairin. Mr. Vaudoyer is the well-known architect. He also is a widower, and curiously enough, the bust of his dearly-beloved first wife will be finished and sent to his house almost at the same time that his new wife arrives. Will Mlle Lebreton bring with her the souvenirs of her first fiancée? The home of the bereaved spouses, each bringing with them their funeral urns, will perhaps be lacking a little in gaiety. It reminds us of a legend of Gavarni, where a widow remarried, saying kindly to her new spouse. "Ah! Théodore, tu serais bien *ingrat*: si tu ne m'aimais pas, j'ai tant aimé mon premier."



THE IRISH DISTRESS.—PEAT GATHERERS ON THE MOORS.

OUR MEN OF LETTERS.

We begin to-day the publication of a series of portraits, with accompanying memoirs, of the principal literary men of the Dominion. As the News is primarily a literary paper this is for us a labour of love, but there is an act of justice in the same as well. Our men of letters, *celeris paribus*, deserve even more recognition than our politicians, for they really do more toward promoting the higher interests of the country. Hence they ought to be made known and properly appreciated. This we shall endeavour to compass in the ensuing papers. The field being rather a large one and somewhat indefinite, we have had to draw a line somewhere, and therefore will confine ourselves generally to those writers who have either published books or contributed to permanent publications. We open the series with Mr. George Stewart, jr., on the occasion of his election to membership in the Paris Society of Gens de Lettres.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

TEMPLE BAR is to be re-erected in Victoria Park.

THE *Times*, *Daily Telegraph* and *Daily News* intend having the debates this session sent by telephone instead of by messenger.

M. ERNEST RENAN intends giving a series of lectures in London, and is said to be now engaged in refreshing his English, in order to be able to deliver his harangues in that tongue.

A STATUE of the late Earl Russell will shortly be placed in the House of Lords. It will be six feet six inches high, and will represent him in his usual attitude when addressing the House.

THE Metropolitan Board of Works has resolved to contribute half a million sterling towards street widenings and the formation of a new street in connection with the completion of the "inner circle" of the metropolitan and district railways.

IT has been decided to erect a memorial in the city to Sir Louis Cavagnari. A public meeting was held to promote the object in the Grammar School at Christ's Hospital, where he was a pupil for several years. It was decided that the memorial should take the form of a tablet.

OUR MEN OF LETTERS I.



*Yours Always
G. Stewart, jr.*

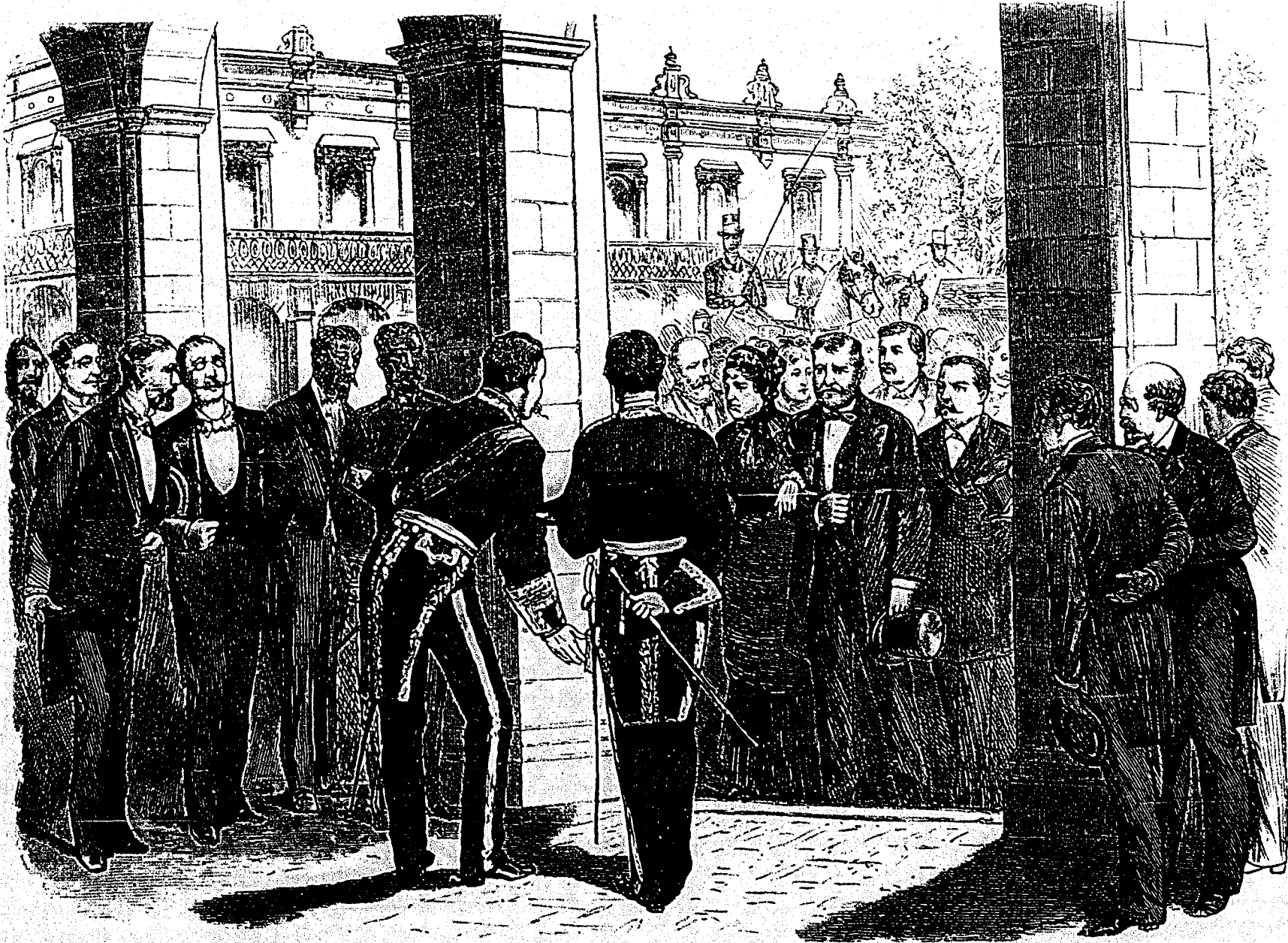
RBD houses are springing up everywhere in the West End. It is only in the last few days that Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has transformed his mansion in Eaton place from glaring white to the new Pompeian colour, and when Cabinet Ministers break out in this way all the world may be expected to follow them.

THE following advertisement appears in a London newspaper: "A gentleman, a magnificent pianist and improvisator will for a short time accept evening invitations to any nobleman's or gentleman's house, where his music would be a delightful attraction. The highest references. Honorarium, two guineas. A few days' notice required. Address," &c.

VERY early in the approaching session the Government will be asked as to what is to be done with the extraordinary collection of State prisoners whom they have at present more or less on hand. What is to be the fate and future of Yakoub Khan and the Afghan chiefs, of Cetewayo, of the Boer leaders, and of the Irish State prisoners who are at present out on bail?

HERALDED by an elaborate puff the new penny postage-stamp proves a great failure. The promised improvement in colour is represented by a faded red, and the beauty of the new design has not been discovered even with the aid of a microscope. It is to be presumed that it was felt some excuse was necessary for removing and altering the contract, and hence the preliminary flourish that has ended in disappointment.

DR. DONALD FRASER, preaching recently at the opening of a new Presbyterian church, mentioned the following anecdote: After a sermon preached by him at the opening of a church, a lady of fashionable position in society came to him. "Why should I have two watches while the house of God remains unpaid for?" adding, "I will give the better of the two toward the cost of the church." She did so, and a jeweller gave £52 for it, which was a sensible addition to the fund. Dr. Fraser added that at another collection on the previous Sabbath a lady who had not a piece of gold, and did not care to give silver, took the chain off her neck and put it on the plate. They might say that these were impulsive woman. "Well," added the Doctor, "impulsive women might rise up to condemn illiberal men in the day of the Lord."



RECEPTION OF GENERAL GRANT AT HAVANA.

A FRAGMENT.

"Give me back the days when
I too was young." — *Goethe's Faust.*

Give me back my happy childhood,
When the world seemed fair and bright;
And the mountain, green and wildwood,
Filled my spirit with delight.

Give me back those radiant faces,
Which have vanished in the gloom;
Who can fill the vacant places
Of the sleepers in the tomb?

Give me back the golden hour,
That on "angel wings" flew by,
While I plucked life's fading flowers,
Disbelieving they would die.

Give me back the hope I cherished
In the triumph of the truth—
Give me back the love that perished
In the dewy morn of youth.

Give me back my faint that Goodness
Will resume her ancient reign,
And the earth, being free from lowliness,
Will be Paradise again!
Paris, Ont. H. M. STRAMBERG

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

BY Z. AUBER.

A bleak December wind was howling through the leafless branches, and dashing the stormy waves against the rocks, as I sat at eleven o'clock one night some quarter of a century ago over my comfortable bedroom fire. I had dismissed my maid, closed my book, and extinguished my candle; and, attired in my dressing-gown, I had fallen into that dreamy, half-conscious state, in which the red-hot coals and the dying embers are wont to assume all sorts of fantastic shapes, and figures and faces, recalling the dead, and picturing to the mind's eye the familiar countenances of the absent living. I am afraid I cannot hope to offer a very interesting or romantic image to your mind's eye, oh, my reader, when I represent myself as being at that period a middle-aged spinster, with just a few incipient furrows on my brow and a few grey hairs scattered here and there over my head, perhaps more the traces of early sorrow than of advancing age. But Time, that great softener—if never an actual healer—of human woes, had softened mine, though without obliterating their memory; and the lonely old maid who has ventured to appear before you *was* and *is*—far from being an unhappy woman.

Surrounded by kind, if mostly rather distant neighbours, numbering among them a few intimate friends, I was enabled, by the liberal request of my aunt and godmother, both to own and to occupy the house that has been my home from infancy—a pretty dwelling in the old-fashioned cottage style, which, though not of spacious dimensions, would have been greatly in excess of my means, had I been dependent only on my small inheritance from my parents. This dear home of mine (*how dear, let the dwellers in these far-off regions tell!*) is situated on a grassy slope, leading by rather a steep descent to one of those lovely little coves on the North Devon coast, so well known to pedestrian travellers, and so prized by all true admirers of English scenery. My front windows command a full view of the blue sea, blue in something more than in name on the favoured shores of my native county, and often of many varied hues and tints, as, in the bright sunny days, it breaks in transparent wavelets upon the clear shining beach; on either side of the cove rise the turf-covered cliffs, whence in clear weather the outline of the Welsh coast is distinctly visible, like a long line of cloud across the purple horizon; while, sheltered and half-hidden among the rocks, nestled a picturesque fishing-village; its white-washed, thatched cottages, their walls altogether concealed by clustering honeysuckles, fuchsias, climbing roses and passion-flowers—the forest-trees, growing and flourishing almost to the water's edge—the venerable Church, with its ivy-covered granite tower,—complete the picture, and, all bathed in the glorious summer sunshine, offer to the eye a *tout ensemble*, to my fond fancy rarely equalled in our island.

And whose were 'the faces in the fire,' that came back from the grave, or from far distant lands, to revisit me that winter night, as I sat listening to the northerly gale beating the waves against the rocks of a coast as wild and stormy in one season as it is placid and smiling in the other? I know not why, but in my mental wanderings through the happy days of youth, one lovely June day was as it were singled out from a host of others like it, and rose so vividly before me, that the past became the present, and the present glided away like a dream.

Once more I stood, a girl of twenty, in our garden, with its flowery walks and its verdant mossy banks, descending towards the white pebbly beach, and the huge boulders, flung as by a giant's hand under the tall cliffs; again the deep blue billows, reflected from a sky as blue, and just stirred by a soft breeze, were gleaming in the golden sunlight, and the little fishing-boats with snowy sails were dancing gaily on their surface; again the warbling of the birds, and the remoter sounds of childish merriment from the village green, were in my ears; once more I gazed on the countenance of father and mother, who had long been sleeping peacefully in the churchyard, where the waves make ceaseless music and mourning over the dead—of brothers and sisters, since scattered far and wide through many lands—and I felt those looks and tones of departed love, and heard the joyous shouts of the younger ones at their play. My father, a retired naval officer, was repairing a

mother was sitting by him at her work, while the elder boys were helping him in his task. And yet another figure rose on the scene—that of one dearer to me than all the world besides, numbering then some five or six and twenty years, full of health and vigour and life. Where is he now? Long has he lain 'where pearls lie deep,' leaving many an aching heart behind him, and one more desolate than all, to mourn him through the weary days and nights, when months of suspense and anxious yearning had past, and it was certainly known that the brave, true, tender heart was stilled for ever beneath the restless waters.

So completely was I engrossed by these 'images of vanished things,' that I took no heed of the flight of time, till the fire beginning to burn low warned me that it must be growing late, and my watch told me that it was close upon twelve o'clock. Then, by another turn of thought, I was wondering whether the eagerly-expected arrival of some little Indian nephews and nieces (to be consigned to my care) would, or would not, add to my comfort and happiness after my years of solitude, when my notice was attracted by a sort of uneasy movement on the part of my favourite Tabby—a pet-cat being as you know, my reader, the universally recognized inseparable companion of an old maid. Glancing round the room into the now partially-darkened corners, I could not discern anything unusual, but perhaps Puss's quicker sense of sound might have detected another presence through that medium, for almost immediately afterwards I imagined that I heard a very slight rustle. However, after listening for a few minutes, I concluded that my waking dreams had made me fanciful, albeit not naturally prone to unearthly or ghostly terrors, and my house, old as it was, had somehow escaped the imputation of being haunted, even among our rather superstitious village folk; and I adopted the more probable supposition that the noise—if noise there were—had been caused by the wind, which was blowing almost a hurricane. I should here premise that it had been my habit, ever since I had lived alone, to guard my plate at night in a closet of the dimensions of a very small room at one end of my bedchamber, the spoons, forks, &c., in daily use, being brought and deposited nightly by my maid in the box with the rest within the closet; and it had further been my practice to make her lock my door on the outside; and take the key to her own attic, at the door of which my bell was hung, so that she could hear it without any delay in case of illness or other emergency. My window, though not on the ground-floor, was guarded by strong shutters; and thus it was altogether impossible that any one could effect an entrance into my room without giving me such notice as could not fail to arouse a far heavier sleeper than myself.

I arose to complete the process of undressing, when again a sound, all but inaudible, I fancy, to one whose nerves were in a less highly-wrought and sensitive state, was this time unmistakably heard by me, as proceeding seemingly from beneath my bed. My eye following the direction indicated by my ear, I saw plainly, through a corner by the bedpost, not entirely hidden by the valance, a human eye gazing fixedly on me. If I had not had sufficient presence of mind to ignore the discovery by any outward token of consciousness, I had not been here to day to tell the tale; but I evinced no sort of emotion at my unwelcome visitor's presence, and proceeded quietly and leisurely to brush my hair, while I considered my plan of operation in this unlooked-for strait. Any attempt to rush at my bell, or even to approach it more deliberately, would doubtless be frustrated by the robber, who was of course keenly watching all my movements; and here I was, a prisoner by my own act and deed, shut up with a man who was perhaps intending to take my life as well as my property. I offered up a silent prayer for strength and guidance in this trying situation, and I succeeded in keeping my hand steady, so that no tremulousness should betray me.

My scheme, such as it was, was quickly formed and matured. Without hurrying I went through the brushing of my hair, and completed my little disrobing arrangements. Next, I opened my jewel-case, which stood on the glass, by my dressing-table, took out my rings, brooches, and bracelets, &c., one by one, held them up to the light of the candle, and feigned to be engrossed in the occupation of rubbing and polishing them. One by one I replaced them, and then moved my casket into the closet before mentioned as containing my plate-box; this said closet was such as may still be met with in some old-fashioned houses, forming a very small room, and fitted with shelves and hooks whereon to hang dresses and cloaks. I had had a new door lately constructed of considerable thickness and power of resistance, with a strong patent lock and key, more for additional security in my absence than from any anticipation of requiring it when at home. While I was passing in and out of the closet, I contrived noiselessly to abstract the key, and afterwards to deposit it unobserved beneath my pillow. My ears were of course on the full strain, and from time to time I was sensible of the muffled sounds of the man's breathing, notwithstanding his evident struggles to suppress all such demonstrations, but probably the stifling atmosphere he had so long been inhaling under the bed was becoming by degrees almost unbearable.

At last, being quite ready to retire, with the exception of saying my prayers, I knelt down by my chair near the fire, and, contrary to my general custom, I uttered them aloud, I believe in a calm unbroken voice, adding to my usual

petitions the short collect in our Evening Service—"Light our darkness, we beseech thee, oh Lord; and by Thy great mercy defend us from all perils and dangers of this night, for the sake of Thy only Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen." Then I again extinguished my candle—(as it happened, the only one), and got into bed. The room was now but partially lighted by the remains of the fire, and for the first time, since early childhood, the growing darkness was terrific to me. I knew that, not to arouse suspicion, I must be cautious of pretending to be asleep; too suddenly or too quickly, and for several minutes I purposely gave furious indications of being wide awake, by turning and returning on my pillow, coughing and so forth, till I thought I might safely lie still, and endeavour to breathe with the regularity of a peaceful slumber; and by degrees I simulated all its outward signs to the best of my ability. This, as I had anticipated, was the signal for my companion to change his uncomfortable position; slowly and softly he emerged from his hiding-place, and commenced operations by lighting my candle at the fire. Next came the period of dreadful suspense—he approached me, flaring the flame before my closed eyes and leaning so near me that I could feel his breath upon my cheek—then, most horrible of all, he drew some sharp murderous instrument across my throat, the edge of the cold steel touching and scraping my skin. How I compressed myself to lie quiet and motionless during this ordeal, which must have lasted some two minutes or so, I know not, for it seemed to me more like a quarter of an hour in duration. But strength and courage, and even external composure, were given to me in my great necessity in answer to my prayers; and my relief may be imagined when the man turned away, unconsciously satisfied of my being in a state of unconsciousness. Almost in that very moment it occurred to me that my maid had asked my permission that night to share the room of a fellow-servant at quite a different part of the house from her own, and I, with no foreshadowing of danger hovering over me, had consented, as the woman had been unwell that day, and might be glad of Louisa's assistance, which I had little expected to stand in such urgent need of myself before another two or three hours should be past. As it flashed across my mind that possibly she might not hear my bell, even if the successful accomplishment of my schemes so far should enable me to ring it, I all but screamed out in my terror and anguish; and I suppose a faint shriek must have escaped me, for the fellow hastily retraced his footsteps to my bedside, where he repeated the alarming performance already so fully rehearsed; however he was doubtless soon convinced by my entire stillness that I was not awake, for he made no attempt to injure me, but, after experimenting upon me afresh with the candle and the sharp implement, he retreated again in the direction of the closet.

I was now persuaded that I had but one foe to contend with, and this assurance was a great source of comfort and encouragement, for I had not been without apprehension of a confederate entirely concealed from my view, in which case I could not have hoped to come forth victorious from the unequal struggle. I ventured one hurried glance at the intruder, as he stood, with his back partially turned towards me, and the light shining on a young and rather handsome face; but that glance, instantaneous as it was, impressed me with the belief that I had seen him before, and then it dawned upon me that he was—or had been till quite lately—a 'fellow' of my maid, whom I had endeavoured to dissuade from further encouragement of him, owing to the evil reports that were beginning to be current about him in our village, where he had taken up his abode as a stranger only a few months previously, his ostensible trade being that of a carpenter. Could it be that Louisa had been inveigled by her liking for this worthless Will Burton into aiding and abetting his designs, and that she was privy to this attempt of his? Such a notion might account for her request to change her sleeping quarters on this special occasion, and likewise for the information he seemed to possess of the locality in which my plate, as well as my jewellery, was kept, namely in and within my own room; perhaps, also he had thus learnt that I was richer in these articles and more worth the risk of plundering than most other single ladies in my position, from the kindness of the same aunt who had bequeathed to me the chief part of her fortune. But I dismissed the half-formed suspicion as a libel on the good and faithful girl, acknowledging to myself that he might have wormed much family history out of her during their courtship, without betraying that he was instigated by any worse motive than curiosity. All this passed through my mind with the rapidity of lightning, during the very brief interval between his leaving my bedside for the second time, and his fairly ensconcing himself, candle in hand, within the closet, the door of which he partly pulled to after him, but did not close it. I secured the key, and then, favoured by the still remaining light of the grate, I crept out of bed quite noiselessly, reached the closet-door, which I shut before Burton could turn round, and, as he had retreated to the shelf at the further end whereon I had designedly placed my dressing-case, I had just time to turn the key in the lock, while he hardly yet realized his situation in the face of such an unlooked-for move on the part of the enemy—just time, not a moment more, ere his kicks resounded from within, and his angry voice was raised in direful threats, oaths and imprecations.

I answered him not a word, but rushing to my bed, I rang it loudly and repeatedly, though, as I had feared, to no purpose. Those who know what heavy sleepers young servants habitually are, will not wonder that a bell, hung expressly to be heard in one room should fail to awaken them in another at the extremity of a long rambling passage. My housemaid had for several nights past been at her mother's in the village, to help in tending a sick sister, and I had little or no expectation of rousing the only man on the premises, who slept in a room over the stable. Any faint hope that the cook's slight ailment might have induced an unusual degree of restlessness in herself or her bedfellow was soon dispelled, and for the space of perhaps an hour I continued to ring vehemently every five minutes, until the rope gave way beneath my repeated and violent pulls, and I could pull no more. Meanwhile, Burton was kicking and pushing at the closet-door with all his might, uttering dreadful menaces, which I did not doubt he would execute, of murdering me the instant he should break through, and cursing his own folly and weakness in having spared my life when it was in his hands. The time wore slowly on—terribly to me—for I could not but believe that he must ultimately, with the strength of desperation, succeed in his efforts, and then I should find myself face to face with an enraged ruffian, and without chance or possibility of escape. The man taunted me with being also locked in, a circumstance of which I gathered from his expressions that he had only been made aware by my frantic, but necessarily ineffectual, struggles to open my own door with the closet key, and this ignorance on his part of my nocturnal practice proved to me the injustice of my passing misgiving that my poor Louisa was in league with him.

What more could I do? The fire, which I had no coals to replenish, was dying out, and the increasing obscurity added to the horrors of my forlorn condition, while it reminded me that if any further steps were delayed, they would soon be rendered impracticable by the total want of light. But what remained for me to attempt? The stormy wind bore to my ears the sound of the church clock, as it struck the hour of two. Suddenly I resolved to throw open the shutters, and so afford myself the last desperate resource of leaping out of the window, should I hear signs of the door yielding to the vehemence of Burton's unremitting blows and kicks; the latter, however, had fortunately been rendered less effectual by the absence of his heavy nailed boots, which he had left in a shed below, to obviate as much as possible any noise in ascending the stairs or in his after movements, otherwise I feel sure the panels must have been driven in. After awhile, the robber seemed to grow tired of this violent and fruitless exercise, for he became perfectly still, while gradually the darkness deepened through the room, and the weary interminable winter's night crept slowly on its course.

During this interval of silence and tranquillity which had succeeded to the incessant noises I fell into a strange state of semi-unconsciousness, the result, I think, partly of the benumbing influence of the cold upon my thinly-clad body, and partly of the weariness of mind consequent upon the excitement and strain of the last three hours. Events of days long gone by haunted me—oh especially, a real occurrence in the life of an old friend, as bearing a sort of resemblance to my own adventure that night. She was sleeping soon after her confinement with the baby and the month nurse in the same room, when she heard her door softly opened; but this caused her little or no alarm, as she fancied that it must be the hour for the household to rise, and that one of the maid-servants was coming in for a light; and great, indeed, was her surprise and consternation at the spectacle of three men entering with stealthy footsteps. Her first impression was that she was dreaming, then that she was wandering from weakness, or that her head was disordered by her recent illness; but she was speedily convinced that it was no delusion under which she was labouring, when one of the burglars (known in the profession by the *sobriquet* of "Black Foot," from the mask he wore), approached the foot of her bed, and presenting a pistol at her, threatened to shoot her dead if she made the slightest disturbance. Like many another woman of a calm, gentle, undemonstrative exterior, she was gifted with much fortitude and power of self-control, and her presence of mind did not desert her at this critical juncture, for while the men's backs happened to be turned, she signalled to the terrified nurse to reach her jewel box from the drawers which stood by the woman's bed, and to pass it on to her, and Mrs. D. then managed to secrete it under the clothes. I remember her telling me that her chief dread was lest the infant should wake and scream, and be murdered to still its cries. Mr. D., who was sleeping on the other side of the passage, was at last aroused by some noise proceeding from his wife's chamber, and came to the rescue; but though young and strong and vigorous, he was unable to offer any protracted resistance to such superior numbers, and after a brief but valiant struggle, he was forced to relinquish the unequal contest. Happily, the thieves decamped without inflicting serious injury on any one, and, being subsequently arrested and brought to trial, they were recommended by Mr. D. to mercy on the plea of their having abstained from bloodshed, and (according to the custom of that period as regarded notorious criminals on whom capital punishment was not inflicted), they were transported. Mrs. D., the friend of whom I speak,

was the subject of remarkable changes of fortune in the course of a chequered existence—a youth of indulgence and luxury, with all the brilliant prospects of a large heiress, was succeeded by years of such strongly-varied bitter afflictions and mortifications, as would seem to belong more to the realm of fiction than of fact. Through all she preserved her gentle equanimity and courage, and her life of singular vicissitude and suffering terminated in a "fiery trial," for she was burnt to death.

Burnt to death! Is it possible that an atmosphere of smoke is beginning to pervade my darkened chamber, or am I losing my senses, and transferring her latest experience to myself? I looked in the direction of the closet-door, and thought, of course, I could not see a yard before me, I soon apprehended that Burton was trying to set it on fire, either thus to release himself, or to frighten me into opening it, but it seemed to resist all his efforts to make it blaze, owing, as I afterwards found, to the wood not having been properly seasoned before the new door was put in. But though there was no actual flame, the damp timbers smouldered, and there was plenty of smoke. This produced another crisis in my night's adventures, for the wretched man, feeling himself gradually suffocating, began to cry aloud to me for pity, swearing that he would not lay so much as a finger on me or anything belonging to me, if I would, for the love of Heaven, free him, and calling down awful maledictions on his own head should he fail to keep his word. I was now bewildered beyond measure, for, were I to obey the dictates of natural compassion by unlocking the door, he and I must remain incarcerated in a *clo-a-clo* during the hours that were still to elapse before the household could be stirring, unless indeed he were at once to settle matters by cutting my throat, and then risking the leap from the window; while, on the other hand, the alternative was insupportable to me of allowing him to be slowly stifled in the confined air, which must have been nearly exhausted beforehand.

As a last resource before I liberated him, I leant out of the window into the thick darkness, and shouted with all my might for help. Thanks be to God! I attracted the attention of a coast-guardsmen on duty; my piercing accents reached his ear through all the howling of the wind and the roaring of the sea, and with gratitude unspeakable I watched him advancing, lantern in hand, to my aid in this extremity. He entered the garden gate, guided by the sound of my voice, and evidently puzzled at being unable to discern a light in any of the upper windows. In a few words I imparted him the state of affairs, imploring him to be quick, or I should have no option even without the poor protection and guidance which a candle might have afforded me, but to release my prisoner, who, in his desperation at realizing that rescue for me and capture for himself were otherwise inevitable, would probably kill me, and endeavour to effect his own escape. Finding that it was no easy matter to rouse the servants from their sound maternal slumbers by hammering at the front entrance or shouting at their casements, Harry Rogers darted off at full speed to the village for further assistance and for a ladder—thus again leaving me alone, as I felt, like Dr. Johnson in a boat, with only a plank between me and Eternity! It was now four o'clock. I knew the distance my young friend had to traverse, and that there must be some little delay in awakening the villagers and procuring what was needful, and, as I waited, the conviction grew upon me that if air were not admitted into the closet, Burton must die there and then. So, notwithstanding the coast-guardsmen's peremptory injunction on no account to open the door till his return, I resolved to hesitate no longer, but putting my whole trust in Him who had hitherto so wonderfully preserved me through the perils and dangers of the night, I took courage to face Will Burton and his knife.

It was not a moment too soon—for even as I turned the key in the lock, the gasps ceased, I heard the sound of a heavy fall on the floor, and I knew (though the candle had burnt out, and I could not see) that the man had sunk down insensible, I trusted not dead, for the thought of his dying thus, with an oath on his lips, and robbery, if not murder, in his heart, was an appalling one—the more so, that I might have saved him. I knelt by the motionless figure, raising his head a little towards the door, through which the wind was rushing from the open window, and I felt that he still breathed, and that he would probably revive.

My tale is nearly told. Before he had fully regained his consciousness the expected succour came, the servants were roused, and Burton was led off a prisoner. I was, of course, the principal witness against him at his trial, but I ventured to plead for as merciful a sentence as the judge could bestow, on the ground that the culprit had abstained from personal violence, and that he had already almost paid the penalty of death for his crime. His sentence was penal servitude for a term of years. The jail chaplain was unremitting in his efforts to reclaim him, and after his conviction he made a full confession to the following effect.

Rumours, only too true, of his having been concerned elsewhere in petty thefts never actually brought home to him, had caused him to experience great difficulty in procuring regular employment in his trade when he took up his abode among us, and the consequent dread of coming to want before the end of the winter, combined with Louisa's final rejection of him, had turned his thoughts towards robbing me, for by so doing he calculated both upon amply

supplying his own needs, and revenging himself upon the girl for his dismissal. Poor Louisa had already suffered enough herself, for his personable appearance and pleasing manners, with the most ardent professions of affection and promises of making her a good steady husband, had attached her to him, and thus while he was paying his addresses to her, he had gained from her the information of which he subsequently tried to avail himself. He had crept into the house at dusk, and secreted himself in my room, with his plans ready laid for the robbery, but in ignorance of my unwise habit of making a prisoner of myself at night, so that, when he heard the key turned as the maid left me, he merely supposed that I had locked myself in, and that the key remained in the door at his service for his exit. He added that he had been quite alone in this undertaking, without confederate, male or female, and that it had been his design, after loading himself with as much of my plate and jewellery as he could carry, to make off at once for the nearest seaport, whence he might embark with his stolen booty for the south coast of Wales, if not direct for America. But when he found himself caught in a trap from which neither his strength nor skill could extricate him, he conceived the idea of frightening me on my own account into setting him at liberty by igniting a flame sufficient to work upon my fears, but not beyond his power to quench so soon as it had served his end; here again, however, he had been foiled by the unseasoned wood, which refused to blaze, and gave forth instead the suffocating cloud of smoke, which had no outlet, and so became unbearable. Burton also owned to the chaplain that his intention at the outset had been to murder me, for he was at the time full of angry and vindictive feelings towards me, believing it to be mainly owing to my influence that Louisa had detached herself from him; moreover, he had gathered from his previous conversations with her that I was rather a light sleeper, who could not safely be trusted to remain unconscious throughout such proceedings as he was meditating, and he did not know that my maid had inadvertently given him another chance by sleeping on that occasion where, wrapt in the sound slumbers of youth, she proved to be out of reach of the sound of my bell. But he asserted that the earnestness with which he had heard me pray for the lightening of my darkness, and for deliverance from the perils and dangers of that night, had so far impressed and moved him as to change his purpose, and to determine him not to kill me, nor even to stupefy me with a heavy blow, unless I should awake and endeavour to raise an alarm. And thus that brief but beautiful petition, which has soothed and cheered so many an anxious and sorrowful heart under its nightly load of care for many generations, was to me the merciful instrument of my preservation from a sudden and violent death. And who shall say that the spark of good feeling kindled by these few touching words in the heart of one so nearly a murderer, has not been lighted up afresh to the illuminating of his conscience leading him in the first instance to receive the chaplain's exhortations in a less hardened spirit, not only to confession of his guilt but perhaps ultimately to repentance and amendment?

I have often lived through that night again, both in sleep and in waking hours, and have felt inclined to wonder how I avoided an illness when the excitement and the necessity for exertion were past. But so it was, and here I am to tell my tale, not merely alive, but well, and I trust ever mindful of my wonderful escape. To me indeed has come home through all these after years, with an ever-fresh meaning and power, the blessed promise, "Thou shalt not be afraid for any terror by night."

"For He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways."

Said to be a fact.

RAILWAYS ON ICE.

On the first page of the *Canadian Illustrated News* for January 31, Canada is said to have set an example to the rest of the world in at least three things. One of these is the building of "a railway over the St. Lawrence,"—referring, I suppose, to the track laid on the ice between Longueuil and Hochelaga. It would seem, however, that our American cousins have again led the way, for a similar feat has already more than once been accomplished in the United States.

The first locomotive and train of the Northern Pacific Railway crossed over the Missouri, west from Bismark, on the 12th February, 1879. The iron rails, thirty feet long, were placed upon twelve-foot ties, twelve inches wide, with three-foot centres, and resting directly upon the ice, which was from three to three and a half feet thick. General Rosser was the chief engineer.

The Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railway crosses the Susquehanna from Havre de Grace to Perryville, a distance of seven-eighths of a mile, and before the bridge was built, in 1867, the trains were transported on large ferry-boats. In the winter of 1851-52 the river was frozen over so that the boats could not be used, and during several weeks the trains crossed on rails laid on the ice.

CORVIA.

ONE of the late Wm. M. Hunt's pictures, sold by the artist himself a few years ago for \$800, has just been re-sold for \$5,000.

"LA FOI DE BREHAUT VAUT MIEUX QU'ARGENT."

The ancient family of Bréhaut is descended from the distinguished race of Normans, many of whom formed part of the politico-religious party, in the sixteenth century, known as Huguenots. Some of the ancestors were among the unfortunate number, who, by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes (Oct. 1685), were deprived of their liberties and forced to take refuge in neighbouring countries. The Bréhauts thus left the sunny shores of France finding a refuge of liberty on the Isle of Guernsey, where the last branch of the family still exists in the worthy representative, the Rev. Thomas Bréhaut, Rector of the church of England. In 1783, Mr. Peter Bréhaut, uncle to this last and father of the deceased, sailed from Guernsey, whilst yet a boy, with letters of introduction to leading men in Quebec, where, by superior judgment and indomitable energy, he crowned his commercial career with extraordinary success, amassing a large fortune in a comparatively short time. It is worth mentioning that he was the first who opened trade between Canada and the West Indies. In 1802 he married into the good old French family of La Maitre; of four children two daughters married respectively Col. Hanson, of H. M. 71st Highland Light Infantry, and Col. Antrobus, Provincial A. D. C. to the Governor-General; the two sons were Peter Percival, Major in H. M. 25th Regiment, K. O. B., who died on board ship while returning from service in India, and William Henry, the youngest child and subject of our present memoir.

He was born, November 24, 1809, at the old Manor House, a well known landmark in St. Rochs, Quebec. In spite of his father's wish to have him enter the counting-house and to be eventually the successor to his extensive business, the son's ambition was to serve his country and his Queen, and he accordingly obtained a commission in the 24th Regt. of the line, but the year 1833 changed the whole tenor of his life. On his return from Montreal whither he had accompanied, as private secretary, the late Chas. Ogden, Attorney-General for the Province of Canada, he was invited to meet at dinner Mr. Ogden, General Gore and a few other intimate and influential friends. The cloth being removed and the usual toasts honoured over the walnuts and wine, General Gore rose and, in the course of an appropriate speech, presented him with a commission as clerk of the Crown and Peace for the District of Montreal, a kindness, which surprised him so thoroughly that he could hardly find words to adequately express his grateful feelings. Thus in a few moments, his whole future was changed through the kindly interest of his friends. Thereupon he resigned his commission and since then resided permanently in Montreal where he was admitted to the bar. In 1869 followed his appointment as Police Magistrate, a position which he has filled honourably and creditably both to the satisfaction of Crown and people. As much by a skillful knowledge of human nature, as by blending the power of his position with a fatherly mercy, he lost no opportunity in successfully becoming the mediator between parent and child, sister and brother, friend and foe.

"Yet I shall temper so Justice with mercy, as may illustrate most Them fully satisfied, and these appease." (MILTON.)

Yet in the administration of justice he knew no distinction between rich and poor, plebeian and patrician. A short time before his death he was promoted to the rank of Lieut.-Col. for the Sixth Military District, of which he was already Paymaster, and fulfilled these duties, as he had all others, with promptness and exactitude. In his commercial investments he was very successful owing at the time of his death one of the finest sites in Montreal, Clairvue, on the south-western side of Mount Royal, the view from which is unsurpassed in Canada. In 1849 he married a daughter of Geo. Mortimer Taylor, Esq., of Yelverton, Devonshire. Of four children, three daughters yet survive him, two of whom are married, one to Mr. R. St. Barbe Young, Barrister in Quebec, and another to Capt. J. A. Devine, late of the School of Gunnery Staff, Kingston and Quebec. It was during a trip to Three Rivers, whither he had gone on a stormy winter's night to pay a last sad tribute to his last surviving sister that Mr. Bréhaut met his sudden and untimely death. His remains were brought to Montreal where friends hastened to strew his grave as they had strewn his life-path with friendship's fairest flowers. The pall-bearers were Col. de Salaberry, Col. Bell Forsyth, Capt. Raynes, Capt. Durnford, Major Sweeney, Judge Johnson, Edward Carter, Q. C., and Mr. John McGillis. Seventy years had whitened his venerable locks, but his face was lit up by the sunshine of a jovial disposition. He preserved to the last the sprightly humour of youth that seasoned his clever repartees. This, accompanied by a cordial urbanity and a stout heart, failed not to win an unusual number of warm and worthy friends who are left to mourn his loss.

F. R. B.

"I AM told," says the editor of *Truth*, "that Mr. Archibald Forbes' calm was a grand spectacle when he was prevented from lecturing at Cork. He quietly sat down, sipped a glass of water, and smilingly viewed the disturbers. The majority of the audience applauded him, and were very angry at being deprived of the intellectual treat which they had anticipated."

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.—This paper has been greatly improved of late years. Its illustrations are very creditable specimens of engraving, and are numerous, appropriate and timely. The holiday illustrations in the Christmas and New Year's numbers are capitally done, and must have afforded great entertainment to old as well as young people. We recommend this journal to liberal patronage at the hands of the Canadian public. The publishers are the Burland Lithographic Company, Montreal.—*Lindsay Post*.

THE PERIODICAL PRESS.—The *Scientific Canadian* and *Mechanics Magazine* and *Patent Office Record* is a monthly journal of much excellence, containing a vast collection of practical matters of interest to the classes specially addressed. The *Canadian Illustrated News*, of which the current number lies before us, gives several capital sketches of Canadian backwoods life, as well as illustrations on general subjects. It is increasing in excellence.—*Belleville Times*.

TWO CANADIAN PUBLICATIONS THAT SHOULD BE ENCOURAGED.—We are in receipt of two publications from the celebrated Burland Lithographic and Printing Company that should be encouraged. One is the *Scientific Canadian*, a monthly magazine of about 100 pages, which is filled with editorials and selections for the architect, the mechanic and the inventor. A careful record of new patents entered at the Patent Office, is given monthly. The other is the *Canadian Illustrated News*, published by the same firm. The *News* has made rapid improvements during late years, in regard to the mechanical appearance of its illustrations, and now ranks among the first journals of its kind in America. A national feeling on the part of Canadians could not be complete as long as we might be dependent on the Americans for the different classes of literature represented by the *Scientific Canadian* and the *Canadian Illustrated News*, and the publishers should meet with every encouragement.—*Moncton (N.B.) Times*.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.—This periodical is now in its twentieth volume and is steadily gaining in favour. The illustrations are well chosen, the typographical appearance excellent, and its editorial and miscellaneous department ably conducted. See advertisement. The *Scientific Canadian* is a monthly mechanics' magazine published in the same establishment as the C. I. N. It is a capital work, and calculated to give much useful information. \$2.20 per year.—*Bridgetown (N.S.) Monitor*.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

NICOLINI has lost his voice.

No libretto of "The Pirates of Penzance" is published.

SOME enterprising person has found that there are just 380 theatres in the United States.

W. J. FLORENCE is negotiating for the production of "The Mighty Dollar" to a London audience.

JOHN McCULLOUGH has been quite uniformly successful this season, financially speaking, having cleared over \$20,000.

BOCCACCIO, Suppe's new opera, will have its first American production in Albany by Mah's Fatinizza Company. The cast embraces forty speaking people.

MISS BLANCHE DAVENPORT says there were 225 American girls studying singing in Milan when she was there and that of this number only six have been heard of since.

M. VAUCORBEIL has discovered a new star. Lyric and tragic, for the stage of the Grand Opera, and she is now learning the rôles in which Kraus usually appears and will make her debut in the *Jaive*.

BLIND TOM, when at his Georgia home, remains alone at his piano, in a building apart by himself, and plays day and night like a madman. He now plays about 7,000 pieces, and picks up new ones everywhere.

MR. SAMUEL FRENCH, the New York publisher, has purchased the right for this country to Sardon's latest drama, entitled "Daniel Rochat," which was written for the Comédie Française, and has not yet been produced.

ALFRED TENNYSON'S dramatization of Boccaccio's story of "The Falcon" was only moderately successful in London. It appears to be the general opinion that Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, the principal performers, were a little too prosaic and material, not to say substantial, for the representation of what was little more than a poetic fancy.

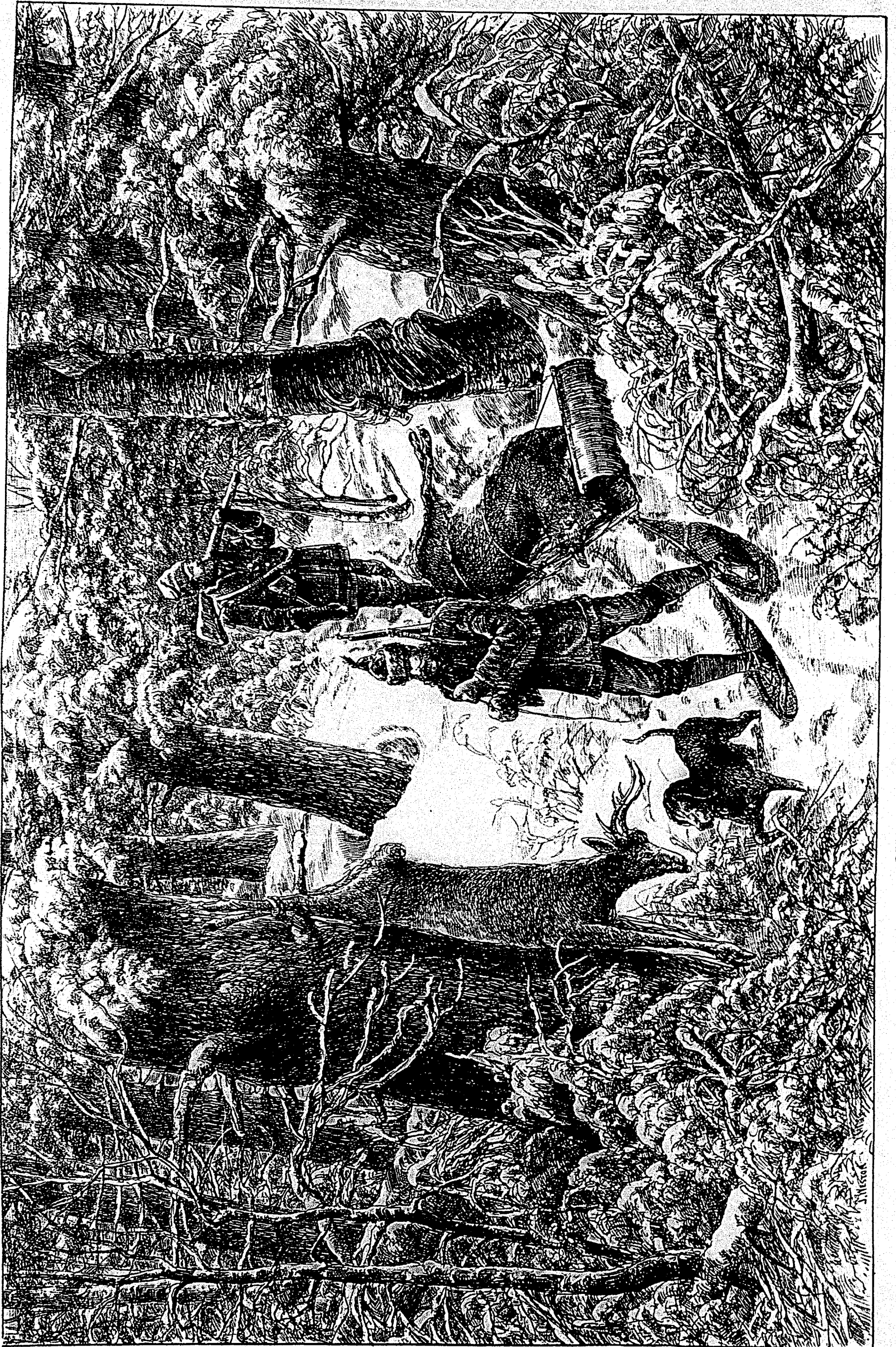
MR. LAWRENCE BARRETT says that Mr. Howell's drama, "A New Play," so fascinates him that when he is not on the stage he finds himself drawn to the wings, where he stands staring at the actors like one who sees a play for the first time. "One night," he adds, "Miss Cummins' words so took possession of me that I forgot that I, too, was an actor, and before an audience. When my turn came to speak I had forgotten my part."

OF the Spanish students the Boston *Advertiser* says: "Mandolines are not seen in this country, and few have any idea of the instrument, but guitars have long been quite popular, chiefly for accompaniment. The two instruments played together—the mandoline taking the air—are at once striking and effective. The music is wonderfully bright and sparkling. It is all but impossible to keep the feet still, particularly when the music is Spanish."

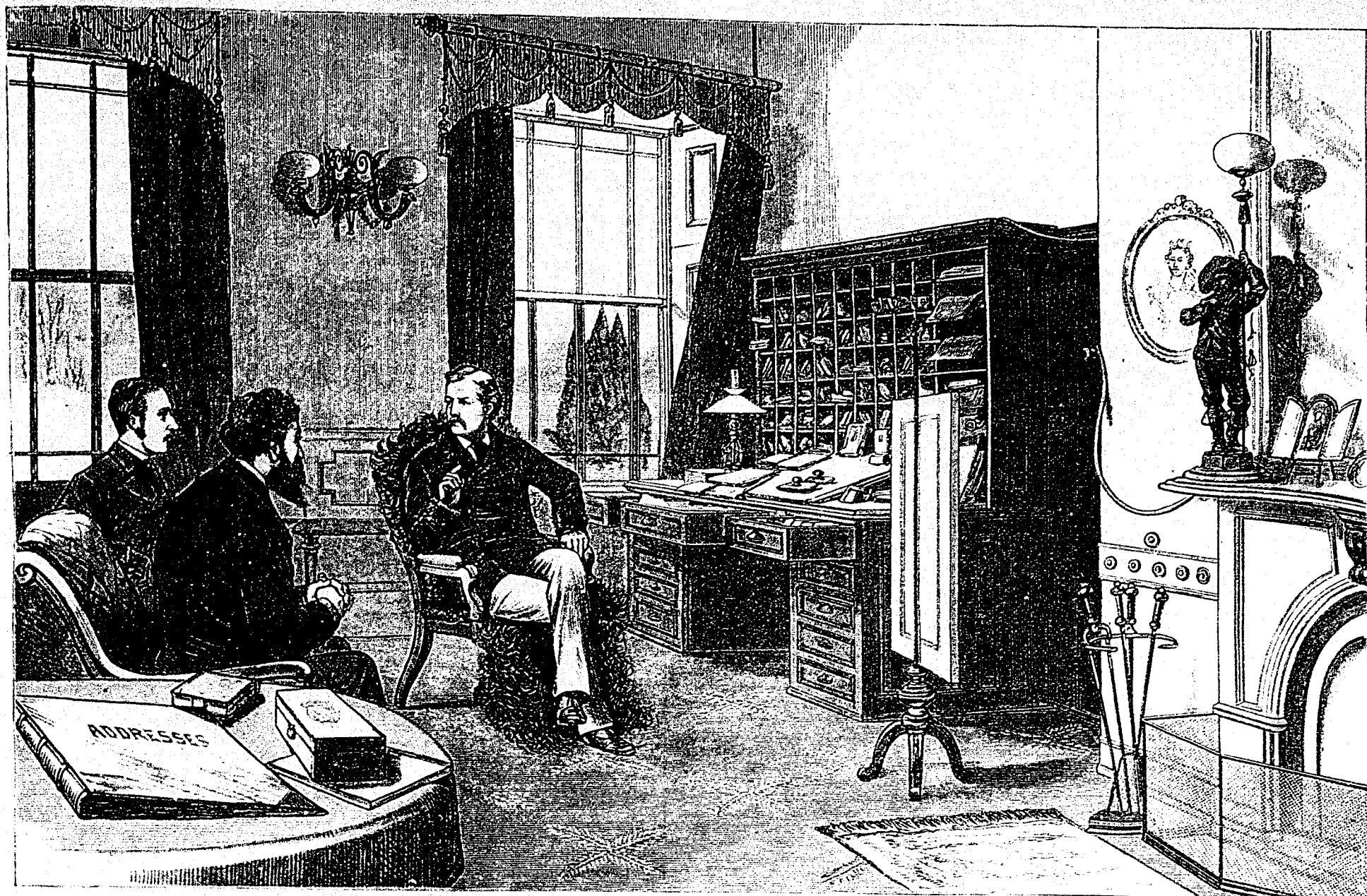
E. EVANGELINE RICE has a new idea about orchestras: "Each musician is seated upon a morable marble trap. When the leader notices a poor substitute who is playing badly or approaching indications of a dryness in the cornet or French horn, he touches a button and the bad musician or thirsty individual is silently dropped below to his haven of Beethoven, beer and bliss. The entire orchestra can be dropped in five seconds, thus avoiding the annoyance of their going out singly, at every opportunity, as at present is too frequently the case."

Consumption Cured.

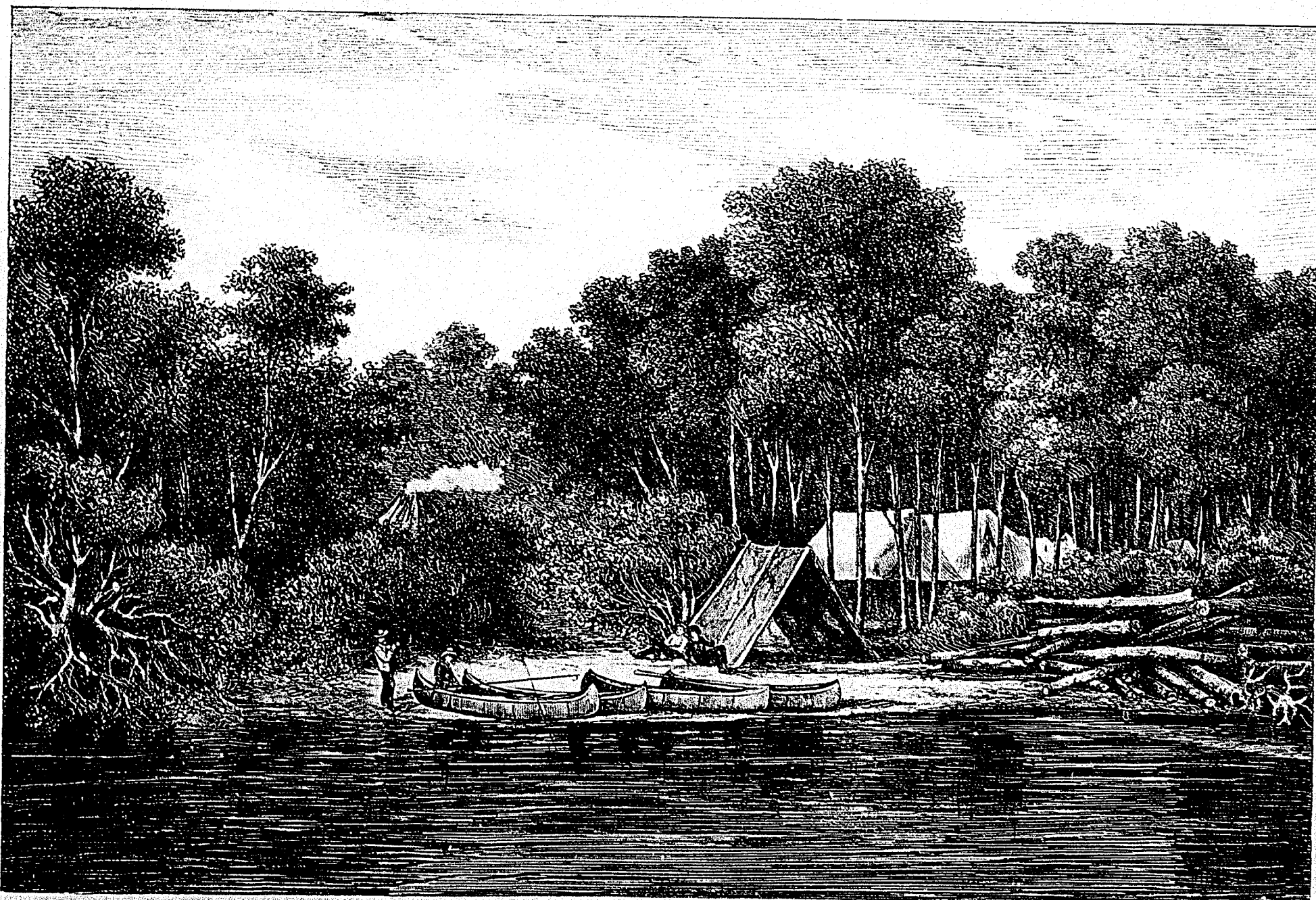
An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands, by an East India missionary, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. W. SERRAR, 140 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y. e-2-w.



DEER HUNTING IN MUSKOKA. LAST DAY OF THE SEASON.



THE MARQUIS OF LORNE IN HIS PRIVATE OFFICE AT RIDEAU HALL.



CAMP ROBINSON, RIVER UPSULQUITCH, N. B.—FROM A PAINTING BY W. RAPHAEL, AFTER A SKETCH BY DR. F. W. CAMPBELL, MONTREAL.

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CLARA CHILLINGTON; OR, THE PRIDE OF THE CLIFF.

A STORY OF ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY

THE REVEREND JAMES LANGHORNE BOXER,

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CHAPTER XII.

RIGHT OR WRONG?

The flickering rays of the firelight fell feebly on the oaken panels which formed the wainscot of the boudoir of Clara Chillington. This apartment, though small, was elegantly furnished, and still retained traces of having been used as an oratory in the monkish days of the Priory. This latter fact did not make its character more inviting, and as the lurid rays fell on the wainscot, the furniture of the room seemed to dance in such vagaries as might have filled a superstitious mind with awe. The window of this room overlooked the front of the Priory, and down the park-like slope leading to the distant road. Evening was approaching, when Clara, absorbed in a deep and painful reverie, stood looking on the Priory grounds. The day had been cold and cloudy, and as with increased strength the biting north-east wind came sweeping over the plain, the snow-flakes began to fall thick and fast. The coming darkness produced an increasing sorrow within the mind of Clara, which at length began to brood in horror over her soul. The desire she possessed for companionship had that evening become so intensified as to overwhelm her power of resistance, and leaning her beautiful forehead against the diamond-shaped panes of the casement, she thought of her departed mother, and wept. How natural that the motherless girl, feeling herself to be alone in the world, should turn her thoughts toward one whose kindness lingered in her memory as though it were a pleasant dream, a beatific vision that some rude hand had swept violently from her mind. During that reverie the soul of Clara had ascended far away from the Priory, far away from earth.

Whatever is the human soul, there is a beneficence in the almost ubiquity of its character, that affords relief to sorrow by the power it enjoys to leap the chasm of distance, even though it should be so great as from earth to heaven. Possessing this faculty heaven is near to the good; and through this means the denizens of uninterrupted bliss draw nigh to earth's children in the hour of their affliction and sorrow. The soul leaping forth on the wings of Faith, flies across the boundary line of life, whither mortality cannot follow, and the child of Time holds intercourse with the beings of eternity.

That evening Clara had thought of her mother, and to her excited imagination she seemed to be present with her, and standing ready to listen to her sorrowful tale. Into a mother's ear she whispered the narrative of her loneliness and sorrow, and in fancy she felt again the delicate hand of the departed press her heated brow, and the warm touch of maternal tenderness again planted on her cheek. The mind of Clara was tossed on the waves of mingled feelings rushing tumultuously through her frame, and when excited to a condition that seemed no longer bearable, she was summoned again to real life by the sound of voices, and the tramp of footsteps without.

It was Christmas Eve: and they who seek to make a trifle of money by arousing human recollection from the entrancing influence of worldliness, to consider the happy season and its associations, were gathered in front of the Priory. They had come as heralds to announce the approach of the anniversary of the natal day of the Divine man who spent his life in laying the basis of a moral epoch that shall ultimately see the human race bound together in peaceful fraternity, and ignorance and superstition swept from the minds and doings of men. It is unwise to be too severely critical on the motives prompting the doings of mankind. Men do not always understand the motive which prompts them to action, and a grave authority declares, "Happy is the man who condemneth not himself in the thing which he alloweth."

The persons collected in front of the Priory at that hour were probably not altogether unconscious of Him whose praises they had come to sing; although by more abstract and hypocritical minds a devotedness both to Apollo and Mammon might have been discovered in their endeavours. Gathered from the cobbler's stall, the tailor's board, the baker's oven, and the ploughman's team, the Waits were at the door. For months those performers had been employed in striving to produce a kind of harmony between their rude instruments and ruder voices. Twice a week had they met in a barn, and by the feeble light of a tallow candle striven hard to make themselves masters of the old fugue tunes descended to them as an heirloom from their ancestors. Frequently during their rehearsals had they stopped in the midst of a stanza to congratulate each other on a nearer approach to harmony,

or to correct some trifling error. With patient eagerness had they toiled their way toward a degree of perfection, and clarinet and flute, trombone and bassoon, together with the singers, had each one submitted in meekness to receive censure and correction, in their ardour to do the thing—well. But the time for the public performance of their patient and labourious rehearsals had now arrived; and in the hope of being encouraged by reward to further endeavour, as well as to do honour to "My Lady," the Priory received their first visit.

Being assembled, therefore, beneath the window of the apartment of Clara, and all things being ready, the instruments sent forth the sounds of "Squeak! Crash!" and then arose above the noise of wood and brass the human voice, singing with all the energy that could be commanded. The song they sung was quaint in its rhythm, yet there can be no mistaking the fact that its poetry can be appreciated by the people, nor that it is capable of stirring up their purer emotions. It is a song that has so fastened itself on the memory of the masses as to bid defiance to time to remove it. Time has produced far more classical and artistic efforts, and with time they have departed; but when shall, "While shepherds watched their flocks by night," leave the popular mind of the English nation? It is the Christmas song of a free people, and from age to age they will conserve it.

Borne on the rising gale, the rude sounds of rustic harmony permeated the narrow casement against which Clara was still reclining, and as she heard the quaint words,

"To you in David's town this day,
Is born of David's line,
A Saviour—"

her heart leaped with delight, and she felt that in Him she had a friend.

She stood in need of a friend, although at that moment she was not aware that the demand was quite so urgent. Yet as the singers, who having finished their task were leaving the grounds to regale themselves from her bounty within the Priory, the heiress of that domain felt that she would gladly exchange her lot for theirs. This feeling, one of such apparent dissatisfaction, she was labouring hard to subdue, when she heard the sound of footsteps approaching her apartment. At first she thought it to be those of her old servant returning from the singers with "Thanks to my lady for her goodness," but the heavy tread quickly told her that it was Sir Harry himself. The heart of Clara sunk as he drew nigh; for she felt that he was coming to her in an angry mood, and the probable cause of his indignation was suggested by her own thoughts. It was seldom that the baronet was at home at such an hour, and when he was he seldom sought the company of his daughter.

Without standing on ceremony, Sir Harry, in the usual rudeness of his manner, entered the apartment and strode forward to where Clara was standing. Commanding her feelings she accented him with,

"Good evening, Sir Harry: I offer you the compliments of the season."

Without uttering any reply to the salutation and kind wishes of his child, the baronet seated himself; and fortunately the gloominess of the room concealed his malignant aspect from her, who, trembling from agitation, now requested permission to ring for candles.

"Permit me to ring for a light," she said; "I should have called for one earlier, but I have been indulging in a brown study."

"The light is sufficient," he replied; and then turning to her, in a voice husky from indignation, he enquired, "Clara, have you any regard for the happiness of your father; do you love me?"

It was a strange question, and on hearing it she started in surprise. Yet strange as it appeared to her, it had been made a subject of thought before he uttered it. The object in thus addressing his daughter was the hope that in the fondness of her heart she would return such an answer as should preclude all possibility of objecting to what was to follow. But to his enquiry she replied,

"Why do you ask me such a question?"

There was a *naïveté* in the reply that penetrated the indifference the baronet had always shown her. The innocence of that enquiry pierced his heart, and reflection struck a scintillation on his heavy brain, that produced the thought, "Why should she?" A momentary pause followed this question, and the baronet felt his first stroke had been parried by a guard he had not thought of. Returning to the charge, he continued,

"I have no reason for supposing you do not, still the question is not an unnatural one for a father to put to his child."

The heart of Clara whispered, not an unnatural one for a father, but you have been neither father nor guardian to me. But it was not to her heart that she had now to listen; there was design in the question; she saw through it, and replied,

"Certainly not; nor do I hesitate to reply in the affirmative."

"I am glad to hear you speak thus; and you will admit that the first duty imposed on filial affection is obedience?"

"When the precept is right, most decidedly."

"But who shall be judge of right or wrong in the exercise of parental authority?"

"In the absence of any positive standard the thing itself to be done, or the motive urging the doing of it."

"Should not the absolute will of the parent be deemed sufficient to command the obedience of a child?"

"When that will demands what is reasonable and right."

"Then a father must be provided with an elaborate reason for all he wishes his child to perform?"

"Blind obedience is not imperative on the part of a child, if, on reaching years of maturity, there is sufficient reason for concluding that the command is wrong either in motive or effect. Would you have a child perform intelligently or mechanically your injunction?"

"What matters?"

"Only this; that in one case the thing may be performed so carelessly that it had better been left undone; while in the other, the matter to be done being understood, and a reason for doing it afforded, the honour of the performer becomes associated with the right discharge of the duty."

This truth convinced the judgment of Sir Harry, but only to excite him to greater fury; and as many others on whom truth is forced unwillingly, when argument failed him he resorted to sarcasm and authority.

"Most elaborate!" he exclaimed; "I should think you to have been reading up the subject of filial obedience."

"I simply speak what my reason and feeling prompt me to, and without any preparation."

"Admirable reasoner! but on this subject my opinion happens to differ widely from your own. To command is mine, and your implicit duty is to obey my will. This is the old fashioned way of doing things, and it is my intention to adhere to it. Now it happened a short time since, no matter where, nor from whom, that I heard you have been seen in company with some beggarly plebeian by the name of Freeman. I do not enquire if what I heard is true, as I have the fullest confidence in my informant, and I command you, on the penalty of my severe displeasure, that the like shall not occur again."

"Sir Harry, you need not be frightened to enquire of me if what you have heard is true; as in avoiding to do so I feel that you suspect me capable of equivocation, or of speaking falsely. I scorn such practices, and assure you that your information is correct."

"Do you intend this declaration as an act of defiance?"

"Such was not my intention; but pardon me if before I yield to your imperative command I solicit a reason for your objection."

"Madam, I shall not condescend to reason with you on the subject."

"Then I am to do your bidding, right or wrong."

"Do you impeach the integrity of my wishes?"

"I do not; I simply request of you a reason for your demand."

"My will is your only law."

"When that will is righteous."

"Can't! righteous or not is no business of yours."

"Sir Harry, my father, my desire is to render you that obedience it is the duty of a child to perform, but pardon me if in this matter I request of you a reason for so doing."

"You will obtain none other than that it is my will."

"Is your objection the result of acting from mere caprice?"

"Would you, Clara, associate yourself with that beggarly wretch, and thus disgrace the family of the Chillingtons?"

"Have the Chillingtons ever been so famous?"

"What! has it come to this that you despise the honour of the family?"

"Pardon me, but the honour of our family is dear to me, although we may not take the same view of what it should consist. In my opinion, true greatness is not alone to be derived from birth, or wealth; but that he is the truest nobleman whose life is compatible with the dignity of his being."

"Fine talk, truly; and pray, madam, who has been your instructor in such profound ideas of what is true nobility? I presume that, anticipating my objection to your conduct, he, who would seduce you, has been filling your mind with these romantic notions."

"Sir Harry, you permit your prejudice to carry you away to calumniate the innocent."

"Innocent! he innocent! a wretched fortune hunter, who seeks to disgrace us in alliance with himself."

"Charles Freeman has never sought to unite himself with the Chillingtons. It was by accident we first met, and since then I have always found him far too honourable to intrude his presence on such society, falsely termed his superiors?"

"Who is this Charles Freeman?"

"You, Sir Harry, know best. I simply know

him as being an intelligent and agreeable person."

"Agreeable to you, mix!" replied the baronet, wrathfully, for his feelings were now excited beyond control; "but I will take care that for his presumption he shall become disagreeable enough to himself."

"Sir Harry, hear me, nor seek to distress the innocent."

"Innocent! am I again to hear that word? The serpent has cast on you his fascinating glance, and you plead for the wretch who would crush you in his folds. I demand of you from this hour that you never see him again."

A pause succeeded this stern demand; and as the fitful light from the wood burning in the grate cast its reflection on the countenance of Clara it was easy to see the strong emotion aroused within her. All fear of the tyranny of the baronet had passed away with the debate, and she felt urged by a secret vow to contend for liberty and happiness in the choice of a husband.

"Do you hear my command?" inquired Sir Harry, annoyed by the silence of his child, and as he spoke he arose and strode toward where she was standing.

"Do you force me to speak?" was the reply.

"I demand of you an answer."

"Hear me, then. Does Sir Harry Chillington think the so-called plebeian origin of Charles Freeman a sufficient reason to restrain the exercise of the affections of one who has only seen nobility as an empty sound, a gilded envelope to cover a blotted copy of humanity? Had it been your desire that I should entertain ideas of the divinity of aristocracy would you have neglected my education, shut me up in solitude, and subjected me to what you are now pleased to term plebeian influence? It is impossible! The change which has passed over your mind is merely capricious, and will some day, I trust, give way to purer thoughts. I had a mother, Sir Harry, who was born beyond the pale of the sacred enclosure, and the lessons of her life have proved to me that worthy humanity can live outside the circle of nobility."

"Do you reproach me?" exclaimed the baronet, now more furious than ever; "that mother of yours was—"

"Your wife," meekly suggested Clara.

"My wife! a woman imposed on me by a wretched father for the sake of her wealth."

"Good heavens! what do I hear? Is it possible that one who ever called himself a husband, and who now demands of me the reverence due from a child to her parent, can speak so cruelly of the sainted dead—of his wife—of my mother? Can it be that one so good, whose name should have been embalmed in a grateful memory with the purest recollections can only dwell there as a disgusting remembrance?"

"Your mother, madam—"

"Was imposed on you for her wealth, you have told me; and the noble Sir Harry Chillington accepted her for no other reason than that she was rich."

There was now a calm dignity in the manner of Clara which made her father pause in the midst of his rage. His rude nature had thrown itself inconsiderately on the resources of a superior mind, and wounded from the effort, he now exhausted his fury in impotent anger. Having somewhat recovered his feelings he once more repeated his commands, and still claimed the right of controlling his daughter. This persistency caused Clara to say:

"Sir Harry, it is painful to me, and heaven alone knows how painful, but I feel it to be a duty I owe both to myself and you, to inform you that, in opposing your wishes, I am but obeying the behest of a dying mother. Deeply do I deplore that your persistency forces me to inform you that my sainted mother, whom you left unattended by your presence in her dying moments, as though careful to the last for the happiness of the child she was leaving behind without a protector, called me to her bedside, and said: 'Clara, I am leaving you; my life since my marriage has been one of unmitigated sorrow. I had not sufficient strength of character to resist being made a victim to my wealth, and my happiness was sold from me. My marriage with your father was a forced one, and the consequence has been a wretchedness, that is now to terminate in a premature death. My child, profit by my condition, and resist all attempts that may be made after my departure to force you to marry for the sake of title or wealth one you cannot love. Seek a person worthy of your affection, even should his social position not be equal to your own.' These, Sir Harry, are the words of your dying wife, of my dead mother. You have compelled me to tell you them, and, by the side of that bed on which she breathed her last, I vowed to carry out her wishes, nor shall I break that vow."

"The curse of beggary is inherent in your constitution," fiercely rejoined Sir Harry; and, as he spoke, being intoxicated with anger, he lifted his hand as though he would smite his daughter. But Clara was now fearless, and, fixing her eyes on him, she subdued his brutal design, and replied:

"A golden beggary." But Sir Harry did not hear the words, for his own tumultuous passions deafened his ears to every sound, and, as he strode from the room, he exclaimed:

"Obey my commands, or you shall both suffer."

When the baronet had left the room, Clara, who had strengthened herself to resist his imperative command, sank exhausted to her seat, and gave vent to her feelings in a flood of tears. There could be no sympathy in her heart to-

ward her father, for he had always acted as a stranger, indeed, worse, as a tyrant, who never interested himself with her but to command her to carry out some capricious whim he had conceived. Therefore, sitting in that room, which had now become darkness itself, and while thinking on the scene she had just passed through, the question arose in her mind, "Am I right, or wrong?" For a moment the reaction of feeling made her doubt the propriety of her conduct; but, recollecting the vow she had made to her dying mother, she regained in some degree her firmness, and in her distress became tempted to solicit the departed to intercede with heaven on her behalf. But from this her education revolted, and her unhappy reverie was quickly broken by a gentle tap at the door of her apartment. The knock was immediately followed by old Alice, bringing with her candles.

"What! exclaimed the old woman, as she entered the room, "is my darling sitting here in the dark? Sitting without fire and candle, and it's a snowing as fast as it can! What is the matter, my little dove?"

"Nothing particularly, Alice," replied Clara, as the old woman threw some fresh wood on the fire, and then drew the curtains to keep out the cold.

"Nothing, aye, my darling? the same word uttered in the same tone, and, I fear, proceeding from the same cause," she muttered to herself, as she went on with her efforts to make the room appear comfortable.

Alice had been the waiting-maid of Clara's mother before she married into the Chillington family, and almost the only privilege the bride retained was that of keeping Alice in her service. During the protracted sorrows of Lady Chillington this maid was made the confidant of her mistress, and a more faithful friend never had an existence. To her special care the dying mother committed her darling child, and she never failed in the duty enjoined on her. This position gave to her the familiarity she enjoyed.

Alice was now advancing in life, and her silver locks shone beneath her snowy cap. But although her slow pace and stooping gait told that years were pressing their heavy weight upon her, yet her clear countenance and light blue eye, still untouched by the finger of passing time, in some degree redeemed her otherwise aged aspect. The old servant knew the pedigree and character of the Chillingtons as it lived in the popular mind, and, in common with others, she entertained a latent feeling of dislike toward them. To have offered Alice a cup of poison, would not have filled her with greater horror than to bring her into the presence of Sir Harry. But for Lady Chillington she would never have entered the Priory, and she would have left it immediately on her decease had it not been for the affection she entertained for Clara. Having finished her task, the old servant was about to retire, when her mistress said:

"Be seated, Alice; I wish for company to-night."

"I dare say you do, darling, it is only natural. When I was young, I, too, was fond of company. Did you hear the singers? I think they never sang better. When I was a girl I used to sing in church, and Aunt Toes used to give us a treat every Christmas."

"Who was Aunt Toes, Alice?"

"She was everybody's aunt, darling. She lived in Folkstone, and kept a shop, and when she died she left a sum of money to be given to the poor, and a guinea a year to the parson to preach a sermon in remembrance of her on what was her birthday."

"How strange!"

"It was strange; and the people who like to make fun—and there are always such in the world—used to say that the best part of Folkstone lay in its toes. But the singers did sing beautifully to-night; and it reminded me of the time when I was a girl, that I couldn't myself help singing until I fairly cried."

"Good soul," whispered Clara.

"Dear me, darling, how the wind does blow. I hope Uncle Jacob reached home before it commenced snowing."

"Has he been to see you to-day?"

"You know he always comes on the day before Christmas."

"What has he presented you with this year?"

"This," and Alice drew from her capacious pocket a souvenir, unfolded in a multitude of wrappers, which were separately removed by her, each piece being smoothed and folded before the other was touched. Having taken off the last wrapper, a silver snuff-box was presented, on the lid of which was delicately engraved the representation of a sailor, standing beneath the folds of a flag, and on the opposite side the following doggerel:

"When this you see, remember me,
And bear me in your mind;
Let all the world say what they will,
Speak of me as you find."

"It is a strange present for you, is it not?" inquired Clara. "You don't take snuff."

"I don't yet; but Uncle Jacob, thinking I might when I get older, sent across the sea to Rotterdam, and had it made on purpose for me."

"Has Sir Harry left the house?"

"He has, darling," and then in an undertone Alice muttered, "and it would be a good thing should he never come back."

Clara shuddered as she heard her humble friend, but how could she reprove her? She was aware that Alice knew far more than she dared even to guess, and she felt humbled, and was grieved. Clara dreaded the vindictiveness of the baronet for she knew the nature of it.

(To be continued.)

CAMP ROBINSON.

An evening early in August of last year, the place, the Bonaventure Depot, three individuals, evidently from their happy looks, bent on pleasure, which is further confirmed by the bundles of fishing-rods, tents, boxes of provisions and other impedimenta peculiar to fishermen, which they are placing on the eastern-bound train. And ought they not to look happy, for they are bound for Camp Robinson, in the far wilds of New Brunswick, the scene of former happy days, where they have captured many a lordly salmon and circumvented many a wily trout? The three may be styled for the present—the Secretary, the Grand Treasurer, and the Professor, and but one—the Doctor—is wanting to complete the qu'a-tette, and him they hope to pick up at Cacouna to-morrow. For six months or more has this trip been looked forward to with joyful anticipations, and for once, "Hope told no flattering tale."

We once saw the question propounded by a newspaper correspondent, "Can a man who plays the trombone be a good Christian?" And the reply was, "Yes, but his next-door neighbour cannot." What has this to do with a fishing trip? Did ever any reader of these annals sleep in a Pullman car without being kept awake for a good part of the night by the nasal trumpet of some neighbouring sleeper? Our trip was made lively in the same way. We can recall one fellow-passenger whose musical (?) instrument was in inverse ratio to the size of his body, and who made us feel the whole night like Coleridge's wedding guest, for "We heard the loud bassoon." But, music and all, we arrive on time in the morning at Point Levis, and after a hearty breakfast are again en route for the East. Among the passengers, who joined the train at Quebec, was our genial Minister of Marine and Fisheries, who is an old friend of one of our party, and who gave very liberal aid toward passing an exceedingly pleasant day on the train. For once let fishing and politics mingle; the writer of these annals being a *rouge* himself, cannot part with our worthy Minister of Marine and Fisheries, and the recollection of the happy day spent in his company, without paying him the best compliment he can; had Providence only seen fit to make him a *rouge*, he would have been perfect; as it is, he is as near as possible to being so, wanting that one item. In due time the train reaches Cacouna, and there upon the platform stands the Doctor, all impatience to get off. Among the baggage is one suspicious-looking box, which the Doctor declares to be his medicine chest. By seven p.m. the now united party arrives safely at Metapedia, and there stands big Dan Fraser, the warm-hearted, hospitable owner of Metapedia Hotel, ready to welcome them. It is Saturday evening, and arrangements having been made for an early start on Monday morning for Camp Robinson, Sunday is spent quietly around Metapedia, than which a more beautiful spot is not to be found in Canada, combining as it does the due proportion of mountain and mead, wood and water, which go to make a perfect landscape. Early up on Monday morning, but not an early start—who ever made an early start on Uncle Dan's? The Secretary, ever indefatigable, is up by four a.m., and putting the whole household in a turmoil. "Is the Doctor up yet?" "Where's the Professor?" "Has anybody seen the Grand Treasurer?" and this torrent of questions is varied by a run to the door, a squint up at the sky, and a shout to the Indians to carry some baggage to the beach. The Doctor is snug in bed, sleeping the sleep of the just, interspersed with an occasional snore, for the Doctor can snore. The Grand Treasurer is already up and packing away his go-to-meetings, to be left at Dan's, and soon he will appear upon the scene in blameless fisherman rig—hob-nailed boots, bloomers—beg pardon—knickerbockers, flannel shirt, and soft felt hat, gayly decorated with Butcher's Mallard wings, Jock Scott's, &c. The Professor is still in bed, mentally debating whether it is better to get up and start, or wait for the porridge and cream. The cream carries the day, and to the disgust of the impatient Secretary breakfast is taken at Metapedia. Has not the Professor charge of the eating department? And shall he allow the poor Indians to toil up that rapid river without a good foundation of food to help their tiresome work? At last we are fairly started—a party of four, with five canoes heavily laden, and each manned by two Indians. As we push off into the clear waters of the Restigouche, a shout comes from the last canoe—"Stop at the rock spring." Some two miles up the Restigouche, from where the Metapedia joins it, there bursts from the rock on its bank an ice-cold spring. Soon this is reached, and the whole party meet for a brief rest. The pipe of peace is smoked, a little medicine taken, then up and away; the next stoppage being for dinner, at the mouth of the Upsalquitch. Less than an hour serves to cook and dispose of dinner, when we at once proceed up the river. No more halts till we reach Bolen's Brook, just above the Great Falls, and eleven miles from the mouth of the river, unless, perchance, as every one has his rods ready, we may meet a stray salmon or guileless trout on which to try our skill, though the Professor predicts, with the wisdom of a Vennor, that we shall see no salmon till we get to Bolen's Brook, and advises the Doctor, who is the novice of the party, to push on for that point, while the others take a cast at likely-looking spots by the way. Towards evening the last canoe reaches Bolen's Brook, where we propose to camp for the night. As it rounds the bend below the brook, a shout is heard from the opposite bank, and the Doctor

is seen careering up and down the beach, with his rod bent in a semi-circle, while ever and anon, far out in the stream, a silvery mass jumps a few feet from the water, quivers for an instant in the sunlight, then with a heavy splash disappears. Seen from where we are there seems to be no connection between the Doctor and the fish, yet each time it appears above the water, as knight in ancient tournament lowered his lance-point as he passed his lady-love so does the Doctor his rod. By the time we reach him the fish is nearly exhausted; one final rush, and then the Indian, wading a few feet into the water, deftly plunges the gaff into the fish, and with a shout deposits on the beach as handsome a twelve-pounder as ever swam the water—our first salmon. It is duly measured, weighed, admired and toasted. One more is captured before darkness comes on, and, as we are seated round the camp-fire, the Doctor's muse thus urges him to chronicle his feat of the afternoon:

And shall I praise each silver scale,
Or wonder at his goodly tail?
No—words of mine completely fall—
But I killed my salmon.

He was, in truth, a goodly fish,
As ever graced a lordly dish—
At last I had my earnest wish,
I'd killed a salmon.

Talk not to me of maidens fair,
Of ruby lips and golden hair,
Such things are fit for him who ne'er
Has killed a salmon.

How much further the Doctor's poetical fit might have carried him it is impossible to say, but the mosquitoes and black flies at this point made such a determined attack upon him that, in disgust, he sought the refuge of his tent.

Early hours are the rule in camp, and by five o'clock the whole party is up and has breakfasted. One canoe, with the heaviest of the luggage, has been sent away at daybreak, for there are thirteen long miles of heavy poling before Camp Robinson is reached. How pleasant the journey up stream! Not a mile is passed but some brook, crystal and cold, pours in its tributary waters, but though the trip is pleasant the fishing is decidedly bad. When around the camp-fire at night the day's spoils are counted. The tale is easy. The Secretary, one salmon; the Grand Treasurer, one; the Professor, one; the Doctor nothing, and among the whole not enough trout to feed the camp, and of these none over a pound weight, where in former years we got them by the score.

It is Wednesday morning, and we have passed our first night in Camp Robinson, our home for the next week. Let us look at our surroundings, which the Doctor's skilful hand has portrayed on another page. On the beach are our four canoes, and to the right of them the indefatigable Secretary is fast in a salmon—a likeness of which the Doctor would have given, but it would not stay long enough out of the water to be sketched—beside him sits his Indian with ever-ready gaff to land the fish. Near the shelter on the beach lies the lazy Professor, deep in a novel, while in the white tents in the background, the Doctor and Grand Treasurer are indulging in the post-prandial siesta. The smoking cone behind the bushes is not a small volcano, but a bark hut, erected by the Indians to smoke the trout and salmon. Camp Robinson stands on an island of some two acres in extent, where two streams meet in a nearly circular pool of eighty yards in diameter. The pool is literally swarming with salmon, but few of them will look at a fly, much less take one. Each morning sees the party start, now up one stream, then up the other, in pursuit of trout. Comparatively few reward our labours, yet the time passes pleasantly and far too quickly. An account of one day will serve as a specimen of all: Breakfast early and off up the north-west branch. The Professor is left to bring up the rear, to see that the provisions and things in camp are properly covered up, for bears are plentiful round, and attend to the commissariat. The old beaver house, some six miles up stream, is fixed upon as the meeting-place for dinner, where a hungry crowd assembles at twelve o'clock; but alas! for human hopes and empty stomachs, the Professor has forgotten the eatables and the dishes. Diligent search reveals a tin of pork and beans and a bottle of ale, which the Grand Treasurer has stowed away for his own edification (root for this occasion only, *edo*, I eat). And now, behold the Doctor and Secretary seated facing each other, astraddle upon a log, between them the open tin of pork and beans, and on the ground, within easy reach, the bottle of ale and the Grand Treasurer; each man is armed with a piece of wood, in lieu of a spoon, and thus we dine, while the Professor skirmishes round and snatches a hasty morsel wherever he can, seasoned by the blessings of his companions for his forgetfulness. A hearty supper on our return to camp makes everything right, and so the days pass. The following Wednesday sees the party gathered again at the Metapedia Hotel, the Indians are paid off, the rods taken down, the tents and baggage packed, ready for the train next morning, and, when supper is ended, the last ceremony is performed, when the Secretary calls out: "Gentlemen, number." Secretary, "Thirteen;" Doctor, "Seven;" Grand Treasurer, "Eight;" Professor, "Three."

Some matter of fact reader of this "over true tale"—a Scotchman, of course it must be—will no doubt want to know why the place pictured on another page was called "Camp Robinson." It's a secret, however, and the writer has promised not to tell that it was named in honour of the Secretary, who, poor man, had, and still has, one very bad fault—he will begin to fish before three in the morning and fish till it is dark at night.

THE PROMISE.

BY JOHN READE.

Bright daughters of a happy home,
Where Love is lord and Peace is queen,
Where sorrow, if it ever come,
On sweet, strong sympathy can lean.

I fear you'll deem that I let slip
A heedless promise without care
Of what was formed by tongue and lip,
So that it pleased you, ladies fair:

And that, in presence having so
Acted my part, I came away
Regardless of the debt I owe,
Nor with the least intent to pay.

If thus you deem, you do me wrong—
My promise was sincerely meant—
Three ladies asked me for a song
And, flattered, I gave glad assent.

And many a day since that bright morn,
At even when the sun goes down,
When worn with toil and vexed with scorn,
And weary of the noisy town,

My fancy forms again the scene—
I see you three fair suitors stand,
Each with her charms of face and mien
And making each the same demand.

Ah me! Ah me! The sigh means much—
I cannot find the words to say—
But I'm afraid that fancy's touch
Deceives me in the twilight grey;

And that not promise but request
Has been forgotten long ago,
And that I may be called a pest
For speaking of the debts I owe.

Yet, having knowledge of the gate
Which leads, fair maids, to where you dwell,
I think the risk is not so great
Of rudeness if I pull the bell.

And if my "tre gran donne" be
To their own nature not unkind,
They will forgive my honesty
And gently call the debt to mind.

Ah me!—Again that burdened sigh—
That day of promise fades away,
And in far years that have gone by
I see three children at their play.

That was a day of promise, too,
By those sweet children well fulfilled:
And, when the ripe fruit smiles in view,
Why brood o'er what the frost has killed!

Time's harvest is the good alone,
The net result of ordered plan—
God's will and work, which well atone
For any blunders caused by man.

Of those who 'neath the trellised porch,
With me so fondly watched you then
Some in the shadow of the church
Sleep where no voice is heard of men—

Sleep as they sleep whose work was done
With faithful hand and heart and brain,
God grant us when our races run
With those dear friends to meet again!

But to my task.—Or said or sung,
What words are meetest for to-day?
These, if I knew, by pen or tongue
Are just the words that I would say:

But thus to utter what I feel
Is much beyond my feeble art,
Meanwhile I wish you years of weal
In keeping with both form and heart:

And with the blood that fills your veins
And fellowship of gentle souls,
And with whatever else remains
That destiny for good controls.

Such is my wish and prayer to-day
(Which may the Giver Good fulfill)—
"But still"—I think I hear you say,
"The debt you owe remaineth still."

I grant it; but my simple rhyme
Is witness of remembered vow,
Which, in some happy aftertime,
To pay in full I promise now.

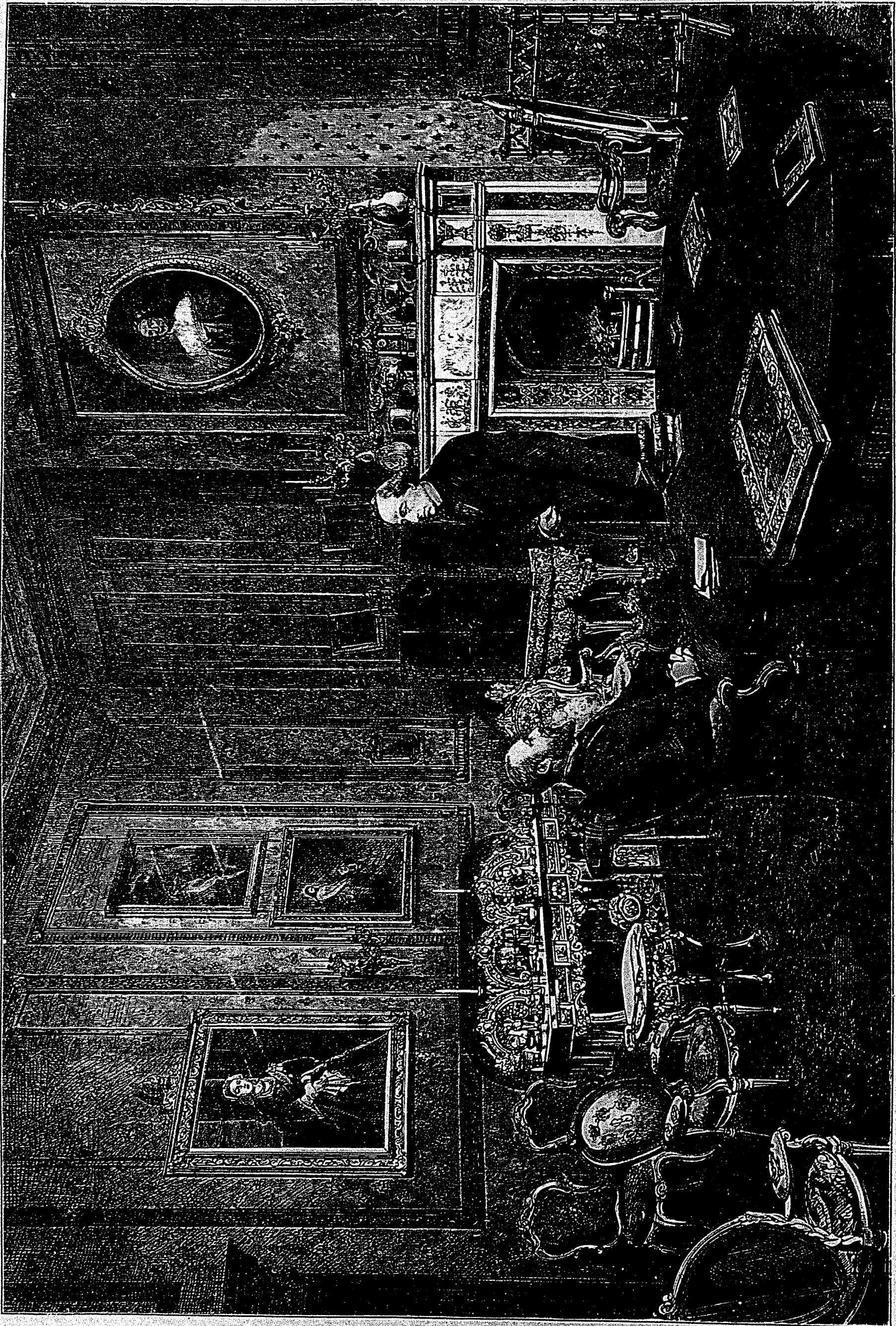
New Year's Day, 1880.

VOODOUISM.

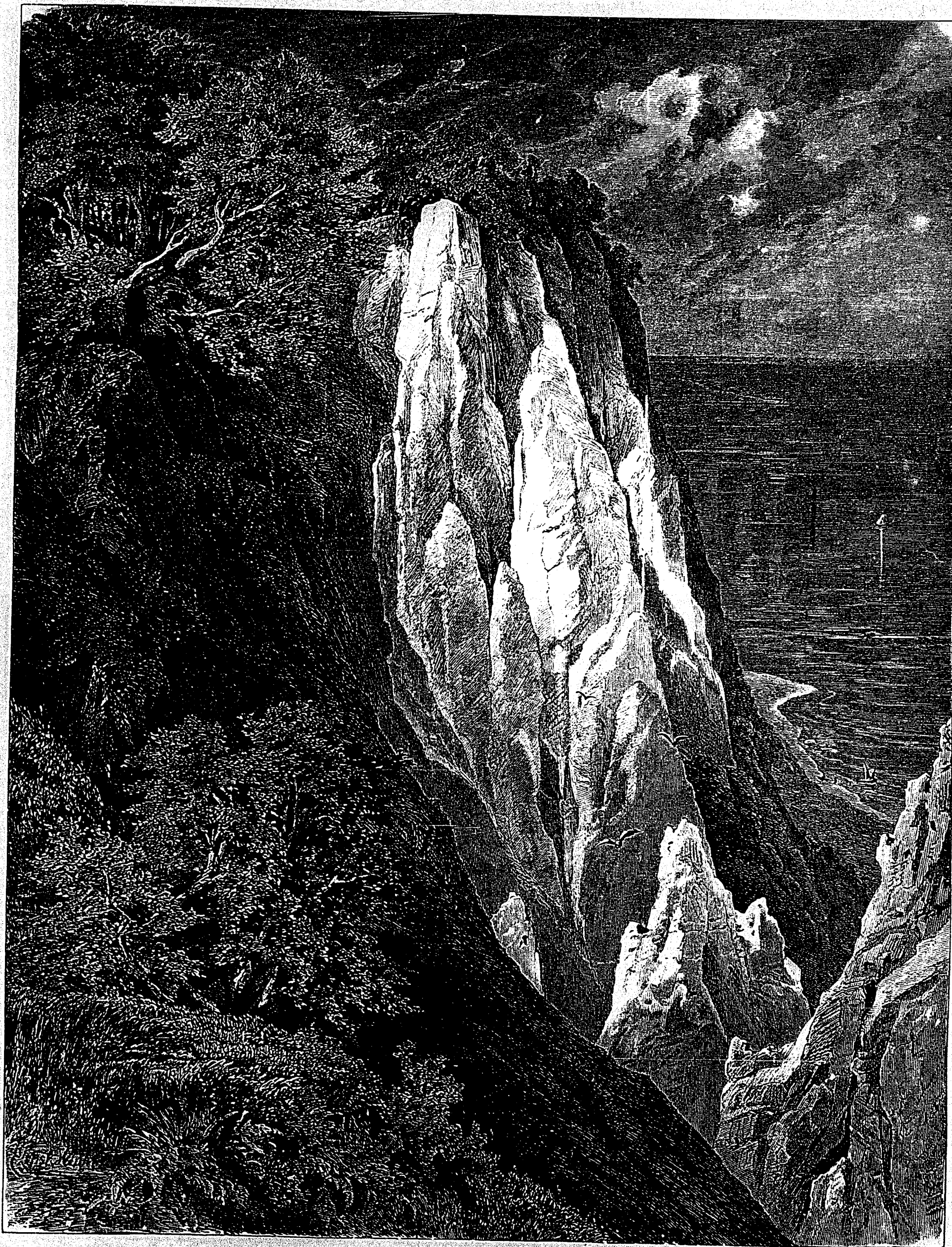
Dr. Peebles, the lecturer, says that he recently saw salt strewn on doorsteps in New Orleans. He asked what it meant, and the reply was:—"It is consecrated salt, to ward off the demonic charms of the voodooists. There are 20,000 of them in New Orleans, and they work magic, put spells on people, produce bad luck, and even death." He made some investigation on the subject, and among the professed voodoo priests whom he found was an old, oddly tattooed negro called Dr. John. "This man," he says, "left Africa in 1839. He confessed to having had twenty wives. Previous to the civil war he was rich, owning at one time fifty slaves. Many prominent men of the South had faith in his magical powers. Such men as Sidell and Gen. Beauregard used to consult him. When ignorant people came, he used cards and crystals; but with the higher classes he simply employed his 'second-sight' gift, making at times, it is said, startling revelations." Dr. Peebles describes how he visited a voodoo camp, where negroes danced and chanted around a caged serpent, and boiled the claws of birds, the scales of fish, the fangs of snakes, and other things, for charms. He is a spiritualist, and believes that voodooism is a low form of spiritual manifestation.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a receipt that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.



THE PRINCE OF WALES' VISIT TO THE EARL OF PEACONSFIELD. THE DRAWING ROOM AT HUGHENDEN MANOR.



KRIEDENFELZ.

A LEGEND OF THE HEMLOCKS.

"The hands are already up out of the wood! Is the table-cloth on, Marg, dear?" "The table is waiting, and so is the food; Let them come, mother mine, never fear."

SPONTANEOUS RESTLESSNESS.

BY NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

The discussion of annexation, the formation of republican clubs, the sage forecasts of Canada's future, and the brilliant calculations of the advantages which would follow the severance of the gentle links which bind us to Great Britain and Ireland, and make us part of the great imperial chain of free governments, strike me as hardly worthy of the attention which they have excited.

An occasional expression on the part of some obscure person that annexation is our manifest destiny, a sensational account by a New York Herald reporter of an interview with a callow Canadian politician, a few gentlemen bent on political speculation forming themselves into a Politico-Economical Club in Montreal, a republican club of seven dire rebels in Toronto, a letter or two from some crazy nobody protesting against the plunder of Canada by all-grasping Britain—such are the dreadful terrors which it should seem ought to frighten Canada from her propriety.

would be to add to rather than contract her franchise, and imperial confederation would mean making a pool with the lion and the lion would have the lion's share.

What we should gain by independence at present it would be hard to say. We should certainly find setting up for ourselves more expensive than living under the parental roof.

Those who timidly suggest rather than advocate annexation, do so on the ground of self-interest, meaning by self-interest money interest. No account is taken of any other sentiment than that of the vulgar desire of material well-being.

But to return. The annexation bargain would involve very much more than a question of finance. The constitution of the United States is different from ours. Under it the people have not as much direct power over the executive as they have in Canada.

If the United States possessed great advantages, instead of betraying to the most superficial glance glaring defects, the question whether it was stable would surely be asked by any prudent trafficker in nationality.

But it may be doubted whether the United States, in its present state, has that quality. Diverse conflicting interests are growing larger every day.

But it may be doubted whether the United States, in its present state, has that quality. Diverse conflicting interests are growing larger every day. The South and the North are not yet one.

Instead of deprecating discussion on the subject of annexation and independence we ought to encourage such discussion as sure to issue in just views regarding our present advantages and as a sign, moreover, that political thought is active in the community.

THE GLEANER.

LEO XIII. contemplates publishing the various catalogues of the Vatican Library.

THE Lee Monument Association of Virginia have raised \$20,500 for a monument to the Confederate leader.

THE President of the French Republic receives 600,000 francs a year, and a like sum for household expenses.

THE historical arch of Las Cucharas, in Grenada, has been destroyed by a fire which raged there for two days.

THE Germans in Paris, who are estimated at 50,000, have established a weekly paper in their own language.

IMMENSE quantities of ice are being harvested at Ottawa this winter, in the expectation of a large demand from the United States.

THE Empress Eugenie will start for Natal on March 26th, and by her wish no special state of ceremony will be observed on the journey.

THE last month was the coldest December in London this century, and, in fact, since the year 1726. The mean temperature was 32.4 degrees.

CALIFORNIANS claim that there are millions of acres in their State on which grapes can be raised, and which may be bought at prices ranging from \$2 to \$200 an acre.

THOMAS BLACKWELL, the head and founder of the great house of Grosse & Blackwell, has died at a very advanced age, leaving his sons and grandsons to carry on the business.

IN the months of May and June, 1880, an exhibition of clocks, watches, bijouterie, musical boxes, and particular fabrications for which Geneva is famous is to be opened in that city.

A STATUE is to be raised in Italy to the memory of De Flotte, the French Republican who was killed while assisting Garibaldi's passage of the Straits of Messina, in 1850.

SINCE the Prince Imperial's death his mother veils herself as much as possible from the public gaze. When she goes to church she goes completely alone, and remains in the sacristy during the service.

MR. SAMUEL SMILES has received from the King of Italy a valuable decoration as a mark of the Royal appreciation of his books. "Self-Help," translated, has been sold in Italy to the number of 50,000 copies.

MR. GLADSTONE has 242 entries under his name in the catalogues of the British Museum Library—the largest number of the eight Prime Ministers of the Victorian epoch.

COMMANDER CHEYNE, and a few adherents, have waited on the Lord Mayor of London in order to enlist his Lordship's sympathy and support in connection with their scheme for reaching the North Pole by means of ship, sledge, and balloon.

THE death is announced of another Waterloo veteran—Sergeant Leonard Simons, living at Corby, in Northamptonshire. He was born at Bedford in 1793, enlisted in the 69th Regiment in 1813, and served in the attack on Bergen-op-Zoom, the siege of Antwerp, and the Battle of Waterloo, for which he received a medal.

VARIETIES.

TOM JONES.—We are told of Fielding's "Tom Jones" that when the work was completed the author, "being at the time hard pressed for money took it to a second-rate publisher with a view of selling it for what it would fetch at the moment. He left it with the bookseller, and called upon him the next day for his decision.

A PARIS CLUB.—The clubs of Paris in January, that is to say when the Carnival is at its height, indulge in Thespian delights. They organise amongst themselves semi-amateur theatricals, and Count Kiekenstiff, of the mirlitons, has the infinite delight of playing in a one act comedy with Mlle. Resalie Blowout, of the Palais Royal.



SALMON ANGLING.

DEPARTMENT OF MARINE AND FISHERIES. FISHERIES BRANCH, OTTAWA, 31st December, 1879.

WRITTEN OFFERS will be received to 1st April next, for the ANGLING PRIVILEGES of the following rivers:—

- River Kegonska (North Shore): Washeshoo do, Washeshoo do, Ronnie do, Musquarro do, Pashasheshoo do, Corneille do, Agawan do, Maggie do, Trout do, St. Marguerite do, Pentecost do, Mistassin do, Heesie do, Little Casapedia (Babes des Chateaux), Nonville do, Escumene do, Malbale (near Perse), Magdehn (South Shore), Montoux do, Tabique (New Brunswick), Nashwaak do, Jacquet do, Charlo do, Jupiter (Anticosti Island), Salmon do.

Rent per annum to be stated; payable in advance. Leases to run from one to five years. Lessees to employ guardians at private cost. By order, W. P. WHITCHER, Commissioner of Fisheries.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks.
G. A. R., Ottawa.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 260
B., Montreal.—Letter containing problems received. Thanks.
T. S., St. Andrews, Manitoba.—Correct solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 257. Look over Problem No. 258 again.
M. J. M., Quebec.—Post card received. Will send a reply in a day or two.
E. H.—Solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 257. Correct.
J. & H. McG., Cote-des-Neiges.—Correct solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 258.

We have received from Dr. Ryall, of Hamilton, a letter containing full particulars connected with the Hamilton Correspondence Tourney, but we are obliged to postpone its publication till next week, as we are anxious to give the latest information we can of the doings of the American Chess Congress and Tourney. The result of the play between Mr. Grundy and Captain Mackenzie, which must decide the contest as far as the first prize is concerned, is anxiously expected, and we will not fail to do our best to let it appear in the Column to-day.

Some time ago a report appeared in the English papers of the distressed condition of the family of the late Captain Evans, the inventor of the well-known gambit which bears his name. At the time of his decease, his friends in England made some effort to relieve those he had left behind, and something was done in that direction, but not sufficient to be of permanent benefit. We see that subscriptions are being made in the United States in order to forward relief across the ocean, and perhaps the same thing might be accomplished by the chessplayers of Canada. If every chessplayer who has derived pleasure from opening his game with this beautiful gambit, would give a trifle toward this benevolent object, the amount raised would soon reach a very acceptable sum.

During some remarks at the Manhattan Club banquet on Saturday, Mr. Max Judd, of St. Louis, feelingly alluded to the appeal which has lately been made in England for aid for the widow of Captain Evans, the discoverer of the Evans' Gambit, and suggested that the club should make response to the call; in less than two minutes Mr. Judd received \$37.50, which was raised upon him by those present. The amount has since been increased to over \$50.

We have just been informed that Mr. Blackburne, the celebrated English chessplayer, has very recently met with a heavy domestic affliction. It was but a few days ago that the chessplayers on this continent were anticipating the pleasure of a visit from this gentleman, whose wonderful blind-fold performances have elicited the admiration of hundreds of the lovers of chess, and now we are called upon to give him our sympathy in the time of misfortune.

With reference to a statement which we inserted in last week's Column, and which was copied from Turf, Field and Farm, we have been requested to publish the following letter:

Montreal, 31st January, 1880.

Chess Editor CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS:

DEAR SIR,—It is the case that I composed the song which was sung at the Chess Banquet in New York last week, but I am not the author of the "old air" which accompanied it. Yours truly, J. HENDERSON.

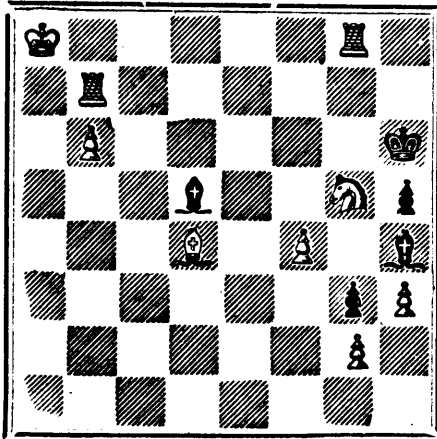
Table with columns for player names (Grundy, Mackenzie, Mohle, Sellman, Judd, Delmar, Ryan, Ware, Congdon, Cohnfeld) and rows for 'Games Won' and 'Games Lost'.

SYNOPTICAL TABLE OF GAMES PLAYED IN THE TOURNAMENT OF THE FIFTH AMERICAN CHESS CONGRESS—1880.

PROBLEM No. 262.

By P. Klett.

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves

GAME 392ND.

(From Land and Water.)

One of ten blindfold games played by Mr. J. H. Blackburne, at the Shine Hall, Hertford, on the 1st inst.

(Centre Counter Gambit.)

White.—(Mr. Blackburne.) Black.—(Mr. Beningfield.)

- 1. P to K4
2. P takes P
3. Kt to Q B3
4. Kt to B3
5. B to K2 (a)
6. Castles
7. P to K R3
8. P to Q3 (b)
9. B to Q2
10. Kt to K R4
11. P to B4
12. P to B5
13. Kt takes P
14. R takes B
15. P to Q4 (d)
16. R to B3
17. P to Q R4
18. P to R5
19. Kt to R4
20. K to R sq
21. B to K sq
22. Kt to Kt6 (ch)
23. P takes Kt
24. B takes P (f)
25. P to Kt7 (ch)
26. R to Kt3 (ch)
27. R takes P
28. B to R5 (ch)
29. R to Kt7 (ch)
30. Q to K sq (ch)
31. P takes B
32. B to Kt4
33. Q takes Kt

White mates in four moves.

NOTES.

- (a) Whether here or to B4 be better is not easy to determine. On the whole we prefer the text move.
(b) We favour P to Q4, but the move made has its good points, and, moreover, the blindfold player has to consider all the games when deciding upon the line of play to be adopted in each.
(c) Q to Kt3 (ch) would yield no profit.
(d) We can fancy Staunton saying here, "Let not the tyro rashly imagine that because the Pawn is now advanced to the Queen's 4, the limitation of his motion in the first instance was an error where time has been lost. The purposes which the eminent conductor of the White forces had originally in view have been fully served, and cogent reasons for a further advance have now supervened." Staunton would have been right enough, and we certainly do not base note b upon the two moves made by this Pawn.
(e) Of doubtful merit at best, and as continued the reverse of beneficial. 10P to K B4 would be a safe and sensible move.
(f) Here we see Mr. Blackburne extracting a fine combination out of a position which scarcely promised anything of the kind, even as a keen eyed gold-digger fishes a glittering nugget out of what others would pass by as a mass of dull earth.
(g) There is much to be said for first playing R takes B (ch), but we imagine that White would in any case get the better game.
(h) If K to R2 White sacrifices the Q R and mates.
(i) If 30 K to B3, White plays 31 R takes B P, giving mate should the Rook be captured, while if 30 K to Q4, then 31 P to B4 (ch), which in the end causes Black to lose the Queen for a Rook.
(j) Futile, and in fact he misses a fine opportunity—of resigning.

SOLUTIONS

Solution of Problem No. 260

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to KR7 1. Any move
2. Mates acc.

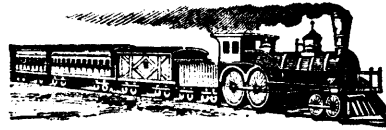
Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 258.

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to QB4 (ch) 1. K to R sq
2. Kt to KB7 (ch) 2. K to Kt sq
3. Kt to KR6 (dble ch) 3. K to R sq
4. Q to K Kt8 (ch) 4. R takes Q
5. Kt mates

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS. No. 259

- WHITE. BLACK.
K at QB7 K at Q Kt5
R at Q3 Pawn Q Kt4
R at Q Kt sq
B at Q5
Kt at Q Kt7
Pawn at Q Kt3

White to play and mate in two moves.



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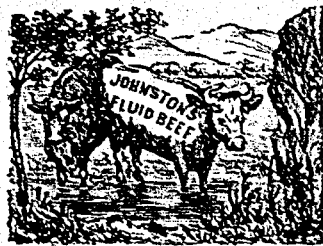
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On Saturday evening last, January 31st, news of the termination of the contest between Mr. Grundy and Captain Mackenzie for the first prize in the American Chess Tourney, was kindly sent to the Montreal Chess Club by one of its members at present in New York. Mr. J. Henderson, the Secretary of the club, received the first telegram about 6 p.m., announcing the defeat of Mr. Grundy in the first game of the two to be played, and at 9 p.m. another telegram brought the intelligence that the gallant Captain was again successful, and consequently Champion of the Tourney.

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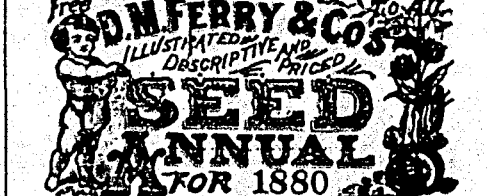
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