

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

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

Continuous pagination.

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

Montreal Wholesale News

Vol. XVIII.—No. 17.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1878.

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



GENERAL SIR PATRICK MACDOUGALL,
COMMANDER OF THE FORCES IN CANADA, ADMINISTRATOR OF THE DOMINION.

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

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

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

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

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

NOTICE.

We have acquired the sole right for the Dominion of publishing in serial and later in book form,

BENEATH THE WAVE:

A NEW NOVEL

BY

MISS DORA RUSSELL,

Author of "Footprints in the Snow," "The Miner's Oath," "Annabel's Rival," &c., &c.

The publication will begin early in November. We trust our friends will appreciate this effort of ours to supply them with good and entertaining literature, and that they will induce many of their neighbours to subscribe, so as to secure this new story from the beginning.

OPINIONS OF THE PREEES ON DORA RUSSELL'S NOVELS.

FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW.

"Footprints in the Snow" is entitled to stand well in the fiction of the year. — *Graphic*.

"With a deep knowledge of the ways of wicked aristocrats." — *Standard*.

"Miss Russell uses the pathetic, and uses it with effect." — *Queen*.

"The incidents are skillfully dealt with." — *Pictorial World*.

"The interest is fairly sustained throughout the book." — *Saturday Review*.

"Several characters are drawn with a skill that deserves much praise." — *Spectator*.

"Elizabeth Gordon's character is well drawn. The story is fairly told." — *Athenaeum*.

"Elizabeth's struggles for independence in London are particularly well described." — *Whitehall Review*.

"Footprints in the Snow" is a novel which can be read with satisfaction and even enjoyment." — *World*.

"Miss Russell's story is unquestionably clever, extremely amusing, and will, we doubt not, be a favourite in the libraries." — *Academy*.

"There are here all the elements of tragedy, enough to have satisfied Webster or Marlowe, and Miss Russell's scenes are of a dramatic kind." — *Daily News*.

"A plot which will highly interest romance readers." — *Stamford Mercury*.

"Miss Russell has effected considerable progress as a novelist." — *Carlisle Journal*.

"Miss Russell writes with so much vigour and gives so much flesh-and-blood interest to her novels." — *Scottsman*.

"Novel-readers should find 'Footprints in the Snow' very much to their taste." — *Birmingham Daily Post*.

"The best and truest thing we can say of it is, that it is extremely popular." — *Warrington Guardian*.

"Miss Russell has made herself a name by this work which must bring her considerable fame." — *Bury Times*.

"The authoress has displayed considerable skill in the way in which she has put her figures into contrast one with another." — *Bradford Observer*.

"Will be read with interest. . . . There is a good deal of originality in the plot, and its elaboration is skillfully carried out." — *Leeds Mercury*.

"We have read this story with great pleasure, and consider it deserves to be classed amongst the best specimens of English fiction." — *Monk's Herald*.

"There is a freshness of description and a facility of expression which is a treasure beyond price in these days. . . . One of the best novels that have come under our notice for some time." — *Nottingham Guardian*.

"A really interesting and well-written story, and one which we can heartily recommend to our readers. When we say that it is rather sensational we have mentioned almost the only fault we have to find with it." — *Hereford Times*.

"Rapidly written, and full of stirring incident, brilliant description and spirited dialogue, the tale is one of the most successful and interesting pictures of modern life which have come under our attention for several years." — *Kent Messenger*.

"Is well—and in parts powerfully—written; will become—and deservedly—a popular story. . . . The female characters are admirably drawn, the style is excellent, and the incidents are so varied that the interest never flags." — *Sheffield Telegraph*.

"Is one of the really good novels which have been published during the last few months. . . . It shows a firmer and more practised hand, has more strength of plot, and is altogether more complete and artistic than any of the writer's earlier stories. Miss Russell is steadily marking out a line for herself." — *Newcastle Chronicle*.

"We regard Miss Russell as a very successful follower of some of the most popular novelists. The characters are fairly and consistently drawn, while the leading one only falls slightly short of real excellence. . . . 'Footprints in the Snow' is the work of one who has a real talent for this species of literature." — *Sussex Daily News*.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Oct. 26, 1878.

THE NEW MINISTRY.

We publish to-day a double-page containing the portraits of the members of the new Dominion Cabinet. All our readers will be pleased to have it for reference, while the friends of the Administration will like to secure these likenesses for preservation either in a frame or otherwise. It is a matter of satisfaction that, as a rule, our new rulers are good-looking men, some of them having really fine heads and handsome features. Let us hope that their deeds will not belie their looks, and that their administration may be such as to justify the large measure of confidence which the people of the country have reposed in them at the late elections.

RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD, P.C., K.C.B.

The Premier is so well known, and his biography has so often appeared in the columns of the News, that we need do no more than give a few traits of the career of this remarkable man. Sir John was born on the 11th January, 1815, and educated at the Royal Grammar School of Kingston. He was called to the Upper Canada Bar in 1836, and created Queen's Counsel in 1846. Two years previously, in November, 1844, he entered the Canada Assembly for Kingston, and has been in public life continuously since then. This makes a period of 34 years, the longest record of any man in Canada. During that time he has been almost constantly in office, thus presenting an unprecedented career of efficiency. He was Minister and member of the Executive Council from 1847 to 1848; from 1854 to 1858; from 1858 to 1862; from 1864 to 1867; and from 1867 to 1873. He was the leading figure in the great movement of Confederation. He has been a delegate to England and other countries on public business on many occasions, and most notably as member of the High Joint Commission which negotiated the Treaty of Washington in 1871. He was created a K.C.B. in 1867 and appointed Member of Her Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council in 1872. He is a Knight Grand Cross of the Royal Order of Isabella la Católica. The public measures with which his name is intimately associated are almost numberless.

HON. S. L. TILLEY, C.B.

We have already published in these columns full memoirs of the Minister of Finance. He was born at Gagetown, Queen's County, N. B., in 1818. His public career is also an extended one. He was a member of the Executive Council of his native Province from 1854 to 1856; from 1857 to 1865; and from 1866 till the Union in 1867. From 1861 to 1865 he was leader of the Government. In the first Dominion Government he held office as Minister of Customs from 1867 till February, 1873, when he was made Minister of Finance until his appointment as Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick in November of the same year. Mr. Tilley was created a C.B. in 1867.

HON. CHARLES TUPPER, C.B.,

another figure well known to our readers through frequent mention in the News. He was born at Amherst, N.S., in 1821; is an M.A. of Acadia College and M.D. of Edinburgh in 1843. His public life dates from 1855, and from 1857 he was member of the Executive Council of Nova Scotia till 1860; and from 1863 to 1867, being leader of the Government from 1864 to 1867. He was created a C.B. in the latter year. He declined a seat in the Dominion Cabinet in 1867, but accepted one in 1870, where he remained until 1873. His name is attached to a large number of useful public measures.

HON. J. H. POPE.

This popular Minister is a son of the Eastern Townships which he represents

in the Cabinet. He has sat for Compton without interruption since 1857. He was Minister of Agriculture from 1871 till 1873, and now returns to his old department, amid the applause of all classes and parties.

HON. JOHN O'CONNOR,

the President of the Council, was born in Boston, in 1824, and came to Essex, Ont., in 1828, where he was educated. He was called to the Upper Canada Bar in 1854. He entered public life in 1863 as member for Essex and was re-elected in 1867. Like Mr. Pope, Mr. O'Connor returns to his old Department, having been President of the Council during a portion of the previous Macdonald Administration, as well as Postmaster-General.

HON. JAMES MACDONALD.

One of the most promising men of Canada, with stuff in him to make a Prime Minister. Mr. Macdonald's Dominion record is brief, having sat in Parliament for only a couple of years, where he made his mark from the first. But his name is intimately connected with the political history of Nova Scotia, in the Assembly of which he represented Pictou for many years with great distinction. Mr. Macdonald is destined to shine in the Department of Justice.

HON. L. F. R. MASSON.

The leader of the French Canadian section of the Conservative party, and successor of Sir George Cartier, is comparatively a new, although not an untried, man. He was born at Terrebonne in 1833, and called to the Lower Canada bar in 1859. He has represented Terrebonne in Parliament since 1867, and never met with any opposition till this year, when he was triumphantly returned during his absence in Europe. Much is expected of Mr. Masson, who is held in the highest estimation by men of all parties.

HON. H. L. LANGEVIN.

An old war-horse. He was born in the City of Quebec in 1826, called to the bar in 1850, and made Q.C. in 1864. His Parliamentary career dates back to 1857, when he was returned for Dorchester. He was a member of the Executive Council from 1864 till 1867, and from that date till 1873, holding respectively the offices of Solicitor-General, Postmaster-General, Secretary of State, and Minister of Public Works. In 1868 he was created a C.B. He has likewise held some important trusts and missions. He is, without dispute, one of the ablest and most experienced of our public men.

HON. J. C. POPE.

A representative man of Prince Edward Island. He was born at Bedeque, P.E.I., in 1827, of Cornish parents, and sat in the Assembly of his native Province from 1857 till 1876. He was a minister most of the time and Premier from 1873 to 1876. He is well fitted for the department of Marine and Fisheries.

HON. MACKENZIE BOWELL.

The new Minister of Customs is the one journalist in the Cabinet, having been connected with the *Belleville Intelligencer* for years. He was born in Suffolk, England, in 1823. He is well-known throughout Canada in connection with the Orange Association, of which he was Most Worshipful Grand Master from 1870 till 1877. His parliamentary career dates from 1867, when he was elected for North Hastings, which he has represented ever since in the ablest manner.

HON. J. C. AIKINS.

The Secretary of State resumes his old portfolio which he held from 1867 till 1873. His parliamentary record is a long one, he having sat for Peel from 1854 till 1861, and in the Legislative Assembly from 1862 till 1867. He was called to the Senate in the latter year.

HON. ALEX. CAMPBELL.

Mr. Campbell is a Yorkshire man of Scottish descent, born in 1822, and has a long and most honourable public record.

He was created Q.C., in 1856. From 1858 till 1867, he represented the Catarqui Division in the Legislative Assembly, having been Speaker of that body. He was Postmaster General from 1867 to 1873, and Minister of the Interior for a short period. Both as Government leader in the Senate and as Opposition leader, he has displayed rare tact and fitness.

HON. L. F. G. BABY.

The Minister of Inland Revenue belongs to the real French aristocracy of the Province of Quebec, his family being an historical one. He was born in 1834, educated at Montreal and engaged in diverse literary pursuits. His parliamentary record is a brief one, as he was elected so late as 1872.

WE beg to call particular attention to the very able and interesting paper on travel on the Upper Ottawa, by our Special Correspondent, Mr. GEORGE TOLLEY. It treats of a charming country, hitherto almost unknown to the majority of readers. Owing to the length of the article, we print only a portion to-day, reserving the remainder, with the illustrations, till our next issue.

THE RIGHT REV. DR. BOND, BISHOP ELECT OF MONTREAL.

William Bennett Bond, M.A., LL.D., was born in Truro, Cornwall, England, in 1815. He was educated in London, and first studied for the ministry in Newfoundland, with Archdeacon Bridge. In 1840, under the advice and influence of Rev. Mark Willoughby, he proceeded to Quebec, where, on completion of his studies, he was ordained Deacon, and, in 1841, Priest at Montreal, by Bishop Mountain. In 1841 he returned to Newfoundland, and was married on the 2nd June to Eliza, second daughter of Richard Langley, Esq., with whom he returned to his duties as travelling missionary for the district of Montreal; and in those days the labours of a missionary were of no light or ordinary character. For instance, in two days, and after preparation, he baptised forty-six persons, many of whom were married and older than himself. Under instructions from Bishop Mountain he organized several missions in the Eastern Townships, meeting during these visits some of the pioneers of the Church—in Rev. Jonathan Taylor, of Eaton; Canon Townsend, of Clarenceville, and Dr. Reid, of Frelighsburg. This was the parish of Bishop Stewart. In addition to his clerical duties, he interested himself in organizing schools in connection with the Newfoundland School Society, establishing eleven in the Township of Hemmingford alone. In 1842 he was appointed to Lachine, and one of his first residences was just under the old wind-mill, not far from the property of the late Col. Wilgress, of the R. A., who, with his family, were among the most earnest supporters of the young missionary. In 1848 he was called to St. George's, Montreal, as assistant to Dr. Leach, and in connection with this church he has remained up to the present time, receiving preferment as Archdeacon of Hochelaga, and Dean of Montreal.

At the first Synod of the Diocese of Montreal, in 1859, he preached the opening sermon from the text—"But let every man take heed how he buildeth thereupon," and the following closing words are not without interest at this time:

Permit me, men and brethren of the laity, to address a word or two, also to you. You have been called upon to unite with us in this work of the Synod, in accordance with what Hooker "holds to be a thing more consonant with equity and reason, than no ecclesiastical laws be made in a Christian Commonwealth, without consent as well of the laity as of the clergy." This word "take heed," applies equally to you as to us: the Apostle writes "let every man take heed;" and this indicates that our care must be directed more to our own work than to the criticising of others; and yet we all have an influence one upon another, so that there is no such thing as being independent one of the other. Then may we not claim in the name of our God, and of our Church, your best, your most sober, and solemn thought and co-operation, warmed and sanctified by faithful prayer, so that our building may be of gold, silver, precious stones, to the praise and glory of God?

Finally, let us all continually bear in mind the Apostle's warning, "take heed." There are two things which may be traced as lying all along amidst most of the errors that have vexed and weakened the Christian Church—worldly wisdom and a party and partial view, in considering and discussing the great questions which have from time to time arisen in the Church. Let us avoid these two things in our Synod. And that we may be enabled to do so, let us unitedly pray, and earnestly, for Divine wisdom. And let us keep before our minds the solemn fact, that there is a day coming when our work shall be tried before God himself; that consequently it is our true wisdom to build with an awful consciousness, that our motives, as well as our actions, will then be made mani-

fest, and receive their due award, seeing that the Son of God hath said "I am He which searcheth the reins and hearts, and I will give unto every one of you, according to your works."

Dean Bond has ever been to the fore when any special services were required. In 1840 he ministered to the troops at Odeltown and Hemmingford, in the former place holding service in the Methodist Church where the conflict took place. In 1846 he attended to the fever sheds at Lachine, and in 1847 went to Grosse Isle where the sufferers from ship fever were lying. He went to relieve the Rev. Mr. Thompson who had taken ill while on duty and subsequently died. Dean Bond has always taken an active interest in the volunteer force, being chaplain of the 1st or Prince of Wales' Regiment. Was out at Huntingdon during the raid of 1866, and in 1870, marched with the regiment from St. Armands to Pigeon Hill.

The Dean is of commanding appearance, standing over six feet in height, of a strong constitution and active habits. He is a man possessed of great common sense, practical business knowledge, unswerving consistency, and stands before his people with an unblemished record of personal habits of forty years' trial.

We are indebted for the Dean's photograph to Messrs. Notman & Sandham.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE NEW ADMINISTRATOR.—General Sir P. MacDougall has long been connected with Canada where he held property for many years. He is the son of Colonel Sir Duncan MacDougall, of Soroba, Argyllshire, who is well remembered by many in this country as having commanded the 79th Highlanders in Montreal and Quebec, when Lord Aylmer was Governor. Sir Patrick was Adjutant-General of Militia during 1866 and the three succeeding years that were troubled by Fenian raids either threatened or actual. For the last eight years he has been employed at the War Office where he presided over the Committee charged with the reorganization of the army; and where during five years he was Director of the Intelligence Department, he having been appointed to that post on its first formation. He was transferred in May last from the War Office as Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in British North America, in which capacity he is now called to administer the Government during the interregnum which will be terminated by the arrival of the Marquis of Lorne. Sir Patrick was for several years Superintendent of the Royal Military College; and later he was selected to be the first Commandant of the Staff College on the creation of that institution. Sir Patrick was employed in particular service in the Crimea; has a medal and clasp for Sebastopol, and Turkish medal, and is a K.C.M.G.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The Academy has been taken for the season by Mr. Lucien Barnes, a theatrical manager of considerable taste and experience, and who is already favourably known to our Montreal theatre-goers. During the season, Mr. Barnes does not intend to confine himself to any particular branch, but to give his audiences a variety of entertainments that will meet all demands of the public taste. These entertainments will alternately consist in drama, comedy, opera and spectacular plays and will all be of the first-class; they will introduce the best travelling companies of the day. Mr. Barnes has begun well, having already redeemed the promises he made at the opening of the present season. Miss Fanny Davenport, one of the best star actresses of this continent, has already appeared in "Olivia" under his management; she was followed by Thorne and Christide's pantomime troupe which was pronounced excellent by those who went to witness their performance. Next in succession came Kellogg and Cary's well-known Concert Co., and last week, Miss Helen Blye, a young and charming actress, appeared with success in such rôles as "Juliet," "Camille" and "Pauline," in the "Lady of Lyons." Her acting was greatly admired in the first and last of these impersonations, but it is to be regretted that she was not better supported. For this week, Mr. Barnes gives us a spectacular piece called "Magic," wherein there is nothing to offend either the ear or the eye and which is equally adapted to the requirements of old and young, comprising as it does dramatic and comic scenes together with grand music, strong choruses and solos by specialty artists; the costumes and scenic effect are gorgeous: it will be the greatest and grandest spectacular piece ever produced in Montreal. The Academy of Music having opened under such brilliant auspices, we have no doubt our citizens will liberally patronize it, for we feel sure Mr. Barnes will on his part do everything to make that popular house a first-class theatre.

TARIFF HANDBOOK.

Mr. John Maclean, of Toronto, who has laboured hard for many years, both as a journalist and as a pamphleteer, in creating a public opinion in favour of a National policy, has in press a new work which will at this time be most useful, viz: a Tariff Hand-Book. The following statement of what the book will contain will convince our readers of its value at this time, when so much interest is felt in the question of tariff reform:— "The old Canada Tariff of 1859, which was the

starting point and foundation of what manufacturing progress the country has made; together with a synopsis of subsequent changes, and the tariff now in force. All the changes made in the sugar duties during the last twenty years will be given together, in the order of time.

"The official copy of the American tariff, with the necessary double classification, by itself makes a considerable book, of over 100 pages, and its list of 2,172 articles would be altogether too cumbersome and inconvenient for the general reader. The long enumeration of some 1,900 or more of these articles would be of no interest whatever to the Canadian public. But what the American tariff substantially is will be shown by an official report of one year's collection of duties on over 150 different commodities and classes of articles, which includes all those yielding \$100,000 or upwards to the treasury. All articles in which Canada is interested, and all articles of importance, coming from any other country, but omitted as above because not yielding as much as \$100,000, will be added.

"Valuable tables of figures, showing percentage of duties under the American tariff as it now stands, and in a parallel column the percentage under changes which have been proposed.

"A similar comparison, extending to a large number of articles, of the Canadian and American tariffs. This will of course be a repetition, but one very convenient for reference.

"The Draft Treaty of 1874, in full, with important official correspondence thereto relating.

"The British tariff, in full, also figures, showing the duties levied by various European nations on leading articles of commerce.

"And, in addition, a great deal of valuable information on tariff matters, neither generally known nor easily obtained. Good arrangement will be studied, so that anything wanted may be found at a glance."

Mr. Maclean is in this city, and proposes canvassing for subscribers. We commend him to our friends, and hope that his work will have a very large sale.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE Paris Exhibition receipts up to last week amounted to 9,765,969f.

THE subscription for the proposed monument of Jeanne d'Arc, at Domrémy, now amounts to nearly 80,000 francs.

THE death is announced at Ferney of M. Claude David, the proprietor of Voltaire's house, and the first lapidary in Europe.

MADAME SPONTINI, widow of the composer of *Vestale* and *Fernand Cortez*, and daughter of Sebastian Erard, has just died at LaMurette, aged eighty-eight.

ORDERS have just been issued from the Prefecture of Police, expressly prohibiting the hawkers of journals in the streets of Paris to cry out the contents of the publications which they offer for sale.

MADAME THIERS will pay a visit to England in a fortnight, and will afterwards repair to Biarritz and San Sebastian. The first three volumes of M. Thiers' speeches which she is editing will appear in January next.

HENRY M. STANLEY is still in Paris, and has not recovered from the effects of his African fevers. He seems unable, with the best care of himself, to get rid of them. He is yet thin and weak, and recovers so slowly that he is despondent at times of ultimate convalescence.

THE fashion in ladies' coiffures is to brush the hair more and more from the neck, so that the modern female head looks like a Pompeian cameo. Powder is coming into use again. White powder is not without its charm; the powders of different colours are less easy to accept. For instance, last Sunday, at the races at Longchamps, there were two ladies, formerly blondes, who appeared with canary yellow hair. They were very pretty, and so no one said anything.

ART circles and lovers of the curious will be interested to know that there is now on exhibition at No. 25, Avenue Rapp, ten doors from the Porte Rapp entrance to the Universal Exhibition, a statue in butter. It is called the "Dreaming Iolanthe," was sculptured in Washington, D.C., without model or instruction, during three weeks of May, 1878, and has been brought intact to Paris, a distance of 4,000 miles. Mrs. Caroline S. Brooks, widely known in America through her Centennial "study in butter," will be found beside her unique exhibit, ready to explain her work.

THE captive balloon has been provided with a new rope—proof that wear and tear tells on the cordage, and that a snap some time during a sudden squall is on the cards. There would be no danger for the voyagers—at least it is so suspected till disproved. In the meantime the public crowd seem more than ever to enjoy the trip, and tickets have to be taken several days in advance; there is work for a second balloon. The captive is engaged to work near London next year, provided the Government does not extend the privilege of the Tuileries, at the rent of 100,000 fr., for the season of 1879. M. Giffard is manufacturing a balloon similar to the captive for the United States.

A SHOPKEEPER in Berlin, who sometimes supplying goods to the Court, lately showed his loyalty by putting in his window an announcement that "Nothing is sold here to Social Democrats." A few days after the announcement, a young man evidently of the wealthier class, came to the shop in a carriage and bought a large number of costly articles. The shopkeeper was all deference and eagerness; the parcels of goods were quickly made up and placed in the carriage; the purchaser had already taken out his purse to pay, when his eye fell on the announcement in the window. He at once put back his purse, told the storekeeper he was a Social Democrat, and therefore, of course, he could not take the articles. The shopkeeper endeavoured to compel him by law to complete the transaction, but the attempt was a failure. Since that time the placard has been removed. It would have been wiser if the shopkeeper had made his announcement—"Nothing is sold here to Social Democrats who are poor."

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

MR. MILLAIS is said to be about to paint a portrait of Lord Beaconsfield.

THE special correspondents are again on the move. Mr. Forbes has started for India for the *Daily News*, and Mr. F. Boyle, who represented the *Standard* with the Russian armies, has also left for India in the service of that journal. Mr. Sala is going for the *Telegraph* to Canada to chronicle the reception of the Marquis of Lorne, and Mr. Lucey will represent the *Daily News*.

IT is in contemplation at the Board of Trade, directly the present inquiry into the circumstances attending the loss of the *Princess Alice* is finished, to prohibit the carrying of anything like the large number of passengers hitherto taken on board any single steamer on the Thames, and to insist on some more practical means of saving life being employed than is at present in vogue.

THE cost of getting Afghanistan news from India is rather expensive. A telegram containing only 115 words cost a newspaper £25 17s. 6d., at 4s. 6d. a word, and yet when the Prince of Wales was in India some mistake having occurred between a correspondent and his paper at home, the parties carried on a conversation between England and India, which, though at a very much cheaper rate than that mentioned above, must have cost something like £40.

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer has lately found it his pleasing duty to acknowledge almost daily the receipt of certain sums for conscience money, a fair indication of the number of these repentant defrauders of the national purse. A few days ago he received "the second half of a £5 note, the first half of which was received in 1873"—a five years' struggle against temptation. What remorse he must have endured for having sent the first half; what doubts, what heartburnings, and what a sacrifice at last to part with what was no use to himself!

BRIGHTON has been startled during the past week by the apparition of a man mounted on a bicycle of colossal dimensions, who glides along on a level with the tops of the lamp-posts, towering above the height of ordinary carriages. The driving-wheel of this machine is nearly eight feet in height, so that the rider's head is some twelve feet from the ground. A champion bicyclist from the Cape of Good Hope ventured to try a ride on this monster, and found it necessary to cling ignominiously to a lamp-post in order to dismount. The wheel is 260 inches in circumference.

THE biography of the Earl of Beaconsfield, from the pen of Mr. F. Hitchman, which will shortly be published, is, report says, "inspired" by the Prime Minister himself. It will be at once a narrative and justification of his career, and its aim will be to show that throughout his public life the Earl of Beaconsfield has kept certain great principles and aims steadily in view. The noble lord has himself supplied his biographer with materials; and it is expected that the work, whatever may be its value as an apology for his career, will contain some matter of historical value.

WHAT POSTERITY MAY SEE.—Every one knows that Cleopatra's needle was safely placed in its destined position on the Thames embankment, in London, on the 12th of last month. Under its base, in two large earthenware jars, in addition to the standard measures authorized by the government, copies of the current coin of the realm, the leading newspapers of the day, were placed copies of the Bible in the English and French languages, the Hebrew Pentateuch, the Arabic Genesis, and a specimen published by the Bible Society showing the 16th verse of the 3d chapter of St. John (why this verse?) in 215 languages. In curious companionship with the above were put Bradshaw's railway guide, a shilling razor, a case of cigars, an infant's feeding bottle, a box of hairpins, "sundry articles of female adornment," photographs of a dozen pretty women, and sundry children's toys. All these will be safe enough while the needle stands—which will probably be until, to quote Macaulay's well remembered, but certainly by no means original sentence, "some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's." He may smile, in his possible and probable advanced civilization, at the heterogeneous articles which may be found beneath the monolith. Who

knows, if the Needle resist the assaults of time and accident up to his own era, whether it may have another journey, and finally rest on the soil of the Antipodes?

HUMOROUS.

A PHILOSOPHER says that great want proceeds from great wealth. We know better than that.

LAWYERS are never more earnest than when they work with a will—that is, if the estate is valuable.

A NEW grocery clerk never feels prepared for business unless he has a lead pencil anchored behind his left ear.

ONE reason why we accomplish so little in this world is because so much time is lost hunting up collar-buttons of a morning.

A FRENCH provincial play-bill announces that "the rôles of thieves will be played by amateurs of the town."

THE foundation for the meanest man is laid when a small boy turns the worm-hole in an apple for his companion to bite from.

THE average life of a glass-blower is only thirty-six years; while a stump-speaker, using twice the wind power, never, never dies.

SIX weeks now in which to work up a proper expression of countenance to carry when you get up from a slippery sidewalk, and hear the boys laughing.

PROBABLY there is nothing in the world that a man resents so quickly and so deeply as to find you awfully busy when he is perfectly at leisure.

THE dead leaves rustle with the rabbit's tread these days, and the boy with a pocketful of thornapples goes to the head of the class.

"No dictionary has been made for man that can describe the anguish of the soul without hope." Or of the boy with gray trousers and a black broadcloth patch.

THEY are talking of abolishing funerals in Ohio. Not that people will cease to die, but the funeral is expensive and the medical colleges get the corpses anyhow.

THE "watch dog's honest bark" is all right. It's a sure sign he is getting ready to dig for a safe corner and needs encouragement. It is the silent dog which gets in his work.

THE young man who won't defy earache, tooth-ache, neuralgia and cold in the head to hang over the gate with his girl would make a carping, fault-finding husband.

"How shall I earn a living?" is the title of an article in a contemporary. Perhaps it never occurred to the writer to go to work. That is the best way we know to earn a living.

NEW ENGLAND farmers can pack a barrel of apples so as to leave the quantity short half a bushel, and yet if they get a Western omelette with an old hat in the centre their rage knows no bounds.

"FIND out your child's specialty" is the urgent advice of a phrenologist. We have tried this, and find it is not so easy. Sometimes rock-candy seems to be the favourite, and then again there is a marked tendency to taffy.

A MAGAZINE contains a sonnet "On Returning Consciousness." There is no foot-note, and the reader is left in the dark as to whether the poet was stepped on by a pile-driver or kicked over the fence by the family mule.

SIX years ago two young men in Philadelphia inherited from their father about \$80,000 each. Since that period one has died poor, and the other is now driving a furniture cart for a living. The name of the daily paper they started is not given.

FROM the time a boy is eight years old until he is thirteen he devotes two solid hours of every day of his busy life to learning how to make a new kind of noise. By the time he is thirteen years old he has accumulated noise enough to last him the rest of his natural life, and use three kinds of noises the same day, too.

"MANDA, is you got dem chickens shut up in de smoke-house, like I told yer?" "No, an' I like to know what's de matter wid you, dat you's so mighty tickler 'bout dem chickens all at once!" "Nebber you mind, I know what's de matter, and dat's nuff till dem chickens is housed. When I hears dat dem niggers ober dar in de next yard gwine to hab a party to-morrow night, I want to be sure dat my chickens doesn't tend it; you hear me?" The chickens wete at once looked up.

SOME months ago the lord bishop of — came to this country on a visit to the Rev. Dr. — of the Episcopal church in York. The doctor instructed a coloured boy in his service to knock at the bedroom door of the lord bishop early in the morning and say: "My lord, the boy." Accordingly the next morning the boy, somewhat dazed by so much gradus, knocked at the bishop's door, who called out: "Who is there?" The boy responded: "The Lord, my boy."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

IT is said that Mile. Bianca del Grillo, Ristori's daughter, loves her gifted mother so devotedly that she is unwilling ever to marry and so be separated from her.

FOLI (he used to spell his name Foley) is of Irish birth, and claims to be the longest-legged basso on the stage. He says he makes two or three times as much money as any other basso.

MRS. JOHN HOEY was the grand originator of the dry-goods style on the American stage. She was leading lady at Wallack's Theatre, New York, and, having an ample fortune, was enabled to spend double her month's salary on one dress.

THEODORE THOMAS' farewell concert in New York was a dismal financial failure—Steinway Hall, where the concert was given, being fully two-thirds empty. The concert was tendered to Theodore by "prominent citizens of New York and Brooklyn," previous to his departure for the West.

HELEN TRACY, playing the heroine in "The Gilded Age," in Cincinnati, tried to shoot the villain, but the pistol wouldn't go off. The predicament was awkward. She clubbed the pistol and walked up to the rascal and banged him on the head with the handle. He dropped dead. But when she started back by affected horror and cast the pistol upon the floor, the thing went off close to her feet, making her yell with fright.

PATTI has signed an agreement by which she will be paid at a rate higher than any yet recorded in operatic history. Last winter she and Signor Nicolini were engaged at Milan for the carnival season, at salaries which yielded them together ten thousand francs, or two thousand dollars for each performance. A series of concerts has now been arranged for, at which Madame Patti will, in fact, receive two thousand five hundred dollars a night. These concerts are to be given at London, Manchester, and elsewhere, the first to take place in London next month.

DEAN STANLEY.

Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., Chaplain of the Order of the Bath, and Dean of Westminster, London, is the second son of Edward Stanley, D.D., Bishop of Norwich, a distinguished naturalist, by Catharine, daughter of the Rev. Oswald Leicester, rector of Stoke, Shropshire, and was born in Alderly, Cheshire, December 13th, 1815. He was educated at Rugby, and was the favourite pupil of the illustrious Arnold, his friendship with whom was only terminated by Arnold's death in 1842. Stanley obtained a Bachelior scholarship, got the Newdigate Poem in 1837, the Ireland in the same year, took a First-class in 1838, and obtained in 1839 the Latin essay, and in 1840 the English essay, and also the Ellerton theological prize, he being by this time Fellow of the University College. After this Mr. Stanley became known for many years in Oxford as one of the most able of the tutors, and as one of the pioneers of "Liberal opinions" in Oxford.

On his father's death, in 1850, he refused the deanery of Carlisle, tendered him by Lord John Russell, as a mark of respect to his father's merits as a Liberal bishop; but having been secretary of the Oxford University Commission, and one of its guiding spirits, he was rewarded in 1851 with a canonry at Canterbury. He returned to Oxford, in 1858, as Canon of Christ Church, the stall attached to the Regius Professorship of Ecclesiastical History, which he held, having fallen in. He had been selected preacher before the University in 1845-6. His subsequent career at Oxford, as the leader of the Liberal Party, is a matter of English history. In 1860 he was elected a member of the Hebdomadal Council. He was for many years Chaplain to the late Prince Consort, and on the Prince of Wales forming his establishment, he became Chaplain to His Royal Highness. He accompanied the Prince to the East, and on his return to London published a volume of sermons preached in the Holy Land. On January 9th, 1864, he was installed as Dean of Westminster, in the famous Abbe. He has a high reputation as an author and lecturer.

Dean Stanley arrived in Boston last month, preached one sermon and was entertained by Mr. Longfellow, at Boston, and Mr. Bancroft, at



THE VERY REVEREND ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, D.D., DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

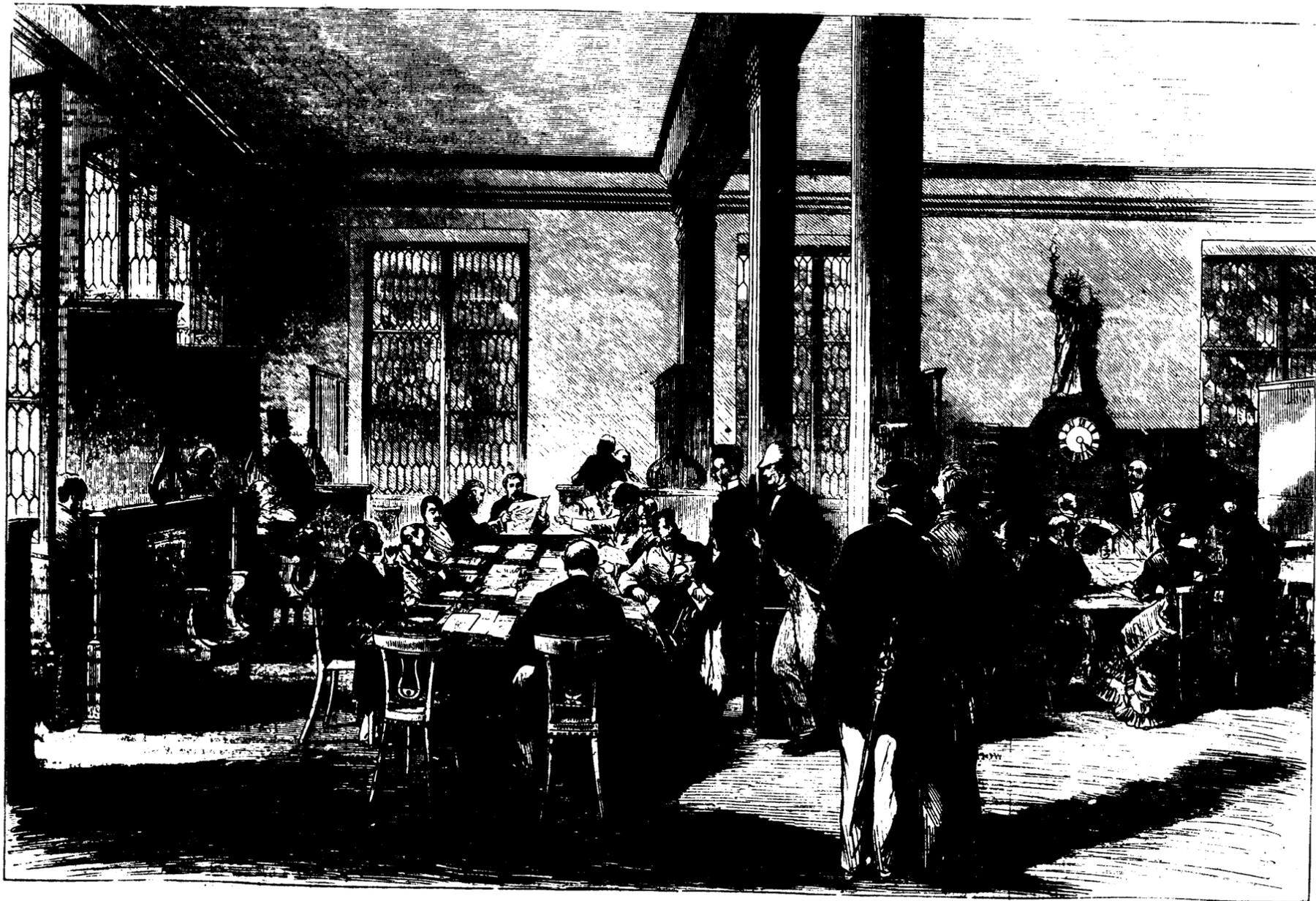
Newport. In New York he preached once, going thence up the Hudson as the guest of Cyrus W. Field. He was the guest of George W. Childs in Philadelphia, and of the leading clergymen at Richmond. He has visited a number of theological seminaries and educational institutions, and is travelling rapidly, as he is obliged to be in London early in November. He has spent a few days in Canada during the past week, and was the guest of Lord Dufferin, prior to the latter's departure, at Quebec.

HEARTH AND HOME.

FAVOURITE MEAT PIE.—Take cold roast beef, or roast meat of any kind, slice it thin, cut it rather small, and lay it, wet with gravy and sufficiently peppered and salted, in a meat pie dish—if liked, a small onion may be chopped fine and sprinkled over it. Over the meat pour a cupful of stewed tomatoes, a little more pepper, and a thick layer of mashed potatoes. Bake slowly in a moderate oven till the top is a light brown.

DECISION OF CHARACTER.—There is nothing more to be esteemed than a manly firmness and decision of character. We like a person who knows his own mind and sticks to it; who sees at once what is to be done in given circumstances and does it. He does not beat about the bush for difficulties or excuses, but goes the shortest and most effectual way to obtain his own ends, or to accomplish a useful object. If he can serve you, he will; if he cannot, he will say so.

Morality, like the pyramid, stands and begins on the ground, but goes up till its apex far up points to the heavens. Morality means the whole, from the bottom to the top, although men divide it and call the upper religion and the lower morality. It is all morality and all religion. They are not divisible, or properly so, under such circumstances. To say that the lower forms of morality are sufficient is to pervert the truth, to mislead men's minds. It is a man's duty to be moral in all the spheres where law touches him in this life, and, where a man is endeavouring to be faithful to his light and knowledge in all those spheres, that man we call a religious man; and morality and religion merge into each other, and are part and parcel of one experience.



PARIS.—THE PRESS PAVILION AT THE EXHIBITION.

CONTEMPLATION AND ACTION.—John Paul Richter thus beautifully contrasts these two qualities of the soul: "Who is the greater sage—he who lifts himself above the stormy time and contemplates it without action, or he who, from the high region of calmness, throws himself into the battling tumult of the times? Sublime is it, when the eagle soars upwards through the storm into the clear heaven; but sublimer when, floating in the serene blue above, he darts down through the thick storm-cloud to the rock-hung eyry, where his unfeathered young live and tremble."

ENTHUSIASM.—We are apt to smile at enthusiastic people, and the smile is mingled with compassion. "He is so enthusiastic," we say apologetically of some friend, and we make the admission as if it implied a want of balance. But what would the world be without enthusiastic souls, or how would its great enterprises be sustained and accomplished? Enthusiasm is the lever by which most of us need to be lifted. The inertness of selfish or preoccupied or indolent souls can be overcome only by this force. For enthusiasm is gifted with the faculty of seeing into futurity, and, overlooking the intermediate steps, the toil and effort of the work, beholds a glorious vision of the whole, and is refreshed thereby, while the duller spirits are yet doubting and calculating. Some one has said, and said truly, that "he is old indeed who has outlived his enthusiasm." Well for us if we have kept ours, if we can still be enthusiastic over a fine poem, a noble deed, an exalted aim!

RED CABBAGE.—(1) A Flemish recipe: Wash and trim a cabbage, put it into a saucepan, with sufficient cold water to cover it; let it come gradually to the boil, then add four or five apples peeled, cored, and quartered, a small piece of butter, pepper, and salt; stew gently till quite tender, strain, add to the liquor a thickening of butter and flour, a teaspoonful of vinegar, and one of currant or gooseberry jelly. Dish the cabbage with the apples round it, and the sauce over. (2) Having well washed the cabbage, shred it very small, and put it, with a slice of ham minced, into a stewpan with some melted grease (from the *pot-au-feu*); add an onion stuck with cloves, pepper and salt; simmer gently—tossing frequently—till quite ten-

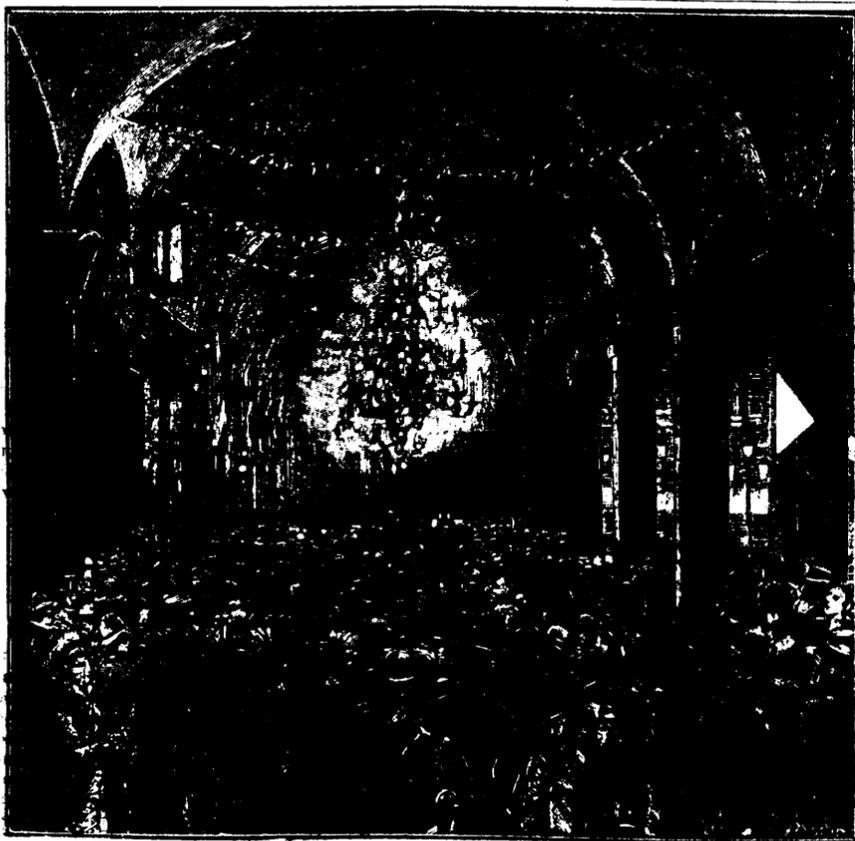
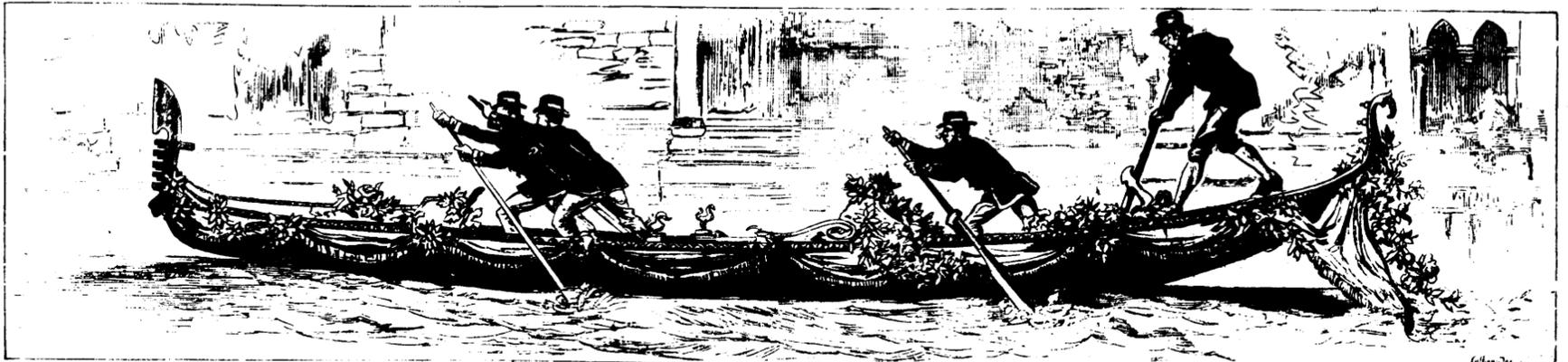


RIGHT REVEREND WILLIAM BOND, BISHOP ELECT OF MONTREAL.

der. Just before serving remove the onion and cloves, add the yolks of two eggs and a teaspoonful of vinegar; serve very hot with fried sausages.

TWO KINDS OF LOVE.—We have seen girls who describe themselves as being very affectionate, and are always saying, "I wish you could love me," when one isn't in a mood for sweet stuff. The most loving-hearted girls don't show their feelings by any means. They do not love to kiss, or parade affection, but they are kind, oh, so kind, to their last breath and drop of strength, to those who need and deserve their care. Kind with the kindness that makes one wise for others' happiness, so that mother looks into the mending-basket to find that troublesome torn shirt-sleeve made whole, and the apron finished for Bobby, and father has the room quiet for a long evening when he wants to read the debates, or to make calculations, and Susie finds her rain-spoiled dress sponged and ironed fresh in the wardrobe, and every member of the household receives some token of loving service. There is nothing in the way of real kindness that such a girl will not do, however homely it may be. The kisses and the love-making may be shy enough with her, but the kindness is for everybody, and it runs very deep. Nothing draws on her help and sympathy so much as to need it most, to be without interest or attraction in any way. The best recipe for going through life in an exquisite way, with beautiful manners, is to feel that everybody, no matter how rich or poor, needs all the kindness he can get from others in the world. The true lady is ever willing to sign herself, "Yours faithfully."

The postmen are now provided with *galons* or stripes are rakish kepis. Each stripe represents a series of years of service, entitling to increased pay, and a choice by rotation of the least difficult beats in the city, and where, of course, the fattest New Year's gifts are to be obtained. The bus drivers and conductors are to be subjected to the *galon* system also; and a writer advocates that the plan be applied to the teachers of the national schools, whom the State ought to supply with uniforms, as they do materials for education, and houses wherein the masters can reside.



THE KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY AT VENICE. 1. Decoration of the Portico of the Procuratie Vecchie. 2. Illumination of the Public Garden. 3. One of the Royal Gondolas.

THE SPELLING BEE AT ANGEL'S.

REPORTED BY TRUTHFUL JAMES.

Waltz in, waltz in, ye little kids, and gather round my knee,
And drop them books and first pot-hooks, and hear a yarn
from me.
I kin not sling a fairy tale of Jinny's fierce and wild,
For I hold it is unchristian to deceive a simple child;
But as from school yer driftin' by I thowt ye'd like to
hear
Of a "Spellin' Bee" at Angel's that we organized last
year.
It warn't made up of gentle kids—of pretty kids—like
you,
But gents ez hed their reg'lar growth, and some enough
for two.
There woz Lanky Jim of Sutter's Fork and Bilson of
Lagrange,
And "Pistol Bob," who wore that day a knife by way
of change.
You start, you little kids, you think these are not pretty
names,
But each had a man behind it, and—my name is Truth-
ful James.

Thar waz Poker Dick from Whisky Flat and Smith of
Shooter's Bend,
And Brown of Calaveras—which I want no better friend.
Three-fingered Jack—yes, pretty dears—three fingers—
you have five.
Clapp out off two—it's sing'lar, too, that Clapp aint now
alive.

'Twas very wrong, indeed, my dears, and Clapp was
much to blame;
Likewise was Jack, in after years, for shootin' of that
same.

The nights waz kinder lengthenin' out, the rains had jest
begun,
When all the camp came up to Pete's to have their usual
fun;
But we all sot a kinder sad-like around the bar-room
stove,
Till Smith got up, permiskis-like, and this remark he
hove:
"That's a new game down in Frisco, that ez far ez I kin
see,
Beats euchre, poker and van-toon, they calls the 'Spell-
in' Bee.'"

Then Brown of Calaveras simply hitched his chair and
spoke:
"Poker is good enough for me," and Lanky Jim sez
"Shake!"
And Bob allowed he warn't proud, but he "must say
right thar
That the man who tackled euchre hed his education
suar."
This brought up Lenny Fairchild, the schoolmaster, who
said
He knew the game and he would give instructions on
that head.

"For instance, take some simple word," sez he, "like
'separate,'
Now who can spell it?" Dog my skin, ef thar was one in
eight.
This set the boys all wild at once. The chairs waz put
in row,
And at the head waz Lanky Jim, and at the foot waz
Joe,
And high upon the bar itself the schoolmaster waz
raised,
And the bar-keeper put his glasses down, and sat and
silent gazed.

The first word out waz "parallel," and seven let it be,
Till Joe waltzed in his double "l" betwixt the "a"
and "e";
For, since he drilled them Mexicans in San Jacinto's
fight,
Thar warn't no prouder man got up than Pistol Joe
that night—
Till "rhythm" came! He tried to smile, then said,
"they had him there,"
And Lanky Jim, with one long stride got up and took
his chair.

O little kids! my pretty kids, 'twas touchin' to survey
These bearded men, with weppings on, like school-boys
at their play.
They'd laugh with glee, and shout to see each other lead
the van.
And Bob sat up as monitor with a one for a rattan,
Till the chair gave out "incinerate," and Brown said
he'd be darned
If any such blamed word as that in school waz ever
learned.

When "phthisis" came they all sprang up, and vowed
the man who rung
Another blamed Greek word on them be taken out and
hung.
As they sat down again I saw in Bilson's eye a flash,
And Brown of Calaveras waz a-twistin' his mustache,
And when at last Brown slipped on "gnosis" and Bilson
took his chair,
He dropped some casual words about some folks who
dyed their hair.

And then the Chair grew very white, and the Chair said
he'd adjourn,
But Poker Dick remarked that he would wait and get
his turn;
Then with a tramblin' voice and hand, and with a wan
derin' eye,
The Chair next offered "sider-duck," and Dick began
with "I."
And Bilson smiled—then Bilson shrieked! Just how
the fight begun
I never knowed, for Bilson dropped and Dick he moved
up one.

Then certain gents arose and said "they'd business
down in camp,"
And "ez the road waz rather dark, and ez the night waz
damp,
They'd—here got up Three-fingered Jack and locked
the door and yelled:
"No, not one mother's son goes out till that thar word is
spelled!"
But while the words were on his lips, he groaned and sank
in pain,
And sank with Webster on his chest and Worcester on
his brain.

Below the bar dodged Poker Dick and tried to look
ez he
Waz huntin' up authorities that no one else could see;
And Brown got down behind the stove allowin' he "waz
cold,"
Till it upst and down his legs the cinders freely rolled,
And several gents called "Order!" till in his simple
way
Poor Smith began with "O" "R"—"or"—and he waz
dragged away.

O little kids, my pretty kids, down on your knees and
pray!
You've got your eddication in a peaceful sort of way;
And bear in mind that may be sharps ez slings their
spellin' square,
But likewise slings their bowie-knives without a thought
of care—

You wants to know the rest, my dears? That's all! In
me you see
The only gent that lived to tell about that Spellin' Bee!

He ceased and passed, that truthful man; the children
went their way
With downcast heads and downcast hearts—but not to
sport or play.
For when at eve the lamps were lit, and supperless to
bed
Each child waz sent, with tasks undone and lessons all
unsaid,
No man might know the awful woe that thrilled their
youthful frames,
As they dreamed of Angel's Spelling Bee and thought of
Truthful James.

Bret Harte, in November Scribner.

SELLING THE SOUL.

"This word 'Damnation' terrifies not me,
For I confound Hell in Elysium.
A sound Magician is a demi-god!"
—[Marlowe's Faustus.

"CYPRIAN. Oh, could I possess that woman,
To my aid from Hell I'd summon
A potent Devil—and my soul
Give by bond to his control:
Suffering, whoso'er he swept it,
Endless tortures!
DEMON (from below,) I accept it."
—[Calderon's Magico Prodigioso.

"And had not his own wilfulness
His soul unto the Devil bound,
He must, with certainly no less,
His self-damnation soon have found."
—[Goethe's Faust.

Without seeking to fix the exact date when the greatest of Spanish poets wrote his lyrical tragedy of "El Magico Prodigioso," it is certain that one of the greatest of our English dramatists had previously written "The Tragic Life and Death of Doctor Faustus." It appears to have been first published in 1604 (black-letter 4to), and Calderon de la Barca was not born till 1601. The subject or ruling principle of each of these extraordinary dramas is essentially the same, and is in some respects identical with the "Faust" of the greatest poet of Germany. There are no signs whatever that Calderon knew anything of Marlowe's tragedy, either in the original or through translation. That Goethe was conversant with both the above dramas is more than probable, although there is only a general resemblance in some of his earlier scenes. Howbeit, in our own period the richly-adorned poem of Goethe has (very unjustly, in our opinion) concentrated and absorbed the exclusive attention of the literary public in his version of the profoundly interesting legend, of Dr. Faustus. The learned and admirable story by Dr. Hueffer is scarcely an exception.

The theological and philosophical arguments in the German drama differ from those of the Spanish poet, chiefly in their great breadth and their variety of illustration; as also from those of the English Faustus, who contents himself, for the most part, with certain scholastic problems in cosmogony and astronomy, and a declaration of his determination to become a great magician. To obtain this power he is ready to barter his soul. He says:

"Why should he not—is not his soul his own?"

A Good Angel and a Bad Angel appear to him and advance their several arguments. The latter prevails with him, and then the magnificent Kit Marlowe puts these words into the mouth of Faustus:

"Had I as many souls as there are stars,
I'd give them all."

The Bad Angel exhorts him to "despair in God, and trust to Belzebub." Still, he is not without serious misgivings; and when he is about to sign the deed of gift with his blood, the influence of the Good Angel prevails, and the blood suddenly stops flowing—

"My blood congeals, and I can write no more!"

He had previously asked himself:

"Why waverest thou?
Oh, something sounded in mine ear—
Abjure that magic—turn to God again!"

Suddenly he sees the words "Homo, fugi!" written upon his arm. It vanishes. He does not fly. It returns! Yet he will not fly. He has duly read the Latin Incantation; and in the end, after stipulating for four-and-twenty years of magical power and human enjoyments of every kind, he signs a deed of gift in regular legal form, which gives it a ghastly air of diabolical reality.

In the "Magico Prodigioso," the sale of "the immortal soul" is effected by a similar bond, which Cyprian signs with his blood; but the preliminaries are very different from the above, and the main incentive and object are different. The Mephistopheles is also a far more learned, philosophical and courtly person. On his first appearance, as Shelley translated it (in the *Liberal*), we read, "Enter the Devil as a fine Gentleman." The surrender of Cyprian's soul to the Demon, though preceded by intense intellectual struggles, dissatisfactions with the results of philosophical studies, theological arguments, and a yearning after forbidden knowledge, is nevertheless finally determined upon for the sake of obtaining personal possession of a certain beautiful and virtuous lady. This lady (*Justina*) exercises an influence upon the hero (*Cyprian*) throughout the drama, far surpassing that of Helen in Marlowe's tragedy, and quite equal to the influence Margaret exercises over Faust. But it is of a very different kind in some respects, for *Justina*, besides being a boldly-

reasoning theologian, placing her life in peril as a heretic, is pursued in the first instance by two lovers before Cyprian sees her. Other situations are also in the highest style of the Spanish comedy of intrigue. These two lovers are prevented from fighting a mortal duel by the mediatorial reasonings of Cyprian, who takes so much interest in what is said of the lady that he is quite prepared to fall in love with her himself. This happens shortly after *Justina's* character being regarded as of immaculate purity by these three adorers, the Demon adopts a peculiarly Spanish *treta fraudulenta* in order to damage, if not destroy, her reputation. He secretes himself in the balcony of her bed-chamber, and, when the two former lovers are advancing from opposite sides under the cover of the night, down slips the Demon by a rope, and suddenly diving into the earth, the two lovers come close upon each other, each one believing the other had just descended by the rope! A second duel is also prevented by the entrance of Cyprian. His love is, of course, much troubled by what they tell him. In some sort he is glad of it, as they agree to give her up as an unworthy object, and this relieves him of their rivalry; but partly he disbelieves the scandalous statement, and in any case his passion is too engrossing to be turned aside. He throws off his student's dress, and orders a rich court-suit, with sword and feathers; away with books and studies, for "love is the homicide of genius." He calls to his servants Moscon and Clarin:

"Moscon, prevenme manana
Galas; Clarin, trae me luego;
Espada y plumas; que amor
Se regala en el objeto,
Al rojo y lucido. Y ya
Ni libros ni estudios quiero;
Porque digan, que es amor
Homicida del ingenio."
—[Jornada, I.

From this point in the drama Cyprian pursues *Justina* with devoted passion. She does not encourage his hopes, and the Demon, by reason of her purity and holiness of spirit, has no real power over her. Nevertheless, he promises her to Cyprian. And the "juggling fiend" brings the meeting about in the following fashion: In a lonely wood a phantom figure of *Justina* appears, which Cyprian embraces, and presently carries off in his arms—when the following scene occurs:

"CYPR. Ya, bellisimi *Justina*,
En este sitio que oculto,
Ni el sol le penetra a rayos," etc.
—[Jornada, III.

"CYPR. Now, O beautiful *Justina*,
In this sweet and secret covert,
Where no beam of sun can enter,
Nor the breeze of heaven blow roughly;
Now the trophy of thy beauty
Makes my magic toils triumphant,
For here, folding thee, no longer
Have I need to fear disturbance.
Fair *Justina*, thou hast cost me
Even my soul! But in my judgment,
Since the gain has been so glorious,
Not so dear has been the purchase.
Oh! unveil thyself, fair goddess,
Not in clouds obscure and murky,
Not in vapors hide the sun—
Show its golden rays refugent!"

[He draws aside the cloak, and discovers a skeleton.]

In the brief space at our disposal in the present paper it must be obvious that no attempt can be made to give more than a syncretical view of this wonderful poem; sufficient, however, has been presented to show that it takes rank, together with Marlowe's tragedy, as the earliest of the high-class poetical, magical, amatory, philosophical, and theological treatment to which the remarkable old legend of Dr. Faustus is so manifestly open. And this would be the most palpable with respect to "El Magico Prodigioso" if we would give some of the argumentative discussions between Cyprian and the Demon; but for these as well as the love-scenes, the reader must be referred to the original, or to the translations of Shelley as the most beautifully poetical, and to those of Mr. D. F. MacCarthy as the most complete and literal.

Highly, and justly, has Milton been eulogized for his portrait of Satan, thus redeeming the "Prince of Darkness" from the old grotesque monster with horns and tail, as described and "illuminated" in monastic missals and legends. But in the intellectual sorrow and retrospective pangs of the "archangel ruined," Milton was preceded in some degree by Marlowe, and in a direct and sustained manner, both in sorrow and intellectual grandeur, by Calderon:

"Tan galan fui por mis partes,
Por mi lustre tan herolico,
Tan noble por mi linage,
Y por mi ingenio tan docto," etc.
—[Jornada, II.

Here is Shelley's noble translation:

"Since thou desirest, I will then unveil
Myself to thee; for in myself I am
A world of happiness and misery:
This I have lost, and that I must lament
Forever. In my attributes I stood
So high and so heroically great,
In lineage so supreme, and with a genius
Which penetrated with a glance the world
Beneath my feet, that, won by my high merit,
A king—whom I may call the King of kings
Because all others tremble in their pride
Before the terrors of his countenance,
In his high palace roofed with brightest gems
Of living light—call them the stars of heaven—
Named me his Counsellor. But the high praise
Stung me with pride and envy, and I rose
In mighty competition, to ascend
His seat and place my foot triumphantly
Upon his subject throne. Chastised, I know
The depth to which ambition falls: too mad
Was the attempt, and yet more mad were now
Repentance of the irrevocable deed:
Therefore I choose this ruin with the glory
Of not to be subdued, before the shame
Of reconciling me with him who reigns.
By cowardcession."

So powerful in its features and individuality is the portrait of Satan drawn and painted by Milton, that one can not suppose he was at all indebted to "El Magico Prodigioso" for the hero of "Paradise Lost;" but the coincidence is surely very remarkable, and remarkable also as never having been noticed before, so far as I am aware; but I say this under correction. The Demon proceeds in a strain equally Miltonic:

"Nor am I now, nor shall I be alone,
And there waz hope, and there may still be hope,
For many suffrages among his vassals
Hailed me their lord and king, and many still
Are mine, and many more, perchance, shall be.
Thus vanquished, though in fact victorious,
I left his seat of empire, from mine eyes
Shooting forth poisonous lightning, while my words
With insidious thunders shook Heaven,
Proclaiming vengeance, public as my wrong,
And imprecating on his prostrate slaves
Rapine, and death, and outrage."

We must admit that Shelley's translation, being in his stately and harmonious blank verse, makes the resemblance to Milton far greater than the *asonante* lyrics of the original (or those of the literal translation of Mr. MacCarthy—for neither of them sound at all like Milton); the sense and purport, however, are not affected by the difference in the genius and style of the two languages.

Without searching ancient classic times, or times yet more remote, for philosophers and other celebrated men who had a "familiar demon" in frequent attendance, we may regard it as pretty certain that the sale of the human soul to the devil in order to obtain forbidden knowledge, together with magic powers enabling the possessor to work wonders, and also to obtain unlimited enjoyments of life during a specified number of years, originated in German towns, and probably in the form of itinerant plays and puppet-shows, as early as 1404. Some of these, or of similar kind, were subsequently printed. There was the "Wahrhaftigen Historien von denen graulichen Sunden Dr. Johann Faustens;" Hamburg, 1599. There was "Doctor Faustus," von J. Widman, printed in Berlin, 1587; and another in the same year by Spiess. Plays on this subject, if not printed, were acted in travelling shows in Poland and in France; and it was probably not long after this period that Marlowe wrote his tragedy, and had it produced on the stage, though it seems not to have been printed till some years later.

This subject was produced in various forms during the next twenty years, but it is remarkable how closely they all held to the main principle of the early legend. A curious old theatrical pamphlet is now before me, entitled "The Necromancer, or Harlequin Doctor Faustus, as performed at the Theatre Royal in Lincoln's-inn-fields. Printed and Sold at the Bookseller's Shop at the corner of Searle street, and by A. Dodd, at the Peacock, without Temple Bar, 1723." It is preceded by "The Vocal Parts of the Entertainment." The reader of the present day, having before his mind the vulgar comic stuff that is "said and sung" at three-fourths or more of the London theatres, and at nine-tenths of our provincial theatres, and of the theatres in all English-speaking countries—for which London managers are directly answerable—will naturally anticipate that these "Vocal Parts," introductory to the Necromantic Entertainment of "Harlequin Doctor Faustus," can be nothing less than a burlesque, and one of the most unmitigated kind. It is no such thing. The title, no doubt, is not a little misleading; but the treatment of the old legend is worthy of all respect, as the opening scene will testify:

"SCENE—A study. The Doctor discovered reading at a table. A good and bad Spirit appear:

"GOOD SPIRIT.

O Faustus! thy good Genius warns;
Break off in time; pursue no more
An Art that will thy Soul ensnare!

"BAD SPIRIT.

Faustus, go on! That Fear is vain:
Let thy great Heart aspire to trace
Dark Nature to her secret Springs,
Till Knowledge make thee deemed a God.

[Good and Bad Spirits disappear. The Doctor uses magical motions, and an Infernal Spirit rises.]

This infernal Spirit informs the Doctor that his spells have been successful, and that the "King of Night" proposes to divide his power with the Magician. The infernal Spirit then significantly shows a paper. The good Spirit then appears, and warns Faustus; but in vain, and we then have the following:

"INCANTATION.

Arise! ye subtle Forms that sport
Around the Throne of sable Night,
Whose Pleasures in her silent Court,
Are unprofaned with baleful Light.

As the Doctor still hesitates to sign the fatal "paper," the infernal Spirit "strikes the table, and it appears covered with gold, crowns, sceptres, etc." All sorts of promises are then made, and finally the apparition of the beautiful Helen of Troy is called up. The Doctor's scruples being overcome by that, he is "preparing to address Helen with fondness," when the infernal Spirit "interposes," and, conditionally, "offers the paper!"

The Doctor—"gazing at Helen"—signs the bond, but after this, on "attempting to approach Helen," she vanishes, together with the infernal Spirit, "who sinks laughing," in the most dishonorable manner. The next scene is called "The Doctor's School of Magic;" and pupils are seated on each side of the stage to receive lessons, and "see the Power of his Art."

Not much, however, comes of this, even though the phantom of the Stygian ferryman, Charon, proposes to show them "Ghosts of every occupation." We are not favored in this old theatrical curiosity with an account of the "Harlequinade," which is to follow; and as we know nothing of the scenery, the dresses, and the music, it is impossible to form any judgment or conjecture as to its effect as a stage representation. My only object was to make apparent the earnestness with which this old necromantic legend was treated by all parties. Even the prose stories had a grim air of reality about them. In an old pamphlet I picked up when a child, one of the feats of magic performed by Dr. Faustus was during a walk in the highroad near a little market-town, when, for a "pleasant-wager" with some friend, he stops a wagoner, and "eats a load of hay." A moment never to be forgotten, from its startling effect upon the imagination of childhood, on reading—all in secret—the heading of one of the chapters—"Doctor Faustus eats a load of hay!" With devouring eyes we read the account of the preposterously impossible performance, and more than half believed it.

That scenes of comedy, even low comedy, and occasionally broad farce, have been introduced in the great majority of the numerous dramas that have been written on this subject, is well known. Even the classic Spanish of "El Magico Prodigioso" is made to stoop from its dignified earnestness and poetical attitude to indulge in several of the dullest attempts at fun, and the drieriest of humor, except in the malignant gymnastics of the demon in his several manœuvres to destroy the reputation of Justina. The "jovial fellows" in Auerbach's cellar, and certain other characters in Goethe's "Faust," are also introduced with a view to variety and relief; and the same may be urged in justification of the broad, and coarse, as well as farcical scenes introduced in Marlowe's tragedy. But, with regard to these latter offences, a very acceptable exonerating may be discovered. We find it in old records of his time that one "William Bride, and one Samuel Rowled received £4 for their *adycions* to Dr. Faustus, in 1602," i. e., before its first publication in 4to, and probably before it was acted. The ears of the "groundlings" of that day required to be tickled with stuff of that sort, just as in our own day the eyes, both of the groundlings and upperlings, require—or are constantly assumed by managers to require—a grossness of an equal though a different kind. It is fairly open to opinion that Marlowe did not write the coarse nonsense in the above drama, although he may have interpolated a passage or two. For instance: The Doctor, having had a quarrel with Mephistopheles on some question of astronomy, is abruptly left by the latter, and then Faustus calls upon Christ "to save distressed Faustus' soul!" Whereupon, Lucifer and Beelzebub, having been apprised by Mephistopheles of the danger of losing their prey, enter suddenly to bring him to his senses. With this view they "entertain" him with a sight of the Seven Deadly Sins, who appear in succession. One of these (viz., Envy) is certainly not unworthy of Marlowe, in his grotesque vein:

"I am Envy! begotten of a chimney-sweep and an oyster-wife. I cannot read and therefore wish all books burned. I am lean with seeing others eat. O that there would come a famine all over the world! that all might die, and I live alone. Then, thou shouldst see how fat I'd be! But (to Lucifer) must thou sit while I stand! Come down with a vengeance!"

Among other entertaining things Faustus wished to have a good look at hell. He exclaims to Lucifer in passionate accents, "Oh, might I see hell—and return again safe—how happy were I then!"

After this we have more vulgar tricks, not so much like magic for the "lower orders," as conjuring tricks for country clowns; and all this we may, without offence, set down to the account of the £4 paid to "right wittie" Master W. Bride, and the very worthy and ingenious Master Rowled, for their pleasant "adycions." It may be asked, "How did Marlowe relish this?" Why, just as Shakespeare relished, or disregarded, the many interpolations made in his plays. Besides, these things were continually done. In those days they did not care a straw about such matters. But the profound tragic pathos and power of Marlowe begins to show itself as he is approaching the closing scenes of the tragedy. His Mephistopheles has previously displayed, occasionally, both pathos and dignity; and Milton found some thoughts worthy of being placed in the mouth of his grand Satan. In one of the early scenes, the devil says, in reply to a question about the infernal regions:

"Hell hath no limits; nor is circumscribed
In one self place; but where we are is hell."

Marlowe's Faustus.

The closing movements in "El Magico Prodigioso" are conducted with great dignity and impassioned earnestness. Cyprian has sold his soul to the Demon for various services to be rendered; but, by a puzzling kind of theological contradiction he is doomed to die, not in fulfilment of his contract with the Demon, but by public execution as one of the early Christian martyrs of Antioch. How the fiend could allow this to happen is perplexing, for surely he must have known that it would be very difficult to carry off the soul of a man who had earned the crown of martyrdom. Justina also abjures the gods of her country, and dies on the scaffold as a convert to christianity. Having always refused herself to Cyprian in life, she very pathetically reminds him, while they are both in the con-

demned cell, that she had said she could only love him in death, and that now she is ready to fulfil her promise. They both declare themselves prepared to endure any tortures, and Cyprian grandly adds that one who has given his soul for her should make light of giving up his body to God:

"CYP. Quien el alma dio por ti,
Que hara en dar por Dios el cuerpo?
"JUST. Que en la muerte te queria
Dije; y pues a morir llevo
Contigo, Cypriano, ya
Cumpli mis ofrecimientos."

—[Jornada, III.

Soon after this scene a terrible storm shakes the whole city, to the dismay of the governor, and all the people who appear to crowd round him in the hall of justice. The last scene then opens, and discovers a scaffold, upon which the heads and bodies of Cyprian and Justina are seen; while in the air above them the Demon is seated upon a winged serpent. He addresses the spectators, declaring the purity of Justina, and that the two martyrs have ascended to the "spheres of the sacred throne of God," who commands him, most unwillingly, to make this announcement. The Demon then darts downward under the earth: but the pagan Governor standing firm for the State-religion, assures the people that what they have just seen and heard are the enchantments effected as the last despairing act of the wicked Cyprian:

"GOV. Todos estos son encantos,
Que aqueste agoa ha hecho
Elisn muerte."

In the preternatural workmanship—the *diablerie* of Goethe—the close and vivid familiarity with thaumaturgic scenes of picturesque glamour, as well as fast and frantic revels—not to speak of the apparently intimate knowledge of the secret movements of the devil's mind, prodigally displayed in his "Faust"—with all the dialogues, characters, scenery, songs, and choruses, in the "Walpurgisnacht"—the great German poet may fairly be said to surpass every other; and, indeed, to put all others, except Shakespeare, far into the shade. The comical deviltries interpolated in Marlowe's "Faustus" are mere clownish pretenses in comparison; and even in the mountain-moving and other *encantaciones* in Calderon's "Magico Prodigioso" are poor enough beside what is seen, said, sung, and done, after the Ignis Fatuus has led Faust and Mephistopheles into the "true witch-element" of the Hartz Mountains on Mayday-night. This is the very perfection of realized unreality in high fantastic incantations. But what are we to make of the last scene of this tragedy, whether we take it from the First Part (as is usually done) or from the Second Part? As to the last scene in Marlowe's tragedy, it is worthy of special note that with regard to the three heroes of these three extraordinary tragedies, in which each hero has, by a bond sealed with his blood, sold his soul to the devil—not through a juggle, but by direct intention—Marlowe's man is the only one who is really damned. The other two, by one means or other, are "saved," but an Elizabethan dramatist was not likely to play at fast and loose, and he therefore "gives the devil his due," and allows him to take full possession of his horror-stricken bondman. This is preceded by agonizing mental struggles and writhings to avoid what he knows to be inevitable; and few things can be more touching than the amiability and unselfishness—now brought out for the first time, as by the up-rooting of his inmost depths of feeling—with which Faustus reverts to his early love of study among his dear fellow-students; while he now wishes from his heart with scalding tears, that he had "never seen Wittenberg—never read book." And then, a few hours before midnight, he begs his friends not to imperil their own lives by coming in to his assistance, whatever cries and screams they may hear, "for nothing can save him." They take a last farewell, and Faustus calls upon the "hours" to stand still. "O lente, lente, currite Noctis equi!" The whole of this final scene is worked up with a dreadful power of ideal realization that perhaps surpasses every other scene in the entire range of tragic composition. "See where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!" He calls upon Christ, and madly endeavors to "leap up"—but something "pulls him down!" If tragic terror and the profoundest pathos of pity ever attained their utmost limits, they certainly do so in this closing scene, wherein he cries:

O Soul, be changed into small water-drops,
And fall into the ocean!—ne'er be found!"

We have seen how the hero of "El Magico Prodigioso" escapes from his bondholder. Let us now see how it fares with the Faust of the great German poet. We shall have a word or two to say as to the close of the Second Part; but, by common literary consent, the tragedy is not unfairly considered a clearly intelligible matter to end with the First Part. Margaret cries out with horror that Mephistopheles is coming to bear her away. The fiend calls to Faust to come to his side, or he will leave him in the same predicament as Margaret, who, he says, has been "judged." But a "Voice from above says she is saved!" That is, Eternal Justice recognizes the fact that, whatever may have been her wrong doings, they were really attributable to her brain-seething, seductive lover—the theological *roué*, Faust. And what becomes of him? Why, the fiend now becomes his guardian genius, having previously warned him not to stay and share the expected doom of Margaret—and, calling him to his side, vanished with him! That the great author did not intend him to make good his damnatory bond at this time

seems evident, by this close of the drama, and next by his writing a Second Part.

If any great author of a former date could uplift his head from the tomb, and note with astonishment what was said about him and his works at the present day, it may safely be assumed that no astonishment could surpass that of Master William Shakespeare. And this feeling would probably rise to its height on finding that Dr. Hermann Ulrici has proved that Shakespeare had, though unconsciously, a special, ethical, philosophical, or theological design in each of his principal plays. Something not unlike this might perhaps be expected in the case of Goethe, and more particularly with regard to the Second Part of "Faust." All the English critics, as well as the translators, "fight shy" of it, so that really the great majority of foreign readers scarcely know of its existence. But a deep-seeing, subtly inventive and expounding genius at length came to light in the person of William Kyle. His cabalistic book is entitled "An Exposition of the Symbolic Terms of the Second Part of 'Faust,'" which "proves itself to be a dramatic treatment of the modern history of Germany." Alluding to this Second Part, a writer in the *Saturday Review* observed that it was "too hopelessly mystical not to find a great number of profound admirers in Germany. One of these students, and a sincere one, let us frankly and unhesitatingly admit, is Herr Kyle. To examine this remarkably German book is of course impossible in this paper. We can only observe that an elucidatory diagram is given in the page preceding the introduction, something like a trapezium, or rather an imperfect square with nothing inside; and we must then proceed at one vigorous dash through all the physical elements, and their respective symbolic signification, etc., and come to the last act. We are here informed that "Faust has already accomplished a part of his prescribed task." This consisted in hemming the bounds of the sea." This rather bold figure of rhetoric is explained to mean "rendering it more adapted for the service of the rational man; i. e., the great ocean of (religious) sentiment existing in the breast of the German nation." And this task "attracted the attention of ideal genius since the year 1750." The great names of Kant, Jacobi, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, Feuerbach, Strauss, and others, are then adduced as apostles of this work, which are to culminate in Faust! He is the ideal genius of rationalism, as Mephisto is "the spirit of religious dogmatism." The era of "ideal toleration now begins, and" (without a word of real toleration) "Faust is reconciled to the imagination of the world at large." How this fine finishing up releases him from his soul's bond one can not well perceive; but we are now told that "he ascends into heaven, guided by the ideal of eternal love." It is added casually, that "royalty, aristocracy, and the church, are no more visible. Henceforth, ideal genius is to be regarded as the sacred power of the world at large." Finally (and it is with extreme preparations and difficulty that we are allowed ever to get to any finality), Margaret pleads for her lover and seducer, who caused her evil-doing and pathetically tragic death, and appeals to the higher power in heaven—to the ideal of eternal love.

"Mater Gloriosa.

Komm! hebe dich zu höhern Sphaeren!
Wenn er dich ahnet, folgt er nach."

Our author, Herr Kyle, does not stop even here; but we must; and we take leave of him with great respect for what is evidently his sincere belief in this highly-poetical *omnium gatherum* and cryptological gallimaufry, called the Second Part of "Faust."

One closing word as to the use—not the mere utility, but the public or private acts and advantages—derivable from the great preternatural powers which the three philosophical heroes of these three wonderful dramas have obtained by forbidden and perilous means. Beyond personal enjoyments and sundry magic pranks, they really seem not to have had the least idea what to do with their new faculties and endowments. Mr. Hewlett, in a recently-published essay on "The Devil in English Poetry," remarks, and for the first time we believe, that the various acts of Marlowe's Faustus in necromantic travels and tricks are so comparatively trifling that the tragic scene of his terrible death seems almost like an anti-climax. This is a pregnant piece of criticism; for I consider that the same thing may very nearly be said of the other two great dramas on this subject. What use do the philosophical heroes make of their preternatural powers? The best things done—that is, the most poetical of them—are where Marlowe's Faustus exclaims, "Have I not made blind Homer sing to me?"—when he has heard the "melodious harp (of Orpheus) that built the walls of Thebes;"—and when we witness his rapturous love-scene with Helen of Troy. The rest of his thaumaturgic feats are, for the most part, coarse nonsense, whoever wrote them. In "El Magico Prodigioso" we hear of mountains being made to shift sides—of trees being frightened at the menacing groans Cyprian utters—that flowers faint away—that the birds hush their sweet melodies at his weighty incantations (*prodigios graves*)—that wild beasts are dazzled and confused, etc.; and, after all this, Cyprian says, boastively, he has now made it evident that his *estudio infernal* has not been in vain. In fact he is now able to teach his master (*Que puedo dar leccion a mi maestro*). All the necromantic things Faust does, or gets done for him by Mephistopheles in Auerbach's cellar, in the Hartz Mountains, or elsewhere, are of no greater importance than the above, when we think the dreadful price he has agreed to pay for them. If this view be accepted,

we may say, and with profound respect for the "dead kings of melody," that another fable of Faustus may yet be imagined, though not very easily written. Thus: Extreme personal enjoyments and egotistical triumphs can only charm for a few years; and the world around needs all sorts of improvements and peaceful glories. When thou hast obtained preternatural power—O Faustus of a nobler time!—what wilt thou do with it?

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

WHY should a lady's home dress last forever? Because she never wears it out.

THE handsomest compliment you can pay to a woman of sense is to address her as such.

SIXTY-FOUR schoolmads in Pennsylvania resigned during the last vacation. Cause, husbands.

DID you ever see the expression on a man's face when his wife says, "Now I want you to stay at home to-morrow and help me paper the walls?"

AN enterprising Iowa man has named his daughters Time and Tide, so they will wait for no man, and have got a first mortgage on matrimony to begin with.

AN exchange asks: "What shall we do with the girls?" Why, do the fair thing by one of them, and give the other fellows a chance with the rest.

SOME men will face a whole army, but when a fellow is carrying home a new coal scuttle under his arm to his wife, isn't it strange that he always takes the side streets?

"THAT'S just the way my girl does, every night," was the remark made by a fellow at the Boston theatre when he witnessed the fine bit of acting wherein Julia implores Sir Thomas not to forsake her.

THE housewife who didn't put up any preserves can't visit a single neighbour now without being asked to step down cellar and behold the grand array of sweetness.

A Somerville lady is so jealous of her husband that on hearing him say the other day that he had seen a handsome opportunity and meant to embrace it, she flushed up and said she would like to catch him at it.

WE could tell he was a married man by his sober countenance. No use of saying that other women could manage to retrim their spring bonnets, and make them do for fall wear. She knew better. So does he a great deal better than when he paid the parson.

YOUNG America has been always noted for its inquiring mind. One of the many budding presidents now resident in Chicago was told the other day by his "school-marm" the story of William Tell's famous shooting feat. The only comment the boy made upon the story of the patriotic parent was: "Who ate the apple afterward?"

THERE are three things which no man can keep—a point on a pencil, a pointed joke, and an appointment with the dentist. There are three things which all men borrow—postage-stamps, cigarettes and car tickets. There are three things that no woman can do—cross before a horse, hurry for a horse-car, and understand the difference between ten minutes and half an hour.

A WOMAN appeared before an Ithaca police justice the other day, and wanted her father punished for some alleged unkindness shown her. The justice inquired into the matter, found that the man was over ninety years of age, and that he had been married four times. "Go home, young woman, go home," he said, "the old man has already been punished enough."

"KNOWLEDGE is power." Not always; the boy that gathers up his fishing-tackle and empty basket as the sun is sinking in the West knows that his mother stands watching and waiting for him at the garden gate, and the knowledge that the kindling-wood remains uncut is such a source of weakness to him that to march along and whistle "What is Home Without a Mother?" is an utter impossibility.

CLERKENWELL GREEN is about to be enclosed. It has for years past served as a rendez-vous for stump orators. The majority of the inhabitants of that part, however, will rejoice to see a dirty and unsightly piece of ground turned into a fair garden, of which, with all her green oases, London has far too few.

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.

HAMILTON TIE MANUFACTURING CO.—Ladies' styles of Scarfs for the Fall—Beaconsfield, Pasha, Salisbury, Bismarck, Gortschakoff. The Wholesale Trade only supplied. Hamilton Tie Manufacturing Company, Hamilton, Ont.

HAMILTON TIE MANUFACTURING CO.—Ladies' Ties of every description manufactured. The Wholesale Trade only supplied. Hamilton Tie Manufacturing Company, Hamilton, Ont.



THE HONOURABLE JAMES MACDONALD,
MINISTER OF JUSTICE.



THE HON. H. L. LANGEVIN, C.B., Q.C.,
POSTMASTER GENERAL.



THE HON. LOUIS FRANCIS RODRIGUE MASSON,
MINISTER OF MILITIA AND DEFENCE.



THE HON. SAMUEL LEONARD TILLEY, C.B.,
MINISTER OF FINANCE.



THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN A.
MACDONALD,
PREMIER AND MINISTER.



THE HONOURABLE JOHN HENRY POPE,
MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE.



THE HONOURABLE MACKENZIE BOWELL,
MINISTER OF CUSTOMS.

THE NEW CABINET OF THE



THE HON. JAMES COLLEDGE POPE,
MINISTER OF MARINE AND FISHERIES.



THE HONOURABLE JOHN O'CONNOR,
PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL.



THE HON. CHARLES TUPPER, C.B., M.D., L.R.C.S.,
MINISTER OF PUBLIC WORKS.



THE HON. ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, Q.C.
RECEIVER GENERAL.



ALEX. MACDONALD, K.C.B.,
MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR.



THE HON. L. F. GEORGE BABY, Q.C.,
MINISTER OF INLAND REVENUE.



THE HONOURABLE JAMES COX AIKINS,
SECRETARY OF STATE.

THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

THE
Cities and Towns of Canada

ILLUSTRATED.

XII.

ON THE UPPER OTTAWA.

FROM MATTAWA TO TEMISCAMINGUE—ARRIVAL OF THE HUDSON BAY COMPANY'S FUR FLEET—A LONG JOURNEY IN A BARK CANOE—INCIDENTS OF CAMP LIFE—SURMOUNTING THE RAPIDS—GRAND SCENERY—A PICTURESQUE MEETING—AN EXCITING CANOE RACE—LIFE AT A HUDSON BAY COMPANY'S POST—CROQUET AND ICE CREAM IN THE "WILDS"—A GLIMPSE OF INDIAN LIFE—THE RETURN TRIP.

The timber had all passed and Mattawa was settling down into a half sleepy state, preparatory to breaking up when the fall should once more bring back the shantymen and trade. I waited the arrival of the Hudson Bay Company's canoes with the season's furs from a wide section of the country. I had met some weeks before, at Pembroke, Mr. Colin Rankin, one of the prominent officers of the Company, who kindly invited me to extend my tour to his headquarters on Lake Temiscamingue. It was just such a trip as I had long desired, the country through which I should pass being known to but few besides the Hudson Bay people, a few missionary priests and the lumbermen. So I looked forward to the day of embarkation with great pleasure, and often scanned the river for the expected fleet—for, Temiscamingue being far out of the range of the telegraph or daily post, the time of arrival was greatly a matter of conjecture. Two or three days had passed pleasantly when about ten o'clock on a fine bright morning some one with a quick eye discovered the long, many paddled canoes turning the bend in the river. I was quietly "paddling my own canoe" up the Mattawa and had just felt the pull of a fine black bass on my trolling line when a villager came running along the bank shouting that the canoes were in sight. I quickly gained shore and running up the ridge on which the Hudson Bay Company's post is situated, beheld as pretty a sight as I ever remember. The scenery I have before attempted to describe—a beautiful, quiet stretch of water between verdure clad mountains, and apparently land-locked. Down this sped four of the largest birch bark canoes afloat—every paddle dipping into the placid water at the self same instant, the dusky voyageurs bending manfully to their work with the regularity of clock-work; in the bow and stern of each graceful craft a statuesque figure wielding a great paddle majestically and steering her as straight as ever arrow flew. The sharp bows cut through the water without causing a ripple, but the rapidly-plied paddles left a wake like a steam-boat.

A BUSY SCENE.

When within a quarter of a mile of shore a musical voice struck up one of the old French songs which fit so well to the thud and splash of the paddle. The four crews gave the chorus as one man—not yelling at the top of their voice, but softly and musically; then the quaint air again and the chorus, louder this time as the canoes entered the pretty bay where the landing would be made. In a minute, while the dreamy spell which the novelty, the beauty and the music had put upon me, yet lasted, the four canoes were resting on the soft sand and the crews were rapidly carrying the neatly-packed bundles of furs ashore. There was no fuss or noise; greetings were quietly but warmly exchanged; the men seemed pleased that the journey had been accomplished, but there was very little talking. The contents of each canoe were piled separately, and when all were landed the packs were carried up to one of the store-houses where they were checked off the list or bill of lading. There were between twenty and thirty thousand skins in all—from silver fox to muskrat—all sorts and all sizes—bear, lynx, wolf, beaver, otter, mink, martin, &c., &c. They were packed in bundles of a size and weight handy for carrying across those portages where the patch of water would not warrant the risk of running the canoes fully laden. With the aid of a "tump-line" a man would carry three of the packs. A tump-line, I may explain, is a contrivance to enable a person to carry a considerable weight on the back. It is a band of leather about three inches wide and a foot long, with thin lines of the same material at each end. The band is put round the forehead and the lines are attached to whatever is to be carried. In the case of packs, the bottom one would be tied and the rest piled on and held in position by the hands. An ordinary man will carry great weights with the aid of one of these contrivances, and a really strong man will almost rival Sampson. I am afraid to relate the stories I heard respecting feats of strength, lest my readers should be led to doubt my veracity.

"PAPA" GARSON.

When the packs were safely housed the men were each presented with a new clay pipe and a plug of tobacco. With the exception of one or two all were either full-blooded or half-breed Algonquin Indians. There were in all nearly forty—young men, stalwart middle-aged fellows

and old veterans—one of the latter a Scotchman named Garson, who had been twenty-four years in the Company's service and in that time had visited nearly every part of the vast territory over which their operations extend. Garson is a style of a class of men fast disappearing—one of the old "body-servant" stamp, half-sailor, half-valet; with a profound respect for "the Company" a little less than love for its immediate representative; with the frame of a giant and the nature of a child; equal to any emergency; making self a consideration of secondary importance; as brave as a lion; a simple-hearted, God-fearing soul. Garson had more than once been offered charge of a post, but had respectfully declined, preferring to live his old simple life, looked up to by his fellows, but free from the cares and responsibilities of a "boss." The savings of his life are deposited with the Company—for whom, as I before remarked, he entertains the highest opinions, holding the security to be far superior to the Bank of England. He draws but a trifling amount of his wages—his wants being but few and the service insuring employees' board and lodging. I was surprised one day when the time was asked, to see Garson draw from his fob a magnificent gold watch which could hardly have cost less than \$200. This was the only luxury the old chap allowed himself, I believe. He speaks Indian, French and Gaelic, besides English, and is known among his fellow workers and the Indians as "Papa," and as such looked up to and respected.

The men having enjoyed a smoke and a rest set about different tasks. Some looked after the canoes, turning the huge, but light, craft over and repairing any seam that shewed a crack in the resinous compound which covers the joints. This operation is gone through frequently during a journey where there are rapids requiring the boat to be portaged or carried over. It is not often that a good canoe is wrenched or bruised so as to leak badly, but the Indians believe in taking "a stitch in time." Each canoe carries a supply of "gum" as they call it. When a seam requires "gumming" a piece of the substance is laid on the place and melted by means of a piece of wood on fire but not flaming. This torch is shaped like a Y with the arms elongated and less spreading. The operator holds the crotch over the seam and blows upon the charred wood, producing a glow which speedily softens the gum. In his right hand he holds a little wooden trowel with which he spreads the gum where it is wanted, and finally giving the fire a steady blow the substance assumes a smooth, shining surface and thus a neat joint is obtained. While this was going on, others put up the tents and others again set about cooking pork, making tea and baking bread. The bread is made in a bag and baked in frying pans which are set leaning against a log placed close to the fire. By dark all was quiet about the camps. The men rose at daybreak—I was not there to see them, but they told me so. The day was occupied in covering the packs of furs with waterproof cloth to guard against damage during the trip to the seaboard and across the ocean—all being destined for the London market. Then the miscellaneous supplies—tea, provisions of various kinds, bales of dry-goods, and all sorts of knick-knacks—intended for posts up the river, were sorted out and everything was made ready for an early start next morning. They got off about 7.30, three of them, the fourth in which I was to accompany Mr. Rankin being announced to leave the following day. The way the huge piles of merchandize were stowed away in those canoes was little short of miraculous. To me the load as stacked on shore seemed larger than the canoe, yet to the load there were to be added a crew of nine men! But when the work began the packages and chests of tea disappeared rapidly—poles the length of the canoe being first placed along the bottom to distribute the weight. The merchandize was placed so as to leave small spaces for the paddlers who sat two abreast, level with the gunwale of the canoe. The paddles used in these large canoes are not like the ordinary paddles, but with a blade long and narrow, perhaps not over three and a half inches wide. The men at the bow and stern, however, have huge paddles, with which they can literally lift the canoe whither they want it. The manipulation of these great paddles in the rapids is truly marvellous. The great, whirling surging waves, seemingly bent upon the destruction of the light floating craft, appear to be rendered powerless when the bowman dips his paddle and merely holds it in a certain position. The canoe which before seemed about to be engulfed in a huge "cellar" or watery recoil, is steadied as if held against a rock, and at the right moment shoots forward by the very edge of the fearful chasm and is borne safely in to the quiet water beyond.

THE LUXURY OF A LARGE CANOE.

The three canoes went off silently and were soon lost to sight round the bend in the river. We did not start till two p.m. next day. Our canoe was a beautiful new craft, not quite so large as the "Rob Roy" which had gone ahead, but a noble boat, riding the waters like a swan and capable of carrying an immense load. During the journey I was allowed to choose a name for the new craft and, having by this time learned something of the early rising habits of the voyageurs, I selected "Peep o' Day," or in the soft Algonquin tongue, "Peetauban." We were twelve souls all told, and though we had a goodly cargo of merchandize we could have taken on three or four more persons—indeed it seemed to me as though a canoe is never really

loaded until there is absolutely no room to stick in another man or pile up any more bales. We fared luxuriously. There is something about travelling in a large canoe which makes it superior as regards comfort to any other form of water conveyance. Sitting in a row boat, even though it be the most exquisitely finished skiff, speedily becomes dreadfully irksome and there is no chance to change one's position. Even on a steamer the situation is but a little better; one has either to sit on a stiff seat, stand, or recline in a close state-room and lose all that is worth seeing along the route. But in a large canoe you ride in regal style, the seat being so arranged that you can either sit as if in a sofa-stall, or loll luxuriously as if riding in the noblest of "Broughams." There is ample room to stretch your limbs—how often one longs for this when riding in "Palace Coaches" behind the "iron horse!"—and there is a nice soft backing which permits you to recline at any angle you please. To this is to be added the peculiar motion of the canoe—different to any othersort of progress—steadily onward, but with a regular rise and fall as if the light craft were possessed of life and was eager to press forward yet faster. The sound of the paddles digging into the water, followed instantly by the dull thud caused by the shafts being brought sharply against the gunwale, exercises a soothing influence upon the mind and sets one humming impromptu airs to which the regular splash and beat keeps time.

"ALL ABOARD!"

Saying "au revoir" to our good friends at the Mattawa Post we pushed off; the Union Jack floating in the stern sheets of our gallant craft and our worthy commodore singing in his best style "En roulant ma boule," the crew giving the chorus with a will, at the same time putting the canoe along in lively fashion. It was a lovely day, bright and breezy, the darkest glens of the forest were lit up and the little birds sang as if for very joy. So we skipped gaily over the wavelets; Mattawa with all its white houses and great boulders seemed to sink into the waters, and at last we turned the bend and could hear the roar of the first rapid. This is called

THE DEMICHARGE,

because it is usual to lighten or half unload canoes at this point. We were landed and the men towed the canoe up, two being in the boat and the rest manning a long line which they hauled along shore, sometimes wading up to their middle. A novice would think it impossible to take a boat up some of the places, but the voyageurs never back down; if at a particularly tough chute, they will sometimes rest making the line fast to a tree, and the men in the canoe holding her steady with poles, then, after a brief breathing spell, they will literally walk her up the foaming current through narrow gorges, post-jagged rocks and all without grazing the bark in the slightest degree. A short paddle brought us to another rapid called "The Cave," which was overcome without discharging cargo. About four miles further on we were confronted by

L'ESRABLES RAPIDS,

the roughest on the route where everything, freight and cargo, had to be portaged. This was done very quickly—three men easily carried the canoe, turned bottom upwards, and the invaluable "tump-lines" made short work of the numerous packages. It looked very funny to see the huge boat moving slowly through the bushes—the men carrying it being invisible—and suggested to my mind some antediluvian animal groping for the river. Here we had our first meal and keenly I enjoyed it, the fresh air and excitement doubtless helping my appetite. Our repast consisted of rashers of bacon, fried crit, bread and butter and excellent tea. Our cloth was spread under the shade of a friendly tree and wild roses mingled their fragrance with the aroma evolved from the steaming pot of choice Bohea. The men had finished their meal and once more packed the cargo in the canoe ere we had got through our dessert, which consisted of wild raspberries and blueberries picked among the rocks close by. There was every temptation to linger awhile, indeed the same may be said of all the rapids, for they are characterized by a wild grandeur which is very fascinating. The L'Esables portage is very greatly improved by private enterprise, and next year travellers will find the narrow path replaced by a good waggon road and teams ready to transport freight across. A pleasant paddle through a deep water stretch between mountains was our experience. It was very enjoyable to recline at one's ease, gently swayed by the regular pulsation, as it were, of the canoe, and lulled by the splash of the paddles, meanwhile being carried past scenery of the most beautiful description. The sun was low and the placid waters reflected the delicate tracery of the trees in all their luxuriant depth of colour, making the shore look delightfully where all had been as burnished gold before. Then the sound of falling water was heard, and ahead, to our right, appeared a pretty little cascade, the picturesque finale of a stream whose course we could trace by the deflection in the mountains from which it came. Then a most peculiar picture presented itself—the river seemed fenced across, but what looked like a fence proved to be the handrail of a floating bridge constructed at considerable cost by Mr. E. B. Eddy of match-making (sulphurous, not matrimonial) fame. The winter road from Mattawa crosses at this point into Lower Canada,

but the ice is always bad on account of the mountain rapids being a short distance above, hence the bridge, which is built in sections, joined with chains and pulled across by means of a windlass. During the time the rafts and logs are running it is stretched out along shore. A toll of twenty-five cents per vehicle is charged. In the vicinity of the bridge—that is to say away back of the mountains is Snake Lake where Mr. Eddy has timber limits. The Mountain Rapids have nothing remarkable about them, except that on the Ontario side of the river there is a very high mountain, from which the rapids take their name. The next stage in our journey was the entrance into what is termed

SEVEN LEAGUE LAKE,

a pleasantly diversified stretch of unbroken water about eighteen miles long—the seven leagues being the paddle measurement of the old voyageurs. Many delightful bits of scenery delight the lover of the picturesque as he journeys through this part of the Ottawa.

MOSQUITOS.

The approach of night caused our leader to look out for a suitable spot for camping and, a clear, grassy bank being spied, we were soon ashore and in a brief space of time there was a good fire blazing and the tents pitched. We ate our evening meal seated as closely as possible to the fire—for the mosquitos seemed particularly desirous of making our acquaintance. The smoke held them pretty well in check, and indeed we were not greatly troubled by them at any time during our journey—the season seems to have been a bad one for flies—for which Providence be thanked, for I was told that when the "flies"—under which head are lumped mosquitos, blackflies and sandflies—are really in a healthy condition, life in these parts is hardly worth having. I would strongly advise everyone who proposes to travel during May, June and July, not only in the "wilds," but in the rural districts generally, to provide himself with a mosquito net for use at night. They can be made very cheaply and will fold into a very small compass. The best shape is oblong, about six feet long, three feet wide and three feet deep, with tape hooks at the four corners so that the net can be suspended with strings. I remember many a sleepless night passed in hotels at fashionable summer resorts when I would have given almost anything for one of these excellent contrivances.

AN EARLY START.

We all slept well and were roused just as the stars were beginning to fade. "That's morning, Garson!" said our chief, enquiringly scanning the sky. "Yes, sir," answered the veteran. It was about three o'clock. While the canoe was being made ready we took a cup of tea—intending to breakfast later—and in a few moments we were afloat and quickly speeding over the placid water. Though in the middle of June the air was quite chilly till the sun rose, but about ten o'clock we were fairly scorched. The advantages of an early start were very plain. Before we began to feel the heat we had made splendid headway and could well afford to take it easy until the temperature moderated, but the voyageurs seemed to be heat-proof and paddled on with a steady stroke as though they formed a single piece of machinery and were set to work at a certain rate of speed. We breakfasted beneath the shade of some overhanging tress by the river-side. The canoe was moored broadside on by means of two saplings tied to the cross-bars and held on shore by a pile of rocks. In this way it rides easily and is kept from chafing. Two fires were blazing—the men cooking for themselves and Garson attending to our wants—the aroma of broiled ham was soon sniffed and within ten minutes after landing we were enjoying a first-rate meal. The rapidity with which these meals in the wilds were prepared and the quietness which characterized the whole proceeding struck me as most remarkable. I venture to say that with a company of any other nationality there would be noise and clatter, one calling for this and another for that, ending, perhaps, in a series of disputes or a downright quarrel. But with the Indians and old voyageurs quietness and regularity are, apparently, cardinal virtues and common characteristics. Throughout the whole trip I never heard an angry word or noticed an angry look—all worked harmoniously and cheerfully.

THE LONG SAULT RAPIDS.

Having satisfied our appetite, we once more embarked, the fires being carefully extinguished—a precaution never forgotten—and headed for the Long Sault Rapids, passing, on the Ontario side, the mouth of the Jocko River where Mr. E. B. Eddy has a large farm. Running almost parallel with Seven League Lake, and at this point distant only a few miles is, Lake Baucheon where Messrs. Eddy and Bryson own large timber limits. The Long Sault Rapids cover about six miles, the river being somewhat serpentine. The men paddled up a considerable distance, taking advantage of the eddies and striking into the current at a terrific rate. It was wonderful to see how they gained the mastery over the swift-flowing waters. To me it seemed at first as though the light craft would be carried away down stream the moment it felt the force of the rapids, but the men knew their strength, and though it was tough work, causing the perspiration to start in great beads, they forced the canoe up inch by inch till comparatively quiet

water was reached. But we soon came to a part where towing and poling had to take the place of paddling.

EXPENSIVE SETTLERS.

During our passage through the Long Sault we passed a large bay which was literally crammed with logs, about which some law point had been raised, and, in consequence, they were left to rot.

A PRIMITIVE POST OFFICE.

At the head of the Long Sault we found a letter stuck in a split stick placed in the portage path. It was written by the leader of the party ahead, and conveyed the information that they had passed early in the morning and accomplished the journey so far without mishap.

(Concluded next week.)

YELLOW FEVER PHENOMENA.

A MORBID PRINCIPLE SPECIFICALLY DIFFERENT FROM THAT OF OTHER MALARIAL DISEASES.

The fever this year has been not more vigorous in its attack upon humanity than upon the theories regarding it that have been based upon the annals of the past. One by one has it overthrown the notions of our forefathers, until it has almost assumed a type unknown to history.

LINE OF THE PULSE—NEW ORLEANS—DAYS. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 112 102 90 84 76 72 67

MEMPHIS—DAYS. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 114 112 107 96 86 74 69 68 64 65 67 71

THERMAL LINE—NEW ORLEANS—DAYS. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 104.8 104.8 102.2 102.8 101.3 100.5 100.5 100.2 100.1

MEMPHIS—DAYS. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 102.6 107.5 102.1 102. 102. 101.6 99.8 99.2 98.

The rise of the pulse toward the end is usually noted in fatal cases, and is the result, not of a terminal fever, as has been supposed, but of visceral congestions, as is shown in the fact that the rising of the sphygmnic line is not attended by any change in the temperature, which at this stage is frequently below the normal.

into a city is well exploded, it being demonstrated that in many instances it is indigenous. Whether filth breeds it, or whether it is not alone dependent upon certain climacteric conditions, has not yet been solved.

Quarantine has lost caste, for while we note that several places that refused to quarantine have been exempt so far, we see that others were totally unable to bar the destroyer's approach, even by most rigid restrictions upon commerce and travel.

BURLESQUE.

WAITING FOR A WOMAN.—Have you ever waited for a woman to "get ready" to go anywhere? Of course you have, and will be interested in what follows, written by Kate Thorn. The hour was 3:30. Marie is not ready. At 4 she "will be down in just one moment," but even at this hour if you could look into Marie's chamber you would be in despair.

HE WANTED TO BE A JURYMAN.—Presently the stillness of the court was interrupted by the entrance of a man who came in with a shuffling, uneasy step, with his hat in his hand. He halted and leaned against the railing. Nobody took the least notice of him, however. At last he took courage and said:

"Is the judge in?" The clerk immediately awoke his honor. "Well, what do you want?" "I'm looking for a job, your honor. I've been looking for work over a month."

"What is your principal qualification, sir?" "My strong pint is making a jury agree. No juries ever hang if I'm on 'em. I jist lay low till the first ballot, and then join the majority and argue the rest into it. I kin discount any lawyer a—talkin'. I kin show 'em up pints they never tumble to before. Sometimes I have to use force, but that's seldom. Once down at Truckee, in a murder case, there was a couple of fellers standin' out agin' hangin', and after arguin' with 'em as smooth and gentlemanly as I could for over a quarter of an hour, I went for 'em with chairs, and by the time I'd busted a half dozen pieces of furniture on 'em they were glad to come in with a verdict of murder in the first degree, and the feller was hung not long afterwards. In justice's courts you can bet on the jury, and if you'll jist give me a wink as to how you want a case to go I'll guaranty to fetch in the verdict you want or not take a cent."

THE WATER THAT'S PAST.

(ONE OF LAWRENCE BARRETT'S SONGS IN "THE MAN O' AIRLIE.")

Listen to the water mill Through the live-long day, How the clanking of the wheels Wears the hours away!

Take the lesson to thyself, Loving heart and true; Golden years are fleeting by, Youth is passing too;

Work while yet the daylight shines, Man of strength and will; Never does the streamlet glide Useless by the mill.

Oh, the wasted hours of life, That have drifted by; Oh, the good we might have done, Lost without a sigh.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Several communications received. Thanks. Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 195 received.

CANADIAN CHESS CORRESPONDENCE TOURNAMENT.

Continuation of list of games (from June 11th, 1878, to October 11th, 1878).

Table with 3 columns: No., Players, Won by. Lists chess games between players like Gibson vs. Henderson, Ryall vs. Saunders, etc.

TOTAL OF GAMES PLAYED TO OCTOBER 11TH, 1878.

Table with 3 columns: Name, Games Played, Won. Lists total games for players like Prof. Hicks, John Henderson, A. Saunders, etc.

We are informed by Land and Water that Miss Rymer was the winner of the prize in a late Tourney of the Chess class at the Birkbeck Literary Institution, London, Eng.

We understand that this class is instituted for the study of chess, and that it consists of students of both sexes. It has been in operation now for about twelve years under the care of a proficient teacher, and is the only existing means of acquiring systematic instruction in chess of which we have any knowledge.

We see it stated that Mephisto, the mechanical Chess-player, has been on exhibition at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, England.

We presume that after the curiosity of the chess world across the Atlantic has been gratified, the demon player will visit the United States. In that case some of the largest cities in the Dominion may have a chance of seeing the mechanism, which on account of its professional chess skill was recently allowed to become a competitor in the Annual Tourney of the Counties' Chess Association in England.

The competitors in the Canadian Correspondence Tourney will doubtless be glad to read the following in-

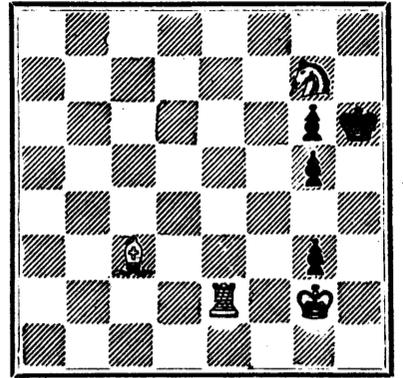
telligence concerning one of their number which we take from the Halifax (N.S.) Reporter of 10th October, 1878.

PROVINCIAL APPOINTMENTS.

The following appointments are gazetted. To be Her Majesty's Counsel learned in the Law, James G. Foster, Esq., Halifax, &c., &c.

PROBLEM No. 197.

By G. E. BARBIER. BLACK.



WHITE White to play and mate in four moves.

GAME 305TH.

INTERNATIONAL TOURNEY GAMES.

(From the Hartford (Conn.) Weekly Times.)

Mr. W. J. Berry, of Beverly, Mass., has resigned the following game to the Rev. C. E. Ranken, of Malvern, England.

WHITE.—(Ranken.) BLACK.—(Berry.)

- 1. P to K 4 1. P to K 4
2. P to K B 4 2. P takes P
3. B to B 4 3. P to Q 4
4. B takes Q P 4. Q to R 5 (ch)
5. K to B sq 5. P to Q B 3
6. B to Kt 3 6. B to K Kt 5
7. K Kt to B 3 7. Q to K R 4
8. P to Q 4 8. P to K Kt 4
9. Q Kt to B 3 9. B to Kt 2
10. K to B 2 10. Kt to Q 2

The correct move for Black here is P to K R 3, and probably he can trace his subsequent misfortunes to the move in the text.

- 11. P to K R 4 11. B takes Kt
12. P takes B 12. Kt to K 2
13. P takes P 13. Q takes P
14. Kt to K 2 14. Kt to K Kt 3
15. B to Q 2 15. Kt to Kt 3

Not good. P to K R 4 looks more promising. If White's Q now moves to Kt's sq, Black Q can retreat to R 3, still defending the P. Besides, with the pieces in this position, the advance of the Rook's Pawn might prove troublesome to White.

- 16. Q to K Kt sq 16. Q to K 2
17. B takes P 17. B to K B 3
18. P to K 5 18. Kt takes B
19. Kt takes Kt 19. B to R 5 (ch)
20. K to B sq 20. B to K Kt 4
21. Q to Kt 4 21. B takes Kt
22. Q takes B 22. R to Q sq
23. R to R 6 23. Kt to Q 4
24. B takes Kt 24. R takes B
25. R to K sq 25. Q to K Kt 5

Simply staving off the inevitable. Mr. Berry does not seem to play up to his usual mark, and is evidently not in good playing trim.

- 26. P to K 6 26. P to K B 4
27. P to K 7 27. Q to B 5 (ch)
28. R to K 2 Resigns.

GAME 306TH.

Played in London (Eng.) a short time ago, between Herr Gunsberg and the Rev. S. W. Earnshaw.

[King's Bishop's Gambit declined.]

WHITE. BLACK.

(Herr Gunsberg.) Mr. S. W. Earnshaw.)

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

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 195.

WHITE BLACK.

- 1. Q to K R 7 1. B takes P (A)
2. Q to B 7 (ch) 2. B to Q 3
3. Q to B 3 (mate)

- 2. Q to K 7 (ch) and mates the next move.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 133.

WHITE. BLACK.

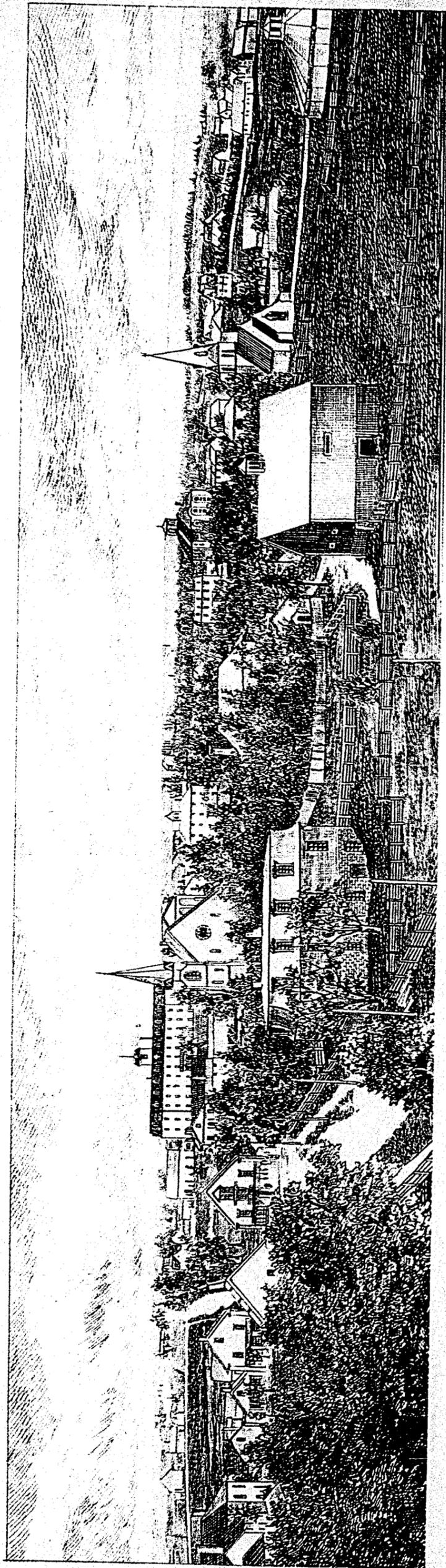
- 1. Kt takes R 1. Any move
2. Mates acc.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 194.

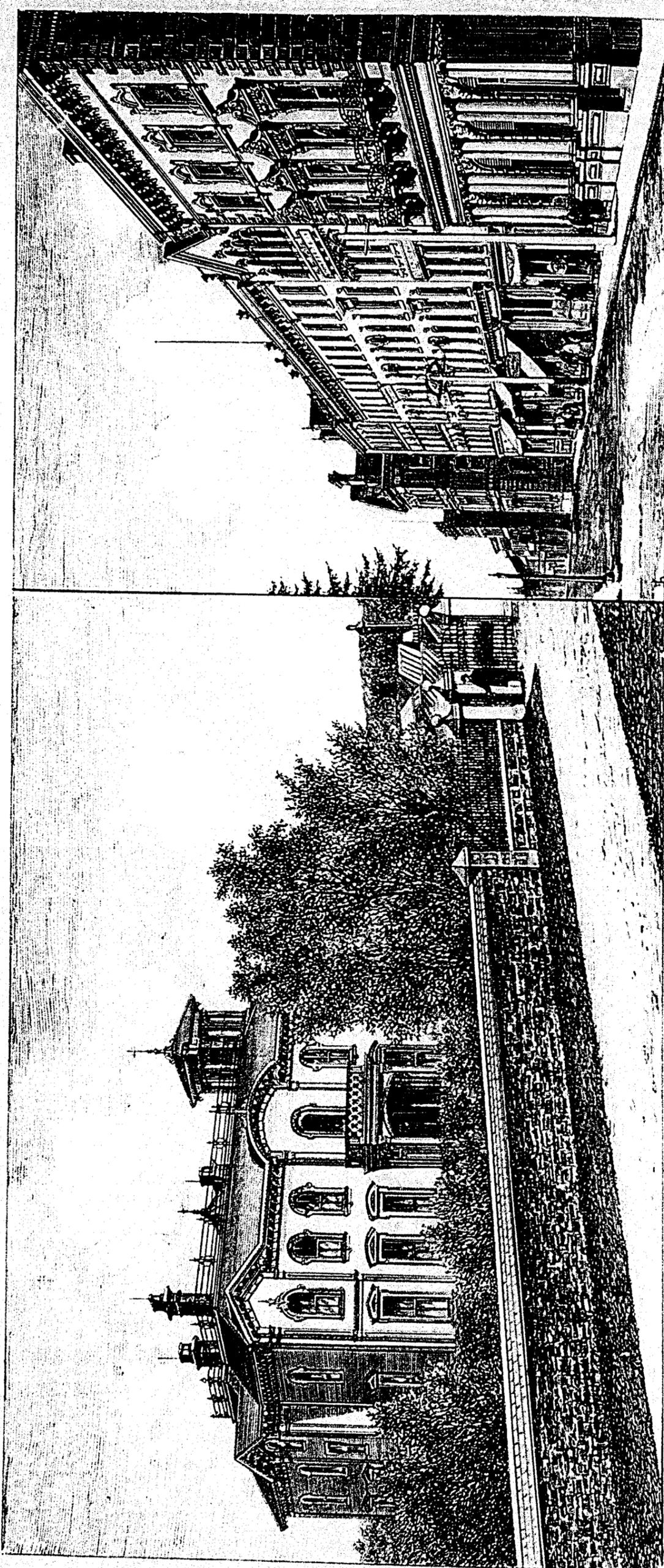
WHITE. BLACK.

- K at Q R 5 K at Q 4
Q at Q K sq Q at K H sq
B at Q Kt 6 Pawn at Q B 4
B at Q B 8
Kt at K B 7
Pawn at K 2

White to play and mate in two moves.

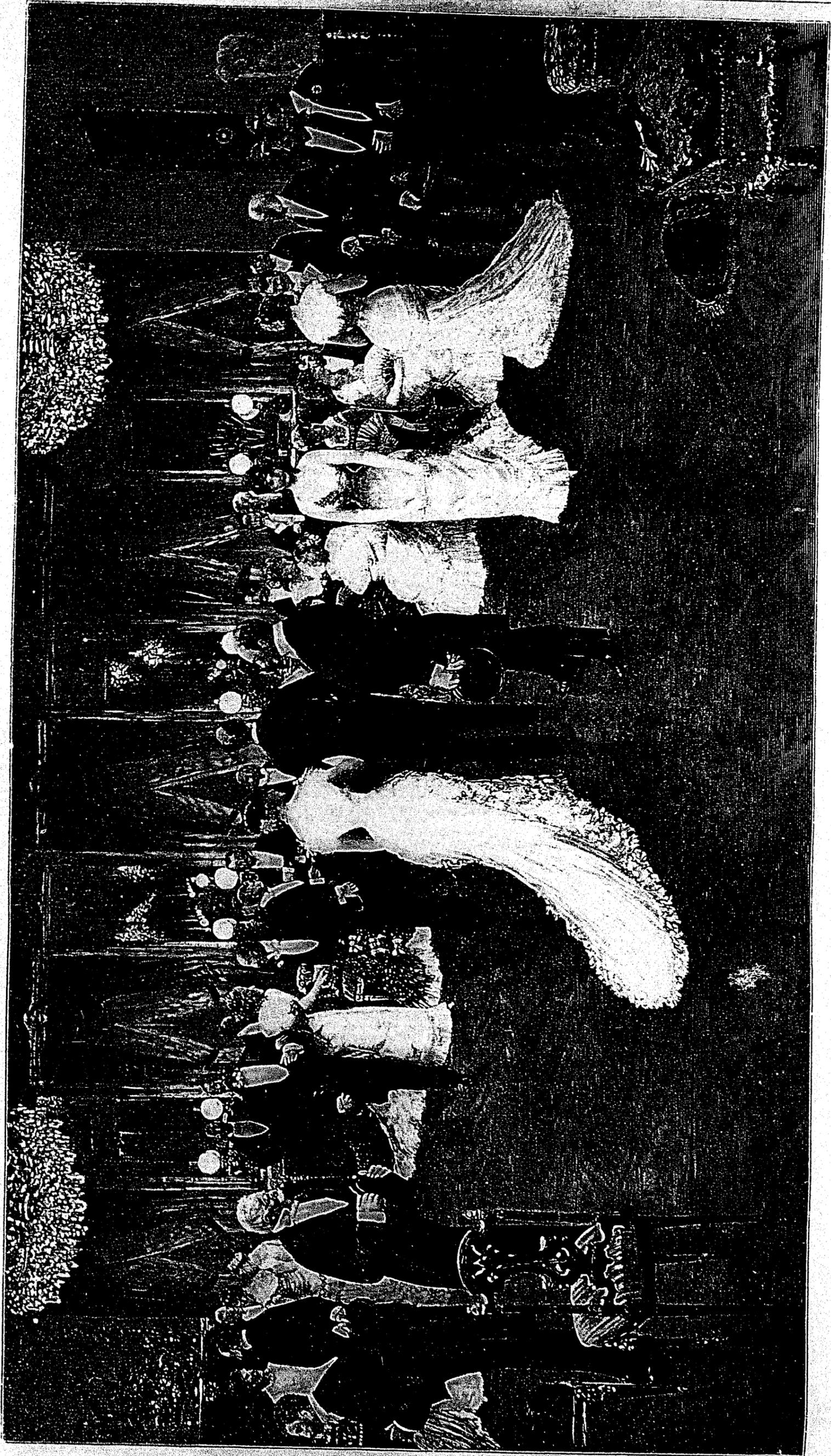


SACKVILLE, N.B.—WESLEYAN METHODIST COLLEGE IN THE REAR.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. W. EDGERT, MONCTON.



HALIFAX.—NEW PRESBYTERIAN THEOLOGICAL HALL, PINE HILL,
NORTH WEST AVENUE.

HALIFAX.—VIEW ON WILLIS STREET, FROM UNION BANK TO POST OFFICE.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. CHASE.



AN EVENING PARTY.

BABY HAS GONE TO SCHOOL.

The baby has gone to school; ah, me!
What will the mother do,
With never a call to button or pin,
Or tie a little shoe?
How can she keep herself busy all day,
With the little "hindering thing" away!

Another basket to fill with lunch,
Another "good-bye" to say;
And the mother stands at the door to see
Her baby march away;
And turns with a sigh that is half relief,
And half a something akin to grief.

She thinks of a possible future morn,
When the children, one by one,
Will go from their home out into the world,
To battle with life alone,
And not even the baby be left to cheer
The desolate home of that future year.

She picks up garments here and there,
Thrown down in careless haste;
And tries to think how it would seem
If nothing were displaced;
If the house were always as still as this,
How could she bear the loneliness?

A TALE OF MY GRAND-FATHER'S.

I lived in my youth in the old county town of Denbury, in—shire, a town of no small importance sixty years ago. It was an assize and market town in those days—a great coaching rendezvous before the iron roads had caused the large manufacturing towns round it to eclipse its magnificence—and the resort of all the country gentry roundabout, who came there for some part of the year to drink the famous waters, and obtain bits of town scandal and town manners from the London beaux who frequented the place.

In and about Denbury, in what was then the season, a great number of the county aristocracy resided. Squire Trimble and Sir Charles Heavy-boy, the members for the borough; the Dowager Lady Toothless; young Lady Bluepeter, the widow of old Admiral Bluepeter; and many others of lesser note lived in or close to the town, and added their consequence to the general importance of the place.

Squire Trimble was a curiosity in his way. He had served in the army in his youth, and had caught the infection then so prevalent—though perhaps he caught it in a worse form than usual—of using extremely strong language on very slight provocation, or no provocation at all. His eloquence, when anything crossed him, would have been perfectly charming if his language had been more choice or less expressive. He sometimes quite shocked his neighbours, who were never at any time over fastidious, by the force and energy of his expressions. Time, place, occasion, were a mere nothing to him; he swore at anybody or anything that provoked his cholera, from his dogs even to the parson; and not the most serious remonstrances, sermons, exhortations, or denunciations of that important worthy could cool down his temper or bring on a cessation of the storm when Squire Trimble was once roused.

In those days there was only one church in Denbury, and Parson Hackit was the rector. Looking now at the mouldy, dilapidated, crazy old building, with a long doctor's bill written on every pillar and stone of its draughty rheumatic form, crowned with a tumbledown rickety old spire, a foot or so out of the perpendicular, its eaves crowded with swallows' nests, its dim diamond window-panes broken and cobweb-covered, the whole traced over with ivy, and looking more like a debilitated barn than a place of worship, it is difficult to understand that in those old days that church was the centre of the very strongest attraction, and was crowded every Sunday by an enthusiastic and wealthy congregation. Joe Hackit was the most famous preacher in all the country; he could do what he pleased with his congregation—draw tears from their eyes or money from their pockets; temper with his mildness the rude justice of the country magistrate, or excite the virtuous indignation of his hearers by an eloquent tale of some grievous wrong. Parson Hackit never hesitated to exercise his enormous influence in favor of any one whom he chose to consider a deserving object of compassion, and often and often he appealed from the pulpit in a touching manner—telling the story of some poor man's wrongs, or some kind deed gone unrewarded—for aid for the deserving object. Anything that attracted his notice in the town, any passing event of politics or town scandal, anything that gave occasion for a simile, a metaphor, or a moral, was pressed into his service. He truckled to no rich or powerful squire, but exposed, in all their naked deformity, the vices of drunkenness, profligacy, and corruption, and would often threaten his dissipated and fashionable congregation with the awful consequences of a life of crime, until even the gentlemen became serious and interested, and the hard drinking and hard hunting squires, inspired by the parson's words, dealt out double sentences for weeks to come on all the criminals who had dared to emulate their betters in these respects. Squire Trimble, who, considering that he was seldom sober, and that he had spent ten thousand pounds or so over the last election, ought to have been pale with fear over the denunciations of his vicar, was the only man who was impervious to his eloquence; and he always slept peacefully in the pew all through the thunders of the parson, and sometimes quite discomfited him, and scandalised the audience, by his dreadful snorings and yawnings in his slumbers.

One bright Sunday morning in summer Parson Hackit was hurrying to church across the road from his snug little vicarage, which stood opposite, looking rather nervously at his watch as he went down the street—for he was rather later than usual—when at the gate leading to the vestry he saw standing a shabby-looking man, meanly and rather flashily dressed in an old green coat with long flap pockets, brown gaiters, and a very shabbily-smart cocked hat trimmed with tarnished gold lace. The appearance and manner of this person roused the parson's suspicions, and reminded him that he had left the door of his house open; a circumstance which, owing to his excessive forgetfulness, very often occurred, and for which Betty, his maid, had several times seriously scolded him, as he had twice lost a good overcoat, and once Betty's own umbrella and mittens had been stolen out of the hall by some tramps; for which luxury, in addition to the lecture he received on the occasion, Parson Hackit had to pay some four times their value.

Now, however, as he was hesitating whether to turn back and shut the door or to hurry on into church, the shabby-looking stranger stepped forward as he entered the churchyard, touched his hat to him and accosted him with, "Are you the clergyman, sir?"

"Yes, my good man," said Hackit impatiently; "what do you want with me?"

"I thought it right that I should come to you, sir," continued the stranger, "a poor servant on my way to see my sick daughter, and—"

"Yes, yes, my friend," said the parson, as the bell stopped at that moment and he hurried forward; "call at the vicarage after service, and I'll see what I can do for you. I can't stop now."

"Nay, nay, your honour," said the man, clutching at Hackit's sleeve as he spoke; "hear me a minute, sir. I want your honour to help me now—in the church."

"What do you mean, my friend?" asked the astonished vicar rather coldly, for he had a sort of dim notion that the mysterious pauper wanted leave to carry round the plate and collect for himself. "Speak out, man, if you have anything to say to me; I don't understand you."

"I will explain to your honour," said the stranger. "I am a poor man, and I hope an honest one, and I have a large family dependent on my exertions; and I have nothing in the world, your honour, but what I earn by my own labour. I have a daughter that is ill in Derbyshire" ("This isn't the way to Derbyshire," said the vicar), "and I was walking down from London to see her when I lost my way, and came towards this town. As I was walking along the road, breathing a prayer that my dear daughter might be delivered of her affliction, I saw lying on the roadside, this box, sir," and the stranger drew from his pocket a little leather case; "and upon opening it I found it contained jewels. Now, sir, as I said before, I am an honest man, and would not touch the jewels of another for all the gold in the world; and if you would mention it to your people that this is found, maybe the owner may be here and will take his own, for, sir, though I am a poor man—"

"Open the box, and let me see them," said Hackit, abruptly.

The vicar's mind, during the whole of this tedious harangue, had been tortured by the recollection of that open door. It stared him right in the face across the road, all the while the man was talking to him, and swayed and creaked with the wind as if to remind him of his duty to it. Should he go back and shut it? What would Porridge the clerk say, when he found him so late; and Betty, what would she say? How long had the bell stopped? Perhaps the congregation would be coming out again. But when the man mentioned jewels the parson pricked up his ears; and the moment that he saw the drift of the man's request, without waiting for a repetition of his pleas of poverty and morality, he authoritatively ordered him to open the box, and show him the treasure. The man complied, and a most magnificent set of diamonds were displayed to the view of the astonished vicar.

"I am a poor man, your honour," began again the man, as he saw the vicar's eyes opened to their widest over the lovely jewels—"I am a poor man, your honour, and I hope an honest one."

"Oh, yes, yes," said the vicar, interrupting him, "I have no doubt of it. You go into the church, and sit down there, and I'll mention it for you."

Hackit rushed in to the vestry and found his clerk in a state bordering on hysterics. The bell had stopped for several minutes, and all the congregation had been waiting in anxious expectation of the parson. Hackit was never known to be unpunctual. Besides, only three Sundays back he had preached a stirring sermon on the awful sin of unpunctuality, and had consigned to an unmentionable place all people with unsettled notions as to the virtue of keeping appointments, and by a natural application of the doctrine the simple-hearted congregation expected Hackit to be a model of punctuality. Doctor Slaughter had made threatening movements in the direction of the parson's door, under the impression that he must have been seized with an apoplexy; Lady Bluepeter, who was always on the look-out for some new bit of scandal, and who, according to reports, spread, no doubt, by some ill-natured enemy, was by no means free from peccadilloes of her own, suggested that the dear man must have eloped with Betty, and was already drawing up in her mind

a sketch of the letter in which he would disclose the event to her cousin, Lady Heartbreaker, in London; and old Squire Trimble, who was brought regularly to church by his good old wife, was in high glee at the idea that for this once he would be respited, and would be able to go back to his pipe and his bottle. He pulled out his watch with a triumphant air, compared it with the clock over the lion and unicorn who fought over King George, in the west tower, and informed Mrs. Trimble that he had never kept the parson waiting so long for his dinner, which was, perhaps, the only truth he ever told in his life.

At length the flurried and rosy face of the vicar appeared, and that worthy gentleman without delay commenced the service. Whilst reading he cast his eyes around to survey the congregation, and count up absentees, for from his position in the reading-desk he could peep into all the high pews and review their contents. Young Pennywinkle, his churchwarden's youngest son, was trying to hide himself inside a box hassock, whilst the elder was busily employed in tearing up his father's best hymn book, and strewing the floor of the pew with the remnants. He viewed with terror the frantic efforts of the little Bastings to scale the sides of the pew; and frowned at Lady Bluepeter sharing a Prayer-book with her cousin Sir Henry, who was supporting her with his arm, and putting his lips in close proximity to hers.

As the vicar's eyes wandered round the church they lit on a quiet-looking man, a stranger, decently dressed, looking careworn and anxious, his features sometimes turned despairingly upwards and his hands wrung together, as if some deep grief weighed upon his mind. Although the eye of the awful Mr. Porridge was upon him, his mind was too intent upon his own woes to drink in the deadly terror of that worthy's gaze; he neither stood nor knelt, but sitting with his hands clasped between his knees, and his head now bent down with grief, now raised in earnest supplication to heaven, seemed wrapt in the contemplation of some absorbing affliction of his own. The good old parson was deeply interested in this mysterious man; it must be, he thought, some mental affliction that weighed upon him so heavily; some crime, undetected in times past, revived from the forgotten years, when reflection and a flood of half-awakened memories were brought to his mind by the sound of the church bell; perhaps he felt a desire of ghostly consolation. At any rate Hackit thought he would speak to him after the service and desire him to unbosom his grief. But his good intentions were never destined to be put in execution.

After the godly congregation had bawled a hymn, in the good old fashion of those days, led by Mr. Porridge, that great functionary, after dusting out the pulpit and placing the parson's decanter and tumbler of water at the side, went to the vestry to assist in the impressive ceremony of re-robing, and then, having conducted the vicar, arrayed in a rustling black-silk gown, into the pulpit, he tucked his gown inside the door, bolted him up, and came and took his place beneath, ready to deliver his response at the conclusion of the discourse. Then the vicar began his sermon. That sermon was long remembered in the neighbourhood as being the most wonderful sermon which Hackit had ever preached. It was a torso; but no matter for that, it was a most wonderful sermon, and all listened with rapt attention except Squire Trimble, who always dropped off after the text was given out, and the clerk, who, I regret to say, had stayed up very late the night before with some social friends at the Grasshopper (discussing the imminent danger to our Empire in the East from Napoleon's advance on Moscow, and the very serious question of a French occupation of Calcutta), and who, from what he thought to be an innocent doze, fell into slumbers about as long and as light as the slumber of the Sleeping Beauty, whom it was said he remarkably resembled. With these two exceptions, as I say, no one went to sleep; but Hackit riveted the attention of his congregation to the very last word, although he was not the man, when he was once in the vein, to be particular to an hour or so about time. I forget what the sermon was about. I don't suppose I ever attended, as I and your great-aunt Jane were having a pitched battle over the hassocks in our family pew for the greater part of the time; but I know that the vicar managed to introduce into it the story of the poor stranger whom he had met that morning, and that he introduced it with such embellishments and ecstasies of eloquence, and his own version of the event was so much the more complete and circumstantial, being magnified by the microscope of his benevolent fancy, that I doubt if the poor fellow recognised his own story. He was proceeding to descant upon the worth of honesty and the virtuous example of that honest man, when that wicked old Squire Trimble, who had been unusually quiet, and had not disturbed the listeners with so many of his snortings and blowings as usual, being dead asleep and balanced for some time on the edge of his seat, after he had recovered his balance by the merest chance some five-and-fifty times, fell over on the six-and-fiftieth with a mighty crash among the dusty hassocks at the bottom of the pew, and put a period for ever to the eloquence of the good old vicar. For whilst the vicar was covering his confusion (though he was pretty well accustomed to these interruptions) by swallowing about half a gallon of cold water as a preliminary to further exertion, and whilst the old squire was swearing lustily, and struggling to free himself from the mass of straw and Prayer-books with which he

was enveloped, the distressed stranger whom the parson had watched during the service, who had hitherto listened with an expression of the utmost impatience and of blank astonishment, now hurried up from the aisle where he had been seated, and, placing himself in front of the pulpit, exclaimed, in an agitated voice, "I am the owner of these jewels! I had lost them, and had despaired of ever finding them. O kind sir, if you will restore them to me Heaven will reward you, as I never can."

This interruption naturally caused the greatest excitement and consternation; nor was the clerk less surprised at this sudden infringement of the vicar's sole right to church oratory, as he had only just yoked up, and knew nothing of the vicar's eloquence and of the causes which had led to the disturbance. He was meditating an assault upon the stranger as some insane or intoxicated person, when the vicar averted any altercation by retiring to the vestry to unrobe.

When the good man came from the vestry he found the two strangers in the churchyard surrounded by a circle of admiring and benevolent parishioners. The hearts of even the most stingy had been softened by the vicar's eloquence, and still more so by the touching sequel to his discourse. At his request the second stranger repeated to him the tale, a simple one, already told to the others; he was a poor man, much poorer than the other (it appears he laid great stress on his poverty,) and as honest as the other too. So much was he trusted that these jewels for Lord— in the north, whose wedding they were to grace, had been intrusted to him by a great merchant in London. On his way there he had been robbed of all his own money at an inn at Morchester, a town some fifteen miles off, and he had been forced to continue his journey on foot, but somehow the thieves had managed to overlook the jewels. These, however, he had missed some few miles out of the town, and after a long and fruitless search he had wandered into Denbury in some mechanical manner, had found his way to the church, and had dropped into a seat overcome with despair and confusion, when, in the wonderful manner before related, he had found his lost property. "Ah, God pity me," exclaimed he; "it is almost my wish that I had not been so fortunate when I see this good man and think that my poverty forbids me to offer him aught but thanks and the prayers of a poor man. If those are of any avail he shall have all that I can give him. But my time is precious, and I must be on my way before dark, or more misfortune will befall me." The parson mildly rebuked him, telling him that he ought not to make the Sabbath a day of journeying, but rather stay to thank Heaven for the great mercy shown to him. But the man replied that if he failed to go forward now he would not arrive in time for the marriage of the noble lord, for whose bride the jewels were destined. He prayed the vicar to remember him in his prayers, and invoking blessings on them all, and repeatedly kissing the hand of his friend, who seemed as much affected as himself, he hurriedly left the churchyard.

Scarcely had he departed, when the pent-up fervour of the congregation burst forth upon the other poor man. He was a paragon of honesty! Should such an example go unrewarded? He was still standing among them, his eyes bedewed with tears, evidently meditating on the vanity of earthly riches and the great worth of human poverty. But he was not left long to meditation. The enthusiastic zeal of the congregation overflowed into his lap; gold, silver, banknotes were poured into his unwilling palm; and even old Pennywinkle, the churchwarden, who had never been known to give to any one person at one time more than three-and-sixpence (and that, it was supposed, was in the dark, in mistake for a penny-half-penny), and who was more than suspected of having tried to pass a bad half-sovereign between two halfpence at the town turnpike, gave liberally from the poor-box; and when the good fellow left the churchyard he was, according to the value of money in those days, quite on a par with a year's income of the parson himself, who insisted on walking with him to the inn, and on seeing him and his friend, well mounted on two good horses, set out on their way to York.

It may be dreadful for some charitably-disposed minds, devoted to organising the superfluous energies and incomes of others, and directing them how to deal out the strictly required amount of equitable sympathy towards well qualified objects, to have to read of such a spectacle of wicked extravagance and of well-meant enthusiasm as this was. They would lament, no doubt, the misplaced charity that, wasted like the precious ointment, would seal up the pockets of the parish for some time to come, would pauperise the country, and induce all people to declare themselves poor in order to become objects of such benevolence.

Not so our vicar. As he turned to go home about an hour before afternoon service, his heart was overflowing with feelings of thankfulness for the great opportunity given to him and to his flock of showing their devotion to the poor. He was equally pleased with himself and with everybody else. He had preached a good sermon, which gratified his vanity; that he had helped a poor man, roused his sympathy and excited his kind heart. His congregation had responded liberally to his appeal for help; it was evident that his bread was not cast upon the waters for naught, and that his frequent monitions had sown some good seed. Such was an occasion for great rejoicing; and the parson, as he neared his house, determined to signalise the occasion

by sacrificing a bumper of claret on the altar of his success. He underwent, however, first of all, a good scolding from Betty for leaving the key in the house-door.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, that you ought," said Betty vigorously, for she at least stood in no fear of Hackit, who bowed deferentially to her opinions in domestic matters; "going on talking all that while about honesty and suchlike, and you knowing all the while, as you must have done, that that door was unlocked, and any thief as chose could come in and make off with what he pleased. Why didn't you say, when you were talking so much about the honest and virtuous man, 'Betty, I left the house-door open; please go and shut it, and bring me the key?'"

"But nothing has been stolen, has it?" said the parson meekly.

"And it's no fault of yours if it hasn't," said Betty, as she at last allowed the poor fellow to come inside the house and have his dinner, overwhelming him with a torrent of abuse all the way into the dining-room.

The vicar, however, very soon recovered his equanimity and set his mind at ease; he was too much accustomed to the tempestuous billows of domestic life to mind a storm now and then, and his triumph of the morning came into his heart and drove away all disquieting thoughts. By the time dinner was over he was as light-hearted and as benevolent as ever, and had quite forgotten, in considering the length of beam of Noah's Ark, whether such a person as Betty ever existed or no. At length, while he sat complacently sipping his wine (Betty had snappishly refused to allow him a bumper), the bell for evening service, which had been long ringing, stopped; and determined not to be late this time, he rose, and putting on his hat, set out to walk across to the church.

Scarcely had he got outside his door, however, when a most unusual sight met his eyes. In the road, by the church-gate, stood another strange man, covered with sweat and blood, his feet and head bare, and showing unmistakable signs of ill-usage, eagerly and angrily haranguing a circle of the parishioners, both ladies and gentlemen. The greatest confusion and excitement prevailed in the assemblage; all parties were talking to and at every one else, and nobody was listening to any one; and although the poor stranger was evidently the cause of the tumult, he was as little heeded as any, but was pushed backwards and forwards, and jostled up and down, as each person in turn used him as an illustration of his desire to do some one an injury. It was a most confused medley of tongues indeed, including, I am sorry to say, some excessively bad language, which met the poor parson's ears.

Anxious to know at once the meaning of this brawling outside his church on a Sunday afternoon, the parson went across the road and began a speech which was intended for conciliation; but his appearance was the signal for a burst of execration from both sexes; the ladies shook their fists in his face, and the gentlemen put their hands to their swords, and talked loudly about the protection which his cloth afforded him, whilst old Pennywinkle, the churchwarden, blue with rage, consigned him—yes, him, Hackit, the vicar of Denbury!—and his sermons to a place which it would be invidious to mention. Amidst this Babel of tongues, which assailed him whichever way he turned, from the sharp-shooting of the lady part of the crowd to the heavy artillery of Sir Charles Heavyboy and his satellites, mingled now and then with the oaths and execrations which Pennywinkle let off like minute guns whenever there was a chance of being heard, which was seldom, the poor parson at last turned in despair towards the apparent cause of the storm, and attempted to extract from him a statement of the position of affairs. From him he learnt the following particulars, though with much pain and difficulty; for although the gale of abuse that had been blowing was subsiding, yet talking across some eight or nine persons was a difficult matter, and there was yet sufficient emphasis in the language around to render any lengthy explanation a matter of some little trouble. The stranger was a merchant travelling to the north with goods of great value for a firm in Edinburgh. On his way he had been waylaid by thieves; his horse, affrighted, had escaped with his portmanteau, and the thieves had only managed to seize a small packet of jewels of immense value, with which they had made off, leaving him gagged and bound by the roadside. No one had passed till that morning, when he was released by some countrymen who went by. "If any gentleman," continued the stranger, "could lend me so much as would enable me to reach Edinburgh, I could then track the thieves, and easily repay so small a loan. I am but a poor man—" But Sir Charles Heavyboy declared, at this juncture, that it was getting very late for service, a proposition which was agreed to by all around; and the congregation, grumbling and swearing, flocked into the church, leaving the parson and the merchant face to face.

The first effect of this tale was to draw tears from the poor vicar's eyes, as he reflected on the immense injury which he had been the cause of inflicting on this man; but he was not long in this mood. A feeling of righteous indignation arose within him; all flushed and excited, stretching out his hands, he solemnly swore that Denbury should never see his face or hear his voice again until he had succeeded in catching those rascals and wresting their ill-gotten plunder from their hands; and, to his great surprise,

the words were hardly out of his mouth, when a hand was thrust within his, and old Squire Trimble vowed, with his usual strength of language, to be his partner in the enterprise, and return successful, or perish in the attempt.

Tradition says that the squire and the vicar tracked the thieves all the way to London, where they finally ran them to ground. They nearly caught them on the road, and were only balked by Squire Trimble's partiality for a pretty barmaid, who so fascinated him that he quite forgot to give the alarm till the rascals were far beyond reach. However, they traced them at last; and after much time spent in negotiations between the thief-takers and the thieves, the jewels much to Parson Hackit's disgust, who could not bear the thoughts of a compromise with such wicked men) were recovered and handed over to the parson and the squire.

The jewels were bought by Sir Charles Heavyboy as a memento of the event; but when Lady Heavyboy sold them, some five years afterwards, it was found that the clever thieves had substituted paste for the real jewels, and had so escaped with their prize.

As to the vicar, the recollection of his eloquent discourse, or any allusion to it, completely upset him. He paid a curate forever afterwards, and obstinately refused to preach another sermon.

LITERARY CHAMPAGNE.—The receipt for the manufacture is simple enough. Take an uncertain amount of ignorance; twice the quantity of miscellaneous information; equal quantities of self-assertion, recklessness and joke making; a double proportion of imitativeness; add a seasoning of shrewdness, tact and irreverence; mix, and you have the effervescence. If you have little else than effervescence, no matter, for who drinks champagne to be fed? You have had a palatable draught and are not athirst, you have tasted briskness and feel somewhat the brisker; presently, supposing no particular poison or surreptitious fuel to have gone to the compound, you are as you were before it passed your lips—no better but unrepenting. Yet it may be questioned whether this literary champagne-making and champagne-drinking is a good thing for the world. The champagne makers might, perhaps, be using their ingenuity to more edifying purpose, the champagne drinkers might undoubtedly be employing their appetites more nutritiously. Admitting that a beverage is in itself innocuous, it does harm by the mere fact of the substitution, if it takes the place of muscle-making food, and, beyond doubt if it does take the place of muscle-making food it ends by enervating the digestion for it and creating not merely a distaste but an incapacity. People who grow into the habit of reading without tasting, of swallowing a sweet and sapid froth which leaves no after taste on the palate, will not attempt severer flavors and the tonic zests of vigorous writers.

BANK OF MONTREAL.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Dividend of **FIVE PER CENT.**

upon the paid-up capital stock of this institution has been declared for the current HALF YEAR, and that the same will be payable at its Banking House, in this City, on and after

Monday, Second Day of December next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th November next, both days inclusive.

R. B. ANGUS,

General Manager.

Montreal, 15th October, 1878.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST OR GROCER FOR **RAGAN'S WINE OF BENNETT**, for making Junket or Sweet Curds. This preparation is prepared by a process discovered by Mr. Egar, and by which the Peppine as well as the Rennet is retained.

Two teaspoonful mixed with a pint of warm milk converts the milk into a jelly and makes a delicious dessert, which may be eaten with or without cream or wine sauces.

It makes a light and very nutritious food.

It is one of the best remedies for dyspepsia.

It enables persons of weak digestive organs to digest their food.

It restores patients to health when convalescent from fevers, &c.

It is found to be an excellent thing for persons who earn their living by brain work, as they generally require a very nutritious diet, yet are frequently unable to digest a heavy meal.

It can be made in five minutes, and is the most reliable and cheapest preparation of the kind in the market.

Only 25c. per bottle.

Wholesale by **LYMANS, CLARE & CO., H. SUGDEN EVANS,** and all Druggists and Grocers.

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

JOHN McARTHUR & SON

OIL, LEAD, PAINT,

COLOR & VARNISH MERCHANTS

IMPORTERS OF

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

PAINTERS' & ARTISTS' MATERIALS, BRUSHES

CHEMICALS, DYE, STUFFS, NAVAL STORES, &c.

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

AND

253, 255 & 257 COMMISSIONERS ST.

MONTREAL.

26-17-52-369

E. N. FRESHMAN & BROS.

Advertising Agents,

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

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

Send two stamps for our Advertisers' Manual.

THE FOLLOWING

IS AN

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER

dated 15th May, 1872, from an old inhabitant of

Horningham, near Warminster, Wilts:—

"I must also beg to say that your Pills are an excellent medicine for me, and I certainly do enjoy good health, sound sleep and a good appetite; this is owing to taking your Pills. I am 78 years old.

"Remaining, Gentlemen,

Yours very respectfully,

To the Proprietors of L. S.

NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS, LONDON.

J. K. MACDONALD,

BLACKSMITH, BELL HANGER, LOCK SMITH &c., 24 LaTour Street, Montreal.

REPAIRS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

17-20-52-354

\$10 to \$1000 invested in Wall St. Stocks makes fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything.

Address **BAXTER & CO., Bankers, 17 Wall St., N. Y.**

British American

BANK NOTE COMPANY,

MONTREAL.

Incorporated by Letters Patent.

Capital \$100,000.

General Engravers & Printers

Bank Notes, Bonds,

Postage, Bill & Law Stamps,

Revenue Stamps,

Bills of Exchange,

DRAFTS, DEPOSIT RECEIPTS,

Promissory Notes, &c., &c.,

Executed in the Best Style of Steel Plate

Engraving.

Portraits a Specialty.

G. B. BURLAND,

President & Manager.

THE COOK'S FRIEND

BAKING POWDER

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

HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY

in every family where Economy and Health are studied.

It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Pan

cakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity used

in Pie Crust, Puddings, or other Pastry, will save half

the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible

THE COOK'S FRIEND

SAVE TIME, IT SAVES TEMPER,

IT SAVES MONEY.

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

W. D. MCLAREN, UNION MILLS,

17-19-52-362 55 College Street.

MANOEL DUTRA SILVA,

New House of Consignments of all kinds,

BAHIA, BRAZIL,

Receives Vessels and Steamers of all Nations.

5 per cent Commission.

All Letters to be Prepaid as above.

The Ottawa River Navigation Company.

FALL ARRANGEMENT—REDUCED FARES.

On and after MONDAY, 7th OCTOBER, the Day

Steamers will be withdrawn and replaced by Night

Steamers between

MONTREAL and OTTAWA.

Passengers leave Bonaventure Depot daily at 5 p.m.

Trains for Lachine to connect with Steamer.

First-class Fare (Montreal to Ottawa).....\$2.50

Second-class do. do. 1.25

Return (First-class do. do. 4.00

Freight at Low Rates. Freight Office—87 Common

street. Tickets at Company's Office, 13 Bonaventure

Street, Montreal, or at Grand Trunk Railway Office.

R. W. SHEPHERD,

17-17-seas-350 President.

60 Chromo and Perfumed Cards.

(no 3 alike). Name in Gold and Jet, 10 cents.

CLINTS BROS., Clintonville, Ct.

25 FANCY CARDS with Name 10c. Plain or Gold,

Agents' Outfit 10c. 150 Styles. Hall & Co.,

Hudson, N. Y.

New Work of Vital Interest.

Post Free 12 Cents or 6d. strg.

FROM

J. WILLIAMS, P. M.

22, MARISCHAL STREET, ABERDEEN, SCOTLAND, NORTH BRITAIN.

A LONG AND HEALTHY LIFE.

CONTENTS:

- 1.—Medical Advice to the Invalid.
- 2.—Approved Prescriptions for Various Ailments, including Exhaustion, Loss of Nerve Power and Debility.
- 3.—Phosphorus as a Remedy for Melancholia, Loss of Nerve Power, Depression, and Nervousness.
- 4.—The Cocoa Leaf a Restorer of Health and Strength.
- Hints on Self-Treatment and Cure. 17-1-52-309

DYSPEPSIA, LIVER COMPLAINT, and all DISEASES OF THE BLOOD and SKIN radically cured by using **NEPENTHE BITTERS**. Ask for **NE-PEN-THE BITTERS**,

ask no other, and you will obtain immediate relief.

16-25-46-266.

BIG PAY Made by Agents selling our RUBBER STAMPS for Banking and general business purposes. Agents Wanted. Terms Free. Address **C. C. STEWART, Toronto, Ont. P. O. Box 1557.**

JUST PUBLISHED

CHISHOLM'S ALL-ROUND ROUTE AND PANORAMIC GUIDE OF THE ST. LAWRENCE,

With corrections to date. It contains full descriptions of the points of interest on the "All Round Route," including Hudson River, Trenton and Niagara Falls, Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, Saguenay River, White Mountains, Portland, Boston, New York. It is profusely illustrated, and is furnished with maps of the Route, and a fine panoramic view of the St. Lawrence River. For sale by booksellers and news agents. Sent post-paid to any address on receipt of the price, 50 cts.

C. R. CHISHOLM & BROS.,

17-26-52-373 179 Bonaventure street, Montreal.



THOMAS CREAN

MILITARY TAILOR,

Master Tailor to the Queen's Own Rifles. Late Master Tailor in H. M. 16th Regiment. Uniforms and accoutrements strictly in accordance with the "Dress Regulations for the Army," and of the best workmanship and quality. The New Regulation Helmet in stock. Price Lists sent on application. 435 YONGE STREET, Toronto.

25 Chromo Cards, Cupids, Mottoes, Flowers, &c. No. 2 alike, with name, 15c. **Nassau Card Co., Nassau, N. Y.**

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Burland-Desbarats Lithographic Co.

5 & 7 BLEURY ST.,

Begs to inform the BANKERS, MERCHANTS and BUSINESS MEN of the Dominion, that their large establishment is now in full operation, and that they are prepared to do all kinds of

ENGRAVING.

ELECTROTYPING,

STEREOTYPING,

LITHOGRAPHING

and TYPE PRINTING,

Photo-Electrotying & Wood Engraving

IN THE BEST STYLE, AND AT LOW PRICES.

Special attention given to the reproduction by

Photo-Lithography

OF

MAPS, PLANS, PICTURES OR BOOKS

OF ANY KIND.

From the facilities at their command, and the completeness of their establishment, the Company feel confident of giving satisfaction to all who entrust them with their orders.

G. B. BURLAND,

Manager.

CHEAPEST AND BEST.



JOHN DOUGALL & SON,

218 and 220, St. James Street, Montreal.

Electro-tying and Job Printing, Chromatic and plain.



SIX DELICIOUS PUDDINGS IN A PACKAGE.

A most economical article for Desserts—For Puddings, Jellies, Blanc Mange, etc., it is unequalled.

THE FACULTY

recommend it as a most nutritious and delicious article of diet for Infants and Invalids.

Sold by all Grocers.

Trade Agent,

WILLIAM JOHNSON,

Box 888, Montreal.

THE Canadian Spectator,

A high-class Weekly Journal,

EDITED BY THE

Reverend **A. J. BRAY.**

SUBSCRIPTION: \$2.00 PER ANNUM.

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

THE MILTON LEAGUE.

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

PUBLICATIONS:

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

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

ROBERT MILLER,

Publisher, Book-Binder, Manufacturing and **WHOLESALE STATIONER,**

IMPORTER OF

Wall Papers, Window Shades and **SCHOOL BOOKS,**

397, NOTRE-DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

14-6

LADIES' COLLEGE,

COMPTON, P. Q.

President of the Corporation—THE LORD BISHOP OF QUEBEC.

Principal—Rev. J. Dinzey, S.A.C.; Lady Principal—Mrs. Mines, London, Eng.; Lady Superintendent—Mrs. Dinzey; Assistant Teachers—Miss Rugg, Miss Holland, Miss Warren, Mademoiselle Ri-deau.

The fifth year of this institution will commence on **THURSDAY, 5th SEPTEMBER, 1878.**

TERMS—Board and Washing, English (in all its branches), French, German, Latin, Drawing and Painting (per annum)..... \$175

Music, with use of Piano (per annum)..... 36

Special Singing (per annum)..... 30

A reduction is made in the case of sisters and daughters of Clergymen.

Pupils receive! at any time during the term. For circulars, &c., apply to

REV. J. DINZEY,

Compton, P. Q.

The Smith American Organ Co.

OF BOSTON, MASS., U.S.A.,

which has been established over twenty-six years, and has made over **EIGHTY THOUSAND INSTRUMENTS,** would respectfully call the attention of the people of the British Provinces to their

NEW & ELEGANT STYLES FOR 1878.

The Smith American Organs are distinguished from all others for their pure, resonant and voice-like quality of tone. Their excellence is the result of long and careful experiment; the mechanism is perfect and without fault; the best materials only are used; and no instrument is sent out until after thorough and repeated inspection.

THIS EXCELLENCE IS CONSPICUOUS

in the cheapness as in the dearest Organs.

The Company employs an architectural designer of rare taste and experience, and the cases are all models of beauty and symmetry, as well as adapted to use, either for private houses or churches.

Those who live within convenient distance of Montreal may address the Company's Agents,

Messrs. LAURENT, LAFORCE & Co.

Correspondence solicited. Catalogues, &c., sent free on application to any address.

THE SMITH AMERICAN ORGAN CO.,

Tremont Street (opposite Waltham Street), Boston Mass., U.S.A.

17-21-26-365



CANADA'S FAREWELL TO LORD DUFFERIN.—(From Punch.)

THE BEST REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION.

TRADE



MARK.

CAMOMILE PILLS are confidently recommended as a simple Remedy for Indigestion, which is the cause of nearly all the diseases to which we are subject, being a medicine so uniformly grateful and beneficial, that it is with justice called the "Natural Strengthener of the Human Stomach." "Norton's Pills" act as a powerful tonic and gentle aperient; are mild in their operation, safe under any circumstances, and thousands of persons can now bear testimony to the benefits to be derived from their use, as they have been a never-failing Family Friend for upwards of 45 years. Sold in Bottles at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 11s. each, by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

CAUTION.

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

MORSON & SON'S PREPARATIONS OF PEPSINE

FOR

INDIGESTION.

Highly recommended by the Medical Profession.

- PEPSINE POWDER, in 1 oz. Bottles 4s. per oz.
- PEPSINE WINE, at 3s. 5s., and 9s. per Bottle.
- PEPSINE LOZENGES, at 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. per Bottle.
- PEPSINE GLOBULES, at 2s. 3s. 6d., and 6s. 6d. per Bottle.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND THE MANUFACTURERS,

T. MORSON & SON,

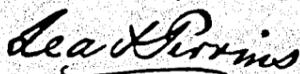
SOUTHAMPTON ROW, RUSSELL SQUARE, LONDON.

17-5-12-336e3w.

In consequence of spurious imitations of

LEA AND PERRINS' SAUCE,

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



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

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

To be obtained of

Messrs. J. M. DOUGLASS & CO., MONTREAL; Messrs. URQUHART & CO., MONTREAL.

16-19-62-30



FALL STYLES.

Job O. Thompson & Co.,
116 Notre Dame Street,
corner St. Peter,
MONTREAL.

Be it intimated that they have received over 20 cases

NEW STYLES OF FELT HATS

for FALL TRADE per Steamships *Circassian*, *Sardinian*, *Canadian* and other vessels, making the best assortment and most

NOBBY STYLES

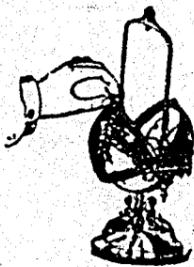
we ever had. Prices low. Terms as usual cash. We are now manufacturing a very large stock of the finer grades of FURS, and in due season will announce our winter opening. Established 1845.

WILLIAM DOW & CO.
BREWERS and MALTSTERS
MONTREAL.



Superior Pale and Brown Malt. India Pale, and other Ales. Extra Double and Single Stout in Wood and Bottle. Shipping orders promptly executed. Families supplied. 18-6-52-229

Silver-Plated Ware.



JOHN WATSON, Jr.,

370 St. Paul Street,

Cor. St. Sulpice Street,

AGENT FOR

SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO.'S ELECTRO-PLATED WARE.

A large selection of their well-known Ware, suitable for presentation, &c., kept in stock for sale wholesale and retail.



Every Physician knows that all essences of meat are merely harmless stimulants.

"JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF"

is a meat essence according to the most approved formula, but in addition it contains the albumen and fibrine (the flesh-forming and nutritious elements of meat), and that in a form adapted to the most impaired digestion.

It is prescribed by every Medical Man who has tested its merits. Sold by Chemists and Grocers. Tins, 30c., 60c., \$1.00.



S. J. BAKER & CO.
SHIRT MAKERS & HABERDASHERS.

Self-measurement Card and Samples of Colored Regatta Shirts sent free by mail. Large stock of Underwear, Ties, Dent's Gloves, &c., always on hand.

138 ST. JAMES STREET,

Opposite St. Lawrence Hall,

MONTREAL.

SUMMER COMPLAINT, WEAK BACK, RHEUMATISM and SEXUAL EXHAUSTION, immediately relieved and permanently cured by using IMPROVED GALVANO-ELECTRIC BELTS. Circular free.

16-25-46

A. NORMAN,
4 Queen Street, Toronto.

The Canadian Illustrated News is printed and published by the BURLAND-DEBRANATS LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (LIMITED), at its offices, Nos. 5 and 7 Bleury Street, Montreal.