

## Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /  
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion  
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut  
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la  
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /  
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may  
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these  
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que  
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une  
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,  
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas  
été numérisées.

# Illustrated News

Vol. XX.—No. 25.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1879.

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



MARIE CHRISTINE OF AUSTRIA,  
THE NEW QUEEN OF SPAIN.



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.

**NOTICE.**

**OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.**

The next number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS will be wholly devoted to the celebration of the great

**CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY.**

There will be a number of appropriate stories, poems and articles, while the illustrations will comprise:—

- THE HOLY FAMILY WITH CHARACTERISTIC EMBLEMS. (Double page.)
- CHRISTMAS SCENES IN CHILDHOOD.
- THE TOY CARNIVAL.
- CHRISTMAS WELCOME.
- THE CHRISTMAS PROLOGUE.
- PUSS' CHRISTMAS LUNCH.

**AN OFFER.**

Our readers are aware that the subscription price of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is \$4 paid in advance and \$4.50 if not paid in advance. In consideration that the times have been hard, and because we should like to begin the new year with as many clear accounts as possible, we have concluded to offer the following reduction:—

All subscribers who will pay up the arrears by the 1st January will be required to pay only \$4.00, the same as if they had paid in advance. After this notice any of our subscribers who do not accept these terms will lose a favourable opportunity of reduction, as the \$4.50 will have to be collected in all cases.

In connection with this offer we cannot too strongly impress upon our readers and patrons the propriety of assisting us as much as possible by prompt payments, and inducing their friends to subscribe, to make the NEWS more and more worthy of a permanent place in every household of the Dominion.

**1880.**

With the first number in January we begin the XXI. Volume of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, and have the pleasure to inform our numerous friends that we have resolved to increase our efforts toward making it more acceptable than ever. The NEWS being first and foremost a pictorial paper, the artistic department will be materially improved, current events of interest being sketched and attention paid to all important incidents abroad. Our Canadian Portrait Gallery, now considerably over three hundred, and the only series of the kind attainable in Canada, will continue to be a leading feature. No pains will be spared to make the literary character of the NEWS equal to that of any journal in America. Original articles, stories, and poems will be contributed by several of our best writers. Different series of literary papers will also appear, chief among them being Pen Pictures of Canadian Statesmen, beginning with the Opening of Parliament, and Studies on the Literary Men of Canada, a work hitherto never attempted. The NEWS being the only illustrated paper and the only purely literary weekly in the Dominion, and having taken the field early at great expense, we solicit encouragement thereto as a national institution. Our friends are respectfully requested not only to renew their own subscriptions, but to engage at least one of their neighbours or acquaintances to try the paper for one year.

**OUR NEW STORY.**

Our readers will doubtless give us credit for our efforts to continue presenting them with original serial stories, in pursuance of the course we have followed till now. We have the pleasure to announce that, with the first number of January, we shall begin the publication of a new original romance, entitled:

**CLARA CHILLINGTON,**

OR  
**THE PRIDE OF THE CLIFF.**  
A STORY OF 100 YEARS AGO,

BY  
THE REVEREND JAMES LANGHORNE BOXER,  
Rector of La Porte, Ind., U. S., formerly co-Editor with Charles Dickens of *All the Year Round*,

EDITED BY THE  
REV. WILLIAM SMITHETT, D.D.,  
of Lindsay, Ont.

The scene of this very interesting story is laid on the Kentish coast, and the characters are representative of English life at the beginning of the century. The plot is full of interest, the incidents are well constructed, the tone is manly and thoroughly English, while the style is often enlivened with racy humor. The story will run through several months, and now is the time to subscribe.

**CONTENTS.**

ILLUSTRATIONS.—The New Queen of Spain—The Meeting of the French Senate in Paris—The Meeting of the French Assembly in Paris—Abd-el-Kader—Col. John Hay—Cetewayo and the Bagpipes—Forest Clearing, III.—Reception of the Queen of Spain at Paris—The Game of Draughts—The Commercial Traveller Among the Carl-Players—View at Beauharnois—The Telephone Test.

LETTER PRESS.—Editorial Paragraphs—Canadian Literature—Federation of the Empire—Forest Clearing—To Ninon—Short Stories—St. Helen's Island—The Egyptian Pyramids—The Gleamer—Breloques Pour Dames—Kuratsch—Varieties—Literary—Humorous—Artistic—Hearth and Home—Our Chess Column.

**CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.**

Montreal, Saturday, December 20, 1879.

ANOTHER evidence of prosperity is in the announcement that the Grand Trunk intends shortly to lay a double track between Toronto and Montreal. This would not be thought of, unless the increased demands of transportation required it.

THE situation in Afghanistan is anything but reassuring. The British army of occupation is small, the hill tribes are swarming and snow is appearing on the mountains. What adds to the public anxiety is that no reports from special correspondents are allowed to see the light.

IN Quebec a scheme is talked of for the settlement of Crown Lands. It is to the effect that the French-Canadians shall colonize Lake St. John, the Irish the Ottawa Valley, and the English and Scotch the Eastern Townships. This is sensible, and we shall look out anxiously to see what will come of it.

THE CHAPLEAU Ministry appear to be in earnest. It is stated that they intend making no sweeping changes in the personnel of the Civil Service, will not at all interfere with Speaker TURCOTTE, and are determined to cut down expenses to the lowest limit. The salvation of the Province lies in the latter policy.

WE have done our share, by several illustrations, in placing before the public the feasibility of manufacturing our own cannon. We are glad to learn, therefore, that the Government have decided upon this course, as also upon getting their ammunition for small arms in this country. A beginning has already been made in ordering military clothing from Canadian houses, and altogether the result is satisfactory.

THE Ministerial crisis in France, to which we referred last week, is about to culminate in the retirement of M. WASHINGTON from the Premiership. It is too early to predict what change of policy this step may entail, but there is some satisfaction in learning that M. WASHINGTON will retain the portfolio of Foreign Affairs. He is a calm, moderate man, with much of that hard common sense, necessary to counterbalance the excess of Gallic vivacity.

**THE FEDERATION OF THE EMPIRE.**

Imperial Federation is a gorgeous dream. And yet—who knows?—it may become a reality. We have had reason to treat of it in these columns, giving our ideas both of its feasibility and its manifest advantages. Other writers have studied the plan in detail, but perhaps the most interesting of these schemes is that presented in the last number of the *Westminster Review*. The author proposes an Imperial Parliament, in which representatives of the Colonies shall sit, and which shall deal with Imperial measures alone. A Local House of Parliament would be formed to legislate on mere local wants. Irish Home Rule would dovetail nicely here, an Irish Local Parliament being suggested. The Local Colonial Legislatures would remain much as they are at present. The writer goes so far as to propose that England be placed under a Viceroy or Governor, appointed by the Queen in Council. The ad-

visers of the Viceroy would be chosen from the members of the Local House, and the relations of the Viceroy to his Ministers would be precisely analogous to those of the Queen to her Ministers. All measures passed by the Local House would require the assent of the Viceroy before they became law. The Imperial Parliament would consist of 300 members:

England .....	185
Scotland .....	25
Ireland .....	40
The Colonies.....	50

This apportionment appears rather arbitrary but of course would be subject to modification without any difficulty. We have not space to rehearse all the other details of the plan, but enough is given to render the whole clear to our readers. Neither is this the time to discuss the matter, the only remarks which we need make being that the scheme is by no means visionary and that its publication in such a periodical as the *Westminster Review* is sure to challenge general attention.

**CANADIAN LITERATURE.**

Our excellent contemporary, the *Mail*, has gone off on a tangent. In a short editorial paragraph the other day, after citing the rather uncomplimentary comment of an Atlanta writer on Southern Literature, it follows in the same strain and pours a broadside into our Canadian literature. To a portion of the same it applies the elegant expression of "hogwash." We might afford to reply in a merry mood, as we cannot believe our contemporary to be in earnest, but we prefer to take another view of the subject. Friendly criticism of our native literature is always in order, because it is needed and because it cannot do otherwise than result in good. But abuse is not deserved, considering what has been attempted and accomplished, and we are surprised that the *Mail*, which is itself so fair a specimen of Canadian talent and literary culture, and which has done so much by precept and example to foster the literary spirit among us, should stoop to such abuse. We know that it is rather the fashion for young Englishmen, University-men or otherwise, who come over here and find a refuge on the press, often as a *pis aller*, to sneer at our native writers, but fortunately we can stand this small hostility, in consideration of the source from which it emanates. No one pretends that we have a Canadian literature, properly so-called, with distinctive traits, and fed from the fountains of inspiration which are natural to the country, but we have writers who have entered the various field of letters and distinguished themselves therein. History and biography have no unworthy representatives; science has produced names that have travelled abroad, and we have at least two poets, whose claims to original genius are undisputed. Because a production is from the pen of a Canadian it should not therefore be received with applause, but when a native production carries its own applause along with it, there surely is no reason why attempts should be made to curtail its merits. Our press will compare favourably with that of the United States, at least, and we need not go further than the columns of the *Mail* in proof of this. We hold that, at no time, should we go out of our way to discourage, much less abuse, the efforts that are being honestly made in the different fields of literature, and we rather incline to the opinion that it is better to sit on the side of leniency. The creation of a native literature is not the work of a generation. In the United States, it was only in the fourth quarter of a century that a beginning was made. But we venture to say that Canadians have shown a commendable spirit of initiative, which only requires time to evolve into a very high development. Meanwhile, we conceive it to be the duty of every lover of this young country to assist in every way possible the growth of aesthetic taste and literary culture.

**FOREST CLEARING.**

In continuance of this subject we come to the description of brush burning, having left off in our last issue with the winter's chopping, consisting of ten acres full of cut timber and brush awaiting the hot spring sun to prepare it for the merciless flames by drying the sap in the branches and so rendering the whole of it highly inflammable. The settler now selects a favorable time to put the match to it, having procured a torch of dry cedar bark and prepared a few of the piles with dry birch bark, pine cones and chips, these especially situated so as to start the fire to run evenly over the clearance. He also takes care to wear nothing but a flannel shirt in case any sparks alighting on him may cause him to stop in his career to extinguish the fire on his own back, which is anything but pleasant. This, however, is sure to be the case if he wears a cotton one. At noon, when the sun is the hottest, the fire is started, dense black clouds of smoke from the pine brush being seen to rise for a moment, succeeded by a loud, crackling sound as the flames in an instant leap from one brush heap to another with amazing rapidity, until the whole is flame and heat, consuming all the smaller branches, leaving nothing behind but the larger logs reduced to dismal masses of blackness in a valley of charcoal. The fire once started, the next work of importance is watching that the shanty, with its tools, &c., does not go with the rest, and great care is required in smothering the sparks as soon as they alight upon it. The whole scene is changed now, the fire has burnt over every part of it and has crawled into the woods around taking hold of the dry pine stubs and other dead timbers, burning them down. This goes on for some days and looks very beautiful at night time as the green woods seem to be illuminated, and the fire climbs up the limbs burning away at the crotches until the upper part gives way and falls with a crash lighting up the scene with myriads of sparks. The settler, however, can retire to recline his weary limbs and rest his smoke blinded eyes in perfect safety, as the fire makes no headway at night on account of the dew. He next calls a logging bee, which means inviting all his neighbours to help him to pile the logs for burning in heaps or monster bonfires—and they muster on the scene bright and early to the number of twenty-five or thirty, or even more, according to the size of the fallow that is to be logged. Four or five yoke of cattle are employed. The scene at breakfast is indeed lively; the long distancesome have had to travel so early having had the effect of sharpening their appetite which is soon appeased by the spread of the host. For the order of the day is from labour to refreshment and *vice versa*, and he has taken care that nothing should be lacking in the way of refreshments, as he expects his neighbours will fulfil the labour part of the programme. The cattle also have their wants seen to even before their masters, for it will be a hard day for them. As soon as the somewhat skirmishing breakfast is over, they gradually file off and muster in full force on the battlefield of the day, which has been staked or measured off some time previous into widths running through the entire length of the field, they having formed into companies of five or six men with a team, and armed themselves with handspikes of hickory, ironwood or some other kind which will not break very readily. They then take different positions in the field for a start and the men prepare for work by divesting themselves of any unnecessary article of clothing, placing them carefully where they will be safe from fire or being trampled over. Considerable chaff is exchanged as each party declare their intention of being at the end of the fallow first, keen competition being the principal object that stimulates them all through the fatigues of the day. Unfortunately at some bees, however, there is too much of another stimulant in the form of very bad whiskey. At last every thing being ready there is a general shout,



handspikes are brandished a moment in the air, and at once the serene stillness of the morning is broken and the battle fairly begun as onward they rush at the loud shouts of "gee" and "haw" to the cattle, with the rattle of the chain and the noise of the axe from the axeman as he hurries to sever a half cut log in two. The scene now before one takes the shape of the utmost apparent confusion, but it is not so, there being system in every half-turn of the immense logs. The driver spots in a moment the best position for the pile, so as to economise labour, commencing generally at the end log of one of the larger trees, thus saving the time and difficulty of hauling it, giving it merely half a cant. The largest logs at each end are then hauled close, thus forming a good foundation to the pile. The men divide themselves around, one following the driver to hitch the chain to any log he may want to haul in, and one chopping away any encumbrances by way of small stumps and cutting any limbs that are buried. The rest of the gang remain close to the pile, rolling together and up the timbers as they are brought alongside of it. Very often the chain is attached to the top of a tree whose branches were only partially cut off, and a lively scene ensues, as the cattle make a jerk to disentangle it, and the situation becomes exceedingly dangerous to those around, as the cattle maddened by the noise and resistance of the log, make a desperate pull, and the huge top gives way, dragging logs with it and moving them in all directions, the men having to jump and run for their very lives sake,—the top sometimes striking a stump, canting over and getting jammed between two of these solid obstacles. The axeman is shouted for to cut it loose, the cattle still being attached to the log, making strenuous efforts by sundry jerks to loosen it. At last it is clear again; the same danger threatens all those around, until at last it is brought up to the pile. While this is going on, with the driver and his men the others have not been idle. That would not do; they too are rushing onward, lifting up and carrying every log that is possible to be removed without cattle. If one of them should object that it is too heavy, the others would soon overrule the objection, and laugh him immediately out of it by telling him if it was pudding he would eat it, or some other such like chaff. As the pile gets high each log is accompanied with heavier work, the power of the handspike is somewhat lost, the weight of the log hangs heavily on the men, some of whom have to partly bear it on their shoulders while a fresh hold is procured. Great energy and activity are required now to avoid accident and every one is for the moment thrown on his whole mettle. The silent but firm grip and extended muscles of the men tell the tale as it is hoisted or slid up higher by inches, until at last the skid can be raised, when relief comes immediately and the log is at once rolled home, one or two perhaps taking care it does not roll over on the other side.

After all the light logs are rolled up, any remaining rubbish is thrown up on the heap, to start the fire when required, and thus roar and dust, din, smoke and noise go on unabated, except for a moment as the canteener of the field advances with the demijohn of whiskey, which creates an immediate attention, causing a momentary lull while they slake their thirst with fire-water as the Indians call it. Should it be a temperance bee the pail of buttermilk has the same effect, with much better results, however. Dinner time past, the war wages more furiously than ever until evening sets in with the shouts of the victorious team as they rest on their handspikes and light their pipes with satisfaction at the end of the clearance. The other teams are not far behind, however, they having a few heavier logs in their section than the others, causing their delay. The whole party now is returning to the house; alas! are they the same men that started out in the

morning bright and clean. They are now blacker than Ethiopians and some of them as ragged too—perhaps, one with sleeve ripped open, others with the leg of their pants in shreds as far as the knee, and all, even the cattle, looking considerably worse for the day's work. The group centres next round the wash-tub, previous to returning from labour to refreshment for the last time that day. In a few weeks will be given a double page illustration of this scene sketched on the spot by the writer, also a description of log burning and branding, &c., &c.

COLONEL JOHN HAY.

Colonel Hay, who has succeeded Mr. Seward as Assistant American Secretary of State, is a native of Salem, Indiana, where he was born in 1840. His father was a physician, who removed the family to Warsaw, Ill., when John was in his infancy. When fifteen years old he entered the university at Providence, graduating three years later with the Class poem. He then began the study of law at Springfield, and, while so engaged, became acquainted with President Lincoln, who took him to Washington as private secretary at the time of his first inauguration. In 1863, wishing to participate in field service, he was appointed aide-de-camp to General Hunter, then operating in South Carolina, and subsequently he joined the staff of General Gilmore as Assistant Adjutant-General. While so serving, Mr. Lincoln recalled him to Washington, where he remained until after the assassination. After this he was promoted to the rank of colonel, and granted leave of absence to accept the position of Secretary of Legation in Paris, where he remained two years. Shortly after returning to the United States he was appointed Secretary of Legation at Madrid, under the Ministry of General Siskles. Since then he has been engaged purely in the literary field, writing, besides his "Castilian Days" and the stories in verse in "Banty Tim" and "Little Breeches," many papers and editorials on Spanish affairs and politics. He is well qualified for his new position, and will adorn it gracefully.

THE CAPTIVE KING CETEWAYO.

The deposed King of Zululand continues to reside in the Castle at Capetown, where he is for the present kept in custody, till Her Majesty's Government shall have sent out definite instructions regarding him; and he is gradually becoming acquainted with many British and Colonial fashions or habits of life. Though, before leaving his native country he knew perhaps more than he liked of some of the military corps, it was but lately, at Capetown, that he was personally introduced to the gallant 91st Regiment, Princess Louise's Argyllshire Highlanders, who had nevertheless done good service in the war. An officer of that regiment, Lieutenant H. A. Schank, Instructor of Musketry, who had the opportunity of visiting King Cetewayo at the Castle, on the 21st ult., invited him to hear the martial music of the Highland pipers, with which the Zulu monarch was very much pleased, taking off his Kilmarnock cap and waving it as an applauding salute, while expressing, in his native language, thanks and approval of the treat they afforded to his ears. There used to be a piper in the Transvaal, who was temporarily attached to the suite of "The Gunn of Gunn," in the days of the Lydenburg Company of Volunteers; and of whose performances an amusing story is told by Dr. Rowland Atcherley in his "Trip to Boerland." But that musician, if he ever crossed the Zulu frontier, had no opportunity of proving his skill in the Royal presence of Cetewayo; and it never occurred to Sir Bartle Frere, probably, to try the effect of such a "concord of sweet sounds," by way of conciliating the formidable potentate with whom England has taken so much trouble in the recent most costly war.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

The last number of the *Canadian Illustrated News* has surpassed itself in its illustrations. The Lynch cartoon is especially rich in its delineations. The Solicitor-General is represented in a brigand costume in a defiant attitude, armed cap a-pie. He is holding his revolver in his right hand, whilst in his left is extended a vacant noose to be hooked on to the branch of a tree where he has already strung up three of his enemies, Messrs. Tremholme, Fisher and Joly whose distorted features and inert forms fully testify to the thoroughness of the job. A little in the rear of the executioner is still another tree from whose sturdy lower branch hangs another victim of his wrath. Poor Mr. Marchand hangs there limp, languid and lifeless. The cartoon reads thus: "Lynch Law in 'Brome. Bill is a good fellow mostly, but when he is riled, my snakes! how he dances about!"

ST. JOHN, P. Q., News.

The last number of the *Canadian Illustrated News* contains a very well written article on "The Educational Institutions at Wolfville, N. S." We are pleased to see this influential paper devoting its columns to making its numerous readers in all parts of the Dominion acquainted with our village and the Literary Institutions in our midst. We commend this paper to all who wish a first-class illustrated weekly.

THE STAR, WOLFVILLE, N. S.

MUSIC FOR HOLIDAY PRESENTS.—A counter at DeZouche's displays treasures of musical lore and literature, and what more appropriate gift could be offered for the Holiday? The variety is all that can be desired, the classical and the common place, the popular and the profound being represented.

ST. HELENA'S ISLE.

THE SMALLEST OF THE BRITISH POSSESSIONS AND ITS SINGLE CELEBRITY—AN UNINVITING LOCALITY—OLD RESIDENTS WHO REMEMBER NAPOLEON.

The Island of St. Helena, Oct. 20, 1879.—I don't suppose that letters dated from this island very frequently find their way in American prints. Therefore, I deem it rather a privilege and pleasure to be able to tell you something of it. The passage in June last from America to Liverpool on the steamship *City of Berlin* was a very delightful one, the ocean being as smooth as a pond, and the trip up to London was perfectly charming, but my visit to Paris, which occupied two weeks, is one of the never-to-be-forgotten events of my life. I never enjoyed myself so thoroughly in so short a space of time. I left London June 27 for St. Helena, on the steamship *Dunrobin Castle*, and reached Panchal, Madeira, on the 1st of July, went on shore and strolled around the town for five hours, then re-embarked and pushed on to Cape de Verde islands, reaching there on the 7th of July, but owing to very heavy weather our ship did not put in. From Cape de Verde to St. Helena our passage was comparatively smooth, and we arrived at this blessed island on the night of July 13. I found upon my arrival that the United States flag ship *Ticonderoga* was anchored off the island, having run up here from the African coast about three weeks previous to my arrival, on account of sickness on board, about sixty of the crew being down with coast fever.

Commodore Shufeldt gave me an invitation to go on board his ship, which I accepted. After being introduced to all the officers I was escorted through the ship by Commodore Cromwell, then to the Commodore's cabin, where the gallant old officer entertained me in first-class order. I found the officers to be a splendid set of gentlemen, and it did me a great deal of good to have once again a few hours' conversation with my own countrymen. With a little stretch of imagination I could almost fancy myself back in America. On the 19th of July the *Ticonderoga* put to sea, and after having experienced very heavy weather, reached Cape Town on the 4th of August, all the officers well and the men improving.

Having rather slightly sketched my passage, I am going to tell you something of my future home. St. Helena, whose reputation consists only in the celebrity that accrued from the short but dreary sojourn of Napoleon, is an island standing grim and forbidding-looking in the blue waters of the South Atlantic Ocean, 1,200 miles from the African coast. There is no other land nearer than Africa, save the still smaller island of Ascension, 760 miles in the north-west direction. St. Helena is one of the smallest of the British possessions abroad, having an area of only forty-seven square miles.

The island is ten and a half miles long and six and a half miles broad, and is situated in latitude south of the equator 15 deg. 55 min. 26 sec., and in longitude west of Greenwich 5 deg. 42 min. 30 sec. It was discovered by Juan de Nova Castella, commodore of a Portuguese fleet, returning from India, May 2, 1501, the anniversary of Helena, mother of the Emperor Constantine, and was named in honor of her. It was first inhabited by a Portuguese nobleman and a few negro slaves in 1512. The Portuguese abandoned the island in 1645, and the Dutch colonized it in the same year. The Dutch, however, deserted the island in 1651, and it was then taken possession of by the English East India Company, and confirmed in their possession April 3, 1661, by a charter from King Charles II. of England. Although King Charles issued a charter to the East India Company in 1661, the British Government did not take full possession of the island until August 28, 1663.

Nothing can present a more desolate and unfriendly appearance than the island when first seen from the sea, and even after landing, the sides of the ravines to the height of some 700 feet present little less than a region of barrenness, relieved only by struggling cottages imbedded in pathless jungles of prickly pear and bramble. A visit to the higher regions of the interior, however, discloses many pleasing landscapes of hills and valleys clothed with verdure.

The central range, of mountains, of Dianaio peak on the east, of High peak on the west, are the culminating points dividing the island into two parts, the northern or leeward side and the southern or windward side. Plantation house, Old house and Longwood and other comparatively fine residences are to be found agreeably situated, surrounded by large gardens and well-cultivated grounds, and adorned with different kinds of trees and shrubs brought from all parts of the world. The barracks, in which are quartered about 200 soldiers, are situated on the right of Jamestown, on what is now called Ladder Hill, and a small fort is erected on the hill on the left side of the town, called Rupert's Hill. Jamestown is the principal town on the island. It is situated in James valley, and contains about 200 houses. The population of the town at present is about 1,000, six or seven hundred of which are negroes or half castes. The population of the whole island is not more than 3,200, all told. In 1871 it was nearly 6,000, but the opening of the Suez Canal rained the island in a business point on account of vessels previously going to India and Australia, which stopped at St. Helena for fresh water and vegetables, now going the shortest and quickest

route, in consequence of which the island became much impoverished, and most of the inhabitants emigrated to Cape Town. The only business carried on here is furnishing vessels with provisions and fresh water.

I have met with some old residents who remember the death, burial and exhumation of Napoleon, and I know original and authentic accounts of the smallest items connected with the life of that wonderful man will be appreciated. I take great pleasure in sending you an account of all that I have gleaned.

Napoleon arrived at St. Helena, October 15, 1815, in the ship *Northumberland*, commanded by Sir George Cockburn, and was attended by Gen. and Mme. Bertrand, Gen. and Mme. Montholon, Count Las Cases, Gen. Gurgault and suite. The next day he went on shore, and stopped over night in Jamestown, and on the following day the Emperor, in company with Admiral Cockburn and Count Bertrand, visited Longwood, the spot which had been selected for his future residence, the house intended for him being then occupied by the lieutenant-governor of the island. The Emperor requested permission to stop in a building called the "Briars," which request was granted, and he remained there a little over two months. From the "Briars" he was removed to Longwood, and there occupied what is known as the "Old House." In 1819 the British Government commenced the erection of a large, commodious residence for his reception, but before it was finished Napoleon I. was no more. On the 5th of May, 1821, the conqueror of a hundred battles, creator of kings and princes, the legislator and hero of the age, died at Longwood, aged fifty-two years. The disease which caused his death is alleged by some to have been hereditary ulceration of the stomach, and by others gastro-hepatitis. On the 8th of May he was buried in Save Valley, Longwood.

The governor-admiral and staff, all the garrison and about one-half the population of the island attended the funeral. The pall-bearers were Count Bertrand and Montholon, Marchand (the faithful valet of the Emperor) and young Napoleon Bertrand. The household of the late Emperor sailed for England May 21, 1821, on the storeship *Camel*. On the 8th of October, 1840, Prince de Joinville and suite, including Gen. Bertrand, Montholon, Baron Las Cases, former companion of Napoleon's exile, arrived at St. Helena in the frigate *La Belle Poule*, accompanied by the corvette *Favorite*, for the purpose of conveying the remains of the Emperor to France; and on the 15th of October, at midnight, just twenty-five years from the day he landed, the exhumation took place, the coffin was lifted and conveyed to a tent, where it was opened and the remains fully identified, being little changed in appearance from what some of the mourners had gazed upon nearly 20 years before. The coffin was closed, and the remains were deposited, with funeral honors, in the *La Belle Poule*, which sailed for France on the 18th of October. Upon their arrival in Paris, the mortal remains of the First Napoleon were deposited under the dome of the Invalides, where they still remain.

From all accounts his life here was most dreary. Among the archives of the island are the original papers that were to have been sent to France, giving plans of easy landing places and the manner in which he was to have been rescued; but through the inquisitiveness of his valet's parents fell into the hands of the Governor, Sir Hudson Lowe. After that the strict surveillance and indignities that were heaped upon him broke the spirit and heart of the man that had defied the world. The original paper from the King of England, ordering that Napoleon should be addressed as general and not emperor, is still here.

By ordinance Sir Edward Drummond Hay, Governor of St. Helena, dated March 18, 1855, ratified and confirmed by order of the Queen May 7, 1858, the lands in the Island of St. Helena forming the site of the tomb of the Emperor Napoleon, also the lands forming the site of the tenement of Longwood and its appurtenances, formerly the residence of Napoleon, was vested in his Majesty the late Napoleon III. and his heirs for ever, as absolute owners thereof in fee simple.

In 1859 the French Government sent an officer of the Legion of Honor to St. Helena to look after and take care of the house and grounds. The present officer (Major Marchen, who is an officer of the Legion of Honor, also) is a most obliging and courteous gentleman; he has very little to do, but for all that he does not like living so far away from Paris, and proposes to leave for France soon on a leave of absence for one year. There are a good many little reminiscences of Napoleon's exile that neither reflect credit on himself nor the representative of the English Government, Sir Hudson Lowe.

ARTISTIC.

MR. H. N. HYNEMAN'S beautiful picture, "Desdemona," which figured in the Paris Salon of 1879, and which is now on exhibition at the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, has been sold for the sum of one thousand dollars.

The drawings of Ruskin, the distinguished art-writer, are just opened for exhibition at the American Art Gallery, Madison Square. They are under the care of Professor Norton, of Harvard University, to whom the most of them were sent by Ruskin to help the advance of art-study in this country, especially among the students of Ruskin's works. As more pictures they make no claim.





COL. JOHN HAY,  
AUTHOR OF "JIM BLEDSOE," "LITTLE BREECHES," & C., NEW ASS.-SEC. OF STATE AT WASHINGTON.

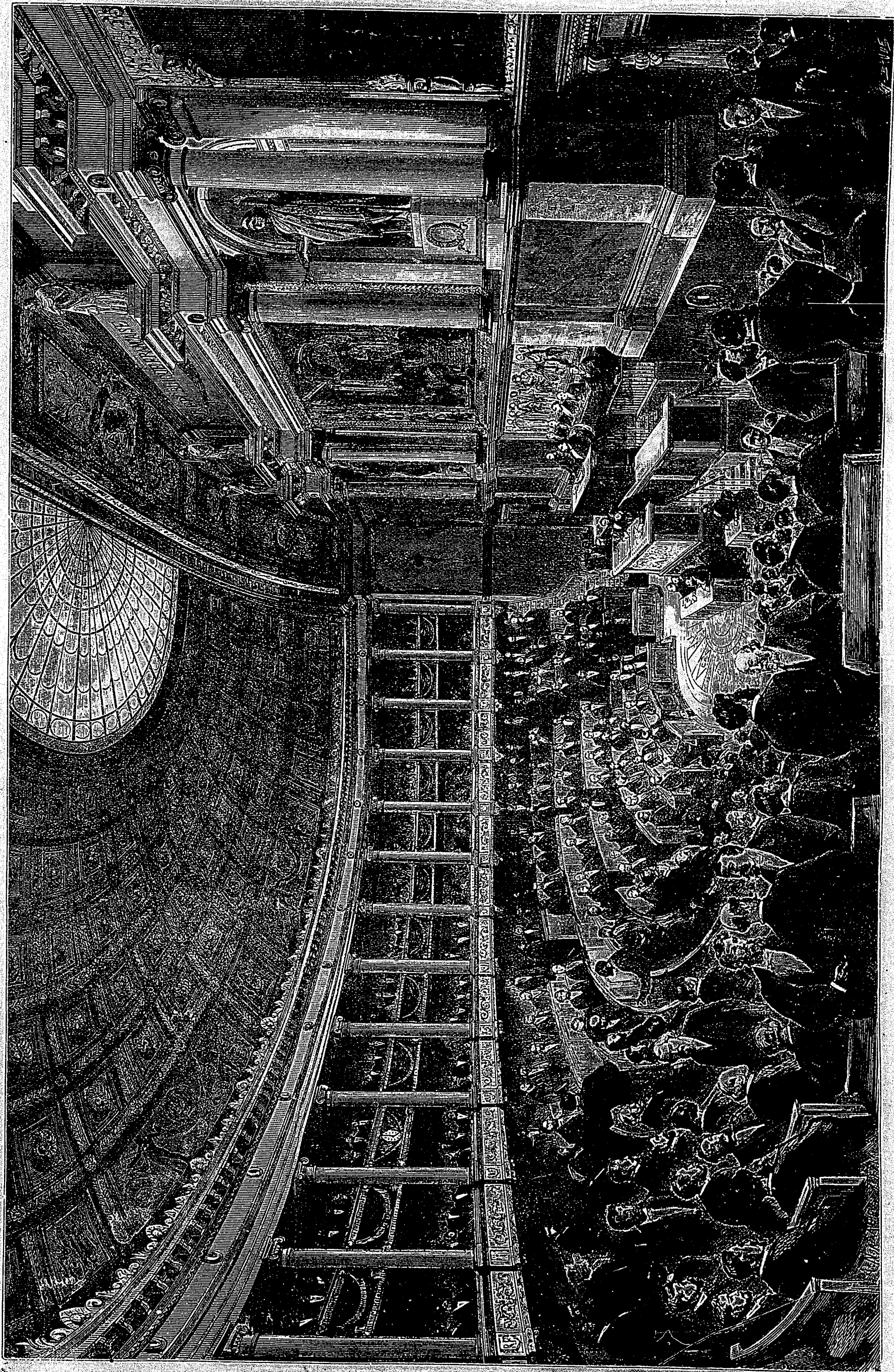


ABD-EL-KADER.



CETEWAYO AND THE HIGHLAND BAGPIPES.





THE FRENCH ASSEMBLY, FIRST MEETING AT THE PALAIS BOURBON, PARIS.



**THE IRON GATE.**

The following is Dr. Holmes's poem read lately at the Breakfast in Boston.

Where is this patriarch you are so kindly greeting?  
Not unfamiliar to my ear his name,  
Not yet unknown to many a joyous meeting  
In days long vanished,—is he still the same?

Or changed by years, forgotten and forgetting,  
Dull-eyed, dim-sighted, slow of speech and thought,  
Still o'er the sad, degenerate present fretting  
Where all goes wrong and nothing as it ought?

Old age, the gray-beard I well, indeed, I know him—  
Shrunk, tottering, bent, of aches and ills the prey;  
In sermon, story, fable, picture, poem,  
Oft have I met him from my earliest day;

In my old Æsop, toiling with his burden—  
His load of sticks—politely asking Death—  
Who comes when called for—would he ling' or trundle  
His ragot for him?—he was scant of breath.

And said "Ecclesiastes, or the Preacher,"—  
Has he not stamped the image on my soul  
In that last Chapter, where the woe-out Teacher  
Sighs o'er the loosened chisel, the broken bowl?

Yes, loag, indeed, I've known him at a distance,  
And now my lifted door-latch shows him here,  
I take his shrivelled hand without resistance  
And find him smiling as his step draws near.

What though of gilded bangles he bereaves us,  
Dear to the heart of youth, to manhood's prime,  
Think of the calm he brings, the wealth he leaves us,  
The hoarded spicils, the legacies of time!

Alas once flaming, still with incense fragrant,  
Passion's uneasy nurslings rocked asleep,  
Hope's anchor faster, wild desire less vagrant,  
Life's flow less noisy, but the stream how deep!

Still as the silver chord gets worn and slender,  
Its lightened task-work tugs with lessening strain,  
Hands get more hopeful, voices grown more tender,  
Soothe with their softened tones the slumberous brain.

Youth longs and manhood strives, but age remembers;  
Sits by the raked-up ashes of the past,  
Spreads his thin hands above the whitening embers,  
That warm its creeping life-blood till the last.

Dear to its heart is every loving token  
That comes unbidden ere its pulse grows cold,  
Ere the last lingering ties of life are broken,  
Its labors ended and its story told.

Ah, when around us rosy youth rejoices,  
For us the sorrow-laden breeze sigh,  
And through the chorus of its jocund voices  
Throbs the sharp note of misery's hopeless cry.

As on the gauzy wings of fancy flying,  
From some far orb I track our watery sphere—  
Home of the struggling, suffering, doubting, dying,  
The silvered globe seems a glistening tear.

But nature lends her mirrors of illusion  
To win from smouldering scenes our agitated eyes,  
And misty day-dreams blend in sweet confusion  
The wintry landscape and the summer skies.

So when the iron portal shuts behind us,  
And life forgets us in its noise and whirl,  
Visions that shinned the glaring noonday find us,  
And glimmering starlight shows the gates of pearl.

—I come not here your morning hour to sadden,  
A limping pilgrim, leaning on his staff,—  
I, who have never deemed it sin to gladden  
This vale of sorrow with a wholesome laugh.

If word of mine another's gloom has brightened,  
Through my dumb lips the heaven-sent message came,  
If hand of mine another's task has lightened,  
It felt the guidance that it dares not claim.

But oh, my gentle sisters, oh, my brothers,  
These thick-sown snow-flakes hint of toil's release;  
These feeble pulses bid me leave to others  
The tasks once welcome; evening asks for peace.

Time claims his tribute; silence now is golden;  
Let me not vex the too long suffering lyre;  
Though to your love unwarmed still beholden,  
The curfew tells me—cover up the fire.

And now with grateful smile and accents cheerful,  
And warmer heart than look or word can tell,  
In simplest phrase—these traitorous eyes are tearful—  
Thanks, Brothers, Sisters—Children—and Farewell!

**FOREVER!**

A STORY OF THE HEART—BY THE LATE HARRY HAREWOOD LEECH.

"Promise!"  
"I do solemnly."  
"Forever?" continued the solemn, broken voice.

"Forever," echoed the weeping maiden by the bedside.  
The wasted hands were raised over the heads of the kneeling figures; the pale lips of the dying woman parted, the tongue tried to utter a blessing; but all brightness faded from the eyes. The woman was dead.

Two young girls knelt at the bedside. Constance Owen was the name of one, with sallow skin and large brown eyes, and Edith Ormond, she was called, with ringlets of gold floating around her fair neck, and whose head was leaning upon the shoulders of Constance, who had promised the dying woman to be a sister, protector—mother even—to the fair maiden at her side.

The strong, faithful, homely girl called Constance was an adopted daughter of the dead lady—one of those waifs of the street, whose only hope of life is in the charity of some tender-hearted stranger. She, however, repaid her protector by a love and regard as filial as that of her own daughter, and when upon her death-bed Mrs. Ormond bade Constance Owen make her the solemn promise recorded, the brave girl not only did not falter, but whispered once more to the stricken girl at her side:

"Yes, Edith, for the sake of the love your

dear mother gave to the orphan will I love you better than myself for ever." \* \* \* \* \*

Two years passed—two years since Edith the beautiful and Constance the brave had lost their best earthly friend. The former had grown more lovely even than the promise of the dawn of her radiant maidenhood; the latter more homely, larger featured, in the face, but with two years an added dignity of mien, a more intelligent light in the quiet, tender brown eyes, and force of character better defined in every movement. There came many suitors to Bonnybrook—so the little country-seat belonging to Edith was called—but, so far, the little coquette did not pay much heed to any of them. She was chasing the butterflies of fancy around that Garden of Eden—first youth. But at length her beauty, grace and perhaps high social position, brought one day to the gates of Bonnybrook one Dr. Paulding, a superior and rising young physician, who lived in the city close by, and when he had found his way to that pleasant country nook, somehow he discovered patients in that vicinity very frequently. Was it Edith's fair face that made him take that blooming highway so often?

He was indeed fascinated by her bright, girlish beauty, and one evening after he had been wandering in the gardens, under the moon, soft pleasant words must have been spoken, for after he had gone, Edith, with a flushed face, dashed into the room where Constance was awaiting her, and throwing her arms around her, said in a happy, trembling voice:

"O! darling, I am so happy. He has told me he loved me."

Constance spoke not a word; Edith was held a moment to the beating heart, a soft kiss touched her forehead, and the next moment she was alone.

"He loves me! He loves me!" And Edith looked out over the gardens from which the dews of night were distilling all their odors; she gazed at the round, beautiful moon, and peeped the shadows with the image of the man who had first stirred her young life with the divine music of love.

A month after the pleasant confession had been made, Edith was called to the mountains of Vermont to attend a dying aunt, and she had to proceed alone, as Bonnybrook would have lacked a guardian if Constance had accompanied her—Dr. Paulding's duties utterly denying him that pleasure.

Constance was engrossed in her home duties and saw but little society, save a few rustic neighbours, who only recommended themselves by their goodness of heart, and certainly not by the brilliancy of their wit or understanding. Once in awhile Dr. Paulding would ride out to Bonnybrook, as Constance told him, "from the force of old habit," but soon it seemed that the man of medicine and science did not carry on the conversation with the old ease, grace and spirit. What had come between Constance Owen and himself? Something inexplicable. The noble woman found a strange, rare pleasure in the society of the gifted man; the scholarly man a sympathy with the large-hearted, intellectual woman which he had never known or experienced in any of her sex. "True," he said to himself, "she is not beautiful; indeed, measured by the rules of beauty, she is positively ugly. But who can gauge the charms of a melodious voice, or define the tenderness of an honest, kindly eye?"

And she, too, mused in this wise: "This Dr. Charles Paulding is a marvellously gifted man. What powers of language, what treasures of imagination he possesses! What a noble career he has before him; and Edith—here she would pause and think of that clinging tendril, not as helping the growth of the oak, but as drawing from its strength. Yet from all such thoughts as these her staunch and loyal heart would resolutely turn away—yet for all this her speech would not come as "trippingly on the tongue" as in the old days, and he would oftentimes finish a sentence in the middle of it, and then lose himself in vague zances at the ceiling or out into the gardens.

Oh, it was a dangerous time for both of these awakening hearts. But they glided on this treacherous stream, and seemed only conscious that the hours were sweet and that the sun shone on the waves. There was no thought of disloyalty in either heart. He was above all a man of honour, and she of all else a loyal woman. Yet how hearts delude themselves. In the very pride of his strength Samson was shorn of his locks.

One quiet evening in July, Dr. Paulding had taken tea at Bonnybrook, and Constance—his "hostess" only, she called herself—strolled down to the gate with him. His impatient horse was biting the rough old hitching-post and throwing up clouds of dust with his fore feet. He had been kept there four hours, and he seemed more eager than his master to leave Bonnybrook behind him. The doctor idly plucked some heliotropes as they strolled down the rose-bordered paths, and mingled with the flowers some dainty mignonette and a pale bud or two of the tea rose. At last he placed the bouquet in her hands and said dreamily:

"Read the emblems, Constance—you who are a priestess in Flora's beautiful temple."

She quickly looked over them.  
"Ah," she said, "you choose well, Sir Botanist. Here you have 'beauty in retirement,' 'constancy'—that is good—and 'I am not a summer friend'—that is better than all. But you flatter with your flowers nevertheless."

"Not you," he replied eagerly, almost tenderly, and in a voice that somewhat frightened her.

She replied almost coldly—although her heart was strangely beating and a warm, unusual colour was in her face: "My best friends will tell you, doctor, that I am ugly and commonplace. Believe them, I beg of you, and do not let your imagination invest me with any charms."

He seemed all at once to be carried away by his passion. He leaned over her and replied, warmly: "I say you are beautiful, Constance Owen. I feel your beauty in my very soul." But he said no more.

The face of Constance was a study; the flush that before had crimsoned her cheeks had died out, and she became ghostly pale. Her fingers, which had clasped the flowers, slowly opened and they dropped to the ground at her feet. All at once the vision of the dead woman seemed to present itself to her mind, and the trust she was violating struck cold to her heart. Was this the "Forever" she had spoken? She staggered and would have fallen; the arms of Dr. Paulding were about her, but she waved him away in a moment with such a piteous, despairing gesture that he obeyed her without a word. She only had strength to falter:

"Go—and remember Edith!"—and she staggered back towards the house, leaving him standing there, bent and trembling.

She stood for hours white and motionless, looking out at the sunset and the gathering gloom of evening, with wild thoughts chasing themselves through her brain and a dumb, aching pain in her heart; every hope trailing in the dust, like those sweet flowers he had given her. She laid her head after awhile upon her hands, on the window casement of her room, and wept softly through the long, long hours, until she heard the village bell strike the hour of midnight. She had prayed and wrestled with her grief and agony, and rose up at length quiet and calm. She had yielded to duty and her promise to the dead.

Somehow Constance Owen seemed to grow prettier as the months passed by; there was some refining change which was softening her rugged features and rounding every line in her stately form. The summer and autumn had flown, and still Edith Ormond had not returned to Bonnybrook. Her aunt had died, and letters came from time to time saying that ere long she would be home, yet she came not. Could she suspect the disloyalty of her lover?

It was late in the fall, when the woods had put on their pomp of glory, and the chill winds sent the fallen leaves through the valleys near Bonnybrook, when Dr. Paulding rode up to the house and asked for Constance. She had only received him twice before since the summer evening, and had then contrived by womanly tact not to be alone with him—although she no longer doubted her strength. Constance, on this occasion, received her guest alone; there seemed a strange embarrassment in his manner. After the first greeting was over, he said:

"Constance, I have much to say to you to-day. Do you think you can listen to me calmly?"

"Yes," she replied. "If it is upon a subject on which you should speak—and" she added tremblingly—"to which I should listen."

"Both," he said. "When first I saw Edith Ormond I was captivated by her beauty and girlish graces; I thought I loved her."

Constance would have stopped him by a gesture but he begged her to listen—"for you can do so now," he said, "in all honor and reason."

He continued.  
"I had never had my heart stirred by the full knowledge of love, however, until I knew you and discovered the breadth of your sympathies and the womanliness of your character. I never respected you more than when you rejected me, knowing I was the engaged husband of Edith. But fate has been kind to us both." His voice was trembling with emotion. "Read the last part of this letter."

He handed a folded paper to Constance, who took it as one in a dream.

"From Edith?" she said.

"Yes."

The portion she read ran:  
"So you see, dear Dr. Paulding, it is better I should tell you now that I have met one here—my cousin Ray—whom I feel that I love better than anybody in the world. I have promised to be his wife and I am sure you will forgive me, for you are so noble and grand and all that, and I should feel, I know, that I never could fill worthily the exalted sphere of Dr. Paulding's wife—"

Constance could read no more; a mist gathered over her eyes, but this time a strong arm was about her and a voice, deep and melodious, whispered to her: "Dearest Constance, will you be mine at last?" Their lips met for the first time in one long kiss of love, and her answer was: "Yes, thine—Forever!"

THE author of the regulations for press correspondents with an army in the field was no other than General Sir Garnet Wolseley himself. It is said that Sir Garnet drew up these regulations and submitted them to the Horse Guards a short time before he went to Cyprus as Governor and High Commissioner of the Island, and that it was at his suggestion that they were applied to Afghanistan by the Indian Government. It is significant that it is acknowledged at the Horse Guards that the code was drawn up in England.

**THE GLEANER.**

A NUMBER of appointments are about to be made to the Star of India in recognition of the services rendered by officers in connection with the operations in Afghanistan.

MR. JOHN B. CLAY is the only child of Henry Clay who is now living. He has a comfortable home at Lexington, Ky., owning two hundred of the paternal acres and many beautiful horses.

THE temporary iron church now being erected beside the present Oratory at Brompton, to supply its place during the erection of the new church, will be the largest iron church ever erected. It will contain four chapels and an ample sanctuary. The foundation stone of the new church will be laid in January, probably by Cardinal Newman.

HER MAJESTY has given her sanction to the issue of an Afghan war medal, and nominal rolls are to be sent in of all officers and men who have actually served beyond the frontier during the last winter's campaign. A clasp will be added in the case of those officers and men who have served in the recent operations under Sir F. Roberts.

GUSTAVE DORÉ is working with ardour on the illustrations of the works of Shakespeare which he began several years since. His last design represents the scene of the meeting of Macbeth with the three witches on the heath. A novel process of engraving is used to reproduce, in facsimile and directly from the drawing, the sketches *au lapis*.

THE Evangelical Church in Hungary have been under the erroneous belief that they were the owners of Martin Luther's last will and testament. According to Professor Ranke's researches, the only real testament of Luther—that which he had written with his own hand—is in the Heidelberg Library, and is there kept in a glass case, for the inspection of visitors.

AN arrangement concluded between England and France provides that any distressed mariner of either country landing in a colony of the other country or in the territories of a third Power shall be supplied with board, lodging, clothing, and travelling expenses until he finds fresh employment or is able to leave. The arrangement comes into force on the 1st of January, and is terminable at twelve months' notice.

BALLOONS, as instruments of importance in warfare, are beginning to assert themselves in the British army. At present their use is confined to purposes of reconnoitring, but the time is probably not far off when they will be furnished with heavy guns, wherewith to pepper the enemy. Between ballooning, the electric light, the heliograph, and the new helmet, the Duke of Wellington, could he be permitted to revisit the glimpses of the moon, would feel himself as much out of his element as Julius Cæsar.

SEMI-OFFICIAL letters from India announce that Lord Lytton's resignation of the Viceroyalty will be sent home very shortly. His Lordship has of late been in the reverse of good health, and the care and worry caused by the responsibilities of the Afghan War have not helped to improve his condition. His term of office does not expire until 1881, but he has been strongly advised not to pass another hot season in the East. Lord Lytton has been greatly annoyed by the responsibility of the Press Laws being forced upon him.

MR. DELANE was the greatest of English journalists, and yet he could not write. It was his duty to be "susceptible to new impressions," and see that the latest wave of popular feeling was noticed in his columns. There was one trait in Mr. Delane's character which his journal does not notice. He never spoke about the *Times*. He was the *Times*, and to speak about it was more painful to him than to speak about himself. He distrusted as assistants also those who were fond of avowing their connection with his staff. What he wanted was men who did not speak, but thought and worked.

**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 of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all 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, with full direction for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherar, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.

**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 recipe 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.



**ABRAM MORRISON.**

Midst the men and things which will  
Haunt an old man's memory still,  
Drolliest, quaintest of them all,  
With a boy's laugh I recall  
Good old Abram Morrison.

Irish of the Irishes,  
Pope nor priest nor church were his;  
Sober with his Quaker folks,  
Merry with his quiet jokes  
On week days was Morrison.

Back and forth to daily meals,  
Rode his cherished pig on wheels,  
And to all who came to see,  
"Aisler for the pig an' me,  
Sure it is," said Morrison.

Well we loved the tales he told  
Of a country strange and old,  
Where the fairies danced till dawn,  
And the goblin Leprecaun  
Looked, we thought, like Morrison.

All his words have perished. Shame  
On the saddle-bags of Fame,  
That they bring not to our time  
One poor couplet of the rhyme  
Made by Abram Morrison!

When, on calm and fair First Days,  
Rattled down our one-horse chaise  
Through the blossomed apple-boughs  
To the Quaker meeting-house,  
There was Abram Morrison.

Underneath his hat's broad brim  
Peered the queer old face of him;  
And with Irish jauntness  
Swung the coat-tails of the dress  
Worn by Abram Morrison.

Still, in memory, on his feet,  
Leaning o'er the old, high seat,  
Mingling with a solemn drone,  
Celtic accents all his own,  
Rises Abram Morrison.

On his yell-worn thobe intent,  
Simple, child-like, innocent,  
Heaven forgive the half-checked smile  
Of our careless boyhood, while  
Listening to Friend Morrison!

After half a century's lapse,  
We are wiser now, perhaps,  
But we miss our streets amid  
Something which the past has hid,  
Lost with Abram Morrison.

Gone forever with the queer  
Characters of that old year!  
Now the many are as one;  
Broken is the mould that run  
Men like Abram Morrison.

—(John G. Whittier, in St. Nicholas for December.)

**THE GREAT PYRAMID.**

ITS PURPOSES AND MEANING EXPLAINED BY  
PROF. PROCTOR—HE CLAIMS THAT IT WAS  
BUILT FOR ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS.

Prof. Richard A. Proctor recently at Chickering Hall delivered the last lecture of the interesting course on astronomical topics with which he has been delighting and instructing New York audiences. The subject chosen was, "The Great Pyramid, Its Purpose and Meaning." The lecture was arranged, by request, for three o'clock, in order to accommodate schools and persons living in the suburban towns. Prof. Proctor illustrated his remarks, as usual, with excellent stereopticon views, all of the pictures of the pyramids and obelisks being photographs taken on the spot. These greatly assisted the correct understanding of the lecture. A large audience was in attendance and frequently testified its admiration of the distinguished astronomer by applause. The occasion was Mr. Proctor's last appearance before a New York audience for some years. He left for Boston, and will make an extended tour through this country, returning to England by way of Australia. Like the revolving comets in their orbits, but with a much shorter period, the professor expects to visit America year after next, attended by two beautiful satellites—his daughters.

**THE LECTURE.**

Prof. Proctor said that the subject of the Great Pyramid was one to which a great deal of attention had been called in connection with some very fanciful theories. He proposed to treat of it in the light of astronomy and had no special theory on the subject, although he had a very clear conception as to the object of the builders. Some thought the pyramids were in some way fortifications against the floods of the Nile; others a protection against the sands of the desert; others that they were intended as tombs. This latter the professor thought likely enough, although he did not believe they were used for that purpose alone. Others believed they were used as treasure houses, and it was this idea which led the Sultan Mahmoud to have them opened at great expense and labour, all of which was lost, as there was nothing found in them. Other theories were that they were used as astronomical observatories or as places of worship. Formerly on the top of the pyramids there was a square platform, which might have been used for either purpose. They had since been covered up so that at one time there was not a crack or a crevice in any of their four sloping sides, showing that the purpose for which they had been built had ceased to be of interest. Whatever might have been their ultimate use no astronomer could examine them without perceiving quite clearly that they were built by astronomers and for astronomical purposes. None

but an astronomer could have given to the Great Pyramid the perfect astronomical form which it possessed. It would be safest to start with what was known clearly.

The lecturer proceeded to suppose himself an Egyptian king, with unlimited means in labour and in expense, who desired, without any telescope or any of the modern appliances of astronomy, to carefully observe the heavens. In the first place a building exceedingly firm and stable would be required, then a firm and stable basis, and, finally, certain definite lines, not merely horizontal but along which one could look in certain definite directions at the heavenly bodies. He would be supposed also to be without the table of logarithms, and could, therefore, only use large angles, such as the right angle or its half or third to avoid complications. He would search for a latitude in which to place his building so that the altitude of the pole star should be equal to one of these angles, say thirty degrees north latitude, as that is the only latitude in Egypt which had these characteristics. This was the very latitude in which the Great Pyramid of Cheops had been placed, so that the altitude of the pole was one-third of the way to the zenith and of the sun at the time of the spring equinox, two-thirds of the way. It was clear that the builders of the pyramid had dealt with the problem in that way. The rays of the sun, however, in coming through the atmosphere would be bent, so that if the position were taken by this means the sun would appear higher in the heavens and the place indicated would be too far north. In the same way the pole star would appear too high, and the place would be located too far south. The mean between these two observations, placing, however more reliance on the stellar one, had been taken, so that it was only the question of a few yards relative to the exact position. Then to get its four sides to run north, south, east and west was not so easy a matter. By taking the shadow of a post at its shortest height it would not give the exact north, as the sun at noon changes its position very slowly, so that the observation could not be made correct within a minute or two. A stellar observation had therefore been taken.

**HOW THE PYRAMIDS WERE BUILT.**

To get the base of the pyramid—762 feet on each edge—perfectly level, Prof. Proctor thought that they must have adopted the method of cutting out from the rock a place for the foundation of the pyramid, and then pouring in water, marking the height to which it rose on the sides. To obtain a due north and south line it would have been necessary to bore into the solid rock in such a direction that from the shaft thus made the north-pole star could have been observed at its lowest point in the small circle it makes around the pole. Then by boring another small perpendicular hole to meet the shaft, and dropping a plumb-line and connecting the orifice at the surface with the orifice of the shaft at its corresponding point, there was formed a true north and south line. According to Herodotus a fresh set of 100,000 men was employed in building the pyramids every three months, so that there was plenty of labour to conduct all these experiments. After getting the base stones laid the other layers of stone could be put on, carrying up the shaft that had been sunk. This would terminate at one of the faces, and to continue it higher it would have to turn or branch out in another direction. A reflected ray of light would give them the means of turning the shaft at right angles. Thus was completed an instrument for the measuring of the exact time, and its large gallery, into which the interior passage widened out, would be useful for observing the stars passing over it, and, being very deep, the stars could be seen in the daytime and observed not only by one observer but by many, who could take the time of the stars southing at the same moment and get rid of what is called "personal equation" or differences in the readiness of different observers.

The hall was then darkened and the stereopticon views were thrown on the screen. The first three pictures showed the position of the pyramid on the earth with reference to several theories. It was situated at almost exactly 30 deg. north latitude. Views of the surrounding region, showing the level nature of the country, were next exhibited. This level ground was the best possible surface for an observatory. Observations taken on high peaks were often found to be less accurate than those at lower points. Several views of the Pyramid of Cheops, showing all its faces, and the other smaller pyramids were next thrown on the screen. The professor inclined to the idea that they had been constructed about the same period. The sides of the great pyramid sloped back about ten parts for every nine parts of its rise. The height bore to the circuit of the base about the same ratio that the circle bears to the circumference. The side of the pyramid was 762 feet, or 9,189 inches. The number of sacred cubits, according to some, on each edge was 365,242, or exactly the number of days in a year. Taking the diagonals from the base to the sides they measured 29,900 inches, or the period of the gyration motion of the earth's axis. Now, taking the base as it was, the diagonals must come out at that number. Then at least one of the suppositions as to the significance of the cubits or of the inches must be merely a curious coincidence. Prof. Proctor inclined to think the pyramid was built about 3,370 before Christ, when the star Alpha of the constellation "Dragon" was the star nearest the pole, and the bright star Alpha of the Centaur lay in the line of vision of one of the pyramid

passages. Pictures explanatory of these numerous passages were next shown. The idea in their building, he thought, was for the purpose not alone of viewing the stars and foretelling the future, but of ruling the future in a measure by guarding against calamities. The theory had been advanced that every year was represented in the pyramid by an inch. Thus the original descending shaft led to a chamber below the base of the pyramid, supposed to represent the bottomless pit, where all would go if not turned aside. At the change in the direction of the passage the Mosaic dispensation was supposed to have begun, lasting 1,500 inches, or years, when the passage enlarged and the Christian dispensation, represented by the enlarged gallery, began. This was 1,882 inches long and it was therefore supposed that something terrible would happen in 1882. But the figures did not correctly coincide with the actual dates of occurrences, and the professor thought people might contemplate with confidence the end of the period. Several pictures of ancient zodiacs and modern astrologers' tables closed the series of illustrations.

In conclusion Prof. Proctor said it was clear enough that the pyramids were built for astronomical purposes, and with this there might have been connected religious observances. There were two other theories about the pyramids—one that they were used for purposes of sliding down hill or coasting, the other that they were built by divine inspiration. He had been accused of flippancy in treating of the latter theory. To support it would be to believe that admiration was due the Almighty for knowing the proportions of the universe. He had created, and that not perfectly, but almost exactly. Such a theory, if regarded seriously, was an insult and a mockery to the Almighty. In view of this massive building of the Great Pyramid of Cheops the astronomers of to-day could look back and find themselves associated with those of antiquity. In the words of Oliver Wendell Holmes he could say:

I am as old as Egypt, of myself  
Brother to them that squared the pyramids.

**THE SCOTS IN MONTREAL.**

In the most recent of his interesting letters to the *Aberdeen Free Press*, Mr. Mackenzie makes the following remarks regarding his countrymen in Montreal, which city he visited recently:

Montreal extends about three miles along the banks of the St. Lawrence, and has a population of between 130,000 and 140,000, about five-eighths of whom are French, and about three-fourths Roman Catholics. The Scotch are, however, at the head of almost everything, and compose generally the *élite* and merchant princes of the city, not a few of whom are millionaires. With the exception of the Mackays, and a few others, there are not many prominent Highlanders in the city, but the great warehouse of Mackay Bros. has long been admitted by be at the head of the commercial world of Montreal. Joseph, who first started the business, and his brother Edward, who soon after joined him, retired from the business, possessed of vast wealth, several years ago, and the great concern is now carried on by three nephews. The Mackays came originally quite poor from Kildonan, in Sutherlandshire.

There are several excellent Scottish societies in Montreal, such as the Caledonian Society, the *Cuidich an Rìgh*, composed of about sixty men who belonged to the 78th Highlanders, and whose time expired when the regiment was last in Montreal. I was very glad to find that most of these men are doing very well in the city, one of them, Sergeant-Major Fraser, born in Castle street, Inverness, now holding the same position here in the Fifth Fusiliers, a fine body of men, as also their Sergeant-Instructor. There is, besides, the St. Andrew's Society, composed of the leading Scotsmen of the city, but better, and engaged in much more important work still, are the managers of the St. Andrew's Home, a most useful institution, which originated out of the society of the same name, and which is managed by its most prominent and influential members. The amount of real good done by this institution is great, and ought to be known among their countrymen at home. I went through the building and found it excellently managed by an Argyll Gaelic-speaking Highlander, Mr. D. Campbell, and his better-half, a substantial, good-natured, warm-hearted Scotch woman, whose character stands high among the Scottish ladies and gentlemen of Montreal. No Scotchman or Scotchwoman need be without a comfortable home in the city, if unfortunate or hard pressed, if he or she only applies at the St. Andrew's Home, so clean and so comfortably furnished that no one, however well brought up, need fear of good and suitable treatment. The object of this association is to regulate charity in a systematic manner—to prevent imposition on the one hand, and to relieve the truly indigent on the other—to afford advice and information to their fellow-countrymen, but especially to promote in every respect the welfare of Scotch emigrants, and guide them in forming for themselves settlements in a strange land, from which they may afterwards derive happiness, comfort, and independence. I examined the minute book, and found that they carry out the objects of their existence in a truly noble manner. In the city, among their unfortunate countrymen, they distribute more than £600 a year on an average in firewood, oatmeal, tea, sugar, and loaf bread, and so keep many from starvation or becoming

pauperised. Several instances are recorded in the minutes of cases where they maintained in the Home unfortunate Scottish men and women for years. The Home is entirely non-sectarian. The leading men in connection with it are: Ewen McLennan, a fine Gaelic-speaking Highlander, whose father came from Kintail; Alex. McGibbon, a Perthshire Highlander; Joseph and Edward Mackay, already referred to, and their nephews; A. W. Ogilvie, from Bannockburn; F. J. Logie, and the Revs. Gavin Laing and Robert Campbell. In Montreal I met some very fine men, among whom I would like to mention James Croil, a well-known Scot, and editor of the *Presbyterian Record*; D. Macmaster, a native of Glangarry, and M.P. for his native county; Alexander Murray, bookseller; and Mr. Patrick, a good Paisley Scot, and a substantial prop in the great house of Morgan & Co., a Scotch establishment.

**HUMOROUS.**

"GRINDERPEST" is a very appropriate name for the toothache.

THERE is much happiness in money. The only trouble is to get the amount right.

THE English have presented Cetewayo's wives with concertinas. Isandula is to be avenged. Oh, unhappy King!

THERE are some persons of such magnificent importance that when they write the words "In God we trust," they spell "we" with a capital "W."

Broad is the road that leads to debt,  
And thousands walk together there;  
Prompt payments find a narrow rut,  
With here and there a passenger.

AFTER a Texas jury had stood out for ninety-six hours the judge got a verdict out of them in two minutes by sending them word that a circus had come to town.

"EVERYTHING," says a Western paper, "has recently advanced in price except liberty, which remains at eternal vigilance, with liberal reduction to the trade."

A LITTLE girl, on being told something which much amused her, exclaimed emphatically: "I shall remember that the whole of my life, and when I forget it I will write it down."

ANY boy who intends to skate before the ice is two inches thick, will oblige by leaving full details of age, name, etc., at this office, in order that no errors may occur in the obituary.

LET a boy place his stockings in an iron chest as he goes to bed and lock them in with six padlocks, and in the morning one stocking will be found under the bed and the other on the stairs.

"Is he rich?" asked the tourist. "Yes," replied the sexton, "I guess he is pretty wealthy, at least he never puts more than ten cents into the plate Sunday morning."

ONE evening a child aged four and a half years, while diligently studying a picture-book illustrating Scripture subjects, suddenly asked his mother the following question: "Mamma, who will bury the last man?"

THE last straw which breaks the back of your patience in the apothecary's shop, after the polite pharmacist has carefully put your three cents, worth of medicine into a 10-cent bottle, wrapped it up in two cents worth of paper, tied it with a cent's worth of twine, and used up about \$6 worth of your time, is to have him light a lamp and use up fifteen minutes more in sticking the parcel together with sealing-wax. Then, having, in a half-hour, gradually gouged you to frenzy, he blandly says, "Only 40 cents, sir."

"Can you tell me," said a punster who had in our sanctum popped, and upon the floor was seeking for a copper he had dropped, "Can you tell me why at present I am like Noah's weary dove?" And he glanced with inward tremor toward a gun that hung above. "Wouldst thou know?" he queried blandly—As he nudged the ouzel stout Which we shied at him in anger— " 'Tis because I'm one sent out."

**BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.**

THE line of beauty is not the crino-line.

A WOMAN never grows old. As soon as she passes twenty-five she hides the family Bible.

"MARK TWAIN on Babies," said the happy father when his wife presented him with twins.

IN Sweden a bride has her pockets filled with bread. Caramelets are good enough for the girls in this country.

BEFORE marriage a girl frequently calls her intended "her treasure," but when he becomes her husband, she looks upon him as "her treasurer."

THE man or woman who has never loved, hugged, kissed, played with, listened to, told stories to, or thoroughly spanked a child has missed the cardinal joys of life.

A LITTLE girl in our Sunday-school, who had been pulling her doll to pieces during the week, was asked by the teacher, "What was Adam made of?" "Dust." "And what was Eve made of?" "Sawdust."

IT has been ascertained in Scotland that marriage is productive of longevity. Out of 100,000 married persons, 625 die in the course of each year; while out of a similar number of unmarried persons between the same ages no less than 1,231 die each year.

I SAID to my little girl one day: "What a large forehead you have got! It is just like your father's. You could drive a pony carriage round it." To which her brother, five years old, said: "Yes, mamma, but on papa's you can see the marks of the wheels."

A FASHIONABLE garment can now be made by taking your husband's ulster, dyeing it brown, cutting off the breast pockets, gathering it behind and sewing two cents worth of black ruffling around the neck. With one of these on a middle-sized woman can sail into a five-cent store with the air of a duchess.

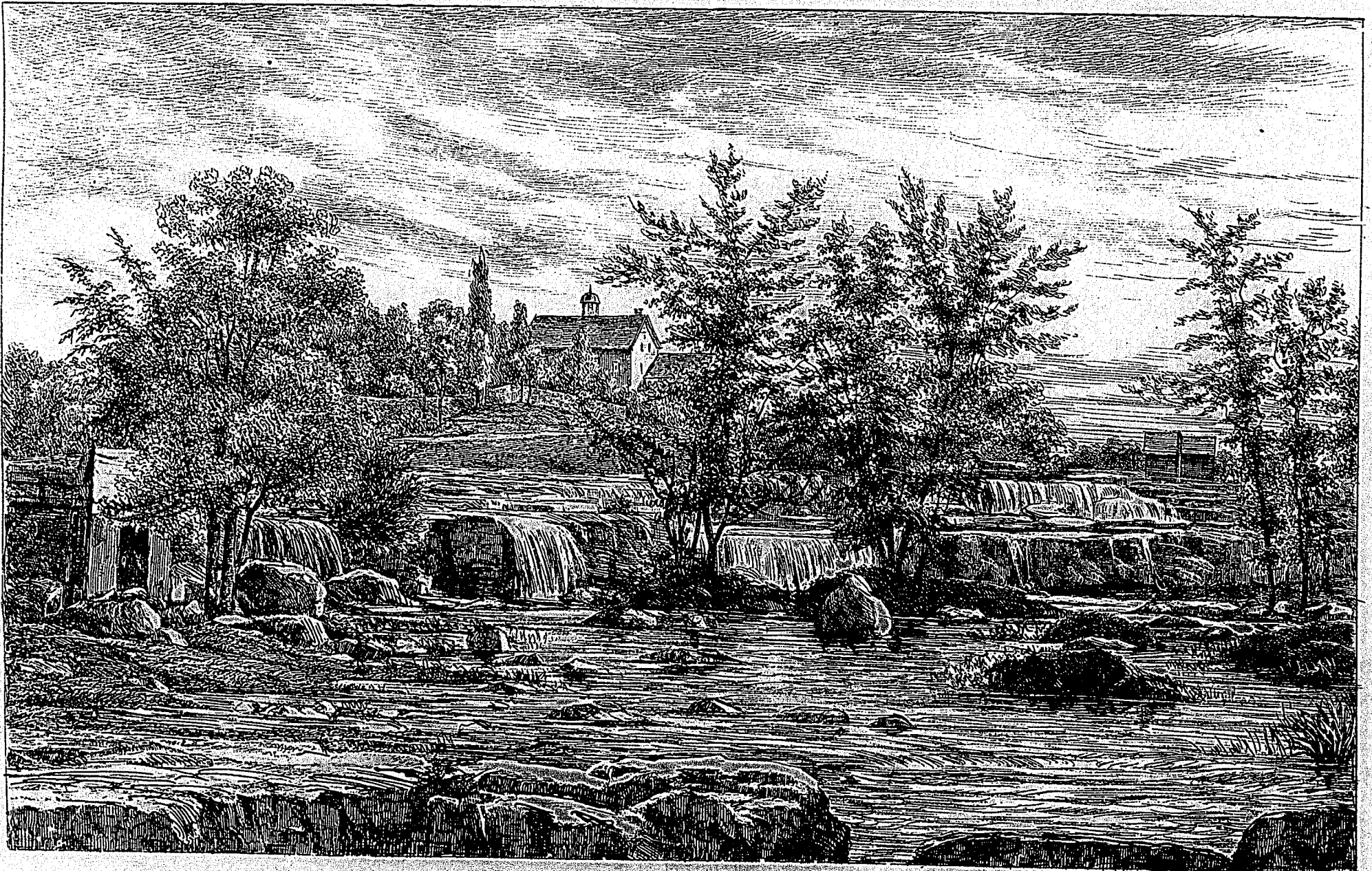
**SPECIAL NOTICE.**

Pimply eruptions on the face so annoying to the young and difficult to cure, can be entirely eradicated from the system by using ACNE PILLS. They contain nothing injurious nor, apart from the disease, do they in any way affect the constitution, save as a healthy tonic and an aid to digestion. Box with full directions for treatment and cure mailed to any part of Canada for \$1. Sample packets 12 cents in stamps. Address, W. Hearn Chemist, Ottawa. O-2-W



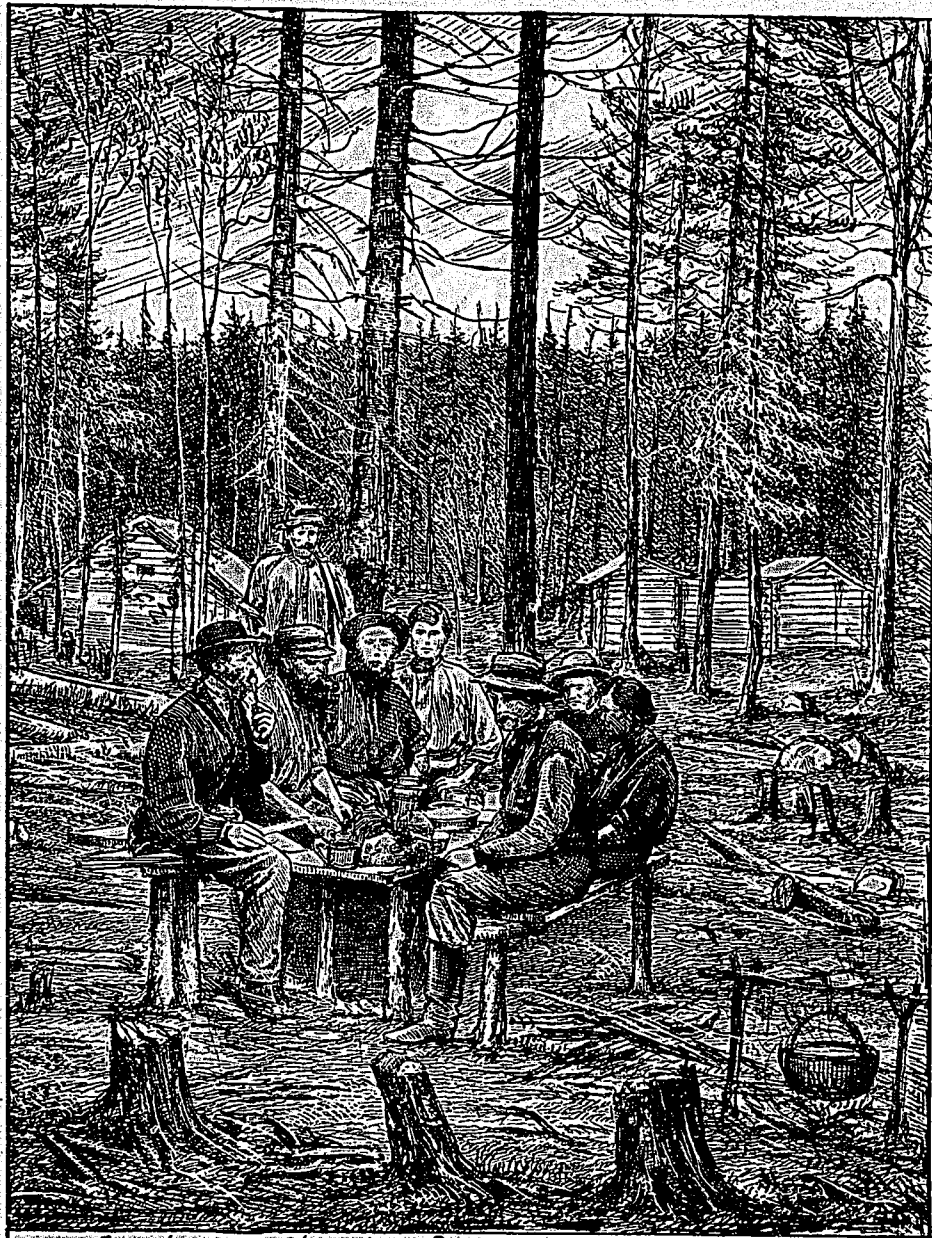


MONTREAL.—A TELEPHONE TEST BY THE MEMBERS OF THE PRESS.

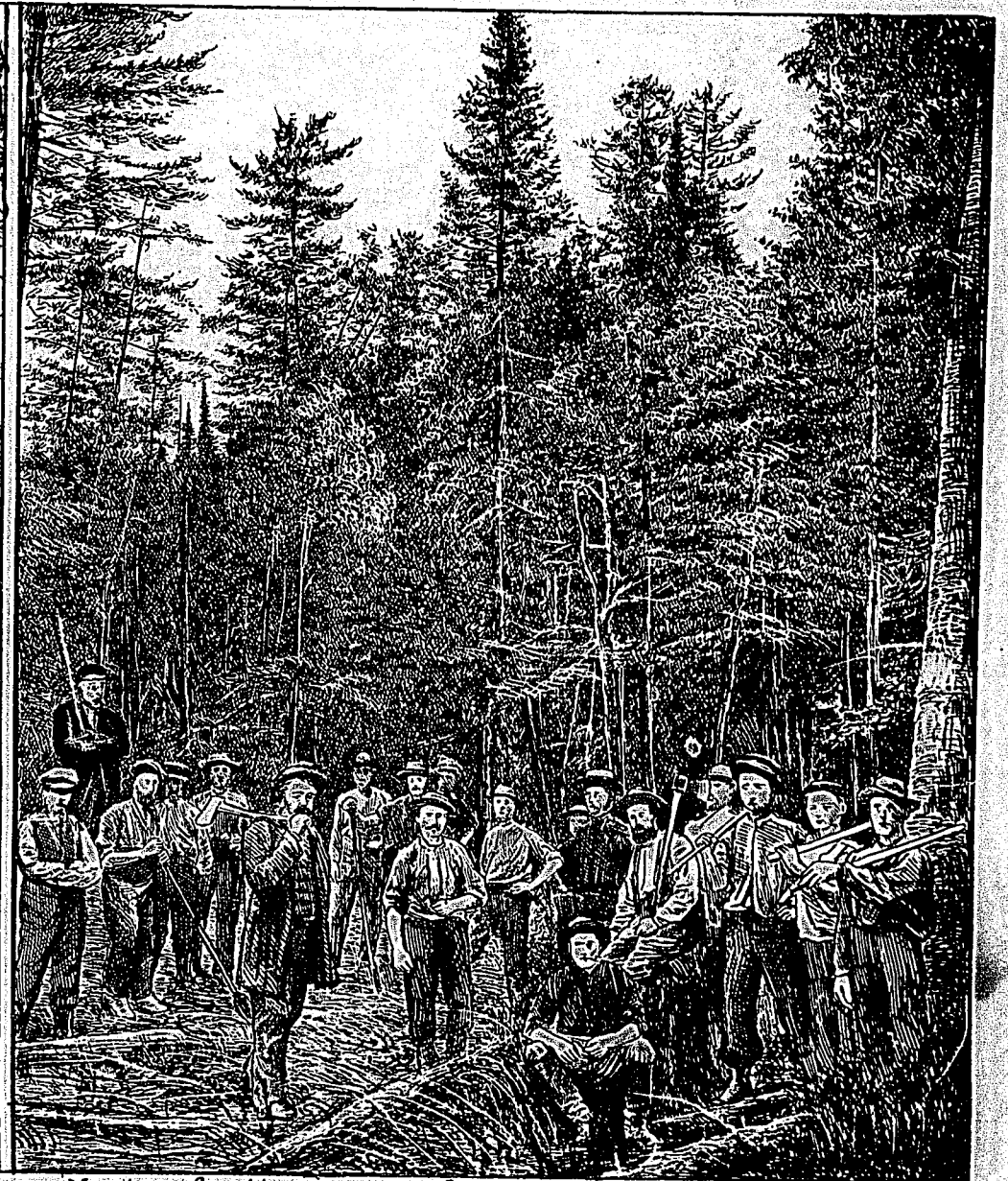


VIEW AT BEUHARNOIS.

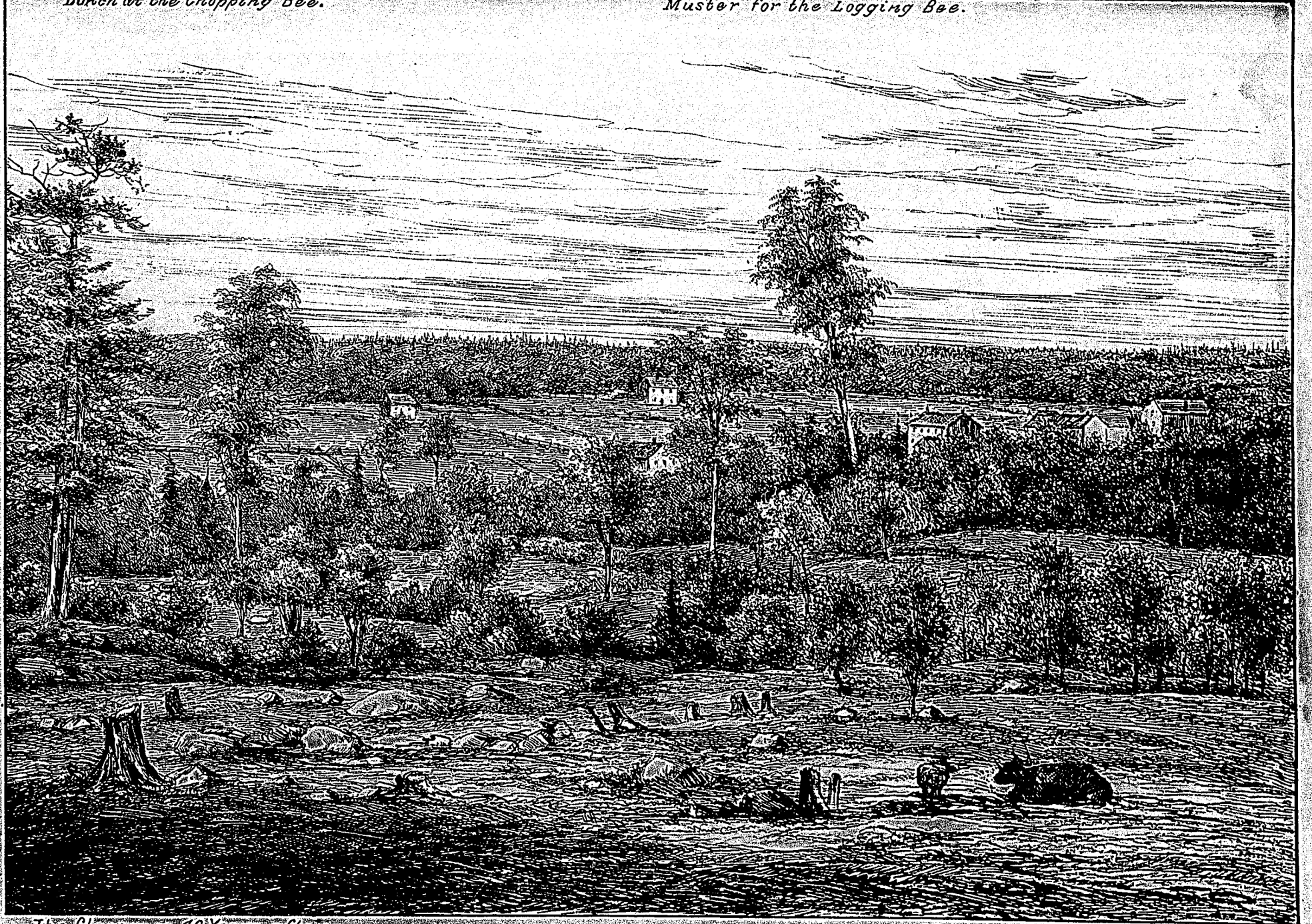




*Lunch at the Chopping Bee.*



*Mustering for the Logging Bee.*



*The Clearance 10 Years after.*

FOREST CLEARING III.



## TO NINON.

(Translated from Alfred de Musset.)

"J'ai entendu vanter, et par des femmes de beaucoup d'esprit, une pièce du recueil de M. Alfred de Musset intitulée: A Ninon. Cette pièce en effet est un chef-d'œuvre du subtilité sentimentale."—Cuvillier-Fleury. *Etudes Littéraires.*

If I should dare my passion to reveal,  
What would your answer be, blue-eyed brunette?  
You know what pain love's victims ever feel;  
E'en your pity cannot all conceal—  
Still, you would doubtless make me feel regret.

Were I to say that silent I have pined  
Six weary months with all a lover's woe,  
Ninon, your careless subtlety of mind  
May, like a witch, my secret have divined,  
And you, perchance, would answer me: "I know."

Were I the pleasing madness to confess  
That makes me, shadow-like, your steps pursue  
(A look of sweet incredulous distress  
Ninon, you know, enhances loveliness)  
Your lips, perchance, would murmur: "Is it true?"

Were I to tell you that my tongue can name  
Each airy syllable you spoke last night,  
(Ninon, you know your glances, when they blame,  
Change eyes of azure into eyes of flame),  
Your wrath, perchance, would drive me from your sight.

Were I to tell you that on bended knee  
Each night I pray, despairing all the while,  
(Ninon, you know that when you smile, a bee  
In your red lips a blossom well might see)  
Were I to tell you, you perchance would smile.

But I refrain; in silence seated near  
Your beauty, by the lamplight, I adore—  
I breathe your fragrance, and your voice I hear,  
But you will find no cause to be severe,  
Though all my looks you doubtfully explore.

I dwell within a region of romance,  
At eve, your songs are all on earth I heed;  
Your hands with harmony my soul entrance,  
Or in the joyous whirlwind of the dance  
I feel your little form tremble in the dance.

When envious night has forced me to depart,  
And all your charms are ravished from my view,  
Quick through my brain a thousand memories dart,  
And, like some miser, I unlock my heart,  
A treasured casket, filled alone with you.

I love—but coldly I can still reply:  
I love—the secret I alone can tell;  
Sweet is the secret, dear each stifled sigh,  
For I have sworn to love, though hopelessly,  
Not without bliss—I see you—it is well.

I was not born for happiness supreme,  
With you to live, and in your arms to die,  
E'en my despair to teach me this would seem;  
Still, if I told you of my passion's dream,  
Who knows, adored one, what you might reply?

M. TREN.

GEO. MURRAY.

## KARATAEF:

A SKETCH OF RUSSIAN LIFE.

BY IVAN TOURGUENEFF.

Two years ago next autumn I was obliged to stay over one entire day at a small relay station between Moscow and Toula. I was on my way back from the chase, but had been imprudent enough to send away my troika, and now, here at the post, there were no horses. The inspector of the station, a morose old man with long hair hanging over his nose, and with small, sleepy eyes, answered my entreaties and complaints by a grumbling far from courteous, as he walked heavily around, opening and shutting the doors roughly, as if he were cursing his employment. Three times I ordered tea and three times I tried to sleep. I read and re-read all the mottoes and witticisms which travellers in idleness, mischief or stupidity had written on the windows and walls, and just as I was overwhelmed with the monotony of these amusements a bell jingled, a small carriage drawn by three emaciated, jaded horses stopped before the steps. The traveller threw himself out of the conveyance and entered the room saying, "Hey! quick, some horses!"

While he listened to the negative response of the inspector, with the strange, blank look usual in such cases, I had time to study, with the eager curiosity of a man who is dying of ennui, the companion in misery which this ill-kept house offered me. He appeared to be about thirty years of age; his face was of a copper yellow, and on it were traces of the ravages which the small-pox had made. His long hair, black as a crow's wing, waved over the collar of his coat, his small black eyes were piercing but unobtrusive, and on his lip was a short, rough moustache. His dress indicated a gentleman sportsman—an amateur of horse fairs. A mottled overcoat, threadbare, faded and wrinkled; a cravat of lilac silk, a vest with brass buttons, gray pantaloons very wide at the ankles, and below them peeped the toes of boots to whom the blacking brush seemed unknown. On his fingers were rings of silver and Toula iron, and he exhaled a bitter odor of tobacco and brandy. In short, he was one of the men so often seen in Russia who, to tell the truth, are far from attractive, if they are not repugnant. Therefore it was not without an unfavorable bias that I examined my new-found companion, yet, at the end of several minutes, I thought I saw in him a certain expression of frankness and cordiality.

"Here is a gentleman who has been waiting more than an hour," said the inspector, pointing to me.

More than an hour! The wretch was laughing at me in his sleeve.

"Perhaps the gentleman is not so hurried as I am."

"Ah! that is what I cannot say," replied the inspector, with humor.

"And so there are no horses? What, not even a pair of hacks?"

"I have not a single horse to give you."

"Well, send me some tea; I will wait since I can do nothing else."

The bronzed traveller sat down on the bench, threw off his hat, and ran his fingers through his hair. "Have you had any tea?" he asked, turning to me. "Will you not have some more with me now? Do, I beg of you."

I consented, and the huge red samovar reappeared for the fourth time. I drew out a bottle of good rum and we soon began to talk. In half an hour he had told me all his circumstances, without reticence or circumlocution. His name was Peotro Pétrovitch Karataef, and I had not been mistaken in judging him to be a country gentleman.

"Now," said he, as he took his fourth glass of tea, "I am going to Moscow. I have nothing further to do in the country."

"Nothing to do?"

"Nothing. Everything is in disorder on my estates; the peasants are ruined; there have been several bad years in succession, no harvest, no happiness—and, moreover, I don't understand farming."

"With a little study and a little will—"

"No, no, I am not made of the same stuff as farmers. See here"—he went on, holding his head on one side and breathing out great throatsfuls of smoke—"I know that when you first saw me you thought 'here is a hum—hum.' It is true, I know I received but a slender education, the money gave out, but I am a good fellow, stupid, I'll allow, and, for that reason, you"—and he made a gesture common in Russia, and from which only those who have travelled abroad abstain.

I said all I could to convince him that he was mistaken as to the opinion I had formed of him, and that I was very glad to have met him, and I added, in order to lead the conversation back to its starting point, that, to govern a farm there was no need of a superior education.

"Yes," he said, "I'll acknowledge that, but, all the same, I have not the disposition for this life. Excuse me, do you come from St. Petersburg or Moscow?"

"I live at St. Petersburg."

My interlocutor blew from his nostrils two long, quick streams of smoke, and then said, "As for me—I am going to Moscow to find work."

"In what part of the public service will you seek office?"

"I have no idea—I am very much afraid of all responsibility. I have always lived in the country and am accustomed to its ways, but necessity forces me—ah, cursed necessity?"

"Was it really impossible to live any longer on your land?"

"Ah, yes, impossible," sighed the poor fellow, passing his hand over his face as he pensively shook his head, "but, sir, I'll not add to my other mistakes that of complaining; that would be ridiculous and absurd. I have loved pleasure too well, and, devil take me, I love it yet."

His face lightened up with a flash of wild mirth: but, suddenly, he began to twist and turn on the bench, then he sat quiet and held out his empty glass—"Give me some more of your rum."

"But there is no tea."

"Never mind, I'll take it without—so." Karataef put his head in his hands and his elbows on the table. I looked at him in silence, waiting for one of those outbursts of sentiment, or even tears, of which men are so prodigal after drinking, and I was so struck by his expression of dejection and despair that I could not help asking him what was the matter.

"Nothing," he answered, "only the past comes back to my memory, one part of it in particular. I would willingly tell it to you, but I have some conscience about boring you."

"Oh, do tell me."

"Yes," he stammered, "there are circumstances—I, for instance—do you really wish I should tell you?"

"Go on, go on."

"You see I am a country gentleman; you can't doubt it, and yet I—well, first of all, you must know what happened. I lived on my farm, and when I hunted I sometimes got into the neighbouring estates. One day a young girl caught my eye—oh, what a lovely creature—what a beauty, and so much intelligence and goodness with it. Her name was Matrèna—she was a daughter of the people—you understand?—a servant, a slave. She did not belong to me, and there was the trouble. She was the property of another, and here I was madly in love with her. It is such a strange story? Can you believe it; she loved me, too, and begged and prayed me every day to buy her, to go to her mistress, pay her price, and then take her home with me. Her mistress was a wealthy lady who belonged to one of our oldest families. One morning I had my finest horses harnessed to my drochka; I dressed myself in my best and drove to the lady's house, which was some fifteen versts from mine.

"At a certain turn Matrèna was waiting for me, she wished to speak, but could only kiss my hands. I entered the house and a tall lackey came forward to ask me how I was to be announced.

"Say Mr. Karataef, a neighbouring landlord, come on business!"

"While waiting I said to myself, 'Shall I succeed, shall I fail? if the old witch should ask

too high a price! She is rich, but that makes no difference; she is none the less capable of asking five hundred roubles for Matrèna!"

"The lackey came back to show me into the parlour where, seated in an arm-chair, was a tiny old woman with a bilious complexion and blinking eyes. As I went up to her, she asked me point-blank what I wanted? You understand that, without playing the gallant, I thought it proper to say to the old lady that I was glad to make her acquaintance.

"You are mistaken," said she, "I am not mistress of this place; I am a relative of the lady's. What is it you would have?"

"Permit me to say that it is with the lady I must speak."

"Maria Illinichna does not receive to-day, she is not well. What do you want?"

"Well, there is nothing for it, thought I, so I named Matrèna and explained my errand.

"Matrèna, Matrèna," muttered the old blinker; "who can that be?"

"It is Matrèna Fédorovna, the daughter of Fénor Koulikof."

"Ah, yes, Matrèna, the daughter of big Koulik; and how does it happen that you know of this girl?"

"By a chance."

"And does she know of your intention to buy her?"

"Yes, madame."

"Very well, I'll settle with her—the imp," said the lady, after a long silence, which argued badly.

"I was thunderstruck, never having dreamed that my proposition could in any way injure the poor girl."

"Matrèna is not in any way to blame," said I; "I am ready to pay a reasonable sum for her, and I beg you to name your price."

"The bunches of crimped hair on each side of the old lady's forehead fairly stood up. 'Ah, a fine idea, as if we needed your money! I'll give it to that girl. I'll make her forget this foolishness, the receipt is well known.' And she coughed maliciously. 'The idiot is not contented with us then. Little devil she shall pay for this.'

"At these words I was weak enough to flash up."

"Why this anger against the poor girl—in what has she been culpable?"

"She crossed herself as she said, 'Good heavens! this girl does not belong to you. It is you who meddle; it is not your business; as for me I take upon myself the task of teaching Matrèna to whom she owes duty.'

"I could willingly have broken the old lady's head, but the thought of Matrèna controlled me. I lost my presence of mind and said, 'Ask for Matrèna whatever price you will.'

"What do you want her for?"

"She has pleased me, madame, and I like her. Put yourself in my place for a moment, and I actually kissed her hand, the cursed sorceress."

"Very well, muttered she, 'I will lay your proposal before Maria Illinichna; she shall decide.'

"I went home a prey to the wildest agitation. I was convinced that I had managed matters very badly, that I ought never to have shown what I felt, and I said to myself that it was now too late to play the indifferent. Two days later, I was once more at the lady's house. This time I was shown into her private room; she was there herself, stretched nearly full-length on a wonderful mechanical chair, with cushions supporting her head. The old relative who had received me before was there, and also a younger woman who had white eyebrows and lashes, a crooked mouth, and who wore a grass-green dress."

"The lady, after inviting me to sit down, asked me my age, where I had served in the army, and how I expected to live henceforth. I answered her triple question. She took her handkerchief and began to fan herself with it, as if to drive away some vapor, then, dropping her words out one by one, she said:

"Katrina Karpovna has made me her report upon your intentions, although she knows I have a rule from which I never depart. I never allow one of my people to pass into the hands of another master, be he whom he may. In my eyes this is not respectable; but I have arranged everything satisfactorily, and you will have no further annoyance."

"Annoyance! I beg your pardon, but I don't understand. Am I to infer that the services of Matrèna are absolutely indispensable to you?"

"Not at all. I have no need for this girl and services."

"Then why not consent to sell me Matrèna?"

"Because I do not wish to. I do not wish to, and that is the end of it. I have given my orders, they are irrevocable, and Matrèna goes to a farm I own in the steppes."

"I thought the lightning had passed through my brain. The old lady said a few words in French to the young person in green, who immediately left the room."

"I am, you see, a woman of firm principles, and my delicate health admits of no agitation. You are still young and I am old, therefore I have a right to give you counsel. Would you not do well to think of settling down, to choose a suitable mate, and marry honestly and quietly? Large dots are rare, and, moreover, it is a mistake for a man to marry out of his own position. I can find you a good girl, poor in purse but rich in heart and virtues."

"I stared at the old lady. I looked and

looked, but could make nothing of all this rav- ing. Of course, I saw that she had some one to settle in life before she died. It is a charitable thing and less expensive than a legacy. But she had spoken of a farm in the steppes, and, perhaps, even now they were dragging Matrèna towards it—now, while they were talking to me of marriage. What the devil—

"I was choking with anger."

"As to that, madame, we are beating around to no end. It is not a question of marriage. I simply wish to know yes or no if you will sell me the girl, Matrèna, your slave?"

"On this old lady No. 2 rose with threatening looks and went with solicitude to No. 1, who cried out 'oh!' and 'ah!' as if I were the devil in person. 'Ah, this man has all upset me! Oh! there, there, send him away, put him out quick—oh! oh!' No. 2 scolded at me so loud and fast that I could not get in a word of explanation and fairly ran off."

"Perhaps you judge me severely for this attachment to a woman of the lower class. I do not pretend to justify my weakness, I only state the facts. From this moment I had no peace. I reproached myself with having ruined the poor girl. I imagined her in coarse clothes guarding geese and groaning under the frightful insults of some brutal overseer."

"I could no longer restrain my impatience, so I made inquiries and succeeded in finding out where Matrèna had been sent. I mounted my horse and started off; but with all my diligence I did not reach the place until the evening of the second day. It was easy to see that no such movement on my part had been expected, no measures taken to meet such an emergency. I went straight to the overseer's house, as any gentleman would have done. As I entered the court-yard the first thing that met my eyes was Matrèna, sitting in the doorway, her head in her hands. After the first instant of stupor she was just about to utter a cry of joy, but I made her a sign to be silent, and pointed to the fields on the west, out of sight of the huts. I entered the house and told the overseer some made-up story calculated to deceive him as to my real self, and when a favourable moment came I went to meet Matrèna."

"I found her easily enough. She clung to my neck and could not leave off kissing my hair and hands. Poor little dove. She was so pale and had grown so thin."

"There, there," I said, "have done with your tears; no tears, do you hear?"

"I said this, but I was crying like a woman myself. However, I was ashamed, and went on."

"Matrèna, tears are no remedy for a great wrong. On the contrary, you must show resolution; you must run away from here. I will take you behind me on my horse; it is the only thing to be done."

"But think of it! If I should do this they would be so infuriated against me that they would tear me to pieces."

"Foolish child! who would discover you?"

"Oh, they could find me out; they would find me out," she said, in a terrified voice. Then, recovering from this emotion to submit to another, she added: "I thank you, Peotro Pétrovitch. In all my life I shall not forget the love you have shown to me, but fate has thrown me here, and here I will stay."

"Matrèna, I thought you full of character, and here you are half dead and not showing the least courage."

"She really had plenty of courage, and her heart was pure as gold, I assure you, sir."

"Great God! why wish to stay here? If your flight should bring you suffering you will have lost nothing, for you can never be more unhappy than in this savage hamlet, and, moreover, I am sure this brute of an overseer gives you kicks and cuffs simply for the pleasure of beating."

"Matrèna reddened and her teeth chattered; then, thinking of the consequences of so decided a movement—

"My flight would be the undoing of all my people."

"Do you think that your family would be persecuted?"

"My brother would be sent here in my place, and how hard he would find that. My father would not be driven away, for he is the only good tailor in my lady's court."

"Ah, you see! and your brother would not be here long. Your father will remember every day that the young fellow is innocent, and will plead for him until they bring him back."

"Perhaps so, but you—you will be responsible, you will be disturbed; I would rather die than be the cause of all that will happen."

"As to that, that is my look out, and not yours."

"Matrèna turned and returned all her objections, but she was already wavering, and finally I carried her off—not this time, but at the end of another visit. I came by night, in a waggon. She had summoned up her courage and I carried her away."

"I got home the next day at dusk and installed her there. I employed but few servants, and my people, I say it without boasting, were so devoted to me that they would not have betrayed me for all the treasure of the world."

"I was wildly happy. Matrèna, remembering her past sorrows only to drink deeper of her present joy, was not long in getting back her health and spirits. I, seeing her so happy, so beautiful, so grateful for my care, I grew more and more attached to her. How charming she was!—explain it as you may, but she knew how to sing, dance and play on the guitar. I



took care that none of the neighbours should see her, for how was I to prevent them from gossiping? But I had one friend, a very intimate friend, Gornostaef. He was devoted to her, and kissed her hands as if she were a noble lady. He was very wise and learned and taught my little Matrèna how to write. I gave her a wardrobe so that, as far as toilet went, she could outshine the wife of his excellency the governor. She had one coat in particular of crimson velvet with a collar of black fox fur. Ah, how lovely she looked in that—it was a 'madame' of Moscow who made it after the latest fashion.

"Sometimes it happened that Matrèna would sit for hours together, dreamy and motionless, her eyes fixed on the floor, and I would stay there fairly devouring her with my eyes, as if I had never seen her so lovely before. If she smiled my heart would die within me for happiness. Sometimes she would rush to me, seize upon me, and press me to her with so much ardour that my senses swam. It was a delirium of bliss, and my one thought from morning to night was to give her some fresh pleasure.

"Thus we passed five months. You can believe that I should have liked it to last forever, but I was born unlucky," said Karataef, with his familiar gesture of renouncement. "It was I who ruined her and sent all my happiness to the devil.

"Matrèna delighted in a sleigh ride, and I used to give her this pleasure toward the evening at an hour when there was small risk of any encounter. One day we planned a long excursion, and chose for it an afternoon of incomparable beauty. It was very cold, with a brilliant sunset and not a breath of wind. As we set off, Matrèna took possession of the reins, and I, contented and absent-minded, allowed her to keep them. When I looked around me to see where we were going, was she not taking the road to Koukouïka, her mistress' place, and we were very near the farm.

"Foolish child," I said, "where are you going?"

"She glanced back at me over her shoulder and laughed, and I thought she wanted to have the pleasure this once of showing herself with the dress and turn-out of a great lady, and to pass in style the house where she once she—ah, it is sweet to her! And I was weak enough to let her go on.

"We pushed forward rapidly; my horses seemed to fly. Already the cross and roof of the little church were in sight—but, just before us, on the narrow road, we saw an old green carriage, creeping along like a tortoise, and behind stood a tall lackey, in the livery of the great lady's house. It was the old mistress, who, by some extraordinary chance was taking an evening airing. I was already intensely anxious about this meeting, but Matrèna hurried on right in a line with the heavy vehicle whose coachman seemed uneasy about the unruly *trouka* which seemed ready to fall like an avalanche upon his own horses. He wished to make way for us, pulled the bridle with too much zeal and—was upset in a turfy ditch.

"The glass of the window was broken, the lady cried out, her companion screamed to the coachman, but we—no, we fled like the wind.

"Can you believe it, sir? that everlasting old woman had recognized Matrèna and me and lodged a complaint against us, in which she declared that her slave girl, a fugitive from her house, lived in secret with Mr. Karataef, and was hidden on his property. In making this complaint she engaged the police to prosecute me.

"Of what vagaries are they not capable, these wealthy country ladies who die of ennui in their old manors? This one gave me no end of trouble. I threw away my money madly, and gained only short reprieves. I had immense difficulties in keeping Matrèna hidden. They spread twenty snares for me, in which it was a miracle I was not caught. I was tracked and hunted like a hare. The old lady grew more and more furious against me, and declared that, if it cost ten thousand roubles, she would have justice for those 'two turtle doves.' The secret of her anger was that when she first saw me she conceived the idea of marrying me to her 'companion,' the person in green, and my refusal, renewed later on, was the reason of this declaration of such bitter war against me.

"I fell into debt; I mortgaged all my land; I lost my health as well as my peace, and one night, as I was lying sleepless, I cried aloud—Great God! what crime have I committed that I should suffer thus! what shall I do? I certainly cannot stop loving her; that is beyond my strength! I heard footsteps in my room, and saw Matrèna. I had hidden her in a farm about two versts from my house, and her appearance now alarmed me, for I thought she had been discovered there.

"No," she answered, to my eager question, "no one comes to Borebuova; but this can go no further, dear Petro Pétrovitch. Your condition is deplorable, and I can no longer endure to see you in this state.

"My dearest, you know that I am incapable of ever forgetting the fourteen months of happiness that I owe to your love, but the moment has come when it is my duty to say farewell to you."

"What are you talking about? What do you mean by 'farewell,' and why should you bid me adieu?"

"Don't be agitated; think only of your health. I have had happiness unknown to my equals, and now I am going where duty calls me—to deliver myself up to the justice of my mistress."

"You are mad! Do you know that I am

going to lock you up in the garret? Do you wish to finish my ruin, to kill me with grief? Speak! Lift up your eyes! What is this new idea?—speak!"

"I can no longer be the cause of your ruin and your misery. I know what you suffer; I see it."

"Unhappy woman! Your mistress! your mistress! What shall I say to you? Oh, girl, you do not know—"

Here Karataef sobbed aloud, but hurried to finish his story.

"Well, what will you say to this," he cried, as he struck the table with his fist and wrinkled his brows, in a vain effort to check the tears which fell in streams over his flaming cheeks—

"the unhappy creature went and gave herself up—went that night, on foot, a suppliant, to her lady's door and gave herself up!"

"Gentlemen, your horses are ready," announced the master of the station.

We rose, my companion of the samovar and I.

"And what did they do to the poor Matrèna?"

Mr. Karataef's only response was the gesture of which I have already spoken.

EFFECTS OF OPIUM-SMOKING.

EXPERIMENTS OF A BRITISH CONSUL WITH THE HABIT.

The British consul of Chefoo, in reporting on the opium trade, gives the following account of an experiment in opium-smoking as tried by himself:

"During my residence in China I have spent much time in visiting the opium shops of the large towns and small villages in many parts of the empire, and in conversation with the customers. I was surprised at the large numbers who told me that their first motive for smoking was to check the spitting of blood, to which they had become subject. In the end of 1865, being attacked with a severe fever, which left me so weak that I gave up hopes of recovery, I felt justified in trying upon myself the experiment of immoderate opium-smoking. The following were the results: 1. Temptation to excess greater than in the case of alcohol. 2. Excessive stimulation of the memory. 3. Utter indifference to cares and anxieties. 4. I only had one opium vision, and that was after 10 hours' hard smoking without intermission. The vision was of a pleasurable kind, the curtains of my couch extended, and I fancied I saw 'The Tempest,' acted by real Ariels and Prosperos. 5. A few months' excessive smoking produced the craving, or opiomania. 6. I suddenly gave up the habit, and suffered severe physical pain for three days, and discomfort recurring at irregular periods for over two years. The pain and discomfort were not accompanied by mental depression. Some of these effects may have been due to individual idiosyncrasies; but, from the study of my own and other cases I am inclined to believe: 1. That the temptation to excess is greater in the case of opium than in that of alcohol. But here it must be remarked that opium-smoking is, necessarily, a solitary enjoyment, and drinking a social one. The smoker, too, has to go deliberately to work; he has to lie down, light his opium-lamp, frizzle the opium, place the lump of opium outside his pipe carefully, so that the pipe may draw, fix the lamp in a position so that he can keep his pipe just over the flame of the lamp all the time he is smoking; in fact, go through long and tedious processes. A man cannot, therefore, be surprised into an excess of opium as he can into an excess of alcohol. Lastly, opium is not adulterated, and no artificial craving is created by poison, such as potato spirit, strychnine, and sulphuric acid, with which the drink of our poor is drugged. 2. It is possible that the long-continued course of opium-smoking might impair the intellectual faculties and blunt the moral sensibilities. 3. It is probable that excessive smoking impairs fertility, but the numerous cases I have known of immoderate smokers having large families does not confirm the view. 4. It is undeniable that many families are reduced from comfort to penury by their bread-winners spending an undue portion of their earnings in opium; also, that in a few isolated cases, poor smokers resort to theft to enable them to indulge in the pleasure. But the same may be said of any other habit of self-indulgence. 5. That many individuals suffer in health from excess is incontrovertible, but the number of these is not so great as is imagined. The denouncers of the drug are apt to be under the influence of a single idea, or, to speak in vulgar parlance, get opium on the brain, and whenever they see a person unwell who is an opium-smoker, at once attribute his illness to his opium-smoking, *post hoc, ergo propter hoc*. On the other hand, it is equally incontrovertible that thousands of hard-working people are indebted to opium-smoking for the continuance of lives agreeable to themselves and useful to society. 6. That the physical difficulty in breaking off the habit is greater and the moral difficulty less in opiomania than in dipsomania. The argument that those who use a commodity as a medicine and harmless luxury should not be deprived of it because weaker brethren abuse it is stronger in the case of opium than in that of alcohol. No one is maddened by smoking opium to crimes of violence, nor does the habit of smoking increase the criminal returns or swell the number of prison inmates."

THE TELEPHONE IN THE PULPIT.

On Sunday evening, the 30th ult., Mr. Garvey, city manager of the Dominion Telegraph Company, and Mr. Brown, manager of the Bell Telephone Exchange, invited some fifteen or twenty members of the city press to witness and participate in a most interesting test of the Bell Telephone. One of Bell's new microphone transmitters had been placed in the pulpit of Zion Church, from which a line extended to the central office of the Exchange, St. Francois Xavier street, where fifteen or twenty telephones were conveniently arranged upon a large table for the use of the reporters, and continuing on terminated in the palatial parlours of Mr. E. A. Prentice, St. James street, where a large party of gentlemen had assembled to hear the evening service. At seven o'clock the clear and harmonious organ voluntary, announcing the opening of the service, came over the wire with such perfect distinctness that optical verification only could convince one that he was not actually within the walls of Zion Church, and for a moment the reportorial pencil remained *in statu quo*; and when, in the opening hymn, the voices of the choir joined the organ, the effect was indescribably sweet—to use one hearer's words, it "sounded like music from heaven." The prayer and sermon, by Rev. A. J. Bray, as well as the hymns which followed, were as distinctly heard as if the telephonic auditors were actually present, and several of the reporters were able to take down the sermon *verbatim* in shorthand. So accurately was every sound transmitted that it was well understood when the collection was being taken up, and a wicked scribe present remarked that he did not feel that selfishness during this part of the service which he experiences when *in church*. Notwithstanding the speaker was about 30 inches from the transmitter during the delivery of his sermon, every syllable was distinctly audible, thus proving the wonderful sensitiveness and power of the microphone, a description of which may not be uninteresting to those of our readers who are not acquainted with it. The principle upon which the instrument is constructed is that of variable and induced currents. A circular iron ring, secured vertically upon the inside of the box, has on one side a standard upon which is hung the simple combination of springs which renders the instrument so capable of responding to the most delicate sounds. Within this iron ring, and over the mouthpiece of the transmitter, the vibrating diaphragm is secured quite firmly in a rubber band which entirely surrounds it, and serves at once to increase the sensitiveness of the diaphragm and to electrically insulate the same from interference with the local battery current. Directly back of the combination of springs described, a small disc or button of carbon is suspended between the extremities of two light springs, one of which rests against the diaphragm and at the same time gently presses against the polished surface of the carbon button. A local battery—comprising a single cell—furnishes the primary current of a very small induction coil placed within the transmitter. The carbon being in the primary circuit it is evident that the vibrations of the diaphragm alternately pressing and releasing the surface of carbon varies the current at each movement, which variable current is reproduced and magnified in the secondary, or line, wire, and acts upon the receiving telephones, any number of which may be connected and used simultaneously, as shown by our illustration of Sunday evening's test. We may here state that the reporters who are represented as smoking did so, not during the sermon, but later, when listening to conversation from another distant quarter.

It is pleasing to know that invalids and others who are unable to attend divine worship or entertainments can avail themselves of such a perfectly satisfactory acoustical instrument. The public are commencing to fully appreciate the great convenience of the telephone as an instantaneous means of vocal communication, the Bell Telephone Exchange having some two hundred subscribers, although in operation only a little over two months. We wish the Exchange all the success it so well deserves.

WRITING TO ORDER.

That regularity is not absolutely incompatible with literary genius has, I think, been proved. Scott and Goethe were methodic, steady, industrious workers; Dickens was an admirable man of business; and Mr. Trollope, a true genius, is himself more regular than a postman. But the general rule, unquestionably, is that genius is irregular, occasional, subject to tidal ebb and flow, now depressed, now inflated, ever apt to kick over the traces, to fret against rules, to refuse to labour at stated times and to turn out a given amount. Genius is the Pegasus, talent the steady roadster. When well considered, even the literary history of Goethe, Scott and Dickens confirms this view of the matter. It was not the method-loving, scientifically calm and philosophically-regulated Goethe, that wrote the first part of Faust, which is almost good enough for Shakespeare, but that wrote the second part of Faust, which is almost too bad for Lord Lytton. The capable critic can distinguish in many instances, in Shakespeare's own work, between the places where genius alighted and the page became imbued with fiery life, and the places where the spirit of task-work ruled the pen. That I may not seem to speak at random, I would specify the

first few lines of conversation between Isabella and Claudio, in the first scene of the third act of "Measure for Measure," after the duke and the provost have withdrawn and left the brother and sister alone, as essentially poor and prosaic; whereas, when the poet, in the immediate sequel, warms to his work, as the hope of life dawns on Claudio and he begins to plead with Isabella to save him, and the genius of Shakespeare awakes in its might, and one of those passages in which the most secret depths of the human heart are explored, and the lineaments of passion are struck off with subtle and amazing accuracy, and in-sight, sympathy, expression, are all transcendently manifested, is the result. Scott also has many a comparatively flat and monotonous page, executed with conscientious determination at its appointed hour; but he frankly informs us that when he produced those parts of his books which sent the public wild with delight, and which even the critic dunces who pestered him with their rules admitted to be his best, he had not been thinking of rule or method at all, but had been run away by irresistible, boy-like delight in some Nicol Jarvie, or Dugald Dalgetty, or Jonathan Oldbuck, out of whose company he could not tear himself, let the story fare as it might. We may pronounce it one of the surest facts on which to base a science of criticism that the artist, literary or pictorial, who is always the master of his genius, has little genius of which to be master. The case of Mr. Trollope I take to be almost unexampled in literature. "Framleigh Parsonage" is one of the best novels that ever was written—I should hardly undertake to name a dozen superior to it in the English language—and yet it was done to order. Of such a feat I believe Thackeray to have been incapable; but Thackeray was a greater genius and a greater novelist than Mr. Trollope. Dickens was a marvel of method; but his task-work habits soon and greatly impaired his genius. I think also that Mr. Trollope's own fame would have been placed on a loftier pedestal if he had worked less to order. "Framleigh Parsonage" was a superb success, but "Rachel Ray" was not a success at all. Thackeray worked quite regularly enough, and cropped the fields of his brain every whit as often as was desirable.

VARIETIES.

LORD BEACONSFIELD.—Lord Beaconsfield is a Premier who occupies a very exceptional position. He is not only the First Minister of the British Crown, but he is the most indefatigable and accomplished courtier who ever bowed low before the Throne. It is no secret whatever that he has, by the exercises of arts in which he has acquired a rare proficiency, secured a personal degree of ascendancy over the Sovereign for which no parallel can be found in the present reign. Five-and-twenty years ago Mr. Disraeli was not tolerated at Court; both Prince Albert and Her Majesty signified to Lord Derby the dissatisfaction with which his lieutenant would be received as Minister in attendance. All this has changed now, and Lord Beaconsfield is a prime of Court favourites. The best courtier is he who humours prejudices, and who nurses sentiments till they become deeply rooted as convictions. No scruples have prevented Lord Beaconsfield from systematically adopting both these courses.

SERGEANT HOFF.—He is almost a legend of the Franco-Prussian war; he is now guardian of the Arc de Triomphe, where his duty consists in unlocking the door of the staircase in the morning, and locking it in the evening. As a result of his adventurous exploits during the war, his képi was riddled by eight balls; his blouse resembled a colander. He appears to have had a charmed life, for he certainly picked off fifty Prussian sentries, bringing in their helmet as proofs of his success, and he ran the enemy's lines with a message to Bazaine—at Metz. This bravery and patriotism deserve recognition, and the old sergeant, who is very modest, is to be entertained by young France at a banquet, and to be presented with a testimonial rifle. The *Continental Gazette* says that the banquet was to take place on Sunday, the 7th of December, at the Hôtel Continental, where 500 representatives of "la jeune France" were to be present on the occasion of this patriotic ceremonial. The price of the tickets has been fixed at twenty francs. Victor Hugo, Jules Simon, M. Maguin, Jules Claretie, Erekmann-Chatrian, Bamberger, Floquet, Louis Blanc, Gambetta, the Abbé Crozes (of la Roquette), Anatole de la Forge, Edouard Siebecker, Etienne Arago, Juliette Lambert, Crémieux, Henri de la Pommeraye, and many other well-known personages, have announced their intention of being present at this interesting entertainment.

LITERARY.

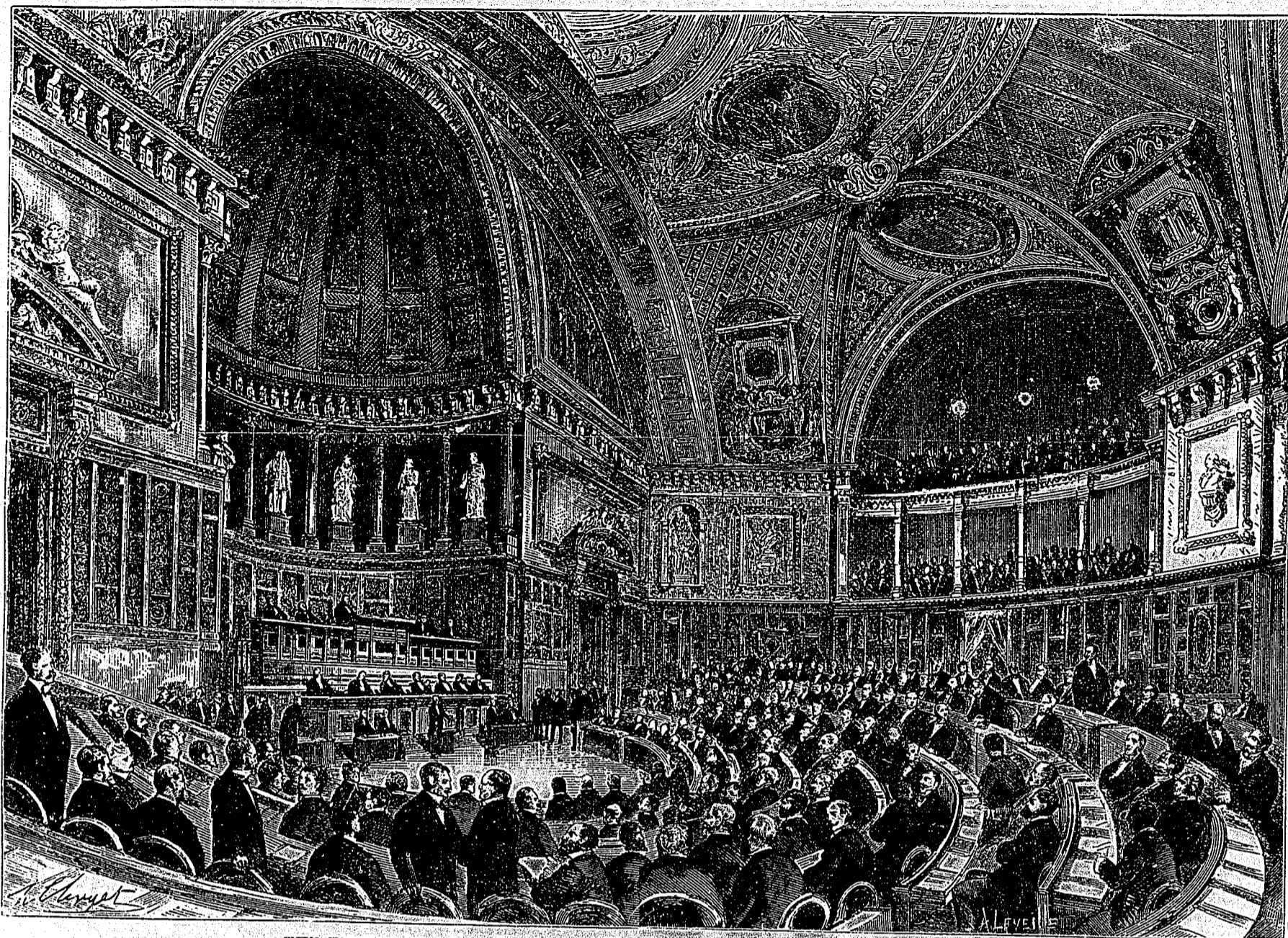
ALEXANDRE DUMAS has gone to the South of France to devote his whole time to his forthcoming work on "Divorce."

THE *Contemporary Review* for December contains a series of letters on the Lord's Prayer, addressed to the clergy by Mr. Ruskin.

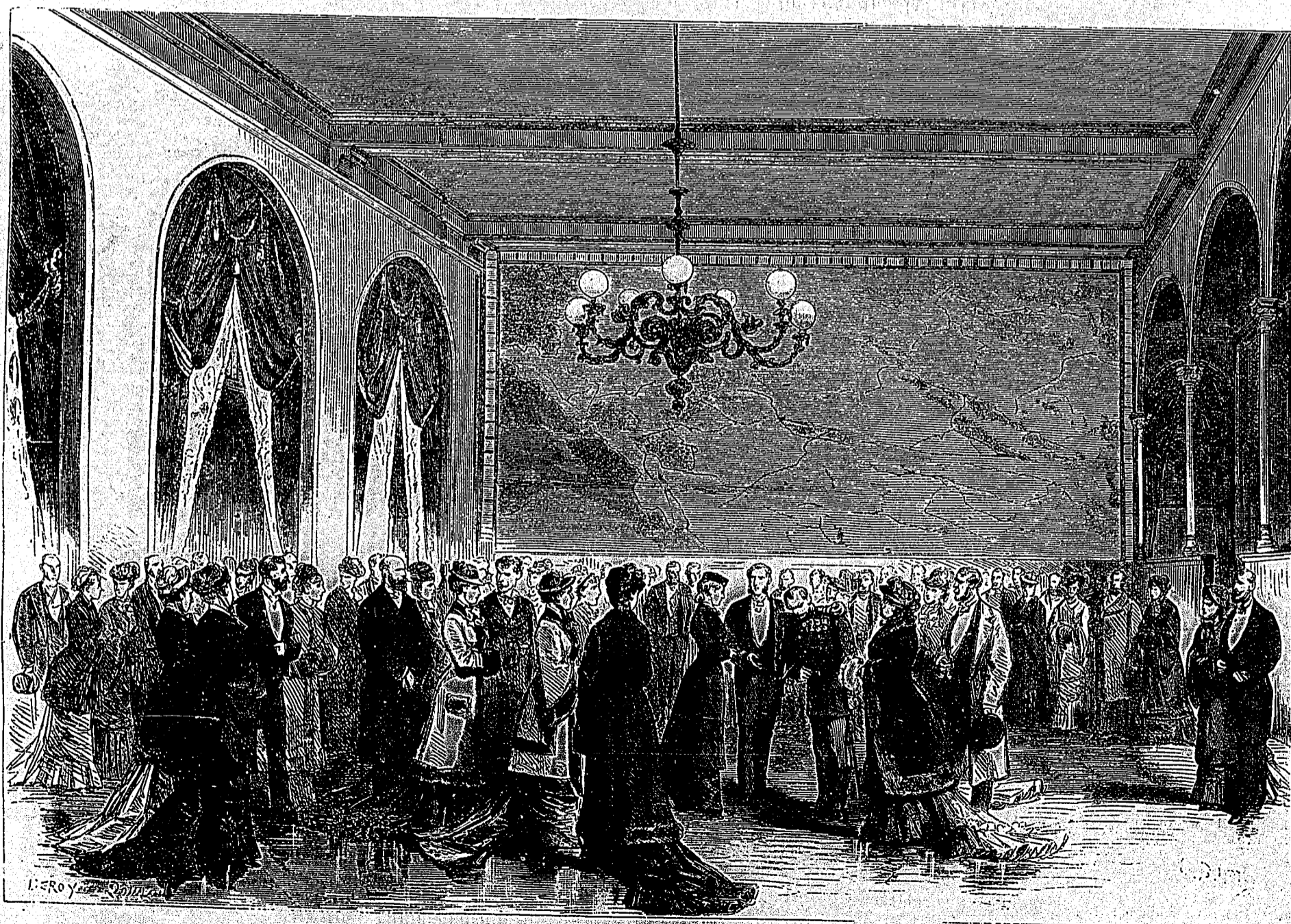
SIX thousand copies of Mr. Brassey's forthcoming book, "Sunshine and Storm in the East," (to be published by Longmans) have been already subscribed for.

THE widow of Adolph Strodtmann, the biographer of Heine, is in possession of a book of hair that was cut from the poet's head after death, and also of an oil-portrait of Heine, painted by Ludwig Gussen, of Munich, representing him in his twenty-eighth year. She is anxious to part with these two relics, for "four prices."





THE FRENCH SENATE, FIRST MEETING AT THE PALAIS DU LUXEMBOURG, PARIS.



PARIS.—THE RECEPTION OF THE NEW QUEEN OF SPAIN ON HER WAY TO MADRID.





THE GAME OF DRAUGHTS.—BY GEROME.



THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER AMONG THE CARD PLAYERS.



HERE'S TO THE LAND!

CANADIAN SONG.

Here's to the Land of the rock and the pine; Here's to the Land of the raft and the river;

Here's to the Land of the axe and the hoe; Here's to the berries that give them their glory

Here's to the Land with her blanket or snow; To the hero and hunter the welcome pillow;

Here's to the buckwheats that smoke on her beard; Here's to the maple that sweetens their story;

Here's to her hills of the moose and the deer; Here's to her forests, her fields and her flowers

Eaton, Que. WILLIAM WYE SMITH.

THE NEW QUEEN OF SPAIN.

His Majesty Don Alfonso XII., King of Spain, who is just twenty-two years old, having been born on Nov. 28th, 1857, has now taken a second wife; his first being his cousin, Maria de las Mercedes, youngest daughter of the Duke de Montpensier and of the Duchess de Montpensier, who is sister to the ex-Queen Isabella II. of Spain.

Every year she forwarded a number of warm garments, made by herself to the poor children of Gmunden. The Archduchess is much attached to her former teachers and governesses, and is full of kind attention and regard for her attendants.

Queen Christina is very girlish looking, and appears younger than she is. Her hair is flaxen, her complexion very blonde, with ruddiness, her figure very slender, and her stature below the middle height, though her photographs represent her as being tall.

On her way through Paris she was met by his mother, the ex-Queen Isabella, and held a reception, of which we publish a sketch. The marriage took place at Madrid on the 30th ult. A grand reception and drawing-room was held in the Throne room of the Royal Palace.

of jewels was dazzling. Each of the company walked up to the steps of the throne, the ladies with their heavy trains kissed the hand of the King, then dragged their trains along and kissed the Queen's hand, then kissed that of the Princess of Austria, and then backed out through the long hall.

BUSINESS PARAGRAPHS.

S. R. PARSONS 437 & 439 NOTRE DAME STREET.

One of the most attractive windows on this street is that at the above number, with elegant specimens in view of artistic furniture. The stock comprises everything for the drawing-room, parlor, dining and bedroom, at all prices, amongst them some elegant easy and rocking chairs, just the thing for holiday gifts.

TEES & CO., 11 DONAVENTURE STREET.

The handsome revolving book-cases, lately introduced by the above enterprising firm, supplies a want felt by our professional and literary gentlemen. It is an ornament to any office, study or library, the shelves being graduated to any sized book.

H. A. NELSON & SONS, MONTREAL AND TORONTO.

Any announcement of Holiday season would seem incomplete without special mention of this house, whose goods are on most of the counters of general stores in the Dominion, supplied from their establishments in the above cities, a visit to either of which alone could give an idea of the numerous articles in toys and fancy goods from the principal European and American markets.

FLUID BREF seems to flow in favoured channels. In addition to Mr. Johnston's British Government orders, he is now hard at work for the U. S. War Department. This new industry appears to develop rapidly.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter and papers received. Thanks. T. S., St. Andrew's, Manitoba.—Letter containing game and problems received. Thanks. B., Montreal.—Letter containing problems received. Thanks. E. H.—Solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 251. Thanks. A. G. S., Brockville.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 253. R. F. M., Sherbrooke.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 252, also of Problem for Young Players No. 249.

In a late number of the Dramatic Times an interesting account is given of Mr. Blackburne's blindfold contest with the Chessplayers of the small town of Cheddle in Staffordshire. We are sorry our space will not allow of our inserting the whole of the article.

Cheddle is a small town, and contains between three or four thousand inhabitants, but, small as it is, it boasts of an excellent Chess Club, has Chess influence enough to get the celebrated player to pay a visit to their small community, and was able to furnish ten players to oppose him in a blindfold contest; three of whom were strong enough to obtain draws.

An amusing incident connected with Mr. Blackburne's encounter with the Cheddle players is worth recording. Whilst the contest was being carried on, it became necessary that the room where the single warrior was contending against his ten antagonists should be given up for some important purpose, and the players had to adjourn to a neighbouring school-room. In the course of the transfer of the boards and men from one building to another, some of the pieces were displaced, and the positions consequently had to be reconstructed. This was being done from the papers on which the scores were written, when Mr. Blackburne interposed, and immediately from his memory recalled every move in regular order for each game, and very soon all things were in their proper condition again.

We are happy to say that the Montreal Chess Club is at the present time in a much more flourishing condition than it has been for several years past. The furniture and Chess appliances have been repaired, and, where necessary, renewed, and several gentlemen who rarely visited the club room are now regular members. Every club night there is a full attendance of players. This change is due in a great degree to the care and attention of the Secretary, Mr. J. Henderson, who seems desirous of maintaining this club on a footing which shall make it a credit to the city of Montreal.

The following which we take from the Adelaide Observer is interesting as it testifies to the pleasing fact that Chess is not in any way neglected in distant parts of the world which not many years ago were almost unknown.

New Zealand.—The first prize in the handicap tournament at the Fielding Chess Club was won by Mr. T. Sexton, who has exhibited considerable proficiency as a blindfold player, one of his games of that kind appearing in the New Zealand Mail of September 6. A banquet to celebrate the Congress took place on September 1, Mr. J. V. C. Veal presiding. The proceedings were of a thoroughly enjoyable character, and there were some good speeches, notably one by Mr. Grinstead. The report fills two columns of the Canterbury Times of September 6. The match on the West Coast between Kumara and The Head, six players aside, ended in a draw, each side scoring three games. Another tournament at the Fielding Club is spoken of.

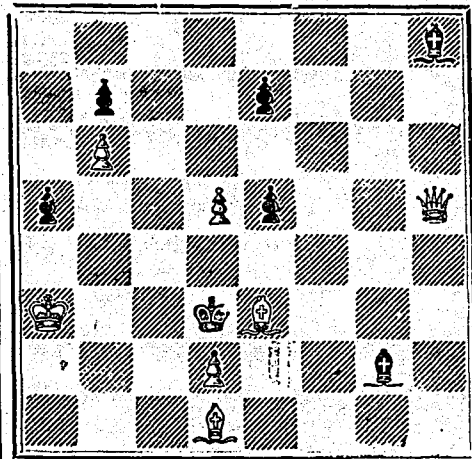
A most important addition to English chess has just appeared in the shape of a chess column in the British Empire—which is under the editorship of F. Healey. By chess players who are familiar with the wonderful beauty of the works of this composer the announcement will be gladly received, as it seems to promise that we will now be favoured with more of those works which formerly delighted the chess world.

The boy chess prodigies, Masters Harry Boardman, Norton, Jackson, Jacobsen, Frank Brown, and W. A. Rohrer (Bright, Victoria), have had an accession to their ranks in the person of Master J. Henry Kirkham, of Newington, U.S. He is aged 13 years, plays a good game, and shows great aptitude in solving problems.

General McClellan, of the United States Army, is a fine player at chess.

PROBLEM No. 255.

By J. Berger. BLACK.



WHITE. White to play and mate in three moves. GAME 353RD.

(From Land and Water.)

One of six blindfold games played by Mr. J. H. Blackburne, at the Athenaeum Chess Club, Manchester, on the 1st inst. (Allgauer Kieseritzki.)

- WHITE.—(Mr. Blackburne.) 1. P to K4 2. P to KB3 3. Kt to KB3 4. P to KR4 5. Kt to K5 6. P to Q4 7. P takes P 8. B to QB4 9. Kt to QB3 10. B to Kt5 (ch) 11. Kt takes Kt 12. Q takes P 13. Q takes Kt 14. B takes P 15. Castles (QR) (b) 16. K R to K sq (ch) 17. Q to K5 (ch) 18. Q takes R (ch) 19. Q takes Q (ch) 20. R takes B 21. B to Kt5 22. P to B4 23. B to K7 (ch) 24. P to B5 (Z) 25. B to B6 26. R to K7 (ch) 27. P to R5
- BLACK.—(Mr. Zollner.) 1. P to K4 2. P takes P 3. P to K Kt4 4. P to Kt5 5. B to Kt2 6. P to Q4 7. Kt to K B3 8. Kt to R4 9. B to B4 (a) 10. Kt to Q2 11. B takes Kt 12. B takes B 13. Q to Q2 14. B takes P 15. B takes Kt 16. B takes R 17. K to Q sq 18. Q to K sq 19. B takes Q (c) 20. K to Q2 21. K to Q3 22. R to B sq 23. K to Q2 24. P to B4 25. B to Kt3 26. K to Q sq Resigns.

NOTES.

(a) If 9 Kt to Kt6, White replies with B takes P, obtaining thereby an attacking position at the cost only of the exchange, for the Black Knight, will not be able to escape after taking the Rook. The move made is, however, not satisfactory, and there can be little doubt but that 9 Castles is the correct play.

(b) 16 B to K5 has a plausible aspect, but the text move, with its subtle continuations, appears upon examination to be preferable.

THE SUN for 1880.

THE SUN will deal with the events of the year 1880 in its own fashion, now pretty well understood by everybody. From January 1 to December 31 it will be conducted as a newspaper, written in the English language and printed for the people.

As a newspaper, THE SUN believes in getting all the news of the world promptly, and presenting it in the most intelligible shape—the shape that will enable its readers to keep well abreast of the age with the least unproductive expenditure of time. The greatest interest to the greatest number—that is the law controlling its daily make-up. It now has a circulation very much larger than that of any other American newspaper, and enjoys an income which is at all times prepared to spend liberally for the benefit of its readers.

It is in its comments on men and affairs, THE SUN believes that the only guide of policy should be common sense, inspired by genuine American principles and backed by honesty of purpose. For this reason it is, and will continue to be, absolutely independent of party, class, clique, organization, or interest. It is for all, but of none. It will continue to praise what is good and reprobat what is evil, taking care that its language is to the point and plain, beyond the possibility of being misunderstood. It is influenced by motives that do not appear on the surface; it has no opinions to sell, save those which may be had by any purchaser for two cents. It hates injustice and race-hatred more than it hates unnecessary words. It abhors frauds, pities fools, and deplores nincompoops of every species. It will continue throughout the year 1880 to chastise the first class, instruct the second, and discountenance the third. All honest men, with honest convictions, whether sound or mistaken, are its friends. And THE SUN makes no bones of telling the truth to its friends and about its friends whenever occasion arises for plain speaking.

These are the principles upon which THE SUN will be conducted during the year to come. The year 1880 will be one in which no patriotic American can afford to close his eyes to public affairs. It

I. W. ENGLAND, Publisher of THE SUN, New York City.

(c) Not so good as K takes Q, which would enable him to play K to Q2 afterwards, without blocking in his Rook and Bishop. Of course he would soon have to reckon with P to Q Kt3, but this could be replied to by P to Q Kt3.

(d) Which gives White a clear won game. Black, in fact, though only a Pawn behind—and there are Bishops of opposite colours—is as helpless as a crab tying on its back.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 253.

- WHITE. 1. B to KB5 2. Kt to K6 3. Q to K8 mate
- BLACK. 1. R takes B 2. K takes Kt

There are other defences.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 251.

- White. 1. Q to QR sq 2. Mates acc.
- Black. 1. Any move

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 252.

- WHITE. K at KB5 B at K3 B at QB8 Kt at K2 Pawns at Q3 K Kt 4 and QR3
  - BLACK. K at Q4 Kt at QB3 Pawns at KB2 and 3 K Kt 4, Q3 and Q Kt 5
- White to play and mate in two moves.

MY WIFE

Insists on Buying BOOTS and SHOES at RONAYNE'S, 192 & 194 St. Joseph Street, CHABOLLEZ SQUARE.

DRYSDALE'S

BOOK STOCK,

Very Choice, and all Marked EXCEEDING LOW.

Fancy Goods Photograph Albums.

Just received a lot, all Sizes, new Patterns, and bought very cheap. Must be cleared out, and sure to sell at prices marked.

SCRAP ALBUMS,

AUTOGRAPH ALBUMS,

X'mas and New Year's Cards.

LARGEST VARIETY IN THE CITY.

We will have much pleasure in showing our goods to all

W. DRYSDALE & CO.,

232 St. James St., & 1, 123 St. Catherine St 2, 20, 12, 2

50 Perfume, Snowflake, Chromo, Motto Cards, names in gold & jet, 10c. G. A. SPRING, E. Wallingford, Ct.

A GOOD PLAN. Combining and operating many orders in one vast sum has every advantage of capital, with skillful management. Large profits divided proportionally. Investments of \$25 to \$10,000. Circular, with full explanations how all can succeed in stock dealings, mailed free. LAWRENCE & CO., 55 Exchange Place, New York.

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of the political events which it has in store, or the necessity of resolute vigilance on the part of every citizen, who desires to preserve the Government that the founders gave us. The debates and acts of Congress, the utterances of the press, the exciting contests of the Republican and Democratic parties, now nearly equal in strength throughout the country, the varying drift of public sentiment, will all bear directly and effectively upon the twenty-fourth Presidential election, to be held in November. Four years ago next November, the will of the nation, as expressed at the polls, was thwarted by an abominable conspiracy, the promoters and beneficiaries of which still hold the offices they stole. Will the crime of 1876 be repeated in 1880? The past decade of years opened with a corrupt, extravagant and insolent Administration entrenched at Washington. The SUN did something toward dislodging the gang and breaking its power. The same men are now intriguing to restore their leader and themselves to places from which they were driven by the indignation of the people. Will they succeed? The coming year will bring the answers to these momentous questions. The SUN will be on hand to chronicle the facts as they are developed, and to exhibit them clearly and fearlessly in their relations to expediency and right. Thus, with a habit of philosophical good humour in looking at the minor affairs of life, and in great things a steadfast purpose to maintain the rights of the people and the principles of the Constitution against all aggressors. The SUN is prepared to write a truthful, instructive, and at the same time entertaining history of 1880. Our rates of subscription remain unchanged. For the DAILY SUN, a four-page sheet of twenty-eight columns, the price by mail, post paid, is 55 cents a month, or \$6.50 a year; or, including the Sunday paper, an eight-page sheet of fifty-six columns, the price is 65 cents a month, or \$7.70 a year, postage paid. The Sunday edition of the SUN is also furnished separately at \$1.20 a year, postage paid. The price of the WEEKLY SUN, eight pages, fifty-six columns, is \$1 a year, postage paid. For clubs of ten sending \$10 we will send an extra copy free. Address.



JOHN WATSON, Jr.,

IMPORTER OF ELECTRO PLATED WARE OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

370 ST. PAUL STREET, Corner St. Sulpice, MONTREAL.

Wholesale and Retail.

3 20-12-25

HEALTH FOOD.

RECEIVED THE Highest Award & Diploma AT THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION, TORONTO.

AND HIGHEST AWARD AND DIPLOMA AT THE DOMINION EXHIBITION, OTTAWA.

On the table of His Excellency the Governor-General, and greatly admired by H. R. H. Princess Louise. Agents wanted in all cities and towns.

460 Yonge Street, Toronto.

FURNITURE!

Parties about furnishing will find a LARGE and VARIED ASSORTMENT at

SAMO'S,

189 Yonge Street, ALBERT HALL, Toronto.

E. N. FRESHMAN & BROS.

Advertising Agents,

186 W. Fourth St., CINCINNATI, O.,

Are authorized to receive advertisements for this paper. Estimates furnished free upon application.

Send two stamps for our Advertisers' Manual.

JOHN MCARTHUR & SON

OIL, LEAD, PAINT,

COLOR & VARNISH MERCHANTS IMPORTERS OF

English and Belgian Window Glass, Rolled, Rough and Polished Plate Glass, Colored, Plain and Stained Enamelled Sheet Glass,

PAINTERS' & ARTISTS' MATERIALS, BRUSHES CHEMICALS, DYE STUFFS, NAVAL STORES, &c.

310, 312, 314 & 316 ST. PAUL ST.,

AND 255 & 257 COMMISSIONERS ST.

MONTREAL.

26-17-52-379



Intercolonial Railway.

RIVIERE DU LOUP BRANCH.

Postponement of Time.

The time for receiving tenders for Cars, Snow Ploughs, &c., has been extended until the 8th of DECEMBER next.

By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, November 20th, 1879.

CARDS—10 Lily of the Valley, 10 Scroll, 10 Engraved 10 Transparent, 1 Model Love Letter, 1 Card Case name on all, post-paid, 15c. 4 packs 50c. WARD & CO., NORTHFORD, CONN.

AN ELEGANT AUTOGRAPH ALBUM, containing about 50 finely engraved and tinted pages, bound in Gold, and 54 quotations, all postpaid, 15c. Popular Game of Authors, 15c. Clinton Bros. Clintonville, Ct.

WHISKERS or a luxuriant Moustache can be grown in a few days. Safe and sure. Send address and 50c. to J. SEARS & CO., Wyoming Ohio, U.S. Stamps taken.

20 Japanese Chromo Cards, 8 designs, 10cts., with name, postpaid, J. B. HUSTED, Nassau, N. Y. 4-13-13-24

YOUR name on One Card Case and 50 all Chromos Glass and Floral Cards, 10c. Agent's outfit 10c. GLOBE CARD CO., Northford, Conn.

80 Samples, Photo, Duplex, etc. Cards, 10c. Autograph Album, 13c. Atlantic Card Co., E. Wallingford, Ct.

To Pattern-Makers and Foundrymen. PATTERN LETTERS

(metallic) to put on patterns. Over 100 sizes and styles AT REDUCED PRICES.

Manufactured by H. W. KNIGHT, Seneca Falls, N. Y.

ROBERT MILLER, Publisher, Book-Binder, Manufacturing and WHOLESALE STATIONER.

IMPORTER OF Wallpapers, Window Shades and SCHOOL BOOKS, 15 VICTORIA SQUARE, MONTREAL. 14-6.

1 Dozen Photograph Cards 50c. Send Photograph to 1 copy from. Game of Authors 16c. F. L. Smith, Clintonville, Conn. 4-13-12-4

THE BELL ORGAN COMPANY.

LARGEST AND OLDEST ORGAN FACTORY IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

Established 1865.—13,000 now in use.

Silver Medal and Diploma, Provincial, 1871.

Silver Medal and Diploma, Centennial, 1876.

International Medal and Diploma, Sydney, Australia, 1877.

Only Silver Medal for Parlor Organs, Provincial, Toronto, 1878.

Only Medal at Industrial Exhibition, Toronto, 1879.

Mr. Hague of the Merchants Bank, says: "The Organ sent me I did not suppose capable of being produced in Canada, the tone is pure, rich and deep, and the effects produced by combination of the stops is charming." For Catalogues, address:

W. BELL & CO.,

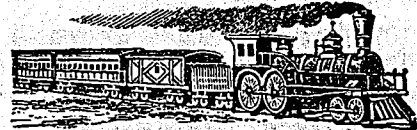
41-47 East Market Square, Guelph, Ont. Or J. HECKER, 10 Phillips Square, Montreal.

\$777 A Month and expenses guaranteed to Agents. Outfit free. SHAW & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—Have your houses re-decorated, old frames re-gilt, and pictures framed. Always a supply of Edison's oil paintings and water-colours on hand. Cornices and mirrors made to order. Cornices, walnut and gilt, \$1 per foot. Mouldings wholesale, 50 per cent. discount. Motto frames, 25 cents All to be had at A. B. STEWART'S, 743 Craig Street late Foreman, Fitter and Decorator with Pat. 4-6-12-23

60 Queen Anne and Photo Cards, illuminated and perforated in case, 10c. Atlantic Card Co., E Wallingford, Ct.

\$10 to \$1000 Invested in Wall St. Stocks makes fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything. Address: BAXTER & CO., Bankers, 7 Wall St., N.Y.



GOVERNMENT RAILWAY.

Western Division.

Q. M. O. AND O. RAILWAY.

SHORTEST AND MOST DIRECT ROUTE TO OTTAWA.

On and after WEDNESDAY, OCT. 1st, Trains will leave HOCHELAGA DEPO'T as follows:—

Table with columns for Train Name, Direction, and Time. Includes Express Trains for Hull and Aylmer, and Trains for St. Jerome.

MAGNIFICENT PALACE CARS ON ALL PASSENGER TRAINS.

General Office, 13 Place d'Armes Square. STARNES, LEVE & ALDEN, Ticket Agents, Offices 202 St. James and 158 Notre Dame Streets. C. A. SCOTT, Gen'l Superintendent Western Division. G. A. STARK, Gen'l Freight and Passenger Agent.

\$55.66 Agents Profit per Week. Will prove it or forfeit \$500. \$4 Outfit free. Montreal Novelty Co., Montreal, P. Q.

25 FANCY CARDS with Name 10c. Plain or Gold Agents' Outfit 10c. 150 Styles. Hull & Co. Hudson, N. Y.

THE BEST REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION.

TRADE MARK. NORTON'S MARK.

CAMOMILE PILLS are confidently recommended as a simple Remedy for Indigestion, which is the cause of nearly all the diseases to which we are subject, being a medicine so uniformly grateful and beneficial, that it is with justice called the "Natural Strengtheners of the Human Stomach." "Norton's Pills" act as a powerful tonic and gentle aperient; are mild in their operation, safe under any circumstances, and thousands of persons can now bear testimony to the benefits to be derived from their use, as they have been a never-failing Family Friend for upwards of 45 years. Sold in Bottles at 1s. 1 1/2d., 2s. 9d., and 11s. each, by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

CAUTION.

Be sure and ask for "NORTON'S PILLS," and do not be persuaded to purchase an imitation.

In consequence of spurious imitations of

LEA AND PERRINS' SAUCE, which are calculated to deceive the Public, Lea and Perrins have adopted A NEW LABEL, bearing their Signature, thus,

Lea & Perrins

which is placed on every bottle of WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE, and without which none is genuine.

Ask for LEA & PERRINS' Sauce, and see Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle and Stopper. Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester; Crosse and Blackwell, London, &c., &c.; and by Grocers and Oilmen throughout the World.

To be obtained of

52-13-12 MESSRS. J. M. DOUGLASS & CO., MONTREAL; MESSRS. URQUHART & CO., MONTREAL.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT



FINEST AND CHEAPEST MEAT-FLAVOURING STOCK FOR SOUPS, MADE DISHES & SAUCES.

"Is a success and boon for which Nations should feel grateful."—See Medical Press, Lancet, Brit. Med. Jour., &c. "Consumption in England increased tenfold in ten years." To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers and Chemists. Sole Agents for Canada and the United States (wholesale only) C. David & Co., 43, Mark Lane, London, England.

CAUTION.—Genuine ONLY with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across Label.

THE COOK'S FRIEND

BAKING POWDER

Has become a HOUSEHOLD WORD in the land, and is a HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY

In every family where Economy and Health are studied. It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Pancakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity used in Pie Crust, Puddings, or other Pastry, will save half the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible

THE COOK'S FRIEND

SAVE TIME, IT SAVES TEMPER, IT SAVES MONEY.

For sale by storekeepers throughout the Dominion, and wholesale by the manufacturer.

W. D. McLAREN, LONDON MILLS, 17 19-52-362 55 College Street.

THE Canadian Spectator,

A high-class Weekly Journal, EDITED BY THE Reverend A. J. BRAY.

SUBSCRIPTION: \$2.00 PER ANNUM.

OFFICES: 162 St. James Street, Montreal, and 4 Toronto Street, Toronto.

THE MILTON LEAGUE.

"Give me the liberty to know, to think, to believe, and to utter freely, according to conscience, above all liberties.—Milton."

PUBLICATIONS:

- BRAY, REV. ALFRED J. The Churches of Christendom, cloth... \$1.00
BROWN, REV. J. BALDWIN. The Doctrine of Annihilation in the Light of the Gospel of Love... 50
DALE, REV. R. W. Protestantism: Its Ultimate Principle... 60
The Ten Commandments... 60
DAWSON, GEO., M.A. Prayers, and a Discourse on Prayer... 50
MCLEOD, NORMAN, D.D. Scotch Pebbles... 15
TRIPLE, Rev. S. A. Echoes of Spoken Words... 50

"Here is a new wave of literature, and of the deep and wide sea of religious thought, but sparkling and right and gratefully refreshing."—Literary World.

60 CHROMO, MOTTO, GILT-Edge & Lilly cards, with name, 10c. Globe Print. Co., Northford, Ct.

50 Perfumed Chromo and Lace Cards, name in gold in fancy case, 10c. David & Co., Northford, Ct.

A Fortune Quickly Made.

Money has been made more rapidly with in the last few months in Wall street than at any period since 1873. Immense profits have been realized from small investments. The following affidavit explains itself:

Personally appeared before me, George A. Payne, of 134 West 49th street, New York city, to me known, and on being duly sworn, says that on an investment of \$25 placed with Thatcher, Belmont & Co., bankers, and by them operated for a period of two weeks, I had returned to me by the said firm \$972.53.

(Signed) GEO. A. PAYNE.

State of New York, City and County of New York, } ss.

Sworn before me this 22nd September, 1879.

J. B. NOLAN, Notary Public, 91 Duane street, N.Y.

Thatcher, Belmont & Co. accept subscribers on their 1 per cent. margin or in their concentration of capital, whereby a number of small sums, from \$10 upwards, are aggregated and stocks operated. Latest Wall street information sent free upon application to Messrs. Thatcher, Belmont & Co., Bankers, P. O. Box 1307, or 48 Broad street, New York.

60 Perfumed Cards—Motto, Lilly, Floral, Rose Bud—with name and case, 10 cts. ATLANTA CARD CO., Clintonville, Ct.

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.

The Great English Remedy will promptly and radically cure any and every case of Nervous Debility and Weakness, result of Indiscretion, excess or overwork of the brain and nervous system; is perfectly harmless, acts like magic, and has been extensively used for over thirty years with great success.

Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at \$1 per package, or six packages for \$5, or will be sent free on receipt of the money by addressing

THE GRAY MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT.

Sold in Montreal by all Wholesale and Retail Druggists, and everywhere in Canada and United States.

TO LET. In those central premises forming the corner of Bleury and Craig Streets, and in the adjacent house on Craig Street—OFFICES, double and single. PLANTS, admirably adapted for light manufacturing business, with or without steam power. Rent moderate.

Apply to G. B. BURLAND, No. 7 Bleury Street.

\$777 A YEAR and expenses to agents. Outfit free. Address: P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.



# PIANOS

In purchasing a Piano, procure the best. There are many claiming to be, and are, good instruments, but there is but one to which the superlative title of

## THE BEST PIANO

can or is applied by the unanimous voice of all the great artists and musicians of the day—and those, after all, are the most competent judges—to those celebrated makers who contend for the laurel crown. In France there is but one; in England there are three; in America, two:

## IN THE WORLD

There is but one PIANO which the great artists and musical critics of EVERY NATION unite in pronouncing the best in POWER, ACTION, TONE and DURABILITY. The unanimity of this testimony is something surprising and without parallel in the history of this wonderful instrument; but so it is. Ask any of the great leaders of the musical world, "Which of the Pianos are ranked as first-class do you prefer?" and the answer

## IS WEBER'S!

"Why?" "Because, from its marvellous power of expression, the artist can stir the very depths of the human soul, and portray love, pity, hope, joy, sorrow, anger or despair, at pleasure."  
Read what these great artists say of it in the large descriptive Catalogues just published, which will be furnished on application at the

Wholesale and Retail Agency,  
**183 St. JAMES STREET,**  
MONTREAL.

4-20-12-25

### GREAT CHEAP SALE

AT

**THE RECOLLET HOUSE.**

DRY GOODS!

FANCY GOODS!  
AND NOTIONS!

*GENUINE REDUCTIONS*

**Remnants! Remnants!**  
Every piece of Goods is Reduced for this Sale.

ASK FOR THE OLD PRICES, AND YOU WILL SEE THE REDUCTION.

When we Advertise a Cheap Sale we Mean it.

Strong Brown and Gray Winceys, only 4c.  
Extra quality and wide width, 5c.  
Striped Camels' Hair Dress Goods, in choice shades, 12c.  
Strong Linen Huck Towels, 3c.  
Good French Corsets, only 50c.  
Nice Lace Curtains, \$1.25.  
Ladies' Nap Cloth Mantles, 80c.  
Heavy Ribbed Shirts and Drawers, 30c.  
Gray and White Cotton, 6c. upwards.

**FURTHER REDUCTIONS ON KNITTED GOODS.**  
They are now reduced 50 per cent.  
White Dress Shirts, 75c.  
All-Wool Half Hose, 20c.

FOR SPECIAL AND IMMEDIATE SALE, A CONSIGNMENT OF

### BOYS' TOOL CHESTS.

Ten Articles and Box, 25c.  
Fourteen Tools, and Box, 50c.  
Twenty-four Tools and Box, \$1.25.  
Secure one of these at once for your Boy.

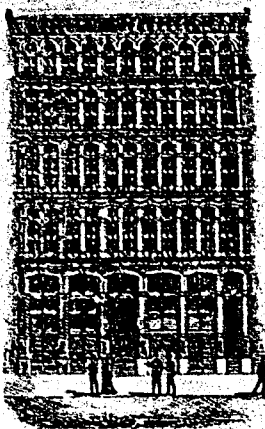
REMEMBER THE PLACE,

**THE RECOLLET HOUSE,  
BROWN & COMPANY'S,  
CORNER  
St. Helen and Notre Dame Streets.**

5-12-20-25-

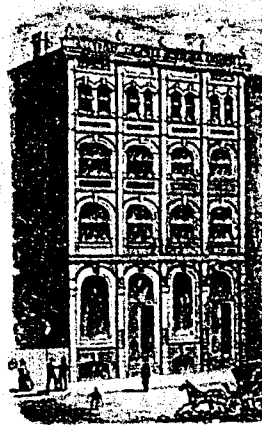
## CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

91 to 97 St. Peter Street.



The trade are respectfully notified that we will offer the remainder of our stock of

FANCY GOODS,  
DOLLS, TOYS, &c.,  
GLASS VASES,  
CUPS AND SAUCERS,  
WORK BOXES,  
WRITING DESKS,  
FANCY CLOCKS,  
SLEIGHS, &c.



And, in fact,

ALL HOLIDAY GOODS

Greatly Reduced Prices  
FOR THE BALANCE OF THE YEAR.

MONTREAL.

TORONTO.

## H. A. NELSON & SONS.

### THE VICTORIA STEM WINDER.

Warranted for FIVE Years.

Unparalleled Value in Watches.

Cheapest in the World.



Crystal Cases, showing interior full jewelled, richly engraved, heavily gold-plated rim. In fact we now cap the climax in unequalled value as manufacturers on all the bargains ever given to our customers during a successful business career of watch containing all the best modern and reliable works, we are justified in calling it the Cheapest in the World, and the best Watch ever sent from any factory for the money; it is of the best cylinder escapement movement, balance action, self-regulating stem-winder, jewelled in four holes, and will keep time with any hundred dollar watch ever made; its accuracy as a time-keeper has been tested with some of the most reliable time-pieces in the country, and found not to vary second in twenty-four hours. We guarantee it for five years. From \$25 to \$30 would be the ticket retail price of such a watch—could the trade obtain it—but it is our specialty. We will cheerfully refund the money if unsatisfactory.

**\$6**  
No necessity to send your money in advance. If you live near a Railway Station, send \$1.00 to pay Express charges, then you can examine your watch and pay the Express Agent. By sending money in advance, you save the dollar, as it costs one dollar extra to send and collect by express.  
TO THE U.S.—We will send "The Victoria," duty free and all charges paid, from our New York Branch, on receipt of six Dollars.  
WILLIAM WALKERSON & Co., 23 St. Nicholas St., or Box 1886, Montreal.

**FURS**  
AT  
*Lowest Prices.*

FURS cleaned, dyed or altered to the present styles. Good workmanship and lowest prices.  
**WM. ROBERTSON,**  
PRACTICAL FURRIER,  
No. 232 McGill Street.  
3-13-12-24

**THE QUEEN'S LAUNDRY BAR.**  
Ask for it, and take no other.  
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.  
Trade Mark. | Made by THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO

**JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF** is being adopted by the BRITISH, French, U. S., and Austrian Naval, Military and General hospitals. It is prescribed by the Queen's physician, and by every medical man who has tested its merits. It is the only essence known which contains all the nutritive constituents of beef, and is pronounced by scientific men everywhere to be the most perfect food for invalids ever introduced. Sold by Druggists and Grocers, 35c., 60c., and \$1.00.

**MONEY WELL SPENT.** COMPLETE CASES DRAWING INSTRUMENTS: \$1.50, \$2, \$2.50, \$3.50, \$4, \$5, \$6, \$8, \$10.  
BEST VALUE FOR EDUCATIONAL PURPOSES IN THE DOMINION.  
**HEARN & HARRISON,**  
Opticians, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.  
Large Stock of Magic Lantern Exhibitions. Catalogues free.

25 Fashionable Visiting Cards—no two alike, with name, 10c. Nassau Card Co., Nassau, N. Y.

**THE NEW BEVERAGE.**  
CHEAPER, BETTER, MORE HEALTHFUL, PALATABLE AND MORE NOURISHING THAN EITHER TEA OR COFFEE.  
**KAOKA**  
RECOMMENDED by the Highest Medical Authorities.  
Half-Pound Packets, 10c.  
Pound and a Half " 25c.  
Sold by all Grocers. Try It.  
EMIL POLIWKKA, & CO.,  
WHOLESALE AGENTS,  
36 St. Sacramento Street, Montreal.  
2-20-12-25-0

**WILLIAM DOW & CO.**  
BREWERS and MALTSTERS  
MONTREAL.

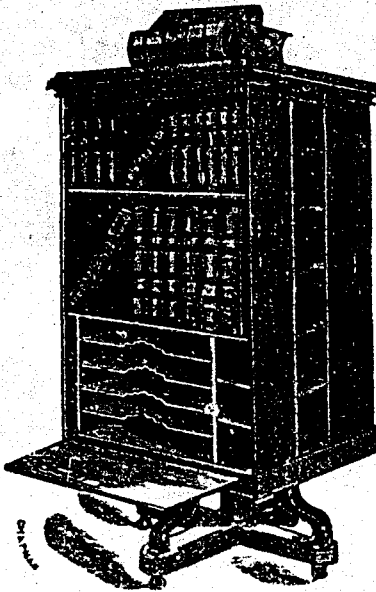
INDIA PALE ALE. EXTRA DOUBLE STOUT.  
Superior Pale and Brown Malt. India Pale, and other Ales. Extra Double and Single Stout in Wood and Bottle. Shipping orders promptly executed. Families supplied.  
18-6-32-222

**SHIRTS**  
Best Materials! Reasonable Prices!!  
Call and leave your orders.  
Satisfaction guaranteed.  
**J. B. LAFAMME,**  
249 St. James St., Montreal.

50 chromo, floral, glass, &c., Cards in case, name on all, 10c. Oulif 10c. Davids & Co., Northford, Ct

## TEES & CO.,

CABINET CASE, price \$20. Holds 80 to 100 large Books, and many Papers.



This case is 48 inches high, 24 inches square. The opposite side of the case has three reversible shelves for books. On either side, between the two for books, are seven pigeon-holes 6 1/2 inches wide, 4 1/2 inches high and 9 1/2 inches deep. These cases are made of Black Walnut. Weight when packed, 150 pounds.  
With handsome raised French Walnut Panels, \$25.  
Over a dozen different styles and sizes from \$5.50 to \$50.

## TEES & CO.,

Manufacturers of Office Desks and Revolving Book-cases.  
11 St. Bonaventure Street, Montreal.  
10 p.c. off above prices for a few days. 1-20-12-25

## S. R. PARSONS.

Rich, Elegant  
Parlor, Dining  
And Bedroom Furniture.  
Rocking Chairs,  
Sofas,  
Ottomans,  
New Artistic Designs.

See Our Window,  
437 and 439 NOTRE DAME STREET,  
MONTREAL.

Inspection Invited. Low Prices.  
1-20-12-25-0

## HOLIDAY GOODS.

**DIAMONDS,**  
Gold and Silver Watches,  
Fine Gold and Silver Jewellery,  
FRENCH CLOCKS AND BRONZES,  
SILVER and PLATED WARE,  
A New Importation  
AT  
**W. S. WALKER,**  
321 Notre Dame Street.  
ESTABLISHED 1853.  
3-20-12-25

**CHEAP MUSIC!** Vocal and Instrumental, full size (worth from 25c. to 75c.), for 10c. and 20c. a piece. Also, Song Books and Instruction Books for various Musical Instruments. The Subscriber deals in all kinds of Stationery, Second-hand Books, Newspapers and Magazines. Country Orders promptly attended to by Mail. Catalogues free. S. E. RIVARD, Publisher and Importer of Cheap Music, 544 Craig Street, Montreal. 3-20-12-25

40 ELEGANT CARDS, all Chromo, Motto, and Glass, name in gold and jet 10c. West & Co., Westville, Ct. 13-12-24

**Gray's SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM**  
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS  
FOR COUGHS & COLDS