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Wholesale News

Vol. XVI.—No. 9.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1st, 1877.

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



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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Sept. 1st, 1877.

PARLIAMENTARY COURTESY.

Among the illustrations of the present number will be found a picture representing a scene in that memorable session of the British House of Commons, which is said to have been the longest on record, having lasted twenty-six consecutive hours, and which was marked by the obstruction of a handful of members to the normal course of Parliamentary legislation. Into the political phase of the question to which this case has given rise, it is needless to enter. We prefer to regard it in the light of that code of gentility and mutual forbearance which is laid down as the rule of conduct of all gentlemen who are called upon to meet together to devise laws and regulations for the good of their country. We wish to call attention to the highly creditable manner in which the House extricated itself from a position which, through the exhibition of ill-breeding or the ebullition of bad blood, might have culminated in a national disgrace. All through an afternoon and evening, through the whole of a weary night, and during the dull hours of a forenoon, rendered duller and heavier by sleeplessness, the large majority of the House of Commons was kept at bay by a trio of malcontents. The House was sitting in Committee. Five times was the chair vacated and filled. Members relieved themselves by a few hours' rest in the cloak rooms and ante-chambers, or a turn on that beautiful terrace, from which the thin freshness of the Thames was wafted, to revive them. There was a generous patience on the one side, a good-humored persistency on the other. At times nature would assert herself faintly, and such ardent spirits as that of SIR WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT, for instance, would rouse itself into remonstrance, but a cooler head would soon calm the excitement by some words of honest commonplace. A harsh word would sometimes fly across the table, but it would be at once caught by a member asking to have it "taken down." Once or twice an unparliamentary expression would escape from a pent-up breast, but the cold, inexorable Chairman was there to insist upon an immediate withdrawal. And in every case, the withdrawal was gracefully made. Notwithstanding the natural wear and tear of so protracted a sitting, the room presented no trace of disorder, beyond a little more than the usual amount of paper littering the floor, and when the dawn streamed in grey streaks through the colored glass, its light fell upon men whose evening apparel was

still unruffled. When, at length, the great session came to an end, all signs of ill-feeling between the combatants had passed away, and business took its usual course.

We contend that this is an example of which any nation might feel proud. Without desiring to be invidious, we can only express our wonder at what would have happened if similar circumstances had presented themselves at Versailles or Washington. Almost the last meeting of the French Assembly was positively disgraceful, and we have had scenes of "filibustering" and obstruction in the House of Representatives, of which the less said the better. Even here in Canada we may well profit by the lesson set us at St. Stephen's. During the last session of our Parliament, we had exhibitions on both sides, which were far from creditable. Ministers especially should give the example of Parliamentary courtesy, as SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE did, in the instance to which we have just referred. If the leaders of the House go astray, we need not expect that the conduct of the members should be above reproach.

THE TRUE SITUATION IN FRANCE.

It has occasioned much surprise among the monarchical Conservatives of France, that their course and that of President MACMAHON in the present struggle receive only scant sympathy from persons of conservative tendencies abroad. They attribute this indifference or covered hostility to an ignorance of the true issues at stake. It must be confessed that the real motives of the MacMahonites are not generally as well understood as they might be, owing in a measure to the almost inextricable confusion of parties now struggling for supremacy in France, and, also, because we are naturally led to appreciate that struggle according to the constitutional principles by which we ourselves have always been governed. But if we study the situation in France from an exclusively French point of view, with some knowledge of the construction of French Society, we shall be led to admit that the followers of Marshal MACMAHON can make out a case which justifies them in their own eyes in the campaign which they have undertaken, and which, as a consequence, sets the question of their sincerity and patriotism beyond the range of dispute. They fear—and profess to have reason to fear—that the Republican party, as a body, is hostile on principle to the Church which is that of the almost totality of the nation. They believe that if the Republic is definitively established, all religious and educational institutions will be secularized, that the clergy will be excluded from all participation in public affairs, and that a practical atheism, such as prevails in Germany, will be the result of the policy. They contend fairly enough that no nation, and the French in especial, can live without the curb and guidance of religion; and that if France is to be saved from the horrors of another cataclysm, she must cling with desperate tenacity to the pillars of her old traditions. They affirm that already in the last Assembly the Republican majority showed how far it was disposed to go in the elimination of direct religious influence on political issues, and the complete separation of Church and State. The MacMahonites allow, of course, that the Republicans have been in a strong majority during the past few years, and they are beginning to betray their fears that this majority will be increased rather than diminished at the forthcoming elections. But here, precisely, is one of the points where these Conservative Frenchmen begin to differ in their views from ourselves. They have not that respect for the majority which we have. For them, it is rather an abstraction than a concretion. Trained in the ideas of Divine Right, more or less clearly defined, they make rather light of any factor, even though it be the compact vote of millions, which militates against their preconceived theory of what is just and proper. Hence the very questionable,

not to say illegal and tyrannical, means which they are employing to force the approaching elections in their own favor. Hence the bold return to a personal government which reminds one forcibly of the late Empire. In this respect, no man born and bred under a constitutional government can approve the DE BROGLIE administration. And there is more. We fail to share in this morbid fear of the French Republicans. We do not choose to confound Republicans with Radicals. The former are men deserving of credit for their patriotic endeavors during the past seven years. The latter are utterly detestable. There is no more atrocious being under Heaven than a French Radical. But they are only a handful and do not control the bulk of French democracy. Besides, the constitution is there, framed after several years of patient and patriotic labor by men of all parties. That constitution guarantees the rights of the Church, the liberty of education, the prerogatives of the clergy, and the privileges and duties of the people. That constitution cannot be violated without usurpation, and usurpation would entail revolution. If the Republicans were disposed to tear up a document which they were principally instrumental in framing, they would become the first victims of their treachery and folly, for a revolution would bring a new dynasty and the death of the Republic. While, therefore, we can understand the motives which prompt the followers of MACMAHON to act as they are now doing, we fail to see that they justify the high-handed measures which they are at present employing, and so long as the Republicans make no worse use of their power than they have hitherto done, we think all the true lovers of France will desire that the majority shall continue to rule.

THE PROPER TREATMENT OF THE CLASSICS.

By a singular coincidence, professors and men of learning in England, France, the United States and elsewhere, are at present devoting their attention to the old vexed question of classical education. They all profess their entire dissatisfaction with the methods of instruction which are in vogue. And well may they do so. The years devoted to Greek and Latin in our academies and colleges are so much time lost, because these languages are never really learned. To know a language, it may not be absolutely necessary to speak and write it, but one should be able at least to read and translate it *ad aperitiam libri*. Yet this, by common confession, is not obtained from the vast majority of graduates in England and America. It were a false pride to disguise the truth in the matter. It is admitted to be a fact, and the fact is one which must attract the notice of those who desire to promote the cause of a higher education. The more impetuous reformers insist, as a remedy, that the classics should be shelved altogether, as impossible of attainment. The wiser counsel is that the classics are quite attainable, provided the proper methods of instruction are employed. What this method is, in all its parts, it is beyond the limits of a newspaper article to explain, but it is founded on the correct principle that the classics should be taught as living languages, and not as dead. The very enunciation of the principle is refreshing, opening new views at once. As a matter of fact, the Greek is not a dead tongue, being spoken to-day in Athens, with differences that are really less than those which separate our English from the English of CHAUCER, or the present French from the French of RABELAIS. The writer happened, for the first time the other day, on some modern Greek verse and prose, which, to his surprise, from his knowledge of ancient Greek, he read currently, stopping only at a few changes in articles and pronouns, that he mastered after a moment's reflection. The well-known Professor BLACKIE offers himself as a practical man to prove publicly before any assembly of scholars at Oxford and Cambridge, that Greek can be taught as a liv-

ing, and not as a dead language, without the slightest prejudice to that minute accuracy and refined classical tone of which English Hellenism has always been found to make her boast. Mr. GRANT DUFF, M.P., in the August number of the *Fortnightly Review*, takes similar grounds. It is safe to say that the Greek language thus studied can be learned more readily and thoroughly than German.

What is true of the language of DEMOSTHENES is equally so of the language of TULLY. Latin is by no means a dead language. It is written and spoken in all the ecclesiastical circles of Europe. In the university towns of Germany it is a common channel of communication. In Poland and Hungary it is spoken by the middle classes. By means of it a traveller can "get along" very nicely among the learned of Italy, Spain and France. The old tongue still survives in its Italian descendant. This is so true that any one who understands Latin has no difficulty with either Italian or its sister language Spanish. French, the third offshoot from the Latin, has departed further from the original. The Latin spoken now-a-days in Europe is not precisely that which was spoken at the Tusculan villa, or around the marble tables of MECENAS, but it is thoroughly serviceable, and has this advantage that the one who so speaks it is simply able to read at his ease the whole of Roman literature. And that is precisely what we call knowing a language.

We make no doubt that this theory of the treatment of the classic languages will commend itself to instructors everywhere, and that before many years have elapsed we shall have a revival in this branch of learning which shall keep pace with the revival in the metaphysical and natural sciences. We cannot do without the literatures of Greece and Rome. If they were allowed to perish, solid education would be a void. As, therefore, it is imperative that they should be preserved, it is time to cast off the *impedimenta* of the old pedagogues, and address ourselves to a rational method of making Greek and Latin as familiar and as easy of acquisition as French or German.

With the intent of depreciating the poor Turks, writers are going out of their way to show that the principal officers of the Ottoman forces are foreigners. But accurate information disproves all these stories. The new Commander-in-Chief, MEHEMET ALI, is indeed a Frenchman by origin, and a German by birth, but he is a thorough Mohammedan in training, education, instinct and religion. His real name is JULES DETROIT. His father was a French bandmaster who went to Germany, where the boy was born, but whence he deserted to Constantinople as a sailor when quite a child. The Turkish navy is not commanded by an Englishman. The correspondent of the London *Daily News* has taken special pains to state that HOBART PASHA has been kept constantly at Constantinople. Of late he has been entrusted with the command of a squadron in the Black Sea, but he is not the supreme officer of the fleet. The Turkish cavalry is not commanded by an Englishman. BAKER PASHA has simply been commissioned to organize and command the mounted militia in European Turkey. It is a wonder that MOKHTAR PASHA has not been claimed by a foreign nationality. SULEIMAN PASHA is said to be a Frenchman, but he has nothing Gallic about him except the purity of his Parisian accent. As to OSMAN PASHA we cannot prevail upon ourselves to disturb the curiously persistent rumor that the hero of Plevna is no other than BAZAINE in disguise.

There is much confusion in the American papers with regard to the use of the words "Communism" and "Communist." It is a mistake to trace the levelling tendencies of the railway and colliery strikers in the United States to the wild men who made such havoc in Paris seven years ago. The latter were not socialists at all. Their

revolution was entirely political, not social. They stood up in arms for the alleged rights of each "Commune"—the French equivalent for municipality—to separate administration as distinct from the system of governmental centralization which prevails in France. The disciples of St. Simon and Fourier were the socialists who advocated a community—"communauté"—of property among all classes. To distinguish these from the first, a little exercise of etymology and orthoepy might conveniently be brought into play. The men of 1870, in Paris, were Communists, with accent on the penultimate. The followers of Fourier, as for instance the Oneida people, are Communists, with emphasis on the first or antepenult.

One of the most important astronomical discoveries of the age has just been made by Professor HALL, of the Washington Observatory. He announces that he has described one, and possibly two, satellites or moons of the planet Mars. As these were never suspected to exist, the discovery will open the field to future and more accurate researches into the properties of all the other planets.

HISTORY OF THE WAR.

IX.

THE PRESENT SITUATION OF THE ARMIES.

The first move made by Osman Pasha after the battle of Plevna was an unopposed one. He sent a force, under Abdul Pasha, on to Selvi, which place was evacuated by the Muscovs without firing a shot, and occupied by Abdul. If Suleiman Pasha can drive Gourko from the Shipka Pass and make his way up to Tirnova, the Turkish line will form a continuous semicircle. At present all that is wanting to complete the line is the army of Suleiman to fit into the centre and form the link between the right and left wings. The right wing now extends from close to Rustchuck through Rasgrad and Shumla to Osman Bazar. The extreme right is commanded by Eyoub Pasha, who is at Rasgrad. It is composed of 48 battalions of infantry, 62 squadrons of cavalry, and 15 batteries of artillery. Mehemet Ali is at Osman Bazar, where he has 60,000 men under him. The left wing is formed by the army of Osman Pasha, amounting to 65,000, which extends from Plevna to Lovatz, while a smaller force detached from the army is at Selvi. There is thus a gap between Selvi and Osman Bazar, which Suleiman Pasha hopes to fill with his 65,000 men, but before he can do this he has to get rid of Gourko's army, by attacking him from the north of the Shipka Pass, while the rest of his army co-operate with him from the south. The first of two Turkish successes, which took place at either wing, occurred at a place called Aghaslar, about twenty miles north of Osman Bazar. A Russian force, consisting of two regiments of horse and one battalion of foot, attacked the Turks in possession of Aghaslar, but, after a short conflict, the Russians retired. Receiving reinforcements, however, they returned once more to the attack, but were again repulsed, the Turks maintaining their position. From later accounts we gather that it was not much more than an extensive outpost engagement, but in spite of that the fighting is described as "bloody on both sides." The second battle referred to was an attack by the Russians on Osman Pasha at Lovatz or, according to others, at Vladina, some nine miles north of the former place. The assault was conducted in precisely the same manner as the previous one against Plevna, and, in fact, in much the same manner as other Russian assaults. The battle began with the usual cannonade, which was replied to by the defenders with an equally brisk artillery fire. This was, of course, succeeded by an assault by the infantry, who advanced in unchangeable form of "dense masses." The onslaught of the Russian columns was made with great determination, but the fusillade of the Ottoman soldiers worked great havoc in the Muscovs' ranks. Presently, watching his opportunity, Osman turned his defence into an attack on the enemy, which decided the fate of the day, and once more brought him victory. The Russians were driven back along the entire line, leaving immense numbers of killed and wounded on the field. The number is estimated at 300 killed and 600 wounded, out of a force of eight battalions of infantry, or some 7,000 men and eight squadrons of cavalry. It is not accurately known what number Osman had with him at the time, but it is said that just before the engagement he detached 4,000 from Plevna to reinforce him at Lovatz. The Turks are said to have had 100 killed, but the number of wounded is not given. The war has been virtually abandoned by the Russians in the Dobrudja; they have retired from Trajan's Wall, but have not re-crossed the Danube. The revolutionary war in Montenegro is dying out since Despotovich has been taken prisoner, and his army beaten. Mouhktar Pasha maintains his position in Armenia, and the Russians do the same. Each side has received

reinforcements, and there seems to be an impression that the war will soon break out there again. In the Black Sea, Hobart Pasha has been inflicting considerable losses on the Russian mercantile shipping, and has also been bombarding some of the Russian forts north of Poti. It will be remembered that, to foment the insurrection in the Caucasus, the Porte sent a number of regular troops there; it has now been decided to give up that part of the campaign, and Hobart Pasha is now engaged in transporting these troops, to the number of 25,000, to Varna, as a reinforcement for Mehemet Ali. Fresh proofs of the barbarities practised by the Russian soldiers on the Mahometan population continue to arrive daily from numerous credible sources.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

It was a rare sight to see Alexander Dumas presiding at the last annual meeting of the French Academy, and distributing the famous Monthyon prizes for virtue, accompanying the act with a charming discourse in praise of virtue. The author of *La Dame aux Camélias*, *Diane de Lys*, *La Femme de Claude*, and *Le Demi Monde*, has not always been associated in the mind of the world with the mission of a moralist. But time works wonders. Dumas is turned of fifty. He has grown up daughters, and has settled down to family life. At all events, he did his novel work in all seriousness, and his appearance in a new character drew an immense audience at the Academy, which appeared as if they had come to assist at a first representation of a new piece by the famous author at the *Gymnase*.

A new tenor—that *rara avis in terris*—has burst upon the musical horizon of the beautiful city. It seems that the merit of the discovery is due to Edmond About, the well-known writer and journalist. Sellier—that is the young man's name—was employed in a wine shop of the Rue Druot, which provided refreshments to the printers of the *XIXe Siècle*. One day, with apron tucked up and a cork screw in his hand, the youth attacked the grand air of Halevy's *Juive*. The printers were so astounded that they called in M. About, who, listening with the ear of a judge, immediately brought Sellier into the presence of Halanzier, director of the Grand Opera. The result was that Sellier was sent to the Conservatoire, under the auspices of the director, provided with fine clothes, a professor of languages, a teacher of fencing, and a guide of deportment. The account he has given of himself, after one year's study, is said to be remarkable. His voice is in itself a phenomenon, while his other qualities will fit him for success in any operatic role. To show how art is encouraged in the old countries, it may be added that Halanzier furnishes him with pocket money to the amount of three hundred francs a month.

One would imagine that Adelina Patti should have been thankful for the result of her late divorce trial. The proceedings were judiciously debarred from publicity, and the wording of the judgment against her was as delicate as possible. But the financial settlement between the parties will probably lead to new complications. There was no marriage contract between them, and when that happens, the French law requires that the fortune of the family should be equally divided between the two parties. The Marquis de Caux never had much money, and he certainly made none with his own hands after his marriage with the *diva*. She has won fabulous sums by her talent, of which about two millions of francs still remain. Naturally enough, she must object to halving this amount with the man whom she spurns, and who has procured a divorce from her. If the Marquis were as chivalrous as we should expect a nobleman to be, he would spontaneously forego the possession of this money. But not seeming disposed to make this act of self-denial, Adelina has now recourse to a new expedient. She brings a suit for absolute nullity of marriage, alleging that it was null and void, because the priest who performed the ceremony in England had no license from the Archbishop. At best, the plea is not creditable. Did Patti know of this damaging circumstance before? If so, how are we to qualify the life she led with the Marquis during so many years? If she proves the point, however, she gains two advantages—she keeps all her money, and she is free to marry again.

A real man of the day has just passed away in the prime of life—M. Blanc, the gaming prince of Homburg, and the pioneer at Monaco of roulette and *trente-et-quarante*. No man ever worked harder, travelled more, and schemed better to amass a fortune. He secured the fortune, but with it also asthma and paralysis of the stomach. One day, having gone to consult Bretonneau, the learned friend of Béranger, he said to him:

"Doctor, do you know that I have already laid aside eighty millions of francs?"
"You would have done better to have amassed an income of eighty days of health a year," replied the philosopher.

The French are masters of epigram, being the only nation that ever rivalled the Athenians therein. They know also how to turn an anecdote to the best advantage, and to suit a temporary purpose. Here is a case which is all the more amusing that it was written in all earnestness. It is a matter of history that Marshal MacMahon won the battle of Solferino by doing just the contrary of what the Emperor

Napoleon commanded him to do. In a letter, written at the time to his old superior, Changarnier, he himself put the case quite pithily:
"I was told to go to the left, but I went to the right and saved France."
Now, says a writer, what the Marshal did on the battle field, in 1869, he is doing in the political arena in 1877. He was told to go the Left, but he has gone to the Right, and he will save France.

Quod manet probandum.

MIRAMAR.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

AN EXPLANATION.—In a late number we had the pleasure of publishing the portrait of the Count de Premio-Real with a short memoir of his life. We were led by a typographical error, however, to state that his family name is De La Vallée. It should be De La Valle. And its standing on the rolls of the Spanish nobility dates back as far as 718, not 1718 as we put it, which makes a notable difference.

Besides the illustrations which are separately described in other parts of the present issue, we present our readers with several pictures of the Eastern War. Next week we hope to be able to give views of the battle of Plevna. The two art pictures are particularly beautiful—The Gleaner, appropriate to the season, and the Death of Marceau, the master-piece of this year's Salon. The scene represents the death of the young French hero, at Altekirchen, near the Rhine, in the war of the Republic against Germany. As the French had retired, the wounded man was left to the clemency of his Austrian foes, who treated him well and mourned over his remains as the artist has here depicted.

THE FREE LANCE.

I am told there is a project on Foote to make the Quebec *Chronicle* define its politics.

The Premier is blamed for railing so hard against his adversaries. He is right. Why did Mr. Tom White begin it?

In their defeat, it will console the Dunkinites to remember that they had a jewel of a man to champion their cause. Dymond.

If the earth, with only one moon, contains so many lunatics, what must it be with Mars which has just been discovered to have two?

The police are going the rounds, inquiring into the light weight of bread. They had better turn about and make researches into the heavy cost of the same.

The *Herald* is very sore about the *Gazette's* 75,000 men at the Macdonald procession. Though the torches were admittedly considerable, our cotem cannot see it in that light.

It took the Quebec Government ten years to make a lot of new laws since Confederation. Some wicked fellows think it will take fully as long to consolidate them. Happy commissioners!

The Dunkin Act was played in the Amphitheatre, Toronto, before an immense audience for two consecutive weeks. When the curtain fell at last, it was greeted with the shouts of over a thousand voices.

The political picnic nuisance is about to begin again. No wonder a number of Ontario folk have called upon Mr. Mackenzie to get transportation to Manitoba. Plague for plague, they prefer the grasshoppers.

One of the most affecting sights ever witnessed in this country, and one which drew tears from all the spectators, was that of Sir Francis Hincks and Mr. Devlin, M.P., dancing a jig on the deck of the "Rocket," last Saturday.

Two gentlemen were speaking of Meany's prospective defeat, in the vestibule of the Hall, the other day.

"He will have to leave Ireland again."
"Certainly, it will be a case of Clare-out."

The surname of one of the popular lessees of the Academy of Music is Robert.
"I hope they will manage well and succeed," said a mutual friend to me.
"Never fear. *Esperito crede Roberto.*"

A fervent temperance advocate of Ontario, while promenading through our streets the other day, and counting the large number of our saloons, was pleased to say that Montreal is the most license-tious city in the Dominion.

As there was no band, not even a Band of Hope, on board the "Rocket," on her last famous trip from Quebec, it is a subject of general curiosity to know who whistled the rigadoun to which Sir Francis and Mr. Devlin danced.

A young lady, in crossing a street after a rainfall, daintily held up her skirts above her ankle.
"Why do you raise your dress so much, dear?" queried her mother.
"To protect my boots!" was the ingenious reply.

"I don't see the reason of putting Tupper forward as the future head of the Tories," said one Grit to another.

"I do."
"What is it?"
"The party is so sick and corrupt, that it will need constant doctoring."

He was shy and reticent. She was bold and talkative, and resolved to draw him out.
"Tell me who is the girl you like best?"
"Oh, I couldn't do that," he said, blushing.
"Then send me her photo."
"Well, I think I may do that."
The next day she received a beautiful little mirror.

Last week, a volunteer officer went to the Brigade-Commander to complain.

"Sir, the Captain of our company is the biggest fool in the regiment."
"Oh! Ah! And you are his first Lieutenant?"
"I am, sir."
"Ah! Oh! I see!"

Eustace and Amanda went to visit the Royal Fusiliers in their recent encampment.
"How lovely they look in their scarlet tunics," she said. "Look at that tall fellow over there. I feel like going forward to hug him."
"Why, he's only the bugler of the battalion."
"But I'm awful fond of bugles, you know."
No, he knew nothing about it. He'd be "blowed" if he knew.

A tramp was arraigned before Recorder Sexton.
"Caught sleeping on a door-step, sir."
"Yes, your Honor."
"Found loafing about the streets."
"True, your Honor."
"No visible means of existence."
The fellow hauled out a tremendous Bologna sausage and looked at the judge. He was let off.

A boarding-house on Beaver Hall Hill. On the supper table a dish of honey, brought out every evening, and sipped by appreciative flies, leaving traces of their passage.
At length, a long suffering boarder asks a companion, within hearing of the landlady:
"Why is honey like the quality of mercy?"
"Give it up."
"Because it is not strained!"
Nuisance at once abated.

She wanted to see the eclipse of the moon, the other night, and, having put on her white wrapper and a nice lace cap, stationed herself at the window. There was an astronomer in a street opposite who was making observations through a spy glass, and who assiduously divided his attention between her and the moon. At last she noticed him as he was pointing his glass at her, screamed and retreated. He got scared and immediately turned the tube to the moon. That too had just dipped into the full shadow.

Both eclipses were simultaneous.

LACLEDE.

LITERARY.

LOWELL is independent in circumstances—no thanks to his fine poetry and essays, however.

THE publication of Mr. Swinburne's new volume of "Poems and Ballads" has been deferred.

PERCEVAL GRAVES (son of the Bishop of Limerick, and author of "Lays of Killarney") is engaged upon the compilation of a book of Irish poems.

HAWTHORNE was poor to his dying day, and might have suffered but for his appointment to the consularship at Liverpool by his friend President Pierce.

WHITTIER, like most thrifty New Englanders, owns his own house, and beneath its humble roof, it is said, he has sometimes subsisted—he is a bachelor—on \$500 a year.

BAYARD TAYLOR, although he has made, perhaps, \$50,000 by his writings—his books of travels having been very popular—has not sufficient income to sustain him without regular labor.

LONGFELLOW is independent in circumstances—probably worth \$100,000 to \$200,000, but the greatest part of it has come to him through his wife, long since deceased, who was rich in her own right.

HOLMES is well off by the practice of the medical profession, by marriage and inheritance, albeit not by poems, novels, lectures, nor Autocrats of the Breakfast Table. All that he has written has not brought him \$25,000.

VICTOR HUGO's new work on the Coup d'Etat will be based on a diary which the poet kept at the time of the memorable occurrences he describes. The book will in no sense be a reproduction of his previous brochure on the same subject.

BRYANT is often cited as an instance of a rich author. He is rich, but not by authorship. All the money he has directly earned by his pen, outside of his journal, would not exceed, in all probability, \$25,000, notwithstanding his estate is estimated at \$400,000.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS is dependent on his salary from the Harpers; so is Mr. William D. Howells dependent on his editorship of the *Atlantic*; Bret Harte, T. B. Aldrich, Jas. Parton, J. T. Trowbridge, R. H. Stoddard, T. W. Higginson, mainly upon fugitive writing.

A NEW system of shorthand, by Professor Everett, of the Queen's College, Belfast, will be published this autumn by Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co. The author claims for his system that it can be written freely, like longhand, and is scarcely, if at all, more liable than longhand to be rendered illegible by scribbling; that both vowels and consonants are noted down with a speed comparable to that which is attained in other systems by writing consonants only; and that all sounds are written in the order in which they are spoken. Professor Everett uses only about one hundred special symbols for individual words.

DR. CL. T. CAMPBELL, GRAND MASTER OF ODDFELLOWS OF ONTARIO.—The Independent Order of Oddfellows stands in the front rank among benevolent societies on this continent, its membership reaching half a million, and its expenditure for benevolent objects exceeding \$1,500,000 each year. The Grand Lodge of the Province of Ontario, which held its annual session in Belleville, on the 1st of August last, has under its jurisdiction 175 lodges, with 12,725 members. The amount expended for purposes of relief during the year was about \$22,000. Thirty-three years ago Montreal was the headquarters of this Society in Canada, and many of our leading citizens were in active connection with it; but latterly it has spread with greater rapidity in the sister Province of Ontario, which now takes the chief place in the Dominion. The present Grand Master of the Order in that Province, Dr. Cl. T. Campbell, whose portrait is given in this number, is a native of London, Ontario, where he now resides; and is an experienced member of the fraternity, whose name is familiar to many Oddfellows besides those of his own jurisdiction.

WILLIAM CHAMBERS.—In reviewing the life of this eminent publisher, says the *National Portrait Gallery*, one may say that he has so lived as to teach the world how the good, old-fashioned, common-place virtues can be exalted into the loftiest range of moral heroism; that he has left on record a grand and manly example of self-help, which time can never obliterate from the admiring memory of succeeding generations. Life has to him been a sacred trust to be used for helping on the advancement of humanity, and for aiding the diffusion of knowledge, not a mere huckstering basis of operations for money-making and miserly accumulation. The moral to be drawn from his biography is that, with manly self-trust, with high and noble aims, with fair education, and with diligence, a man may, no matter how poor he may be at the outset of his career, struggle upwards and onwards to fill a high social position, and enjoy no ordinary share of earthly honors and possessions. "He that tholes overcomes" was the inspiring motto of his career, and it is manifest that the very hardships he had to endure, the very obstacles he had to surmount, only served to discipline his character and fortify his courage in fighting the rough battle of life. To use his own words: "What satisfaction can be greater than that of having been a pioneer in that cheap literature movement, which under a variety of conditions and auspices, has proved one of the most conspicuous engines of social improvement in the nineteenth century."

MATTHEW ARNOLD'S POETICAL PHILOSOPHY.—Mr Arnold hardly ever knows of which of the two he is, as a poet, most afraid—the lethargy which practical life brings on the powers



DR. CL. T. CAMPBELL, GRAND MASTER OF ODDFELLOWS OF ONTARIO.

of feeling, or the paralysis which indulged feeling brings on the powers of action. That labor is a "dull Lethaean spring"—that business tends to make genius dull—that the "blank sunshine" of success blinds the finer faculties of the soul—that the best fruit which action brings us is calm, but that calm is not "life's crown," nor that fulness of life for which youth yearns is the reiterated lesson of Mr. Arnold's song. Yet, on the other hand, he reiterates quite as often that emotion is void and empty without the self-mastery which can bridle and control it, that though it be true that—

"We cannot kindle when we will
The fire which in the heart resides,"

Yet,—

"Tasks in hours of insight will'd
May be in hours of gloom fulfilled."

and must be so, if there is to be any joy in the hours of insight;—that misery comes of yielding to the feelings which make us dependent on the sympathy of others;—that we must live a life as independent of mere emotion as the punctual stars or the unresting sea, if we would share their vastness and their power,—

"And with joy the stars perform their shining,
And the sea its long moon-silver'd roll;
For self-poised they live, nor pine with nothing
All the fever of some differing soul."

On these distinct keys—the inadequacy of self-mastery to satisfy us without emotion, and the inadequacy of emotion to dignify us without self-mastery.—Mr. Arnold's poetry is one long series of variations, and you hardly know whether he is most disposed to complain of the world because it dulls the inward life of emotion or of the inward life of emotion because it renders the soul averse to the patient struggle which secures us the only chance of true discipline from the world.

FREE LEGS.—Some one has recommended the London fashionable world to cut off the trouser just above the knee. The author of the idea says: The leg has from all antiquity been closely associated with national greatness; and can attain its proper development only in a state of freedom. The Romans knew not trousers, and hence reached such a development of leg that they were able to conquer the world. The kilted Highlander was the terror of Scotland until the far-seeing British Government confined him in trousers, under the malign influence of which his legs wilted, and his proud spirit was broken. The bare-legged warrior of the American forests was the bravest and noblest of savages; but how pitiable is the Indian of Saratoga and Niagara, who, demoralized by trousers, has sunk below the level of the hackman. The author of the idea explains that the precise style of dress worn by Scipio and Cæsar need not be servilely copied, but all its advantages could be obtained by a costume adapted to the conditions of modern civilisation and retaining the fundamental principle of free legs.



LT. COL. LABRANCHE, FOUNDER AND PRESIDENT OF CLUB.
THE MONTREAL SWIMMING CLUB AT ST. HELEN'S ISLAND.



THE NOISY SESSION OF TWENTY-SIX HOURS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

GOING OUT WITH THE TIDE.

Raise me up in my bed, wife;
There's the sound of the sea in my ear;
And it sings to my soul in a music
That earth is not blessed to hear.
Open the little window, wife,
Then come and sit by my side;
We'll wait God's sweet flood water
To take me out with the tide.

I see the harbor-bar wife,
And my little boat in the bay;
But who shall be able to guide her
When her master hath passed away?
I know that her helm, so trusty,
Will answer no other hand
As it answered mine, when I knew, wife,
You were waiting for me on the strand.

Our boys are all before us, wife;
Wee Jack is beneath the wave,
And blue-eyed Freddy sleeps, wife,
In yonder yew-bowered grave.
Where the early daisies cluster
Around his baby-bed,
And the thrush sits chanting softer
In yon tree that shades the dead.

There's a chill run through our hearts, wife,
When the harbor bar doth moan;
But a darker grief will be yours, wife,
When you're left in the cot alone;
But few more flowers of the sea, wife,
And a few more ebbes of the tide,
Then God's sweet flood shall bring you
Again to your old man's side!

The sun is low in the west, wife,
And the tide sinks down with the sun;
We will part with each other in love, wife,
For sweetly our lives have run;
Give me your hand, my own love,
As you gave it in days of yore;
We will clasp them, ne'er to be sundered,
When we meet on the far-off shore!

A SCHOOL-GIRL FRIENDSHIP.

BY MRS. LEPROHON.

CHAPTER II.

Charlotte Brookes, left an orphan at an early age, found herself entrusted to the sole guardianship of Mr. Mildmay, a relative of her mother. She met in him a generous protector who injudiciously, perhaps, allowed her to spend a considerable portion of the small income she possessed, in purchasing the rich toilettes she so dearly loved, making up from his own purse what was necessary to pay for the costly education she was receiving at Mrs. Judson's boarding school. It was tacitly understood that she should reside with her guardian till she had attained her majority or changed her maiden state, an event that young lady was quietly determined to bring about as speedily and in as advantageous a manner to herself as possible.

Gay, handsome, winning, she had made herself very dear to Gertrude Mildmay, all the more so that she indulged at times in a certain unceremonious abrupt mode of expression or action that seemed the offspring of unwavering frankness, and which rendered the pleasant speeches and affectionate praises she generally employed, doubly welcome on account of their apparent sincerity.

The education of the girls was now nearly completed, or at least the time of probation allotted for their studies was near its close, and they were already joyously looking forward to their return to Mildmay Lodge, to enter probably on the career of frivolous pleasure to which so many young girls give themselves up on leaving school, unfortunately for that society amid which they will soon be called to fill the high and important offices of wives and mothers.

A dramatic and musical entertainment was given by Miss Judson's pupils preparatory to their final dismissal, and a leading rôle was assigned to Miss Brookes, she having acquired by dint of application, considerable proficiency in singing and elocution, the only two branches to which she had ever really applied herself. A secondary but still sufficiently effective part had devolved on Gertrude, with every appearance that she would acquit herself creditably; when unfortunately, just as she appeared on the temporary stage and intoned the first notes of an *aria*, well adapted to her clear sweet voice, her glance fell on her father and lover who had just entered, and were listening and watching with breathless interest. This was more than enough to put poor Gertrude's composure to flight, and in school phraseology she "broke down." An effort to resume her song only ended in her taking it up in a wrong key, and the first verse finished, she retreated to her seat, overwhelmed with shame and mortification, Miss Judson glaring at her meanwhile with a stony look of concentrated anger which ought to have made Gertrude thankful, if she had not been too perturbed to remark it, that the term of the Lady Principal's authority was at hand.

It was now Miss Brooke's turn, and her keen eye also discovered, near the door, the two gentlemen whose entrance had proved so fatal to her friend's self-possession. On herself their appearance had quite a contrary effect, and seemed but to inspire her with additional power and ease. Magnificently did she acquit herself, and as murmurs of subdued but universal admiration sounded through the room, Miss Judson's brow recovered, in some measure, its serenity, and she felt that life was not all a blank.

The representation over, and farewell words to teachers and school-mates spoken, Gertrude clad in her plain dark travelling suit, and looking pale and dispirited, entered the small sitting

room where Mr. Rodney and her father awaited her.

"You look ill and nervous to-day, little one!" kindly exclaimed Mr. Mildmay, as he took her in his arms. "Don't be put out, because you missed in that *opérette*, as they called it. A fig for it all!"

This sudden allusion to what the young girl regarded as a most overwhelming disgrace was too much for her self-command, and still smarting from the keen mental suffering it had inflicted on her, she hid her face on her father's shoulder and burst into tears.

Rodney, all sympathy, hastily whispered: "Courage, dear Gertrude! Let me help you into the carriage now waiting at the door. You will soon be at home."

Roused by the tones of the voice already so dear to her, the girl silently, shrinkingly obeyed, seating herself in the farthest corner of the comfortable roomy vehicle. Of course Mr. Rodney had to return for Miss Brookes, who stood awaiting on the hall-steps, attired in a handsome *écaré*-suit of stylish make and material, and looking radiantly happy and handsome.

To spare Gertrude's perturbed feelings no allusion was made to the events of the morning, but the conversation embraced various topics on most of which the charming Charlotte discoursed with a sparkling ease and fluency that found at ple encouragement alike in the hearty laughter of Mr. Mildmay and the amused attention of Arthur Rodney. Though really deficient in point of intellectual acquirements, Miss Brookes possessed considerable natural quickness, and a superb self-possession that enabled her to appear with more advantage than many far superior in point of actual knowledge. If the conversation verged on topics, in discussion of which her ignorance was likely to be exposed, she had a way of adroitly turning it into another channel, or starting some new subject with which she happened to be more conversant.

Meanwhile Mr. Rodney, seated opposite his young betrothed, was anything but forgetful of her, and frequently bending over, addressed her pleasant words or friendly remark, to all of which the shy-constrained girl responded with oracular brevity, or maintained a cold silence. Annoyed by conduct which he totally misunderstood, the young man after a time turned his attention to Miss Brookes.

Very glad was Gertrude Mildmay when, the journey over, she found herself seated in the school-room at Mildmay Lodge, surrounded by her three little brothers, and responding to their lavish caresses and childish prattle. After a time, however, Mrs. Wells, who held the posts of governess and directress of the household even for a considerable time anterior to the death of the late Mrs. Mildmay, now entered, and after some kindly pleasant words with Gertrude begged the latter to dress for dinner. This she willingly rose to do, having forgotten, in the happiness of finding herself again in her own pleasant home, the humiliations the morning had brought her.

That day and many succeeding ones passed over the inmates of Mildmay Lodge, filled apparently with gaiety and happiness, but poor little Gertrude's sunshine was in reality sorely clouded, and in the devotion Mr. Rodney paid her brilliant school friend and the persistence with which the latter challenged that attention were to be found the origin of many secret and bitter tears. No allusion to their conditional betrothal ever passed between the two parties; and though the young man's manner and voice were always kind and deferential, he did not hang over Gertrude's chair when she was reading or sewing, or seated at the piano, as he generally did when Miss Brookes was in question, nor ramble with her for hours in field and shrubbery as he did with the fascinating Charlotte.

Of all this Mr. Mildmay took but little note. If Arthur Rodney liked Charlotte better than Gertrude and wished to marry her, why, let him. His little girl, with her handsome dowry, could easily find a suitable bridegroom; and for his part he was in no hurry to give up his dear little girl whose presence so pleasantly brightened his home, to the guardianship and authority of another. Besides she seemed to care very little for the recreant wooer, and viewed with perfect indifference the flirtation carried on between him and Miss Brookes. Ah! Mr. Mildmay knew not that his daughter buried deep in her own heart feelings of wounded affection, bitter beyond measure. Once that she had remonstrated gently with her false friend, regarding the latter's persistent efforts to win Rodney to herself, Miss Brookes loudly protested that she was in no way to blame, and that if Gertrude were about to grow jealous she had better assert her claim to her betrothed at once, and take and keep him to herself.

From an approach to such a step our heroine's whole being recoiled, and the mere fear that Charlotte might allude in some way or other to the subject, in Mr. Rodney's presence, prevented her from offering further remonstrance to the false friend who continued to spread her Circe-like anares, serenely careless what unhappiness they brought to others. Day by day her hopes rose higher, and to induce Arthur Rodney to commit himself by some plainly spoken word of love or devotion was now her constant aim. Lightly pressing him into her service for the purpose of gathering ferns for a fancy basket she was making, she set forth with him one bright morning, leading the way to the belt of stately woods that bounded the view at the back of Mildmay Lodge. The walk must have proved a dangerous one to Rodney, for his companion attired in the daintiest of morning dresses, looking

lovely and bewitching beyond measure, seemed determined to try his stoicism to the utmost. Soft and appealing were the looks she from time to time directed towards him from beneath her long heavy lashes, and more than once his *empressé* manner quickened her heart beats, whispering that the propitious moment was at hand. Still talking vague sentiment, still exerting every effort to bring about the wished for result, Charlotte strolled on with her companion till they arrived at a charming little shady dell.

"Here I must rest," she said, advancing a few steps accompanied by Mr. Rodney, when a scene somewhat unexpected was presented to the gaze of both.

Seated on the greensward was Gertrude, her hat beside her, whilst her two brothers were sportively showering leaves on herself, and the youngest of the band, laughingly clasped in her arms. The picture—comprising the bright smile that rested on the girl's innocent youthful face, the animated looks of the children, and the beauty of their greenwood surroundings—was a pleasant one, and Rodney stood a moment, silently surveying him.

"Why, Gertrude, playing good sister, I see," said Miss Brookes, by no means pleased with the expression of Mr. Rodney's face.

Gertrude who had colored deeply on first perceiving the intruders, hastily brushed off the leaves whilst Norman, the eldest of the three brothers, quickly rejoined before she had time to speak:

"Gertrude does not play at good sister—she is always good."

"Aptly said! my young friend," was Rodney's gay rejoinder, "but will sister Gertrude, who I feel assured is always good, as you say, join us this morning, and bring her little court with her?"

"No, indeed, Mr. Rodney," was Master Norman's prompt reply. "She comes here with us nearly every morning, and after we play some time, reads to us, so you see she cannot go with you."

Rodney smiled. "You seem very sure of your point, young gentleman! But what does Miss Gertrude say? I must have my answer from her own lips."

The young girl, secretly sore at heart, quietly rejoined:

"What Norman says is just. I have promised them a portion of my morning, and they have consequently a claim to it."

"And have I no claims, dear Gertrude, of any sort?" asked Rodney, in a low significant tone.

A blush, a rapid averting of her head was the only reply he received to the first indirect word of love he had ever whispered her. Miss Brookes perceiving that the situation was growing critical, with one of her sweet smiles interposed.

"It is not fair, Mr. Rodney, that we should interfere with Norman's claims or pleasures. Please bring me back to the house, for I really feel ashamed of my idleness, and am determined to sew or study for the remainder of the morning."

The young man lingered a moment, as if expecting Miss Mildmay would join them, or at least express a hope that they should stay, but Norman threw himself on the grass beside his sister, saying:

"Yes, you had better go, for Gerty will read to us now."

Gertrude's silence proving conclusively that she acquiesced in this decision, Rodney and his companion turned away and for some time he was unusually silent and preoccupied. But Miss Brookes taxed every power of witchery, and soon had the satisfaction of bringing back his smiles and devotion.

Weeks passed, and though our heroine seemed outwardly happy, she was nevertheless growing thinner, and losing a little of the lightness of step that had first distinguished her on her return to her home. One evening that she was lying on the sofa in her own room, the latter lighted only by the faint twilight that came in through the gauzy curtains, Miss Brookes entered, and seating herself beside her, took her hand tenderly in hers.

"Gertrude, dear, you look dull to-night. What is the matter?"

"Nothing whatever," and the girl gently disengaged her hand from her friend's clasp. "I have a slight headache."

"Ah, a headache, darling, I begin to fear. Surely you are not fretting for Rodney who seems to trouble himself so little about you?"

There was a time when Gertrude Mildmay would have thrown herself into the arms of the young girl beside her and sobbed out an avowal that such was indeed the case; that his indifference, if not faithlessness, was breaking her heart, but now, after a moment during which she silently struggled for self-command, she quietly replied:

"Why, Charlotte, I thought you did not believe in aching or breaking hearts. You have always laughed at such thing heretofore."

"Perhaps I have had cause to change my opinions of late. I certainly believe in them now."

Gertrude made no reply to this. The subject was painful, and one on which she scarcely ventured to trust her voice.

"Forgive me, dearest," resumed Miss Brookes as if determined to probe her companion's feelings to the quick, "forgive me if I say I do not think that Arthur Rodney loves or ever will love you."

Constrained, yet calm, the answer came:

"Well, and what then?"

"This, Gertrude! Well I know that you have too much maiden-pride to waste the treat-

sure of your love on one who cannot, who will not respond to it."

"Why, Charlotte, you are both eloquent and sentimental to-night. 'Tis almost the first time I have heard you speak in such a vein."

Ah, and it was perhaps the first time that sarcasm had ever fallen from Gertrude's gentle lips!

Miss Brookes steadily resumed: "Has it never struck you, dear friend, that Arthur Rodney loves another; and that, bound in honor to yourself, he is wearing out his life in ceaseless regrets over his bonds?"

A pause, and then Gertrude rejoined: "Mr. Rodney seems both happy and cheerful—not all like one who was wearing out his life in the very poetical manner you have just described."

"Gertrude, you speak like a child. Do you think a proud, reticent nature like his would go about baring his griefs and troubles to every eye? No, he will give no sign, no matter how much his chains may gall him."

"How am I to know he really entertains the sentiments you so pathetically attribute to him?"

"Gertrude! mine are no idle words spoken at random. More I must not stay than that I have good ground for what I advance."

Our poor little heroine winced. Did not this speech seem to intimate that the wily Miss Brookes had already won from Rodney an avowal that such were really his sentiments?

After a painful silence, she questioned, half raising herself from the sofa: "What would you have me do?"

"Restore him his liberty freely and unconditionally. Tell him that in your eyes a betrothal contracted in such unusual circumstances is not binding, and that you release him from it."

"Well, when the fitting time comes, I may do what you so earnestly counsel, so warmly urge upon me; but, till then, Charlotte, remember that the subject must never again be mentioned between us."

With some effort Miss Brookes restrained the secret irritation awakened by this firm reply, and imprinting a kiss on her friend's cheek, which caress, despite her efforts, was somewhat cold, swept from the room.

"Perhaps 'tis better to follow her counsels—better to give up all my cherished hopes and dreams," and the young girl fell wearily back on the arm of the couch. "I am clinging to a hope illusive as a shadow. But I must have a few hours more to school my heart to this last most bitter ordeal. Ah! Charlotte, false friend, you have won from me my one pearl of great price—the heart I had every right to call my own!"

That evening Miss Brookes, as if bent on proving to Gertrude the hopelessness of her affection for Arthur Rodney, exerted every feminine art with such winning grace and tact as to centre his attention completely on herself.

Other admirers there were who fluttered around the fair young hostess, but, destitute of anything like coquetry, she neither cared to attract or receive their attentions. She sought her own room that night with a heavy heart, determined to restore her betrothed his liberty on the morrow, a step her womanly pride loudly insisted on; and have a final parting interview with him.

(To be continued.)

ARTISTIC.

ITALY has declined to send some of the art treasures asked for to the Paris Exhibition—fearing, perhaps, unsettled times.

GUSTAVE DORÉ, who has just returned to Paris after his usual holiday in London, is at present devoting his energies to the production of a colossal vase ornamented with 150 figures, which he is modelling for the great exhibition of next year. He has lately been engaged in illustrating Ariosto.

MR. ALMA TADEMA has just completed a picture which, the *Athenæum* says, is one of the boldest and, taking it altogether, one of the most successful and honourable efforts in art. It represents a completely nude, life-size figure of a female model, standing nearly erect, in front view, on a platform before an artist.

THE statue to be erected in Bombay in commemoration of the Prince of Wales's visit to the Presidency is now nearly completed. The statue, which is equestrian, represents his Royal Highness in his uniform of Field-Marshal, seated on his favourite Arab, Aleph, raising his marshal's hat with his right and holding the bridle with his left hand.

MR. J. HENRY has ready for publication a little book giving a description of the silver coins issued in England from the Conquest to the present reign, estimating their weight and fineness, and showing the prices realised at sales during the last thirty years. It will contain a full account of the Queen Anne farthings, that numismatic puzzle to the ignorant and unwary.

It will be remembered that Mr. Noel stated in the House of Commons a few weeks since that four sites had been suggested for Cleopatra's Needle in London. The First Commissioner has decided to try one of them, and a scaffold is in course of erection in the walk that divides St. Stephen's-green, which will represent the famous monument in dummy, and will enable the public to judge of the suitability of that site for the famous Egyptian monument.

A LARGE and beautiful bronze medal of the Empress Julia, the mother of Alexander Severus, has been recently found in a garden in the neighbourhood of Blinderake, Cumberland. It is of about the size of a penny, but thicker, and weighs three-quarters of an ounce. On the obverse side is a bust in high relief of the Empress, who wears on her head a close-fitting cap, frilled at the border, and an ornament rising out of it above the forehead. The neck is mostly bare and draped below. Inscription: "IVLIA M. M. A. AVG. V. S. T. A." The reverse has a female standing cross-legged, leaning on a pillar, holding a caduceus in her right hand. Inscription: "FELICITAS PUBLICA" and "S. C." She was assassinated with her son, A. D. 235.

DEAFNESS RELIEVED. No medicine. Book free. G. J. WOOD, Madison, Ind.

NOTES ABOUT KINGSTON.

The first European to visit this locality was M. De Courcelles, who, some two centuries ago, held the proud position of Governor of Canada. In 1672, it is said, this bold representative of France came up from Montreal and met his Indian allies in a grand council of negotiations among the identical limestones upon which the beautiful city of Kingston now stands. It is not surprising, to a stranger, to learn that M. de Courcelles was deeply impressed by the remarkable beauty of the scene which, on every hand, met his gaze. Standing upon the low shore with his back towards the north, he gazed out upon a magnificent bay which is capable of harboring the largest ships that can navigate the inland waters. Off to his left rose the gentle elevation now known as Point Frederick. Just beyond this Point is the beginning of the world-renowned Thousand Islands in the mighty river up which he had just ascended; while away off to his right stretched the blue waters of a great lake, the existence of which he perhaps then learned for the first time.

Struck with the strategic importance of the place, the crafty Governor immediately gained permission from the Indians to erect a wooden fort and trading post.

Later on came those undaunted pioneers of western civilization, Count de Frontenac, La Salle, and Father Hennepin, each of whom found it advantageous to make this place their headquarters. Frontenac completed the fort, gave his name to the place and set manfully to work towards developing the country. His successor, La Salle, in due time rebuilt and enlarged this fort, after which, accompanied by his friend Hennepin, he traversed Lake Ontario, gazed upon the great Falls, explored Lake Erie, and, continuing on, finally discovered that "Father of Waters" the Mississippi.

And this was two hundred years ago. Savages were then owners of the soil and roamed at will over their boundless domains. Long before even De Courcelles had set foot upon its shore, this very spot had been selected by the best of warriors as a chief place of rendezvous. And the ground now covered by these blocks of handsome warehouses, these delightful residences with their beautiful gardens, was formerly the site of an Indian village. These very streets, over which wealth and fashion now so freely expand themselves, in all probability, follow the course of the old trails which led around among the wigwags of the dusky aboriginals. And, just as the happy and contented Indian now reclines in any easy chair, outside his front door while he reads the news, so did the stern and silent warriors of old stretch themselves upon the same green sward and dream of the happy hunting ground, while the crows, pecking their pebbles up against the trees, went off among the neighbours to gossip about "who can tell what? But De Courcelles came and saw, and conquered."

No prisons, or asylums, or fortifications met the gaze; no, no.

The savages knew naught about such adjuncts of civilization. It is well that they did not, for it begins to dawn upon me, that, if they had undertaken to build a lunatic asylum which could have been anything like adequate to their wants, they would have had to have a building large enough to hold every mother's son and daughter of all the tribes, chiefs included. Therefore, to speak more correctly, it would perhaps be better to say that De Courcelles found the whole country one vast lunatic asylum.

From 1672 to 1784, this place continued to be known as Fort Frontenac. But, at the close of the American Revolutionary War, a large number of United Empire Loyalists took up their abode in the neighbourhood, and, in honor of His Majesty George III., the name was changed to Kingston.

Throughout the two hundred years of its existence, Kingston may be said to have had a wonderfully "up and down" career.

In consequence of its advantageous and commanding position, the British Government saw fit, from time to time, to expend vast sums of money in building fortifications and otherwise strengthening the place. These military works took years to construct, and when completed, made Kingston well nigh impregnable.

In fortification strength, it may be said it is even now second only to Quebec.

Occasionally, however, the Home Government would "take a notion" as it were, and suddenly withdraw its patronage, remove all the troops, etc., and then the place would become like what Goldsmith describes as the "deserted village."

During these times of trial, the old place beheld the birth and rise of the Canadian Government, and new rays of hope burst through the clouds which had settled over its horizon. But this young sprig, as if anxious to follow the example of its illustrious parent, actually became more vacillating in its conduct towards this ancient municipality. For years and years it kept throwing out hints as to what it intended to do, and finally went so far in 1841, as to make Kingston the capital of the United Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada. The first session of the United Legislature, under the administration of Lord Sydenham, was held here, and once more, everything looked lovely. The honor was of short duration, however, for in 1845, the seat of Government was removed to Montreal. There was then much wailing and gnashing of teeth, and the hopes of the people again went away down below zero.

Then again, as if repenting of its cruelty, the Government would launch out handsome ap-

propriations for the erection of various public institutions, and the result is that there has been more public money spent in and about Kingston than any other city in the Dominion, Quebec excepted.

After all the trying ordeal which it has gone through, it is pleasing to observe that the old place is to-day basking in the sunshine of a natural prosperity.

There are numerous points of interest about the city, all of which are well worth a visit. Among these may be mentioned Fort Henry, Fort Frederick, Military College, Tete de Pont Barracks (which occupy the site of old Fort Frontenac), the Penitentiary, Rockwood Asylum, etc.

A number of pleasant drives lead off in various directions, and several neat little steamers are constantly flitting about the bay, and make frequent trips to points among the Thousand Islands. Fishing for bass is a favorite pastime, and the harbor being so easy of access, much boating is indulged in. Occasionally a band plays on one of the wharves, and on some evenings it is not unusual to see at least a hundred little boats gliding about, as the music floats away on the summer air. And a westerner, like myself, cannot help remarking the graceful manner in which numbers of the fair sex manoeuvre little crafts over the calm surface of the water.

Perhaps a word or two descriptive of some of the places of interest which I have visited, during my short sojourn here, might not be uninteresting on a future occasion, but I am off now to join a fishing excursion down the river. If we have good luck and catch many, will telegraph. Meantime, adieu.

QUIP HAWTHORNE.

Kingston, August, 1877.

EPHEMERIDES.

Two ladies, sisters, had been for several days in attendance upon their brother, who was ill of a common sore throat—severe and protracted, but not considered as attended with any danger. At the same time, one of them had borrowed a watch from a female friend, in consequence of her own being under repair. The watch was one to which particular value was attached, on account of family associations; and some anxiety was expressed that it might not meet with any injury. The sisters were sleeping together, in a room communicating with that of their brother, when the elder of them awoke in a state of great agitation; and having aroused the other, told her that she had had a frightful dream. "I dreamt," she said, "that Mary's watch stopped, and that, when I told you of the circumstance, you replied, 'Much worse than that has happened, for James' breath has stopped also.'"—naming their brother who was ill. To quiet her agitation, the younger sister immediately got up and found the brother sleeping quietly; and the watch which had been carefully put in a drawer, going correctly. The following night the very same dream occurred, followed by similar agitation, which was again composed in the same manner; the brother being again found in a quiet sleep, and the watch going well. On the following morning, soon after the family breakfasted, one of the sisters was sitting by her brother, while another was writing a note in the adjoining room. When her note was ready for being sealed, she was proceeding to take out for this purpose the watch alluded to, which had been put by in her writing desk, when she was astonished to find it had stopped; and at the same instant she heard a scream of intense distress from her sister in the next room. Their brother who had still been considered as going on favourably, had been seized with a sudden fit of suffocation, and had just breathed his last.

Singular as this story may appear, and it is vouched for, there is another as strange which very lately came to my knowledge. The mother of a friend of mine possessed a little twenty-four hour clock to which she was much attached, carrying it to her sitting-room during the day, and placing it over against her couch at night. This estimable lady was removed from the bosom of her loving family by a rapid and terrible malady. On the last fatal evening, the little clock, which was half an hour slow, but perfectly wound up, began to tick loudly at ten o'clock, a thing which it had never done before. When the ten strokes were sounded, it stopped short, and simultaneously, at half-past ten, the mistress of the house passed away. It is needless to add that the clock shall never be wound again, but shall go on silently pointing to the tenth memorable hour of the night forever.

There are now lying at the port of Quebec, the *Bellerophon*, flagship of Admiral Key, with tender and two other of H. M. ships of war. Their arrival was hailed with the regulation salutes, and the officers have been received by the authorities of the Province and the ancient capital with all due honors. Of course the people of Quebec are in a great state of excitement over the event. It has been suggested that the occasion might be improved by the steamboat and railway companies to devise excursion trips which would afford the people of Montreal the opportunity of going down to view these vessels. There is no doubt that hundreds would avail themselves of the occasion, for since the removal of the troops from Canada there is a keen patriotic curiosity to catch a sight of H. M.'s uniform on land or sea.

Who shall say that our French Canadian friends have not a keen eye to the main chance

and a longing instinct for money? The other day, at the rooms of the Cartier Club, in this city, there was held a meeting of about two hundred persons who pretend to have claims to the estate of a certain Renaud, formerly of Mascouche, in this Province, and later of the United States, where he accumulated a large fortune and died intestate. The object of the meeting was to subscribe the funds necessary towards discovering the title of the Renaud family in Canada to the millions of their departed namesake. All the clergy of the name of Renaud were made honorary Presidents to begin with. Then a President was elected with a dozen of Vice-Presidents, residents of as many different parishes, and a Secretary and Treasurer were chosen. I shall watch this movement and doubtless will be able to glean a great deal of curious information on the subject of hunting up inheritances.

I have been shown a neat little volume published by Dawson of Quebec, which contains many of the popular sayings of Old Boria. The authors use the pen-names of Fieldar and Aitiaiche, but these are known to stand, the former for the Count de Pronio-Real, and the latter for Miss Annie Howells, daughter of the distinguished American Vice-Consul at the ancient capital, and sister of Howells, the popular writer and editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. I may add, as a point of special interest, that Miss Howells has lately become the wife of Mr. Fréchette, a member of the civil service at Ottawa, and brother of the poet member for Lévis. I am rather fond of proverbs and saws, and have therefore read the present volume with relish. Of course all the sayings which it contains are not exclusively Spanish, but many of them are new and the selection, as a whole, is judiciously made. I shall cite three or four:—

"Jealousy is only suspicion. Beware how you mingle appearances and realities."

"Some men are wise enough to pretend that they are fools."

"He who has made one basket can make a hundred."

"A cat in mittens will catch few mice."

Mme. Annie Howells-Fr chette has already made her mark in magazine literature, and I trust she will contribute her share to the development of Canadian letters. The Count de Pronio-Real, whose portrait and biography lately appeared in the NEWS, is a gentleman of fine culture and literary taste.

It was a gracious and wise act on the part of Mr. Brydges to grant the press of all parts of the Dominion full facilities to travel over the Inter-colonial Railway. Representatives of nearly every paper took advantage of the compliment, and the result has been that the Inter-colonial has become known far and wide. The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS did what no other journal could do, in publishing a large number of pictorial views along the route, and it will continue the series from time to time. The Canada Press Association went over the line, and numerous were the letters written by correspondents. I noticed with pleasure that the pamphlet of our friend Hamilton, of the *Gazette* of this city, published last year, proved a mine of information to those writers, from which they freely drew.

A. SIFFEL PEN.

HEARTH AND HOME.

FILIAL LOVE.—Innocent faults are always pardoned by a kind parent. You may not know, girls, just what is right, just what is wrong; yet—you cannot be blamed for making little mistakes; but you will never do anything very wrong if from the first you have no secrets from your mother.

SORROW.—There are many fruits that never turn sweet until the frost has lain upon them; there are many nuts that never fall from the boughs of the forest trees till the frost has opened and ripened them; and there are many elements of life that never grow sweet and beautiful until sorrow touches them.

FASTING.—Fasting is at times the best medicine, the means of removing incipient disease, and restoring to the body its usual healthful sensations. Howard and Franklin often fasted one day in the week; and Bonaparte, when his system was unstrung, omitted his wonted meal, and took exercise on horseback, as his only remedies.

SELF-TRUST.—Self-trust is the first secret of success—the belief that, if you are here, the authorities of the universe have put you here, and for a cause, or with some task strictly appointed you in your constitution; and so long as you work at that you are well and successful. It by no means consists in rushing prematurely to a showy feat that shall catch the eye and satisfy spectators. It is enough if you work in the right direction.

HAPPY FAMILY.—Happiness between husband and wife can only be secured by that constant tenderness and care of the parties for each other which are based upon warm and demonstrative love. The heart demands that the man shall not sit reticent, self-absorbed, and silent in the midst of his family. The woman who forgets to provide for her husband's tastes and wishes renders her home undesirable for him. In a word, ever-present and ever-lemonstrative gentleness must reign, or else the heart starves.

COMFORT OF CHILDREN.—As his nephew and his motherless daughters grew up, they gave an object to his seclusion, and a relief to his re-

flections. He found a pure and unfailling delight in watching the growth of their young minds, and guiding their differing dispositions; and, as time at length enabled them to return his affection, and appreciate his cares, he became once more sensible that he had a home.

THE WIPE-BEATER.—Of all the contemptible creatures in the world, the man who beats his wife is certainly the most contemptible. The bully at home is always a coward abroad. He always revenges himself upon his wife and children for the contumely that his lack of courage submits him to in the street. Such men are not to be brought to a complete sense of their baseness by any process of reasoning. Kindness has no effect upon them. Generosity only fills them with contempt for the generous; and they are certain to hate manliness they cannot imitate. The mode of treating them effectually is to punish them severely.

A GOOD DAUGHTER.—There are other ministers of love more conspicuous than a good daughter, but none in which a gentler, lovelier spirit dwells, and none to which the heart's warm requitals more joyfully respond. She is the steady light of her father's house. Her idea is indissolubly connected with that of his happy fireside. She is his morning sun and evening star. The grace, vivacity, and tenderness of her sex have their place in the mighty sway which she holds over his spirit. The lessons of recorded wisdom which he reads with her eyes come to his mind with a new charm, as blended with the beloved melody of her voice. He scarcely knows weariness which her song does not make him forget, or gloom which is proof against the young brightness of her smile. She is the pride and ornament of his hospitality and the gentle nurse of his sickness, and the constant agent of those nameless, numberless acts of kindness which one chiefly cares to have rendered because they are unpretending but expressive proofs of love.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

BOULEVAULT has made nearly \$300,000 out of "The Shaughraun"—often playing it for \$6,500 a week.

ACTRESSES have their pictures taken when they are young, and when they are old their photographs do not depart from them.

A CERTAIN composer of comic songs, M. Edmund Libellier, has been appointed to elevate the tone of the Turkish military music.

MAGGIE MITCHELL has \$200,000 worth of property at Long Branch, where she resides. She lives one mile back of the sea, and has two children, and she is forty-one years old.

The Duke of Edinburgh's birthday (Aug. 6th) was celebrated with all honours on board the *Sultan*, which is commanded by his Royal Highness. The united bands of the fleet gave a grand concert, and the Duke played a violin solo.

JOHN BROGHAM, the veteran actor, will retire from the American stage this year, and after a brief tour in Great Britain will return to America to make a book that will cover his reminiscences of stage experience.

ADELINA PATTI has paid a forfeit of 100,000 francs to the manager of the Italian Theatre in Paris for the breach of an engagement, and has telegraphed to Strakosch, accepting his proposals for the United States—namely, 10,000 francs, or about \$20,000 for each of fifty-one nights.

THERE are over sixty travelling combination^s this year, of which forty will go to the Sherrill. The rates demanded by actors of even mediocre talent are enormous—forty, fifty, and sixty per cent. gross. Our manager cannot pay it, another will try. So the managers and lessees have come to be mere janitors of their own buildings.

MR. and MRS. FLORENCE have a play by Merritt entitled "Paul Rough and Ready," which they will produce in all probability during their season at the Eagle Theatre. In this drama Mr. Florence will sustain the congenial role of a Lancashire lad, and Mrs. Florence will create a new character—one suggested by her talented husband, and "written in" by Mr. Julian Maganus, one of the authors of "Conscience."

WE regret to record the death of Mrs. G. March (Virginia Gabriel) the composer, who was flung out of her carriage while the horse was running away. She was pitched on her head and fractured her skull. Mrs. March died at St. George's Hospital, whether she was taken from the neighbourhood of Grosvenor House, where the accident happened.

THERE are rumors that Anna Dickinson is at present engaged upon the composition of a Quaker play, and we sincerely hope that they have some foundation in fact. A Quaker play written in the right spirit, would be a most attractive novelty, and we know of no person better fitted for the task of writing one than Anna Dickinson, who is herself a member of the Society of Friends.

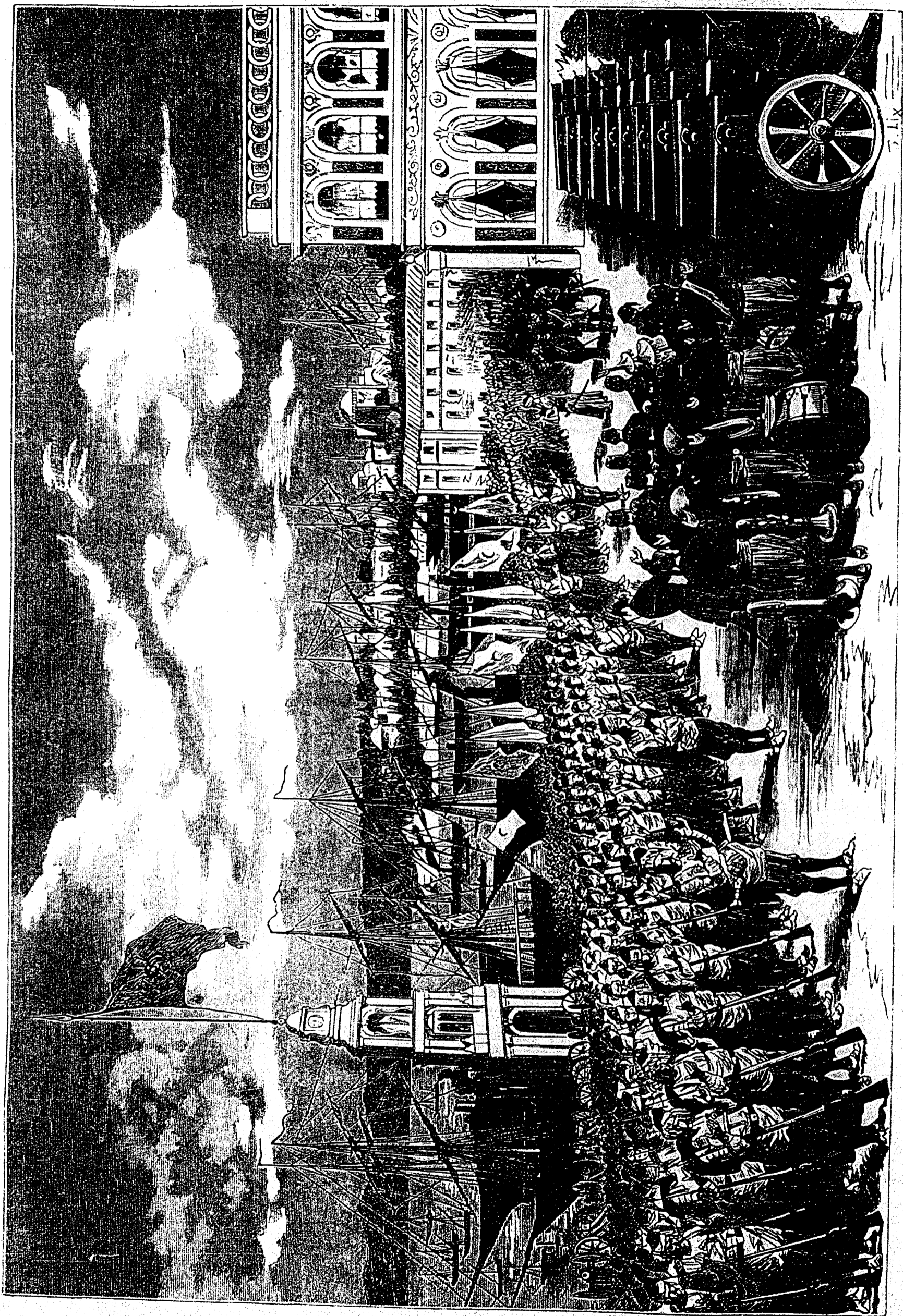
THE competition in singing and operatic execution produced highly satisfactory results. For the first time for many a long day, a splendid first-class tenor has been developed among the ranks of the pupils, and was instantly pounced upon by M. Halanzier, who secured him for the Grand Op ra. The name of this lucky individual is Seller. Three years ago he was employed in a wine-shop in the Rue Drouot. He was overheard by a competent judge as he was singing to himself one day while rinsing out the bottles. He possesses a splendid tenor voice of great compass, immense power, and great sweetness and purity of tone. Add to that, a high C in full perfection, and it will then be seen that the French stage has gained a treasure. The ladies' class in singing has furnished a scarcely less remarkable prima donna, in the person of Mlle. Richard, who was unanimously awarded the first prize, and whose voice is a rich, velvet-toned mezzo-soprano. Then, the Op ra-Comique will gain a charming young artiste in the person of Mlle. Mend s, and, probably, also a fine tenor in Mr. Talazac, who shared the honors with M. Seller, but who does not possess so phenomenal an organ.

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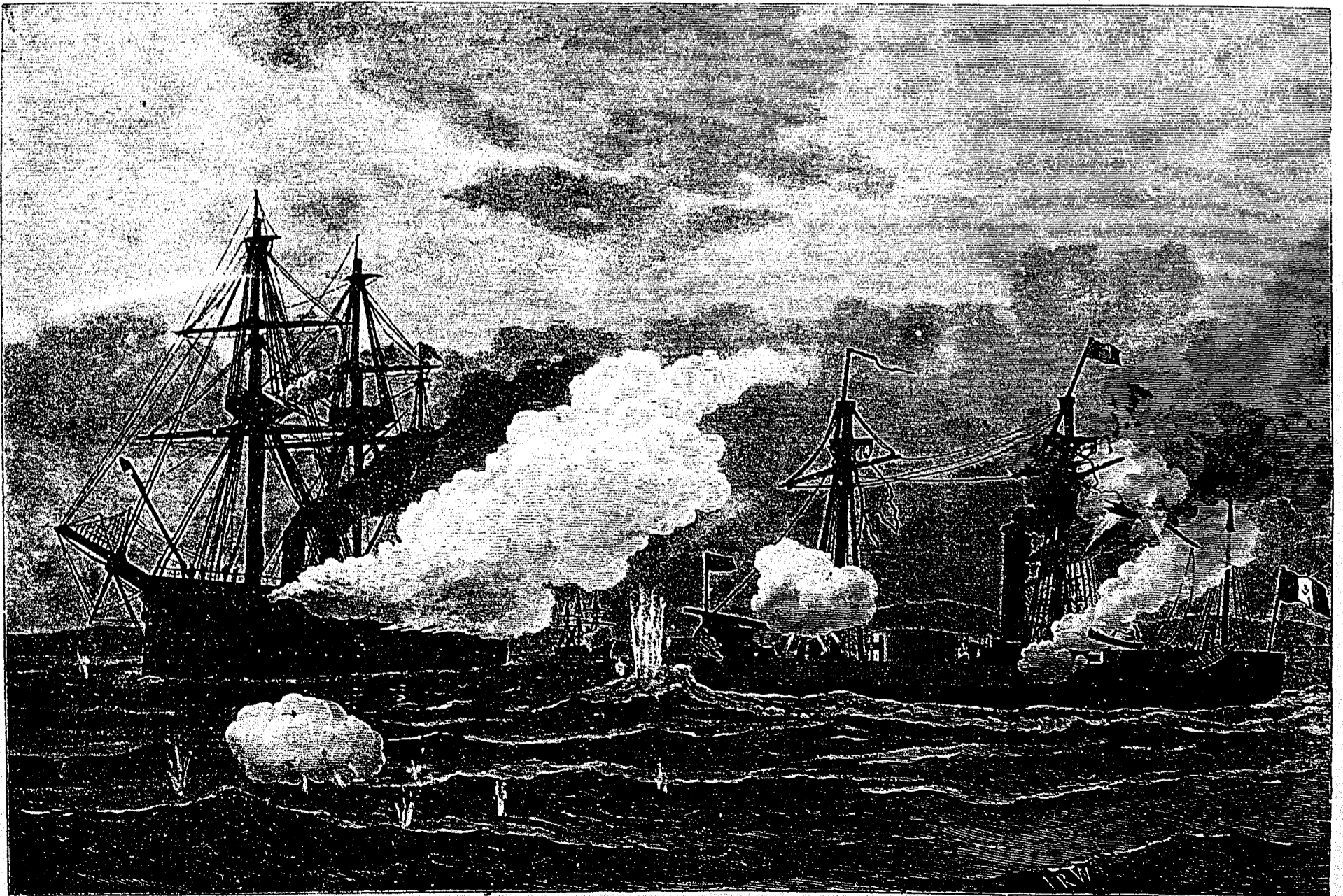
The PHOSFOZONE sells well. It is a favourite tonic with the ladies. JAMES HAWKES, Place d'Armes Drug Store, Montreal. Pamphlet sent postage free on application to VANS, MERCER & CO., Montreal.



THE EASTERN WAR.—ZEIBECIS AND CHRISTIAN VOLUNTEERS SAYING THEIR PRAYERS AT TOP HANEH, IN PRESENCE OF THE SULTAN.



THE EASTERN WAR.—BREAKING UP OF A CAMP OF COSSACKS



COMBAT BETWEEN THE BRITISH MEN-OF-WAR "SHAH" AND "AMETHYST," AND THE PERUVIAN IRON-CLAD TURRET-RAM "HUASCAR."

UNDER THE LILACS.

Under the lilacs where my dead
Repose within the grassy mound.
I saw her walk with lingering tread,
Her brown eyes drooping to the ground;
Her slender shadow as she went
Waved by me through the palisade.
A silent invitation sent
To meet her 'neath the lilac's shade.

Under the lilacs sweetly rest
The dearest of a much loved race,
But none more dear than she who pressed
Her light foot in that holy place;
I almost feared to open the gate,
And break in on her silent prayer,
For a living angel she seemed to wait
On the dead angels slumbering there.

Ah, power of love! She felt me nigh,
She heard my footsteps on the sand.
A soft light trembled in her eye,
And she held out her rosy hand;
Under the lilacs! There we met
The first time in our rounds of love.
The providential moment set
The union of our souls to prove.

I know not why, but the time and place
Intensified my hopes of bliss,
All shame, all tremor fled apace,
Our hearts were melted in a kiss;
Mine was no mood for idle talk,
My silence pleaded best for me.
We stood quite still on the gravelled walk,
Distracted in love's dear mystery.

I gazed profoundly in her eyes,
The while her color went and came.
I saw her bosom fall and rise,
I felt my temples throb with flame;
Under the lilacs! In that hour
My life hung on one single word,
She spoke that word of glorious power—
My being's deepest fountains were stirred.

"O love!" in passionate tones I said,
"We must adore the ways of heaven."
And, kneeling on the graves, we prayed
Wrapt in the violet light of even;
The lilacs shivered and rained down
Their purple blossoms on us there;
O love! it was thy bridal crown,
God's answer to our wedding prayer.

JOHN LESPERANCE.

THE
GOLD OF CHICKAREE.BY
SUSAN and ANNA WARNER.

AUTHORS OF

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

CHAPTER XVI.

DR. ARTHUR'S NEWS.

"Those people," she began again hurriedly, bringing herself back to business and a business tone, "will want a great deal. And there is not much in the Hollow, nor on the hill. If you will let me, I can have supplies sent from here every day. Mrs. Bywank will know what. And my messenger need not go near that part of the Hollow; the things can be left at any point you say." She looked up eagerly—then down again; not much fonder than he was of asking what she could not have.

"Do that, by all means," was the answer. "Your supplies may be left at the mill where I read."

The shadow on her face deepened.

"Will you write?"

"No." His face began to take on something of the yearning look of the Huguenot in the picture.

"How then shall I hear?"

"I have been thinking about that. I do not know; unless Arthur can carry reports now and then to Dr. Maryland, and Prim or her father bring them to you."

"He may come straight here at once," said Hazel. "I talk out of a window as well as anybody else. And if anybody ventures to come here to comfort me, I shall—"

"What?" said Rollo smiling.

"Send me no reports that way. I could not bear it. And Dr. Arthur will stay in the Hollow while you stay."

There was a moment's gesture that reminded him of the despairing way in which she had flung herself down in the chair, that long ago night at Green Bush.

"Dr. Arthur will go and come as a physician should, according to the demand for him. What will you do, my little Wych?"

"I do not know. Only one thing."

"What is that one thing?"

Again Hazel was silent, struggling with herself, controlling her lips to speak.

"Just one thing"—the words came passionately now. "If you are sick, I shall come. And it is no use to lay commands on me, because I should break them all in one minute. I know I should. Promises or commands or anything else."

He paused slightly before he spoke.

"Do you know, Mrs. Bywank once said in my hearing that you were the loveliest little thing that ever lived. I knew she was right. I have been waiting for this minute. It makes me a rich man. But you will not come to the Hollow, Hazel, even though I were ill. You must love me enough to mind my wishes. It is hard, I know. It is the very last and uttermost proof of love."

Hazel was bending down, busy detaching something from her chateleine. The fingers were quick and hurried, but the words came slow.

"Hush," she said. "You must not say

that. You are confusing things. And your rights do not cover all the ground. There is a corner, some, in mine. Now"—she raised her head, drawing a long breath,—how fast the gathering tide of anxiety and sorrow came rolling in!—"See here. I know you have nothing so womanish as a vinaigrette about you,—but womanish things are useful just now and then. Will you fasten this to your watch chain—to please me?"—The eyes were wistful in their beseeching. She was so uncertain of having anything granted to-night!

He met them with a grave, searching attention, and releasing her from the arms which had till then enfolded her, gravely fastened the vinaigrette as she wished. He turned slightly then and rested his elbow on the mantelpiece, looking down into the fire which his care had caused to leap into brilliant life. As motionless on her part Hazel stood, with fingers interlaced and still. But her eyes were on the floor. Presently Rollo roused himself, and stretching out his hand took Wych Hazel's and drew her nearer to him.

"I cannot go and leave this question undecided," he said; "and I must go soon. How shall it be settled, Wych?"

Some things are hard to talk of, which yet are in the thoughts; and contingencies take life and reality by being put in words. The shadow on the girl's face grew deep as she answered,—yet the answer was quiet.

"You know, reverse the case, you would not be bound by any words of mine. You know—that you are what I have in the world. And I know, that if—if—" there was a moment's pause,— "that if it came to that, I should go. I could not be bound."

The gravity of his face as he listened to her, you could hardly call it a shadow, changed and flickered with a quivering smile; and the eyes flashed and then darkened again. The end was, he drew Wych Hazel into his arms, clasping her very tight.

"I know—I know," he said, kissing her face with passionate touches which had all the sorrow of the time, as well as all the joy, in them. "I know. All the same, I will not have you there, Hazel, if I am ill. I should settle the matter very quickly with anybody else; but you disarm me. I cannot stir a step without hurting you. What shall I say to you?" he went on, holding her fast, and stroking the hair back from her forehead with the gentlest possible touch. "It has come sooner than I expected, this sort of trial, which generally comes, I suppose, whenever two lives that have been separate join together to become one. There will be differences of judgment, or of feeling; and what is to happen then? And what am I to fall back upon, when love and authority have both proved insufficient? For I have authority as your guardian. I shall have to ask now for your promise; the promise that you never break. For I will be secure on this head, before I leave the house, Hazel."

"People should have reasons for exerting their authority."

"Of that," said Dane with the same gentleness, but very steadily, "he who exerts it must be the judge himself."

"Yes!" said Hazel, the impetuous element asserting itself once more, "but there is no use in beginning as you cannot go on. Do you mean that always—I mean in future—if anything were the matter with you, the first thing would be to send me out of the house?"

"I hope not!" said Dane smiling. "In my understanding of it, husband and wife belong to one another, and are inseparable. There are conceivable circumstances in which I might do it."

A slight lift of the eyebrows dealt for a moment with this opinion and let it drop. Into those imaginary regions Hazel did not see fit to go. Nor into any others then. The flush of excitement died away, and the weary look settled down upon brow and lips. She said no more.

Rollo watched her a little while, then stooped and kissed her.

"I must go. Give me your promise, Hazel, that you will not come near the Hollow without my leave."

She answered with a certain subdued tone that matched the face.

"I have no intention of coming. Your command is enough. If I can keep it, I will. No amount of promises could make my words any stronger." But she looked up again, one of her swift eager looks, which again fell in silent gravity. There was scarcely another word said; except one.

"Look away from second causes, Hazel."

Linking her fingers round his hand, so she went with him silently through the hall and down the steps; and stood there until he rode away into the darkness and the light of his work, and she came back into the light and the darkness of her own home.

CHAPTER XVII.

ALONE IN THE FIGHT.

Nature, with all her many faces, her thousand voices, has seldom a look or a tone to help our sorrow. Her joy is too endless in its upspringing, her tears are too fresh and sweet; even the calm steadiness of her quiet is to bewildering thoughts like the unflickering coast light, against which the wild birds of the ocean dash themselves, blinded, in the storm. Wych Hazel stood still at the foot of the steps, until not even imagination could hear so much as an echo of the rapid trot which she was not to hear

again for so long a time. The sweet October night, its winds asleep, its insects silenced with a slight frost, its stars wheeling their brilliant courses without a cloud, all smote her like a pain. Then some faint stir of air brought, distantly and sweet, the scent of the woods where they had been chestnutting that very day. With a half cry the girl turned and fled up the steps, locking the door behind her; remembering then keenly what else she was shutting out. She went back to the red room, and stood there—she and the spirit of desolation. There was no tea tray, happily, with its cheerful reminders; but there was the corner of the mantelpiece, and the spot on the rug, and the fire—now slowly wearing down to embers, and the embers to ashes. There was her foot cushion—and the crimson bergère. But she could not touch anything,—could not take up the tongs which he had set down, even to put the fire in safe order for the night; some one else must do that. Slowly she went round the room, with a glance at everything; passed on to the door and stood looking back; then shut it and went slowly up the stairs. Midway she sat down and leaned her head against the banisters. Sat there she knew not how long, until she heard Mrs. Bywank's step going the rounds below; then rose and went on again. But as Wych Hazel's little foot passed slowly up from stair to stair, one thing in her mind came out in clear black and white, of one thing she was sure: she *must* lay hold of those immutable things after which she had striven before. Mere hoping would not do, she must make sure. In the happiness of the last weeks, she had said, like David in his prosperity, "I shall never be moved,"—where was it all now? Above all other thoughts, even tonight, this came: she could not live so. Tossed by one storm upon a reef here, and by the next one carried out to sea. Something to hold her, something that she could hold,—that she must have.

Intensely bitter thoughts flocked in along with this. The hand she had clasped so lately, and the way it had clasped her; a longing that would hardly be gain-said for the touch of it again. Was she forgetting that? was she trying to loosen that bond? She paused, leaning back against the wall, holding her hands tight. But even with the answer the other cry came up: the world was all reeling under her feet,—she *must* have something that would stand. For the time everything else gave way. It was true, this trouble might pass,—then others would come; others from which even Dane could not shield her. Already, twice in her little life, twice in three months, had such a crisis come. Mrs. Bywank got no sight of her that night; only gentle answers to enquiries through the closed door; and Hazel lighted her study lamp, and opening her Bible at the ninety-first psalm, and setting it up before her in the great easy chair, knelt down before it and laid her head down too. No need to go over the printed words,—there was not one of them she did not know. But was there anything there to help? She went them over to herself, verse by verse, and verse after verse was not for her. It was Dane who had taken that stand, who was leading that life; these promises were all to him. No arrow of darkness was his fear—she knew that well: no pestilence walking at his side could alarm him. But as she went on, half triumphantly at first, with the detail of his faith and his security, the vision of his danger came too; and a long restless fit of pain ended all study for that time. Ended itself at last in sleep,—and the dreams of what was about him, and thoughts of what he was about, gave no token of their presence but a sob or a sigh, until the few remaining hours of the night swept by, and the morning broke.

As I said somewhere else, the new day is often good for uncertainties. The foolish fears, the needless alarms, the whole buzzing troop of fidgets that come out in the darkness, go back to their swamps and hiding places when the day has fairly come. They cannot make head against the wholesome freshness of the morning wind. Then painted hopes and lace-winged fancies fit out to take their place: things certainly are better, or they will be better, or they never have been bad.

But certainties are another matter. The new burdens, laid down in sleep, but now to be taken up, and adjusted, and borne on through all the ins and outs of the coming day. Morning does nothing for them, but fasten them on securely, with a heavy hand.

Wych Hazel roused herself up as the day came on, and looked things in the face so long, that her own face got little attention. However, Phœbe—and the force of habit—sent her down in the usual daintiness, at the usual time, to receive Mr. Falkirk, who after all did not come. But Dincee was on hand, and so Hazel made believe over her breakfast, quite successfully, and carried on her mental fight of questions the while with no success at all. So on through the day, until dinner time brought Mr. Falkirk; so on, with a semi-consciousness, through all the evening's talk; and when at length Wych Hazel went to her room again, it was with all the trouble of last night, and a day's worry additional. She knew what she wanted,—she did not seem to know how to get it. Those shining words lay up so high, above her reach: a mountain head lifting itself out of the fogs of the valley wherein she dwelt. As for the first verse of her psalm, it might as well have been a description of Gabriel, for any use to her,—so she thought, shrinking back from the words. Then for the second verse,—yes, there was a human weakness there—or had been. Some

time a refuge had been needed; but so long ago, that the years of calm security had wiped out even the thought of defencelessness. That was like Dane: she did not believe it ever occurred to him that he wanted anything, or could. What was he doing now to-night, in the darkness?—Hazel rose and went to the window. What work it must be, going round among the shadows of the Hollow, without a moon!—but then he would be in the houses,—darker still! She knew; she had sat there through one evening.—She stood still at the window, going over half mechanically to herself the next verses. "Surely,"—yes, it was all 'surely,' for him! was there nothing for her? She was not in all the psalm, Hazel thought. Unless—yes, that might fit well enough: she might stand for "the wicked" in the eighth verse. For studying the shining words that went before, there had come to her a feeling of soil, a sense of degradation, all new, and utterly painful.

"No use to consider that now," she said, knotting her hands together as she went back to her seat. "I want help. And if I begin to think how much I want it, I shall lose my wits."—Was there nothing for her?

Again the promises ran on as before, with new images, fresh wording. There were angels enough keeping watch over Morton Hollow to-night!—was there no spare one to come to Chickaree?—Hazel put her head down and sobbed like a child in her loneliness and desolation.

Next day she tried another plan, and began at the end of her psalm, passing over the promise of long life as not just now of much interest. And honour,—she did not want that: nor deliverance, where no evil was at hand. But this!—

"I will be with him!"

"I will answer him!"

Was it for her?—To whom *was* it said?

"He shall call upon me,"—ah, that she had done a great many times!—this was not the whole description. Who was it then who should be heard?—She ran back over the words rapidly, fastening then upon these few:

"Because he hath set his love upon me!"—and Hazel knew she had set her love upon some one else.

It was very bitter; the struggle was sharp and long; and duty and possibility, and wrong and right, fought each other and fired upon their own men.

She could not take back her love: that was impossible. She might die, but *that* she could not do. And now with a certain gleam of comfort, Hazel remembered that Dane had not withdrawn his. How had he managed then? After all, it did not touch the question much,—he was a man, dependent on no one; she was a girl with nothing in the world but him. Yet she wanted more. A strength above his, a love even more sure: "the things which cannot be shaken."

So, slowly, she went back over the verses, laying hold still of but that one thing in her way:

"He shall call upon me, and I will answer him."

Yes, it must be meant for her. And Hazel tried to shut her eyes to the character that went with the promise. People like *that*, she argued, would need nothing,—it *must* be for her. But oh she had called so very often!—Far back in the psalm, that is, close at the beginning, another word flamed up before her in a sudden illumination: a word she had read and reread, but now it stopped her short. Another three words, that is:

"I will say."

—Something that seemed to head the long list of blessings, something for her. But it was something for her to do. What, then?

"I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust."

"I will say."—But close upon that followed "Surely."

Could she say it? Was she ready for that absolute choice? The words came to her as she had heard Dr. Maryland read them:

"You do now declare and avouch the Lord Jehovah to be your God; and Jesus Christ to be your Saviour; and the Holy Spirit to be your sanctifier."

"You do solemnly give yourself away, in a covenant never to be revoked, to be his willing servant forever."

She had noticed the words so often, half putting them to herself in imagination, that now they came back to her with clear distinctness. *This* was what the psalm meant; nothing less. "A willing servant?" Could she promise it? she, who hated control and loved so dearly her own pleasure? But it all came to that:

"I will say of the Lord, He is my God."

Back and forth, back and forth, went thoughts and will and purpose; sometimes almost persuaded, sometimes all up in arms. Something gentler than need was lacking, something stronger than fear must work. Slowly and sadly she turned over the leaves, far on and on, to the other marked point; seeing them then, those common words of print that she had read so often, seeing them then in letters of flashing light.

"For the love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead; and that he died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them, and rose again."—2 Cor. 5, 14, 15.

Hazel laid her face down upon the open page, and said from her heart,

"I will."

CHAPTER XVIII.

SETTLEMENTS.

To go back a little.

When Mr. Falkirk came to dinner that first day, he was very taciturn and grumpy indeed until soup and fish and third course were disposed of. Then he got a chance with Dingee out of the room, Mr. Falkirk opened his mouth for the discussion of somewhat besides grapes and peaches.

"So I understand, Miss Hazel, you have arranged with your other guardian to dispense with my services."

Wych Hazel was not in a mood even for blushing, that day. Thoughts were too deeply and abstractedly busy, and spirits were under too great a weight, for the usual quick play of lights and colours to which Mr. Falkirk was accustomed. A faint little extra tinge was all that came with the grave answer.

"May I ask who has been talking about me, sir?"

"Your future guardian, Miss Hazel; no less. Stopped at my door last night, on horseback, to say in three minutes what would have been much more fittingly talked off in three hours."

Slowly at first, then quick and vivid, the roses stirred and flamed up in the thoughtful face, but she said nothing. Only pushed away her plate, as if peaches and that could not go on together.

"I would like to know from you whether it is a thing fixed and settled and unalterable; absolutely done? I suppose it is, or he would not have said it."

She darted a look at him.

"Do you found suppositions upon such slight circumstantial evidence, Mr. Falkirk?"

"Sometimes, Miss Hazel, when the thing happens to be particularly difficult of belief."

"Unalterable?" Hazel repeated, half to herself,—"few things are that. Suppose your supposition were a mistake, Mr. Falkirk,—what then?"

"Can you tell me that it is?" he said, looking across the table to her with a gaze that would find the truth.

"Would you be glad?" she answered. "And will you tell me why?"

Then Dingee came in with coffee, and a bouquet; and Hazel sat playing idly with the flowers while Dingee set out the cups, the scent of heliotrope and geranium filling the room. While Dingee was near, Mr. Falkirk was silent; but eyeing the girl however, the flowers, her action, with a glance that took it all in and lost no item; not a graceful movement nor a tint of the picture.

"Yes," he said firmly when the boy was gone, "I should be glad. You are just fit for the play you are playing now; it is not played out, and should not be, for some time to come. You are young, and ought to be free; and you are rich, Miss Hazel, and ought not to marry somebody who will ruin you."

For a minute Hazel spoke not for surprise, and then she let a prudent pause lap on to that. For she had no mind just then to get up a tirade for Mr. Rollo's benefit, and all the same she felt her blood stirring.

"Is this all I am fit for?" she said; but the laugh was a little nervous.

"I said nothing you need take umbrage at," her guardian returned somewhat bitterly. "I spoke only in care for you, Miss Hazel; not in depreciation. I am about the last man in the world to do that."

"It is nothing very new for you to speak in depreciation of me, sir," said his ward, in her old privileged manner. "You know you never did think I was good for much."

"Enough to be worth taking care of," growled Mr. Falkirk in a tone which bespoke a mingling of feelings.

"Well, sir,—I never was fond of that process—but I have submitted indifferently well, I hope."

"Allow me to ask, Miss Hazel,—what sort of care do you expect in the future?"

Hazel fairly looked at him and opened her eyes. "Really, Mr. Falkirk," she said, "you are very amazing!"

"You know, I must suppose, that your guardian—has proved himself unfit to take care of your fortune, inasmuch as he has thrown away his own. And when fortune is gone, Miss Kennedy, the means of taking care of you are gone along with it. I warn you, though it may not be in time."

Wych Hazel's hands took a great grip of each other. It was pretty hard to bear this to-day.

"For the last year and a half, Mr. Falkirk, the care of me—in every respect—has been referred, and referred, and referred, to other judgment than your own. I used to think you were tired of me,—that you had lost your wits—Now, you think I have lost mine."

"The judgment which I was obliged to consult, and which could not hurt you as long as I remained a consenting party, will have no restraint when my decisions are dispensed with. He can pick all your thousands after his own, if he thinks proper."

"Yes, you can do nothing with an 'if,'" said Hazel, trying to keep herself quiet.

"He will think it proper," said Mr. Falkirk.

"You must have learned a good deal in three minutes, sir."

"He is an enthusiast—a fanatic, I should call it; and an enthusiast sees but one object in the universe, and that the object of his enthusiasm. It is all right to him; but it is all wrong for you."

It might have been the sheer pressure of ex-

citement, it might have been some idea that the present object of Mr. Rollo's enthusiasm was nearer at hand than Mr. Falkirk thought; but Wych Hazel's sweet laugh rang out. She knew again that the laugh was nervous, but it was uncontrollable none the less.

Mr. Falkirk's countenance changed slightly, as though he had winced with some secret pain; but it did not come out in words, if the feeling existed. He waited till the laugh had died away, and even the stillness spoke of the reaction in the mind of the laugher, and then he went on with a quiet unchanged tone:

"There is no use in going into this now. I wish merely to say, Miss Hazel, that the habit of taking care of your interests is too old with me, and has become too strong, to be immediately laid aside. I shall do my best to procure a settlement of your property—as much of it as possible—upon yourself; and I mention this now simply to beg of you that you will not interpose any sentimental or quixotic objection on your own part. I shall endeavour to get Dr. Maryland to back me; he must see the propriety of the step. I only ask you to keep still."

Mr. Falkirk rose. In a moment Wych Hazel was at his side, linking her little hands on his arm in the old fashion.

"What have I done," she said, "that you speak so to me? Have I been so wayward and wilful that I have really chafed all your love away, and there is nothing left but dry care?"

He touched her hand as he rarely had ever done, with a caressing, glancing touch, slight and short; but the man was silent. Wych Hazel drew him along, softly walking him up and down through the room, but she too said nothing, feeling perplexed and hurt, and not well knowing why. It was nothing new for Mr. Falkirk's words to be dry, but to-night they were so hard!—and when had he ever called her Miss Kennedy, in the worst of times? For once her instinct was at fault.

"I must go," said Mr. Falkirk, stopping short after a turn or two.

"It is such an old story for me to make a mistake—" Hazel began hesitatingly.

"Have you made this one unwittingly?" he asked with sudden eagerness.

Hazel dropped his arm and stood off with the air which Mr. Falkirk knew very well.

"This one does not happen to exist," she said. "But I mean—I should think you were so used to the reality, sir, that the idea would not give you much trouble. And there is one thing more I ought to say."

"I am not troubled by an idea, Miss Hazel. What is the other thing?"

Not an easy one to speak, by the shewing, as she stood there gathering her forces. But the words came clear and low.

"It will be a good day for me, Mr. Falkirk, —I shall have more hope of myself,—when I am as willing to be poor for the sake of other people, as—Mr. Rollo—is. Would you feel more sure of my being taken care of, if you knew that he spent all he has upon himself?"

"Yes. He is spending it upon a vagary—a chimera; and that is as much as to say he is throwing it into a quicksand. He will go down with it."

"I wonder what will be the result of that?" said Wych Hazel, in the cool way she could sometimes assume when she felt particularly hot.

"I don't like to look at the result," said Mr. Falkirk. "I will go, if you please, Miss Hazel. —But if you will be so good as not to oppose me, the result shall not be your destitution."

"Oppose you?" said Hazel. "With such an object in view?"—But then the mocking tone changed, and she said sorrowfully—"I beg your pardon, Mr. Falkirk!—But you are vexed, sir, and then you always vex me. And—I was not just ready for this to-night."

"You need not be vexed that I want to take care of you," Mr. Falkirk returned.

"No, sir. There are a great many things I need not be," said Hazel.

"I will try to do it. I may not succeed. Good-night."

She put her hands on his arm again, following his lead now towards the door. But on the way another thought struck her.

"Mr. Falkirk," she said suddenly, "if you try to do something which you know I would not like—or in a way I should not like,—you must remember that I will never say yes to it. Not if there were fifty quicksands in the way!"

"Miss Hazel," returned her guardian, "I have not so long held my office without finding out that it is impossible to tell beforehand what you would like, or in what way you would like it. I must work in the dark; unless you prefer to give me illumination."

"I should like," said Hazel bravely, "what Mr. Rollo would have a right to like. I suppose Mr. Falkirk will know what that is."

"Pardon me. My only concern is with what you would have a right to like."

"Very well," she answered,—"if you choose to put it so. But I could have no right to like anything which should seem like a reflection,—anything that could cast the least possible shade of dishonour.—Further than that, I do not see how it matters."

"Does it matter to you whether you are your own mistress or not?" said Mr. Falkirk, confronting her now with the question.

"I suppose that is past praying for," said Hazel with a deep blush. "But I have never been, yet."

"You have in money matters."

"About my own silks and sugarplums. No further, sir."

"Do you wish to be 'no further' always?"

"I like my own way better than anything in the world," said Hazel, "except"—and she paused, and the crimson mounted again,— "except the honour and dignity and standing of the people I love. You know better than I, Mr. Falkirk, whether both things can be cared for together; but if one has to go down, it must be my will."

"If it can be done consistently with other people's 'dignity and standing,' you would like to have control of your own property?"

"It cannot be so done."

"It can be so done—if I and Dr. Maryland do it."

"No," said Hazel, "there is too much of it."

"Will you please explain?"

"Too much money,—too much land,—the property is too large."

"Too large to be divided, that is."

Hazel turned off with a gesture of distressful impatience—then faced her guardian again.

"Don't you see, Mr. Falkirk?" she said,—"do you need to be told? Mr. Rollo could not possibly be only my agent."

"I do not see that he need. You are competent surely to spend your own money, in the way you like best."

"Very competent!" said Hazel gravely.

"And to manage my estate. Then I will begin at once, if you please, Mr. Falkirk, and you can send up to-morrow all the deeds and leases and writings in your possession. It will be quite a nice little amusement for me."

"Miss Hazel, you talk nonsense," said her guardian. "I cannot deliver up my charge, except into hands that will have absolute rule over it; unless I can secure a separate portion for you. The will makes him master, in the event of his marrying you."

Hazel made no reply. The speech was full of words that she did not like. And Mr. Falkirk quitted the room.

If he had wished to render his ward uncomfortable, he had made a hit,—stirring up thoughts and questions which had been ready enough before, only always held in check by the presence and influence that were stronger yet. But to-night she was heart-sore to begin with, and it had chafed her extremely that not all her pleading of the night before had carried a single point. The words "master," and "absolute control," came with peculiarly jarring effect. She brought a foot-cushion to the front of the fire, there where she was in the dining-room; and rested her head upon her hands and thought.

(To be continued.)

THE GLEANER.

TOM THUMB is said to be worth \$100,000.

The new political sensation in Paris is the MacMahon pipe, price five sous.

The Bishop of Lichfield is going to provide a floating church for the benefit of the boatmen in his diocese.

It is not generally known, but it is a fact, that a ton of ice is used every night to aid the ventilation of the Houses of Parliament.

SOME surprise is caused that the body of Mr. Ward Hunt was not brought to England; but it is said that the German undertakers' charges were so enormous, that the idea had to be abandoned.

THE drainage of Marlborough House is to be entirely reorganized. An excellent mansion, with a fine park, in the north of London, will be used as a kind of nursery for the Royal children in the London season.

It is considered to be very improbable that Colonel Wellesly will return to the Russian headquarters. Although of late he has been well received, he has not been allowed to visit the front.

THE Committee on Christ's Hospital has finished its report. There is nothing in it. The suggestion is made that flogging is "little use," and caning ought to be done by the masters, and a record of it kept in a book. There is no proposal of an ennobling character—an English boy is still to be treated differently to a foreign boy—and as a brute.

THE site of the ancient City of Sybaris, in Catania, Southern Italy, famous for its habits of luxury, is to be explored by the Italian Government. Excavations will begin during the coming autumn. Sybaris was destroyed by the Cretans about 510 B. C.

Some of the city physicians of New York have, it is stated, discovered that the public free baths of that city are the means of disseminating contagious diseases among the people that use them, and it is demanded, therefore, that they either be closed altogether, or have such changes introduced into their management as will insure different results.

Some Parisian *élégantes* amuse themselves with painting Louis XV. porcelain buttons, which they wear on their plaited dresses, and when there is a long row down the front they have all the effect of miniature plates. The studs on the cuffs, and the earrings worn at the same time all match, although the latter are composed of enamel and not porcelain.

THE following conversation on the subject of the Russian war is supposed to have taken place at a Swiss café, so celebrated for its echo that, it on approaching it any one exclaimed, "Ah, ça, ici, ne boit-on rien?" the echo would answer "Rien."

Quels seront les résultats de cette guerre d'orient? Echo—Rient!

Que pensez-vous de la Prusse? Echo—Russe!

Et de l'Italie? Echo—Allie!

Et la Suède? Echo—Aide!

Quant à l'Autriche? Echo—Triche!

L'Angleterre? Echo—Erre!

Mais Paris? Echo—Rit!

Que réclame la Turquie à l'Empire du Nord? Echo—Or!

VARIETIES.

CAPOUL is booked for Russia. He is said to be still the best love-maker on the operatic stage.

LOLA MONTEZ'S HAIR.—John Hull Pennville, who passed through this city a day or two since from Phumas County, Cal., on his way to Esmeralda County, in this State, has in his possession a relic of that strange and adventurous woman, Lola Montez. Mr. Pennville is an accomplished violinist, and at the time when Lola was residing in the Grass Valley, California, was in the habit of playing for her that she might practice some new dance of her own invention. The violinist had a strong passion for making collections of human hair, particularly the long tresses of women. He had several times hinted to Lola his great desire to possess a tress of her hair, but she refused to take these hints, however plainly made. At this time Lola had in her possession in her home in Grass Valley, a young bear that she was training for some purpose, she being at that time but twenty-nine years of age, and still full of life and ambition. One day, when Pennville again hinted about the tress, Lola said: "Mr. Pennville, if you will go into the back-yard, throw that bear" to the ground, and hold him one minute by my watch, I will give you a strand of my hair large enough for the bow of your violin."

"Done!" cried Pennville, and he at once proceeded to the yard for his tussle with the bear, Lola followed to time him.

The bear was a grizzly, not yet old enough to be very dangerous, and Pennville, proceeding as though at play with the animal, with very little trouble or risk succeeded in winning the much coveted lock of hair. The tress was promptly surrendered, and Pennville long kept it among the other specimens in his collection but when he heard of Lola's death, somewhere in the State of New York, in 1860 or 1862, he remembered her words at the time he won the tress, "I will give you a strand large enough for the bow of your violin," and he then proceeded to place the hair in the handsomest bow he could procure, where it remains to this day.

"Will you play us something with the bow. Mr. Pennville?" said we, anxious to be able to say we had heard even the smallest thing played with so strange a relic of a now almost forgotten woman, and trembling lest we should be refused such gratification.

To our surprise he then proceeded to play a most mournful, tearful bit of something, and as he concluded, he said: "That was not only a favourite piece with Lola, but was also of her own composition."

Pennville is now quite an old man, and does not appear to be overburdened with this world's goods, but it would take a large sum of money to purchase that fiddle-bow.

HUMOROUS.

Now does the wily bank director find a deficit of ten thousand dollars, and exclaim: "This comes of supporting men in idleness. Ordered that there be a reduction of ten per cent on the salary of the night watchman."

AN old Aberdeen coachman who was extolling the sagacity of one of his old horses the other day, concluded by saying that "if any one was to go and ill-use him (the horse), would bear malice just like a Christian Radical."

WHEN you are tired of twirling your twumbs, sit down and see how fast you can say: "Shoes and socks shock Susan in an inexplicable manner, and inexorably she ceaseeth sheathing her shoes." It is worse than "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers."

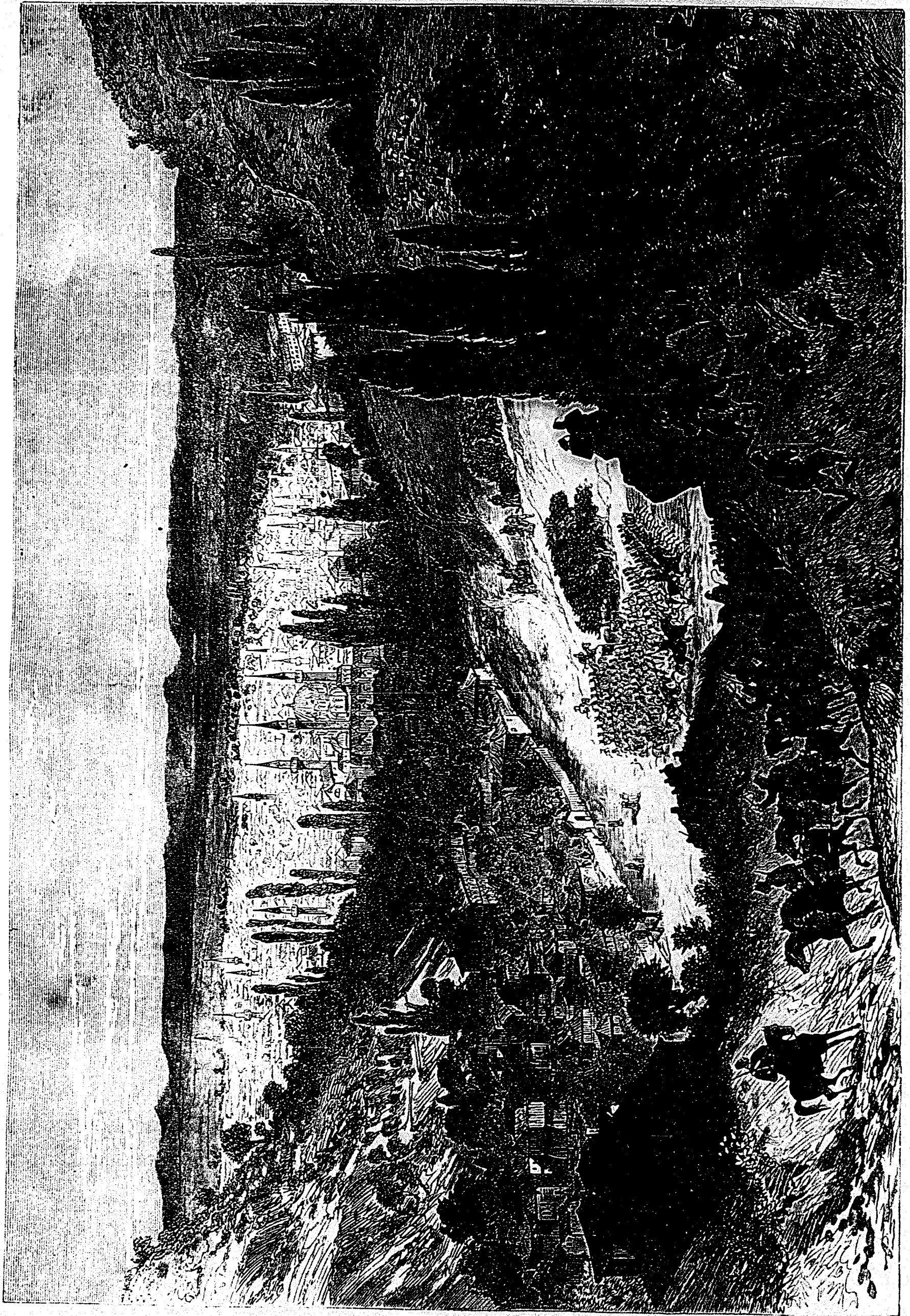
AN exchange thinks that the most important improvement now needed is a kind of green corn with a handle growing out of each end of the cob. This of course would be an advantage, but what a large percentage of American citizens are most praying for, is a kind of green corn that will timidly and submissively release its hold upon the cob before the awful presence of a double set of false teeth.

Among the many improvements that have been made during several years, for lightening labor, and more particularly woman's labor, nothing has proved a greater success than Calkin's Champion Washer, and few machines have caused more pleasure and satisfaction. The simplicity of the thing and its perfection of work must make it a necessity in every household, and it only requires to be seen and tested to convince the most skeptical of its actual merits. See advertisement.

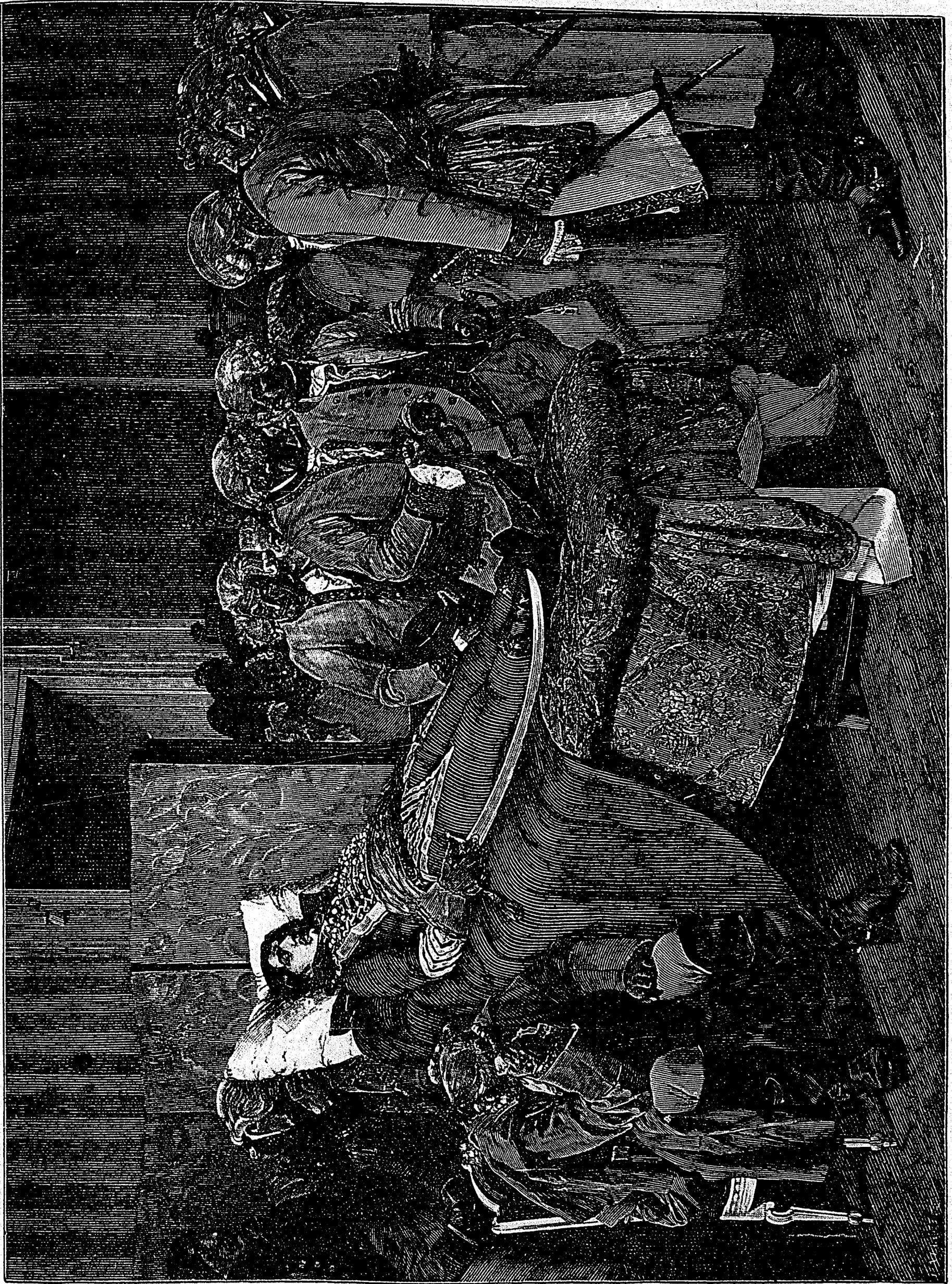
NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the Ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions Repaired with the greatest care. Feathers Dyed as per sample, on shortest delay. Gloves Cleaned and Dyed Black only.

J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.



THE EASTERN WAR.—THE IMPREGNABLE FORTRESS OF SHUMLIA.



THE DEATH OF MARCEAU.—FROM THE PAINTING BY LAURENS WHICH WON THE FIRST PRIZE AT THIS YEAR'S "SALON."

"TU NE QUÆSIERIS."

(Horace, Od. Lib. I.)
BY THOMAS WHITE.

"Ask not, my queen, my beauty,
What ends the gods may give:
Love is its own sweet duty;
Be still, and let us live.
Bright youth is lord of pleasure.
Glad hours are round us now:
I weave their choicest treasure
A garland for thy brow.

"Glad hours and sad go by me,
And, as we drift along,
All things of love shall fly me,
All things of mirth and song:
Even now that dark to-morrow
O'er shadows all my way.
I turn from coming sorrow
To sun me in to-day.

"What more, my queen! Hereafter,
When you have long forgot
Our pleasant days and laughter,
And youth and joy are not,
Lone Memory's sad sweet pleasure
Shall charm as thou dost now,
And weave her choicest treasure
A garland for thy brow."

HEART OF OAK AGAINST IRONSIDES.

THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE HUASCAR AND H. M. SHIPS THE SHAH AND THE AMETHYST.

The following graphic account of this battle has been sent us by an esteemed patron in Ontario, whose son is Surgeon on H. M. S. *Shah*, and who is the author of the account:—

Although you will most likely have seen an account of our proceedings in the papers, I dare say you won't mind a description from one who was on the spot. So I will fire away, and let you know all that I do.

To begin; you must know that there has been a rebellion in Peru, not at all an uncommon occurrence in these parts, and usually ending in, we can hardly say, smoke, but probably a quiet murder or two; but this time the rebels seized an iron-clad turret ship, and went out to sea, and a few days afterwards we heard that she had stopped mail steamers bearing the English flag, and had taken a passenger out of one; she also took coals from a British barque, and so, every one was in a great state of mind. We were then at Calleo, and thinking of going north, but when the Admiral heard of this, he determined to go and look for the ship. So off we started, highly delighted at the thought of some excitement; but, after we had been about a fortnight dodging her all over the place, we began to think it rather slow work; however, the *Amethyst*, a corvette, was sent for, and, between us we managed to find her. We first sighted her in the afternoon about one o'clock; of course the excitement was tremendous. As soon as she saw us she made a bolt, but we came up to her in about half an hour, when we fired a gun and she stopped. Our first lieutenant went on board with a message to the effect that, if she did not haul her colors down within five minutes of his returning on board she must take the consequences. The answer was from the "bossman" who said that he couldn't think of doing anything of the kind. Our first lieutenant was first asked if he would take some refreshment, and was then piped and bowed over the side. Before he went the captain said he hoped that we would not take advantage of the position we had placed him in, as he had stopped when we fired a gun; so our First said we would not think of such a thing, and that we would give him warning when we were about to blaze by firing another gun, and hauling down the preparative flag. He then returned on board and made his report, and our enemy went off as hard as she could, but we kept her well in view, and at the expiration of five minutes we fired a blank charge, afterwards a shotted gun across her bows, and then went after her as hard as we could. I will now describe the ship we were engaging. She is an English built vessel powerfully armored. Her turret, which revolves, contains two 12½ ton guns; she has also two 40-pounder Armstrongs aft; the turret is placed immediately behind the top gallant fore-castle; and is covered with 5½ inches of iron, and inside this a lot of stuffing to prevent splintering; her hull is covered with 4½ inches of armour, and she has a ram; she only draws fourteen feet of water, which you will see further on, was a disadvantage to us, and she can steam up to twelve knots; she shows very little of her hull above water, and so is very hard to hit; is brig rigged, and bears the name of *Huascar*. When she showed no signs of giving herself up, we gave her a broadside from our port battery, consisting of eight 6½ ton guns, at a distance of 2,800 yards, but without much effect, though the shots fell all round her; this was at about three o'clock. Presently a puff of smoke came out from her turret, and whizz went a shell just before our foremast, and carried away a stay, but did no further damage. We then gave her several broadsides, which however, she did not seem to mind much; the *Amethyst* then came up and gave her a taste of her guns, but, being only 64-pounders, they didn't do any damage, and we could see the shots dropping off from the turret, without making any impression. It is no use going through all the broadsides we fired, but suffice it to say that we engaged her from three to six, and during that time we tried everything we could to pierce through her armour. Once she tried to ram us, and got within about 400 yds, when we gave her a broadside, and followed up by firing a torpedo,

and by independent firing from the battery; the torpedo missed, but our guns gave her awful fits, though we could do no damage to the turret, nor much to the hull. Her funnel was riddled through and through; a shot went through her foremast, which is of iron, and so did not come down, her poop and fore-castle were also knocked about a great deal, and the bridge on which the captain was standing, carried away, and he dropped, as we thought dead, but as it proved afterwards, he saw the shot coming, and jumped off to save himself. During all this time very few men showed themselves on deck, so there was no damage done to life, as far as we could see; the few that were above soon bolted below, where our Gatling gun, which was in the fore-top, began to play down among them. All this time both ships were going at about ten knots; sometimes we went over twelve, going down south all the time; at last she got so far in that we could not get nearer than three thousand yards, and from that distance we peppered away at her, and once shot away her colors, which we at first thought she had hauled down, but we were soon undeceived as presently she hoisted them in another place. As soon as we saw the colors down the "cease firing" was sounded, and we stopped till we saw them go up again, and then blazed away. Soon after that she got right in front of a small town called Flo, and we were afraid every now and then of firing for fear of hitting it; once or twice we very nearly did so, and we could see the shots ploughing up the hill, and making the sand fly all over the place, and the people were scuttling about to try and get some safe place well out of the line of fire. At last it began to get awfully dark and the *Huascar* would not come out, and it was too shallow for us to get in, so we did not know what to do, as we could not fire any more owing to the darkness. During all this time we were very lucky, for though their shot and shell went all round us, and between our masts, not one struck, and only a rope or two were cut. If they had hit they would have gone right through, as we are only a wooden ship, and if a shell had burst between decks it would have played old Harry. I had a jolly billet cutting about to see if anyone was hurt in the main and quarter decks. I passed most of it on the poop and main deck; the poop was the best, because you could see the shot coming along, and all the fun. Well, as it was dark, and there were lots of rocks about, we dare not venture further on, so a consultation was held as to what was best to be done, and, after some time, it was resolved to try and get volunteers to go away in the steam pinnace and whaler, to attempt to blow her up with torpedoes. We had numerous volunteers, well armed, and the boats were got out, and off we went, I in the whaler, and behind it we towed a fish torpedo, the steam pinnace towing us, with a couple of other torpedoes (Harvey's) on the end of long booms. Our plan was to get in shore, then skirt it, until we got near the ship, when the whaler was to be dropped by the pinnace, and we were to tow quietly up to within about eighty yards, and fire one torpedo; if we failed, or got much blazed at, the pinnace was to come up as fast as possible, and have a try with her boom torpedoes. This was our plan, but it was not destined to be worked out. We started about eight o'clock, and made for the shore; the moon had not got up, but though it kept getting lighter rapidly, a mist prevented our seeing far; we got close on shore, and then began going quietly along. Every rock had to be examined, as we could not tell whether it was a ship or not, until we got close to. We went on and on, still no sign of the *Huascar*. This really lasted for hours, though to us it seemed but a short time; at last we steered for what we thought was she, but when we got close we found it was only a steamer for coasting, so we hailed the man on watch, and the skipper came and interviewed us; he seemed very reluctant to give us any information, though he spoke English tolerably well; however, when the lieutenant in command of the expedition went on board, and he saw the men armed in the boats, he became a little more civil, and then told us that the *Huascar* had crept along the coast immediately it became dark enough for us not to see her, and had gone north. The latter part was a sham, for she went down south; he told us also that two of the officers had gone on shore to find out the feeling of the people towards them, but when they came back they found the *Huascar* had gone, and had come on board his ship, and wanted him to keep them there, but this he refused to do, and they went for the shore again; he also told us that four of them had been killed and several wounded, but, as you will see afterwards, we cannot make out quite whether he was right or not; he also seemed very much disappointed when we told him that none of us had been hurt, and was savage that so many of our shell had dropped so near him as to make him fear for his own and ship's safety. Having found out this, we started for the ship, cold, hungry, disappointed, and tired. We reached the ship at a quarter to four, having been away nearly eight hours. Most of us had not been able to get any grub before we started, so we made a struggle to get some, and after having found the steward (which was a matter of some difficulty, as everyone was sleeping anyhow,) managed to get two boxes of sardines, and the flag lieutenant gave us some brandy, so we made some sort of a meal, and turned in. Next day (Wednesday) we sent off the *Amethyst* to reconnoitre, and to find out if the *Huascar* had really gone north, as he had been told. The *Shah* in the meantime sailed slowly north. In the evening the *Amethyst*

came back with the news that the *Huascar* was at a place called Iquique, and lying in the harbor, so we started down south, and, after a long consultation, the admiral determined to make another attempt to blow her up, in the same manner as before. The arrangement was, to steam quietly down to Iquique, so as to get there about half past six in the evening, when it would be quite dark, the *Shah* to stop about eight miles off, the boats to go in, towed by the steam pinnace, and the *Amethyst* to follow us, soon after we started, so that if we got awfully slated, we could fall back on her. All Thursday great preparations were made for the expedition, volunteers were called, and the whole day was devoted to the arrangements. I gained permission to go again in the whaler. Three boats were to be sent this time—the steam pinnace, the first cutter, and the whaler; the cutter was to have armed blue jackets and marines, to help us if we were attacked by boats, and was commanded by a sub-lieutenant called Grey (his people live at Vancouver). The steam pinnace was under Abbott, a lieutenant who was promoted for distinguishing himself in that Perah affair. In the whaler was a Lieut. Lindsay, a sub called Talbot (an old schoolfellow of mine,) and myself. Another surgeon also went in the pinnace. We got ready in the course of the day for starting on our expedition, and many growls were heard among the fellows who could not go.

(To be continued.)

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

WHAT kind of flower puts you most in mind of a mouth?—Tulips (two lips.)

WE often hear of a man "being in advance of his age," but who has ever heard of a woman being in such a predicament?

WHATEVER may be said of women's right to vote and legislate, their right to bear arms is pronounced to be unquestionable.

THE other day she gave warning. When asked the reason, she said that she waited to "ameliorate" herself.

AN Iowa justice refused to fine a man for kissing a girl against her consent. He thought she might have consented.

WHEN a man has trouble he takes to drink, but when a woman meets with a misfortune she merely goes over to her mother's and takes tea.

A YOUNG lady who improved upon nature by the appliances of art was criticised by a female friend in these words, "She's only a chromo."

"THAT was very greedy of you, Tommy, to eat your little sister's share of cake."—"You told me, ma, I was always to take her part," said Tommy.

AN old bachelor explains the courage of the Turks by saying that a man with more than one wife ought to be willing to face death at any time.

FIVE thousand broom-handles a day are made in Shiocton, Wis., and the married male Shioctoner never stays out at night longer than nine o'clock.

A GENTLEMAN burying his wife, a friend asked him why he expended so much on her funeral. "Ah, sir, she would have done as much or more for me, with pleasure."

"HALF the fashion plates sent from Paris are colored by female convicts." We always had a conviction that if the people who got those plates up were not in jail, they ought to be.

MADAME and Jules Verne recently gave a party, requesting all ladies under forty to appear in costume. The suggestion hit the wall flowers and every old lady was rigged out in fancy dress.

THIS is the period when the short-sighted old maid, who will play croquet, grasps her mallet with both hands, puckers up her mouth with heroic determination to do or die, lights out for the red ball, and catches her partner's silk stocking just on the turn of the ankle bone!

"My wife," remarks one Benedict to the other, "has just the loveliest head of hair you ever saw. When she lets it down it reaches in a mass of ringlets below her waist."—"That's nothing!" replies the other. "When my wife lets her's down it falls to the floor!"

WHILE a well-known author in the East has married his step-daughter, and an unknown farmer in Nelson county, Ky., his step-mother, it has been reserved for a clergyman's son in Walton's Lick, Ky., to outstrip them both by the remarkable matrimonial feat of carrying off his step-grandmother.

THERE is a new sect in Russia called the "Purifiers," belonging to the Greek church. Their leading doctrines are that all must marry on coming of age, that the husband must be subordinate to the wife, and recognize her as the head of the family, and that once a week he must confess his sins to his wife.

THE Paris girls look like their grandmothers now, and perhaps wear their grandmother's hair, for they have adopted short curls into their coiffures, and instead of the fringe of their hair across the forehead, it is arranged in long, formal spit curls, or in a row of straight little curls in the style of Madame Sévigné.

A CALIFORNIAN, whose wedding day was fixed, did not appear at the appointed time and place, but sent a note to the clergyman, saying that he had just received a letter from his wife in New York, and thereby had his mind recalled

to the fact that he was married several years before—a circumstance which had entirely escaped his memory.

MR. ALDEN has discovered that the average infant is not dangerous, except in rare and peculiar circumstances. "It is, perhaps, the part of prudence for a man to decline to hold a baby of very tender years, but no baby, when firmly grasped with both hands and held at arms' length, need be dreaded, especially if care is taken to hold it upside down."

THE glory of the Circassian woman is her hair, but it is said that her sympathies have gone out so powerfully towards the wounded soldiers that she has sold her hair that they may have relief. The result is that an Oxford street firm is able to advertise tresses fifty inches in length direct from the East. A kind of exhibition of the phenomenal headdress is being made, and ladies with nothing to do are crowding to see the marvellous sight.

THEY loved each other, though he seemed to put more animation into it than she did. The parents, however, were adverse and so they stated. Then the young man haunted the river-bank and became morose, and wrote epics. The young woman wept. When Cassander heard this, he sent her the following epistle: "I call you Dolly for the last time. We have been all and all to each other. I shall bear your loss with as much fortitude as possible. We all must come to it. One plunge in the silent river and all is over. How we shall miss you! I shall continue at the store as heretofore."

"THE SURE WITNESS."

"The nineteenth century is the age of novels," remarks a literary historian,—he might have added with equal truth, "and novel impositions." Studied politeness has been passed off on us for native refinement, the forms of devotion for its essence, and speculation for science, until we look askance at every new person or thing, and to an assertion of merit, invariably exclaim, "PrYe it!" In brief Satan has made himself so omnipresent, that we look for his cloven foot everywhere—even in a bottle of medicine. Imagine a lady, having a complexion so sallow that you would deny her claims to the Caucasian type if her features did not conform to it, purchasing her first bottle of the Golden Medical Discovery. The one dollar is paid in the very identical manner in which Mr. Taylor might be expected to purchase a lottery ticket after his experience with "No. 104,163," with this difference, his doubt would be the result of personal experience, while hers would be founded on what a certain practitioner (who has been a whole year trying to correct her refractory liver) has said concerning it. At home, she examines the bottle half suspiciously, tastes of its contents carefully, takes the prescribed doses more carefully, then proceeds to watch the result with as much anxiety as a practitioner would count the pulse-beats of a dying man. She takes another dose, and another, and shows the bottle to her friends, telling them she "feels better." Her skin loses its bilious tint, her eyes regain their lustre, her accustomed energy returns, and the fact that she purchases another bottle is a sure witness that she has found the Golden Medical Discovery to be a reliable remedy for the disease indicated. The lady wisely resolves that in future her estimate of any medicine will be based upon a personal knowledge of its effects, and not upon what some practitioner (who always makes long bills rhyme with pills) may say of it. Dr. Pierce is in receipt of letters from hundreds of the largest wholesale and retail druggists in the United States stating that at the present time there is a greater demand for the Golden Medical Discovery and Purgative Pellets than ever before. In affections of the liver and blood they are unsurpassed.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. H. Montreal.—Communication received. The problems shall be looked over.
J. W. S. Montreal.—Letter received. Expected to see you as intimated.
Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 136 received.
J. W. S. Montreal.—Solutions of Problems No. 132, 133, 134 and 136 received. Correct. The letter respecting Canadian Chess Games shall have due consideration. Many thanks.

We hear that efforts are being made to bring about a Chess match, between Messrs. Steinitz and Blackburne. All Chessplayers will be glad to see another contest between these champions of the chequered board, but we must again deplore the fact, that money stakes are to form a part of the proceedings. It was something of this nature that led to the failure of the late contest between Mr. Blackburne and Mr. Zukertort, and there is no doubt that this feature in public Chess proceedings is of a very injurious nature.

CHESS AS A RECREATION.

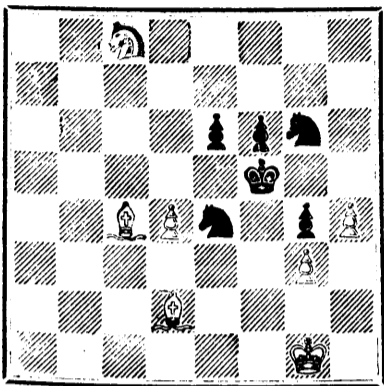
We noticed in a Chess column, a short time ago, a remark with which we cannot coincide, and which we think is hardly fair to the Royal Game. It was to the effect that sunshine is an enemy to Chess. It is true that in most of our clubs there is a falling off as regards the attendance of the members at this time of the year, and that the beauties of nature lead many to pass as much time as they can in the open air, especially in a country like Canada, where the severity of a long winter compels men to live during a large part of the year in the heated atmosphere of the dwelling house. Still, all indoor amusements need not be set aside. The charms connected

with a well-contested game may be as great in the country, as it is in the ordinary Club-room. The mistake seems to be made in considering Chess as something which must be associated with a place set apart for the purpose of play, and that it is, in itself, calculated to produce an excitement resembling the feeling so often resulting from the debates of the political arena. Chess should be a home amusement; it should accompany the amateur in his temporary sojourn in the country, and would not be out of place at any of the rapidly increasing bathing stations on the breezy banks of the lower St. Lawrence. The sudden casting aside of ordinary amusement, or daily employment, may, in some cases, be productive of violence either to mind or body. The man who, after sitting at the desk from morning till night for nearly the whole year, leaves it to seek a short time of recreation, in too many cases fancies he does not make the most of it, unless he plunges into the extreme of camping out, in which he tries to emulate the lumberer, who from habit is able to meet all the demands of his hazardous and laborious occupation. This is a mistake which many make, and pay the penalty. Change is absolutely necessary for recreation, but it should not be of a sweeping nature as to render it injurious. It is, indeed, a fact that a game of quiet Chess may not be found incompatible even with a student's holiday.

PROBLEM No. 137.

By M. J. MURPHY, Quebec.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

VARIATION.

Remove White's K B, and P from K R 4, and mate in three moves.

CHES IN ENGLAND.

GAME 197TH.

Played two years ago, between Messrs. Wisker and Lord.

(King's Bishop's Gambit.)

WHITE. (Mr. Wisker.) BLACK. (Mr. Lord.)

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

NOTES BY MR. BLACKBURN.

- (a) Not so good a mode of defending the Bishop's Gambit as 3. P to Q 4, followed by 4. K Kt to B 3.
- (b) Better, we believe, than the usual continuation 6. B to Kt 5 (ch), &c.
- (c) Doubtless Black has a very difficult game to play, yet it appears to us that P to Kt 5 would have given him a better chance.
- (d) Very pretty but not sound, however, his game was lost whatever he had played.
- (e) It is obvious, of course, that taking the R would have lost the game in a few moves.

CHES IN CANADA.

GAME 183RD.

Played recently at the Montreal Chess Club between Messrs. Hicks and G. Barry, the former giving the odds of Q Kt.

(Remove White's Q Kt.)

- WHITE.—(Mr. Hicks.) BLACK.—(Mr. G. Barry.)
- 1. P to K 4
- 2. B to Q B 4
- 3. Kt to K B 3
- 4. Kt to K Kt 5
- 5. P takes P
- 6. P to Q 3
- 7. P to K R 4
- 8. Q to K 2
- 9. P to Q B 3
- 10. P takes Kt
- 11. K to B sq
- 12. Kt to K B 7
- 13. B to K Kt 5
- 14. B to K R 6
- 15. Q to Q sq
- 16. Q to Q Kt 3
- 17. B to K Kt 5
- 18. Kt to Q 6 (ch)
- 19. Kt takes B
- 20. P to Q 4 (c)
- 21. P to K Kt 3
- 22. B to K 6
- 23. K to Kt 2
- 24. R to K sq
- 25. Q takes Kt
- 26. Q takes P
- 27. B to K R 6 (ch)

NOTES.

- (a) Although Black wins more than the exchange by this move, it would be safer to drive away the Kt by P to K R 3.
- (b) Black is now a Rook superior in force, but his King is very much exposed, and his pieces undeveloped.
- (c) The sacrifice of this P enables White to bring his R into play. If Black had taken the P with B, White would have had a good game by checking with B at K 7.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 135.

- WHITE. BLACK.
- 1. Kt takes P (at Q B 4.) 1. P takes Kt best (a)
- 2. Kt to Q B 3 2. K takes Kt
- 3. B takes P mate.
- (a) If 1. K takes Kt, then 2. B to R 7 (ch) &c.

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 133.

- WHITE. BLACK.
- 1. R to K 3 (ch. by dis.) 1. K to Q Kt 4
- 2. R to K 5 (ch) 2. B covers.
- 3. R takes B mate.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 134.

- WHITE. BLACK.
- K at K Kt 3 K at K B 4
- R at K R sq R at Q 4
- R at K 2 B at Q 6
- B at Q Kt 3 Kt at K R 2
- Kt at K B 7 Bawns at K Kt 2, K
- Pawns at K B 4, and Kt 5, and Q B 3.
- K Kt 5.

White to play and mate in three moves.

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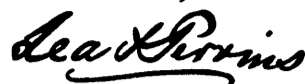
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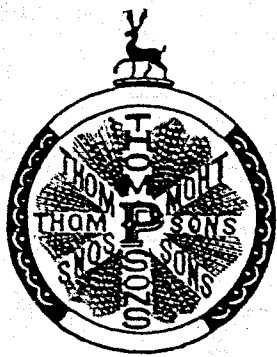
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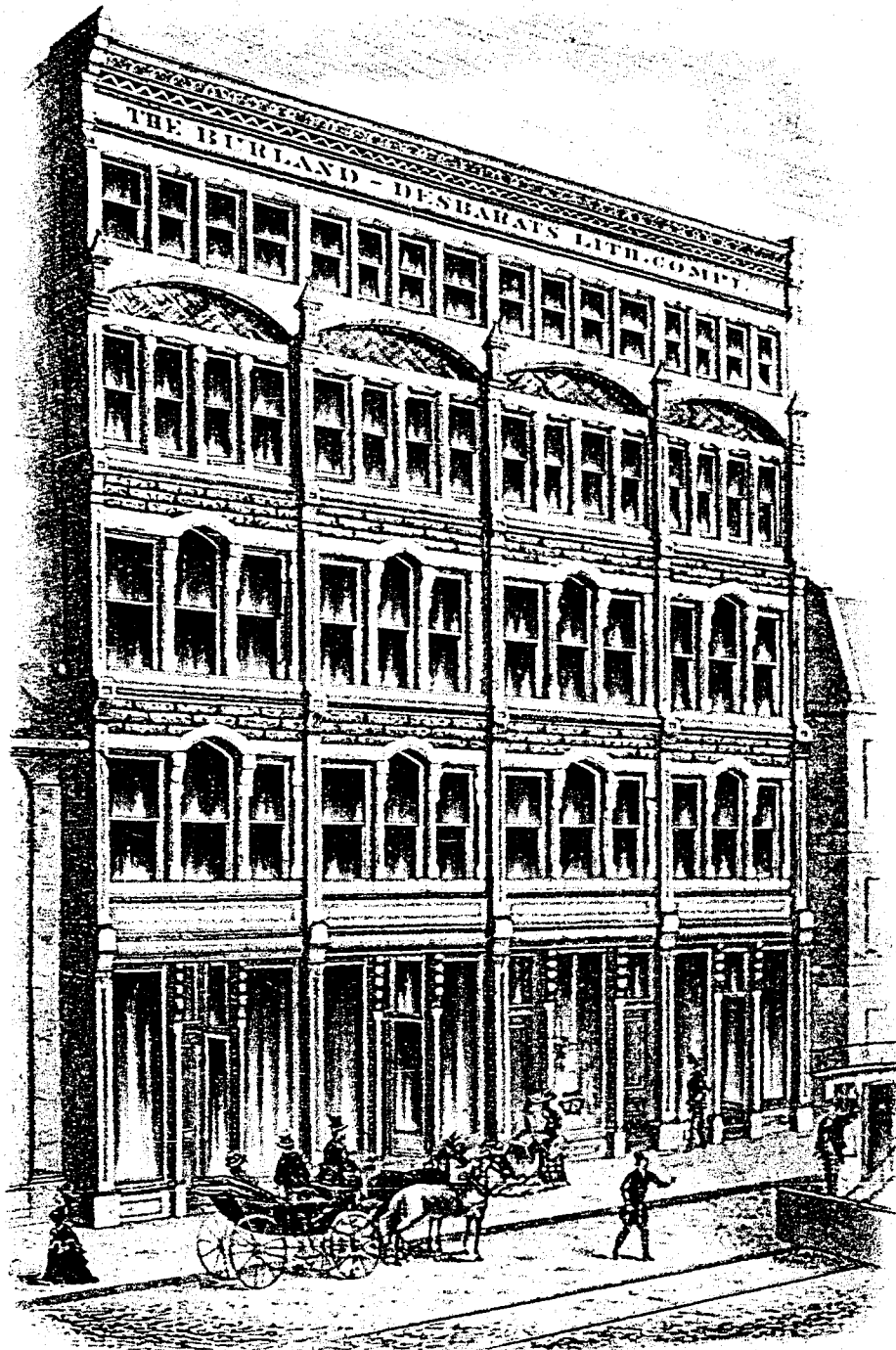
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