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# AMERICAN Wholesale News

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FALLS ON THE JAUNE RIVER, NEAR QUEBEC.—FROM A PAINTING BY J. B. WILKINSON.



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#### TEMPERATURE,

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

#### THE WEEK ENDING

Oct. 12th, 1879.			Corresponding week, 1878.		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 62°	45°	53° 5	Mon.. 62°	49°	55° 5
Tues. 74°	48°	61°	Tues. 45°	46°	45°
Wed. 77°	59°	68°	Wed. 61°	49°	55°
Thur. 77°	63°	70°	Thur. 63°	50°	56° 5
Frid.. 71°	51°	62° 5	Frid.. 60°	46°	53°
Sat... 61°	51°	56°	Sat... 59°	44°	51° 5
Sun... 60°	50°	55°	Sun... 57°	47°	52°

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## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,

Montreal, Saturday, October 18, 1879.

A TELEGRAM in one of our city contemporaries states that one-fourth of one hundred and thirty-three emigrants who arrived at Winnipeg by train on the 7th inst., came from the United States, and intended to settle in the Province. This is corroborative of the statement of Lord BEACONSFIELD that a large number of the settlers in Manitoba come from the United States. For two years past the returns have shown a state of things similar to this. The Americans appear to know where the largest extent of unoccupied wheat lands on this continent is situated, and they avail themselves of the information.

OUR front page is from a painting in possession of our artist, and represents a picturesque fall not far from Quebec and about eight miles from the Montmorenci Falls, on the same road. It will be doubly interesting to Quebecers on account of its being from the pencil of one who is well remembered amongst them, having been a resident artist of the Ancient Capital a number of years. The falls of the River Jaune are on the grounds of Mr. SMITH, near Beauport, and show a bit of unusually fine scenery. We have also a couple of Algerian sketches, the photographs of which were furnished us by a citizen of Montreal, who has travelled lately in that country. The Ingersoll reception to the Vice-Regal party is described in a separate column, as are also the public careers of Messrs. Sippell and Gane, whose portraits we present. The sketches from our artist's sketch-book are a result of a visit which he made to Ottawa during the late Dominion Exhibition.

It appears from the cable despatches and from some utterances of the Reform Association of the County of Oxford, Ontario, that we are to have a new LETELLIER agitation. It seems that the despatch of Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH to the Governor-General has been published at length in London, and has been attacked by the *Times* as being a capitulation on the part of the Crown of well established rights of Colonial Governors, to the manifest detriment of Colonial public interests. We have not yet the text of that despatch and therefore it is premature to discuss it. But the Oxford Reform Association tell us that "the crown-

ing offence of the present Dominion Ministry is their ruthless invasion of Provincial rights as exemplified in the dismissal of Lieutenant-Governor LETELLIER," and as they assume (without, however, any evidence of this) in "inciting the Legislative Council of Quebec to an outrageous violation of the principles of popular and Responsible Government in withholding the supplies from a Ministry supported by a majority of the popular branch." This is rather excited language for the deliberation of a written formal address, and one could have greater respect for any decision arrived at if the authors had not indulged in making assumptions which are probably wholly without foundation in fact. There is a further point in this address arising out of the controversy referred to, viz., that this Reform Association makes a complete change in the constitution of the Senate and the Legislative Councils of the Provinces, a new "plank" of the Reform "platform." The address refers to the announcement of policy on this point in Mr. MACKENZIE'S speech at Galt, which it "hails with profound satisfaction." Perhaps the greatest wisdom in the interest of the Conservative party in the Council's action may be found in the fact that it gives point for popular cry in this agitation.

#### TARIFF CRITICISM.

Mr. MACKENZIE declared in his reply to an address of the Oxford Reform Association that the recent tariff changes and what is known as the National Policy would only last until the next general election. He said the people felt that a wrong step had been taken, and that the only thing to do was to retrace it as soon as possible. He further stated that a noted English gentleman (undoubtedly he alluded to Mr. POTTER, M.P., one of the pillars of the Cobden Club), had visited a number of the fall exhibitions in Ontario and he had been much struck with the unanimity of opinion he had found among the farmers against the new policy. It is not surprising that a man like Mr. POTTER should elicit many opinions of this nature, but he might very easily deceive himself, and what he found would afford ground for a very imperfect generalization of the opinions of the people of Canada. There may come times of very great prosperity before the next general elections, and great interests will arise in Canadian manufactures which it will be very difficult to upset. It is, therefore, very unwise as a party question to harp upon the repeal of the recent tariff policy at so early a day after its enactment by the overwhelming voice of the people of Canada. But such an agitation has a worse side than this. If it could have any influence at all it would only be to unsettle men's minds and the effect of this could only be to frighten capital and investments away from our country. That would be a fearful price to pay for a party interest if it could be successful. But we doubt if it can even promote a party interest for the reason that the good sense of the people will revolt against it and resent it.

#### THE DEAD SEA PASSAGE.

Here is something decidedly new. It appears from a report made to the French Academy of Sciences that, at the epoch of the exodus of the Israelites from Egypt, the point of the Red Sea extended much more northward, and that the Hebrews must have crossed not to the south of that point but rather northward of Suez. A distinguished French Naval Engineer, M. LECOINTRE, who has thoroughly explored the country, fixes the point of passage in the locality which afterward constituted the Bitter Lakes. The celebrated Abbé MOIGNO starting from these premises, retraced the itinerary of the children of Israel, day by day and concludes that, as we now know exactly the place where the chariots and horse of the Egyptian army were swallowed up, it is time to invite the whole Christian world to under-

take a great and noble enterprise. That consists of the collection of funds for the purpose of making excavations and discovering traces of the army which the right arm of the Most High shattered. It may be that these monumental remains are in an excellent state of preservation, being certainly buried in numerous and thick layers of salt. The learned Academician estimates that the cost of excavation would not exceed three hundred thousand francs, or sixty thousand dollars. It might be that the sale of discovered objects might be sufficient to refund the capital and add a substantial profit. Another object of search would be the aerolites which fell from heaven on the night of the famous battle won by Joshua and which covered the earth from Bethoron to Aseca. These cannot be buried deep and would probably easily be discovered. What do our readers think of this? The project is enticing and we should not wonder if something came of it. Certainly a success at this point would reconstruct the whole Mosaic legend and give an extraordinary impulse to Biblical research.

#### THE PACIFIC TENDERS.

The Government have advertised for tenders for building another section of the Pacific Railway in British Columbia, on what is known as the Burrard Inlet route, on the line from near Yale to Lake Kamloops, a distance of 127 miles. This is the most important announcement made in Canada for many months past; and it is *prima facie* a sign that Mr. CAMBIE'S surveying party have not found a feasible Northern outlet from the Peace River country to the Pacific Ocean. If this is true, and we believe it is, it is a fact in many senses to be regretted, although probably for the immediate interests of two or three generations of men the Burrard Inlet route will afford the most facilities. This action of the Government may possibly cause disappointment in the Island of Vancouver; but the Government of the Dominion of Canada could scarcely be expected to spend fifty millions of dollars more, adopt altogether steeper grades, and make the Pacific Railway within British Columbia thirty or forty miles longer to subserve the interests of the inhabitants of the Island. It would be much cheaper to buy them all out and give to each a little fortune than to spend all those millions, and then after all get a road much worse fitted for the through traffic. For our own part we never believed the Government intended to do this; and when they by resolution during last session declared that the decision in favour of Burrard Inlet by Mr. MACKENZIE'S Government was premature, we thought they had in view the possibilities of a Peace River route. Perhaps our readers may remember when we had occasion some weeks ago to review the speech of Mr. MACKENZIE at Galt, we ventured to predict that he might have reason to regret the very vigorous language of denunciation he used against the Government for the adoption, as he alleged, of the Bute Inlet route; but for which hasty decision on his part there was absolutely no good ground—nothing in fact, but jumping to conclusions which are erroneous, and piling up mountains of invective on the basis of the error, tends to destroy the confidence that would otherwise be reposed in the utterances of our public men. Burrard Inlet affords good anchorage. Bute Inlet has none; and the railway would really be of no use until it was carried across the Strait to Victoria. Burrard Inlet affords navigation to a considerable distance inland, and the section of railway for which tenders are advertised, will open up to colonization, settlement, and development of mineral resources a very important part of British Columbia. In the future as the mineral resources of British Columbia come to be developed there will be wealth enough created to build many railways; but the

question now is what to build first, and we have not a doubt that the Government have decided with a due sense of the responsibilities of their position.

#### NEW RAILWAY PROJECT.

A movement, in fact almost an excitement, has been going on in Minnesota, the object being to give St. Paul and Minneapolis a short communication with the East and the Atlantic Seaboard, which shall make that State independent of Chicago. It is a movement in which Canada, and especially Montreal, has a very deep interest; and we were therefore glad to see that it has been intelligently discussed before the Montreal Board of Trade at its meeting last week. We notice that a very important statement was made at that meeting to the effect that the Government of Canada favoured the policy. And the action that is known to have been recently taken by the Government, notably the cancelling of the contract for a very difficult and apparently not over useful connection with the Georgian Bay, is corroborative of this view. If any person will take the map of the continent he will see there is an almost straight line from Montreal *via* Ottawa to the Sault Ste. Marie which may be easily crossed by a railway bridge; and thence running along by the south shore of Lake Superior to Duluth the line continues straight from that point either by the existing roads or a short cut. There is again a pretty direct line to Manitoba. The through line by this route between the terminal points would be very much shorter than the routes now taken. Except that this road would, for part of its way pass through foreign territories, it would be unnecessary if we had to build another around the north of Lake Superior; that is as far as connection with the Pacific Railway and Manitoba is concerned. But the road around the north shore will open up a region of great mineral wealth. The connection with Minneapolis and St. Paul is controlled by Chicago with the present railway system, and hence the immense jealousy of Chicago at the prospect of opening up this new route. It would, in fact, cut off Chicago from a large portion of the trade of the north-west of the continent especially adapted to the growth of wheat. The struggle, therefore, involves vast pecuniary interests. The St. Lawrence and Lake system, as well as Montreal and the Eastern States have great interest in this new development. It is the short direct line from the West to the East, and a great trade bringing great wealth would be sure to follow it. As between St. Paul and Chicago the struggle is almost one of life and death. In this, however, we have only interest from the fact that Chicago is to a great extent leagued with, and its trade naturally falls into, the city of New York; while the Sault Ste. Marie would, as naturally, bring trade to this city. The distance from St. Paul to Liverpool *via* Chicago and New York is 4,413 miles; while the distance between these points *via* Sault and Montreal is 3,836 miles, making a difference of 577 miles in favour of the new route. By further possible shortenings of this route which may be made, the difference in favour of Montreal would be the very considerable one of 650 miles, a very important factor in travel and commercial operations. The new route, moreover, would bring Winnipeg within 60 hours' distance from Montreal by the ordinary speed of railroad travel. The earnestness which the different interests involved in this new route have already manifested, affords reason to believe that we shall have it in the immediate future, and when that is coupled with a railway west of Winnipeg, and the great settlement that will certainly follow its construction, together with a line to Thunder Bay, bringing the commerce of our North-West to the lakes, there will come a new and almost undreamt-of era of great prosperity for the whole Dominion of Canada and particularly for the city of Montreal.

**THE LATE DOMINION EXHIBITION.**

Although the first Dominion Exhibition has become a thing of the past, it has left some lessons which it will do well for the people of Ottawa to read, mark, learn and inwardly digest. In the first place, it is plainly evident that Ottawa is no longer a popular site with the Western people for the holding of the Provincial Exhibition. We have no time to explain how such a state of affairs has been brought about, but it must be clear to the meekest intelligence that Ottawa has no longer the sympathy of the West. Abundant proof was given of this in the rival Exhibition got up by Toronto and the paucity of exhibits from the West. Next, it is more than plain that with its present railway facilities Ottawa is, to a great extent, alienated from Western trade and traffic. Railway connection, then, with the West, is of absolute necessity to Ottawa's prosperity. While I write, voting is taking place on the bonus to the proposed Toronto and Ottawa Railway, and the result will be conveyed to you by telegraph long before these lines are submitted to your readers. Should the vote be favourable to the scheme, a step has been taken in the right direction; should the vote be adverse, Ottawa must be prepared to step back and out of the line of modern advancement for years to come. Railway connection with the West, even by more lines than one, is necessary to bring Ottawa into the current of life, energy and enterprise.

**THE NORTH SHORE,**

as it is called here, or more properly speaking the Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa & Occidental Railway, has done wonders for the city. Goods are brought in a few hours from Montreal, passengers flow into the city from the East, hotels are benefited and vitality imparted into our every day existence. A run to Montreal is a delightful journey of a few hours, instead of the dreary task heretofore. In fact, this close connection with the great throbbing metropolis in itself excites a healthy and enlivening influence. It may fairly be asked what would have been the fate of the recent Exhibition but for Montreal sympathy practically demonstrated in the number and beauty of its exhibits? And a great incentive to exhibitors was certainly the short journey by North Shore Railway. So we see already has the new and direct railway East done much for Ottawa, and much of this was done at a very critical period in her history, for the failure of the Exhibition would undoubtedly have been a terrible disgrace. As surely, then, as railway connection with the East has done a great deal already for Ottawa, so will railway connection with the West benefit the city, and make its independence still greater.

**ANOTHER PLAIN LESSON**

to be learned by Ottawa is the necessity for at once and for ever dropping sectionalism. The city is cursed by a number of Ward politicians, whose comprehensiveness is as limited as the confines of the old By-Town they sprang from. By-Town, with its muddy streets, decayed sidewalks, isolation and primitiveness, would not be taken as a truthful representation of the Ottawa of to-day, and why should we have the living representatives of the past with their dead issues? To-day we have City Councillors and leading men, whose whole aim and object is to pit "Lower Town agin Upper Town." Men who have genuine enterprise and who are sincere in their desire to advance the interests of the city, are dubbed "thieves and robbers, swindlers and speculators," simply because their ideas are far in advance of the By-Town fogies, who, born in a ward and reared in a ward, have seen nothing, and know nothing but of their ward. Talk to such men of the clean streets and broad pavements of London, Paris, Edinburgh or Glasgow, and they look upon your story as a supplement to "Sinbad, the Sailor," or "Gulliver's Travels," with this difference that they have probably heard nothing of either. I remember well before the present magnificent system of water-works was established, listening to a speech made by an Alderman, who used the following argument against the scheme: "Fellow-ratepayers—They want us to squander our money in building water-works which they say will give us pure water to drink and something clean to wash ourselves with. All I can say is, if any of them gentlemen want to wash themselves, let them take a towel and soap and go to the Grand River as our fathers have done. What was good enough for them is good enough for us." He was a genuine By-Town representative who made this speech, but, I am happy to say, the water-works by-law was carried by a large majority. Such is a sample of men who, with their ward politics, we must get rid of. They are a drag on the progress of any community. A successful exhibition, or railway connection with the outside world with such men, is a very hard matter to secure.

Another lesson the late Exhibition teaches is that it would be better for Ottawa not to place any dependence in future on the Provincial Exhibition. It can never be held here without the aid of Montreal or the West and be a success. Under the circumstances, it would be better for Ottawa to go in with Montreal and Quebec and arrange for a grand exhibition alternately. The buildings are already here, and what with the great manufactures of Montreal, and the Ottawa Valley and Eastern Townships for stock, an exhibition, a result of the combination, could be got up that few could equal and none excel. It is quite evident that the suggestion made by the Governor-General of Grand Central Fair,

will be the popular one. No better neighbour could be desired by Ottawa than Montreal, for, as a merchant observed, the samples alone of one-half of the Montreal travellers would be a large exhibition of industries in themselves.

Whether there is any sympathy in the West for Ottawa or not, it is quite evident that Western farmers object to bringing their valuable animals great distances, and so submit them to the risk of railway transportation. Under any circumstances, their local fairs and the annual great exhibition at Toronto, will be the objective point for Western exhibitors; so while it is Ottawa's duty to secure Western connection by railway for the sake of its own vitality, so it will be Ottawa's policy in the matter of the next grand exhibition to seek coalition with the Province of Quebec, and be independent of Western aid or countenance, always, of course, being delighted to see their exhibitors, if they come, but not for a moment depending upon their presence as a necessity of success.

Ottawa.

G.

**"THE LOWE FARMER."**

After a paralytic illness of several weeks duration, Mr. William Law Gane, better known to many old residents of Ottawa as "The Lowe Farmer," was on Saturday evening called to his "rest." He was a native of England, of Harwich, in the County of Essex, and having been born in the year 1815, had attained the 64th year of his age when he died. In England he received what is known as a good middle class education, and to complete his educational studies he was afterwards sent to the famous University of Lund, in Sweden. Very early in his life he manifested considerable aptitude for literary pursuits, and his education was intended to foster and develop his inclination in that direction. His first literary contribution appeared in a ladies' magazine, in 1830, when he was only 15 years of age; and before he had attained his 20th year his position as a writer in verse and prose was very creditable. He, from thence forward, became a regular contributor to such journals of the day as *Blackwood*, *Fraser's*, *Household Words*, *The Gentleman's Magazine*, *The Tablet*, *Douglas Jerrold's Magazine*, *Punch*, and the *New Monthly Magazine*, and his contributions were invariably interesting and popular. When *Bentley's Miscellany* was under the editorial control of Charles Dickens, Gane was a regular contributor, and his pieces are among the best which appeared in the *Miscellany* in those days. He was also the editor of several of the literary monthlies, such as *The Lady's Magazine*, *The Court Magazine*, and the *Town and Country Magazine*, and of the latter he was also proprietor. During this part of his literary life he became known to the famous William Cobbett, and was the contributor of several pieces to *Cobbett's Magazine*. But his literary ambition soared beyond the production of fugitive pieces and magazine articles, and he was the author of several works possessing very considerable merit. Among these were "A Story of the Sea," which appeared in the *Metropolitan*, a magazine edited by Capt. Marryatt; an historical romance, "St. Augustine's Mission," published in the *Cabinet*; the "Child's own History of France," a "History of the Druids" and others. He was also a contributor to the newspapers of the day on political questions, and was at one time sub-editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, besides being a writer for other daily and weekly newspapers. In 1843 he was appointed to an office in the Admiralty Department, which he retained for some time, when he was transferred to the Customs Department of the public service. But, notwithstanding all these evidences of a useful and active life, Mr. Gane seems to have had a hankering after life in the new world, for in 1860 he emigrated to Canada and settled on a partially cleared lot in the Township of Lowe. While residing there he contributed many articles to the Canadian press, which appeared over the *nom de plume* of "The Lowe Farmer;" and we have no doubt but that many of the older readers of THE CITIZEN can call to mind many of these contributions which they read with pleasure and profit. But it could hardly be expected that a man who had passed the meridian of life and who was fresh from Piccadilly and Paternoster Row, would be long content with the roughness of bush life, and it was not surprising that he should in a very short time gravitate towards Ottawa. Mr. Gane had afterwards temporary connections with the press of Canada as correspondent or contributor; but in late years, as he frequently said to the writer, he was "losing his inspiration," and his connection with literature was not marked by any special efforts of authorship. Some years ago he received the appointment to a sessional clerkship in connection with the Legislative Assembly, and had retained the same in connection with the House of Commons up to the last session. At the time of his death he had a wife living in London, England, with their son, William Law, who is a barrister in good standing, and a commissioner for Ontario, New Brunswick and other provinces. Another son was resident in Croydon, and a third, resident in some part of the United States. The immediate cause of death, as we have stated, was a paralytic attack experienced several weeks ago, and from the first moment it was quite apparent to his friends that there was very little hope of his rallying. Although he had evidently passed beyond the period of his greatest usefulness, there is a host of old friends who will sincerely regret the sudden death of the genial and kindly

"Lowe Farmer." We are indebted for this brief memoir to our esteemed contemporary, the *Ottawa Daily Citizen*.

**CLASSIC COSTUMES.**

WHAT WAS WORN BY GRECIAN AND ROMAN BELLES.

For the original constituents of woman's attire after weaving had been invented we must look to the Greeks, the pioneers of civilization in the ancient world. The principal garments, the "chiton" and the "himation," had been in use under one shape or another from prehistoric times, but their gradual development into parts of an ornamental costume is due to the taste of the Hellenic race, and, however, altered in cut and material, they still form to the present day the essential items of a woman's dress. Originally the "chiton" consisted of an oblong piece of woolen or linen folded lengthwise, with a hole for the left arm, and the open side fastened on the right shoulder with a button or pin. A girdle or a belt adjusted the ample folds of this simple garment to the figure, and allowed the arrangement of any surplus length as fall over. At a later period two oblong pieces of cloth or linen were introduced to form the chiton. Fastened together on both shoulders and on the sides with openings for the arms, the arrangement might be compared with two long pinafores, worn in front and back. The next step in the development of the chiton was to double it from the neck, and thus form a second drapery, either short and girdled or hanging loose to the knees, and even to the ankles on occasions of ceremony. This arrangement was called "diploidon," but soon became a separate item of attire under the name of "chitonion," a sleeveless jacket, on which the most elaborate ornamentation of embroidery and braiding was lavished. The "himation," or mantle, worn by men and women, consisted of a large square of the finest Milesian cloth, embroidered at the border and corners, and artistically draped over one shoulder, the arms, the hips, and sometimes over the head. No girdle was used with the himation, and the great art was to arrange the shawl-like mantle in graceful folds over the chiton and chitonion. The chlamys was another kind of mantle, adopted from the Macedonians—an oblong or circular wrapper of a coarse material, principally worn by men on journeys. In very early times wool and linen formed the exclusive dress materials worn by the Greeks, and white was their favorite color. Samos and Miletus were famous for the manufacture of woolen stuffs, and the islands of Kos and Amorgos produced the finest gauze-like sericum or silk; but even Homer knew already of the richly-brocaded textiles from Persia and of the garments dyed with Phœnician purple. At a later period cotton was introduced for the garments of the lower classes. Of undergarments worn, if any, there is no record, but sandals and shoes held a prominent place among the ornamental dress items of a Greek lady. The bands which fastened the sole to the foot are described by Homer as "shining and golden," and the half-boots from Lydia and Tyrrhene were of brightly colored leather, studded with gold ornaments and embroidered with pearls. Graceful as the appearance of a Greek lady must have been, arrayed in a richly ornamented diploidon or himation, the shape of her head-dress and the manner in which her hair was arranged would scarcely have found favor with modern critics. A fringe of curls, to make the forehead appear as low as possible, and the remainder of the hair brushed back to form a sort of apex with a topknot, is decidedly unbecoming to most faces, and curious bandages, nets and caps, which kept the arrangement in its place, cannot be considered as an improvement. Only when a diadem or veil was worn, the modern idea of a classical head is fully realized. The costume of the Romans was an adaptation of the Greek attire, the "tunica interior" representing the chiton, the "tunica exterior" or "stola" the diploidon, and the "toga" or "palla" the himation. The under tunic was originally a long chemise sewed on the sides, with sleeves reaching, in early times, scarcely to the elbow; but later, under the rule of the emperors, descending to the wrist and terminating in fringes or borders. When the Greeks invented the diploidon the Roman women at once adopted the new fashion as an over tunic and called it stola. It was shaped on the same principle as the tunica interior, but much longer and of ample width, beside being elaborately embroidered on the borders as well as in front and round the neck, and the train sometimes weighted with gold ornaments. The tunica interior used to be worn in the house without a belt, but no lady appeared in public without having her stole cinched round the waist and drawn up in front, to show her pretty shoes or sandals, while her flounced and pleated train swept the ground. The belt (semi-zona) was made of various materials more or less costly, according to the rank of the wearer, and of elaborate workmanship, with pearls and stones, when worn with the short stole. The Roman mantle, or toga, consisted of a piece of woolen cloth, sufficiently ample to envelop the whole figure when necessary, and allow a portion to be pulled over the head for protection from the weather. How to drape the toga or palla—as the corresponding mantle worn by women was called—in graceful folds over the stola, so as to show the embroidered parts of the tunic and the figure to the

best advantage, was a matter of study and anxious concern with Roman ladies. Their great wish was to appear original in this respect and to set the fashion. To describe the various methods of arranging the palla on the figure would be impossible. The favorite color for the toga and palla was a creamy white, the natural hue of wool, and remained the fashion with the higher classes for a long time. Only the lower classes wore mantles of different colors, while togas dyed, striped and edged with purple were reserved for occasions of state and to mark the rank of officials. Of course ladies could not be long restrained within such narrow limits of ornamentation, and had their pallas made of various materials, including the rough Tuscan frieze, as well as the translucent gauze from Asia, in gaudy colors, and richly embroidered. The veil (ricinium), made of the finest muslin or silk gauze, was another integral part for a Roman lady's outdoor dress. Fixed to the diadem it descended over the shoulders, and its graceful arrangement was well understood by the belles of the period. The Roman fashions of arranging the hair differed from those customary in Greece, and were of infinite variety. Curls and plaits of natural and artificial hair had to be combined in various ways, and some of these arrangements were far from becoming. In imperial times the empresses set the fashion for the coiffures, and many curious examples of dressing the hair have been preserved on ancient coins. With regard to the chaussure of Roman ladies, we may remark that, like their Greek sisters, they preferred embroidered and gaily-painted or ornamented shoes and half-boots to the sandals. Socks and stockings seem only to have been worn on the stage. The jewel cases of Roman ladies were overflowing with the spoils of the world, and even to enumerate their contents would carry us too far. Suffice it to say that nothing in the way of pearls, precious stones and gold ornaments was too costly for the great ladies and dandies of the period. Lolla, the wife of the Emperor Caius Claudius, appeared in public covered with emeralds and pearls to the value of nearly £1,000,000; and Julius Caesar gave £30,000 for one single pearl, which he presented to the mother of Brutus.

**THE MOST POPULAR SMOKING SONG.**

Drinking songs are numerous enough to make, if collected, a volume of considerable size, but smoking songs are extremely rare. The best is the one which begins:

"Floating away, like the fountain's spray,  
Or the snow white plum of a maiden,  
The smoke wreaths rise to the starlit skies  
With blissful fragrance laden."

And of which the refrain is—

"Then smoke away till a golden ray  
Lichtens up the dawn of the morrow;  
For a cheerful cigar, like a shield, will bar  
The blows of care and sorrow."

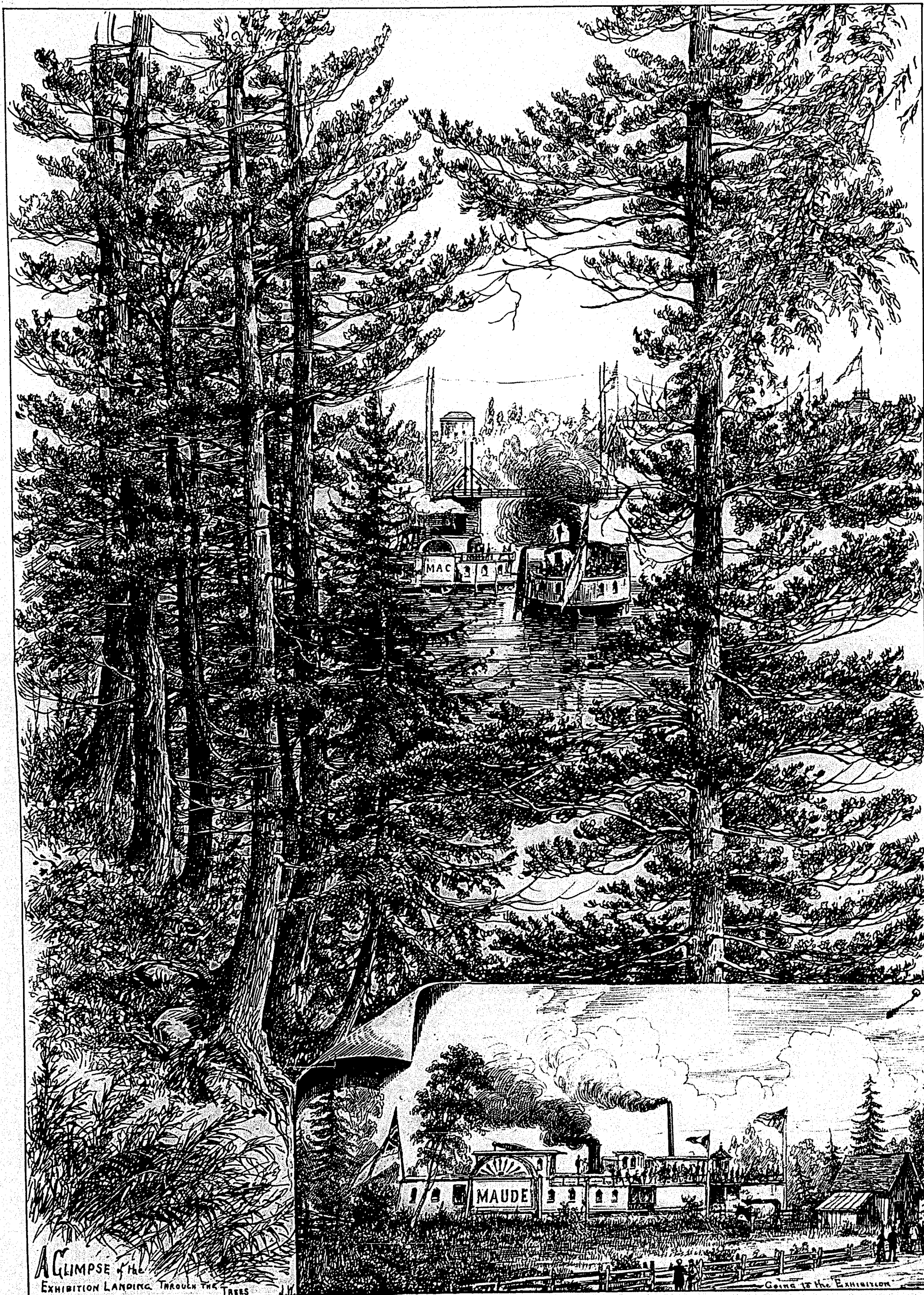
This song, which has literary merit of a high order, was written by Francis M. Finch of the Yale class of 1849. During one of his last years in that institution it chanced that the members of his college society were sitting in their chapter-room after the close of one of their meetings, engaged in smoking, chatting, and singing student songs. In an interval of comparative silence a member suddenly remarked: "We've lots of drinking songs; why don't somebody write a smoking song?" Mr. Finch, whose facility of versification has always been remarkable, at once drew into a quiet corner, and in a few minutes produced the first three verses of "The Smoking Song," written to the melody of what was then a great favourite—Charles Fenne Hoffman's "Sparkling and Bright." These were at once sung with immense delight. The next morning these stanzas were revised, and the four remaining ones written. The subsequent history of the song was notable. It was published both in English and California journals, ascribed in the former case to a well-known English poet, and in the latter to a Pacific bard of less fame. Mr. Finch is now a member of the bar of Ithaca; but his law practice does not apparently discourage his muse, as two lyrics of wide popularity, recently published, abundantly evince. Mr. Finch is the author of the widely-known poem, "The Blue and the Gray."

A FRENCH critic in the *Temps* gives the "Pinafore" a queer notice. He says: "The vessel of her majesty the Pinafore is sung everywhere in the English tongue, by troupes of 'Christian minstrels,' a pious opera corps. The poem is slight, the music far from original, and it pleases through a sort of poetical echo of popular songs mingled with buffoonery, somewhat coarse, somewhat heavy, and altogether unique."

**A CARD.**

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





A GLIMPSE OF THE EXHIBITION LANDING THROUGH THE TREES

Going to the Exhibition

OTTAWA.—LEAVES FROM OUR ARTIST'S SKETCH BOOK.



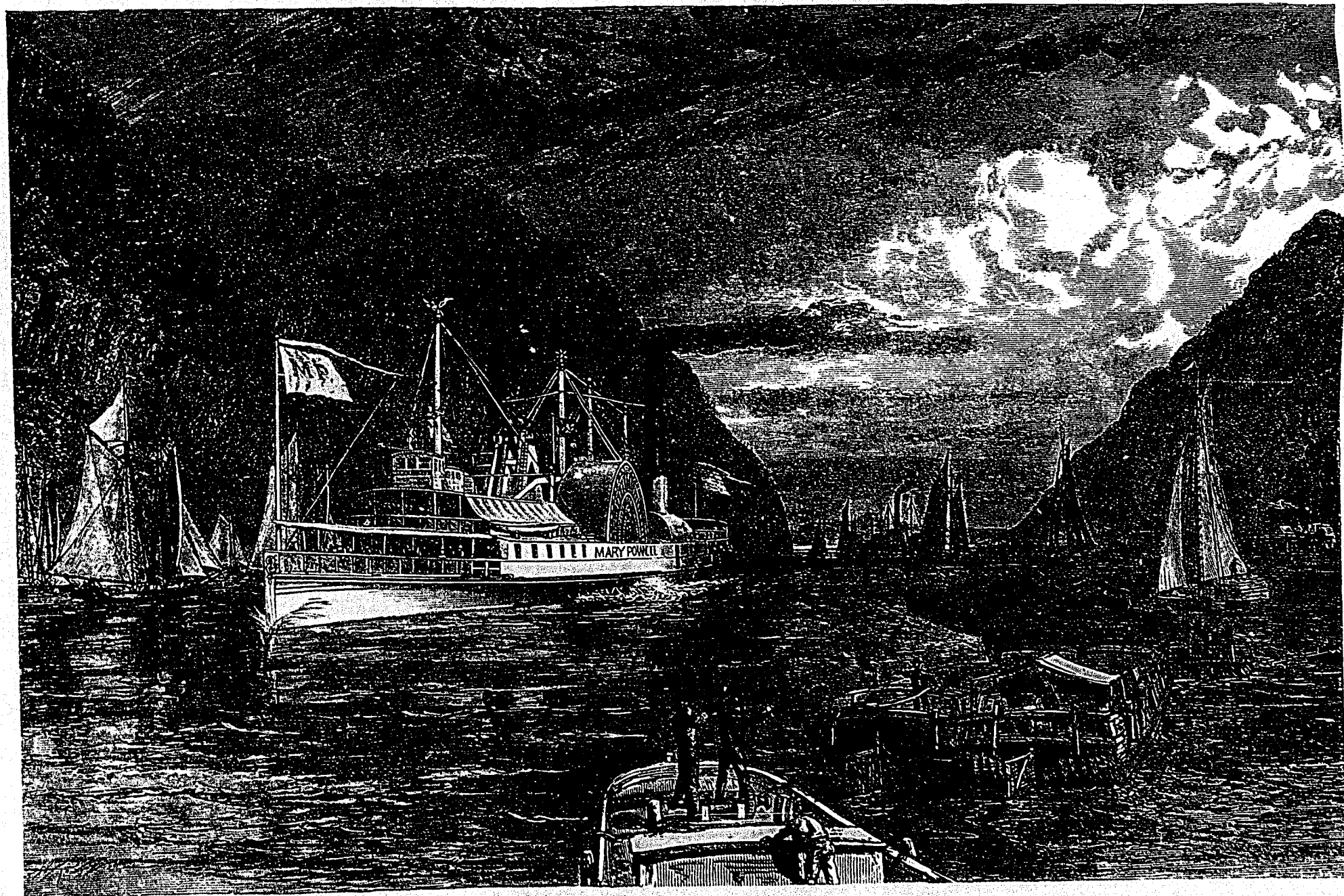
OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 322.—THE LATE WM. L. GANE,  
"THE LOWE FARMER."—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPLEY.



No. 321.—THE LATE J. G. SIPPELL,  
SUPERINTENDENT OF THE LOWER CANADA CANALS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN & SANDHAM.



THE HIGHLANDS OF THE HUDSON.



## AN ADDRESS TO DEATH.

Impartial, stern, relentless King,  
We all thy summons must obey,  
And from our hearts life's treasures fling,  
And at thy bidding haste away.

What means thy direful reign on earth,  
I cannot fully understand;  
"Tis better far we'er had birth  
Than to be crushed beneath thy hand.

Surely thy way o'er human kind  
Is meant to work some final good,  
Which, by my dark and feeble mind,  
Can not be closely understood.

My spirit loathes the unrighteous thought  
That man's existence thou dost end;  
Hope of eternal life has brought  
The strength on which our souls depend.

I hate thy cold and heartless slave  
Who says, "Trust only what you see,  
There is no life beyond the grave,  
Why dream of immortality?"

His words are false—I hear the voice  
Of Nature's all-pervading soul,  
Which bids my fainting heart rejoice  
That thou, O Death, shalt lose control;

And as a tyrant turns to flee,  
Dismayed and vanquished in the fight,  
So shall thy flight inglorious be  
Before the exulting victor—Life!

H. M. STRAMKERO.

Paris, Ont.

## THE VICE-REGAL RECEPTION AT INGERSOLL.

Our readers will remember the prominent position taken by the beautiful town of Ingersoll in the round of festivities accorded throughout Ontario to Lord and Lady Dufferin, a pictorial record of which appeared in the pages of the NEWS at the time. The prosperous and enterprising town was no less lavish in its reception of our new Governor-General and his charming consort, which took place on the 16th September. The special train containing the party reached Ingersoll about two o'clock, and long before that hour crowds began to congregate around the platform. The 22nd Battalion furnished a Guard of Honor, composed of No. 4 Company, Ingersoll, and a detachment from the Lakeside and Tilsonburg companies, under command of Major Ellis, Lieutenant Brown and Ensign Ramsey. They were formed in double line on the eastern side of the platform facing the rear car of the Vice-Regal train. On alighting and being presented to the Mayor, Mr. C. E. Chadwick, by Hon. A. Crooks, M.P.P., His Excellency and Her Royal Highness immediately entered the four-in-hand driven by Mr. F. G. Carroll, and the procession under the direction of Messrs. Brady, Casswell and Frezell proceeded over the bridge and under the handsome arch erected by the Noxon Manufacturing Company, moving slowly up Thames street under the evergreen arch erected by the town authorities on the corner of Thames and Charles streets. When opposite the *Chronicle* office—it is to our esteemed contemporary that we are indebted for these details—the carriage containing the Vice-Regal party stopped, and obtained an excellent view of the cheese buyers' arch erected on the corner of Thames and King streets, as well as the decorations above and on both sides of the street. Moving on, the procession wended its way up Thames street to the school grounds, the whole streets being lined with an enthusiastic throng. As the carriage with its royal freight approached the dais which had been erected on the grounds, close to the school building, the voices of six hundred children stationed on a platform in the rear of the dais, broke forth in a song of welcome. The illustrious guests having alighted on the dais, Mayor Chadwick read an address on the part of the people of Ingersoll, to which His Excellency made a most appropriate reply. Then the leading citizens of the town were presented, after which the Mayor called on E. Casswell, Esq., and presented him to His Excellency and Her Royal Highness as the pioneer of the export cheese trade of Canada. His Excellency, after a short conversation in reference to the trade with Mr. Casswell, requested him to send one of his best cheese to his address at Ottawa. The Rev. E. M. Bland, a cousin of Major DeWinton, was also presented, being introduced by the latter gentleman. Miss Janie Christopher, daughter of Amon Christopher, Esq., and granddaughter of the Mayor, presented Her Excellency with a bouquet of flowers on behalf of the ladies of Ingersoll. Miss Minnie Brown, daughter of P. J. Brown, Esq., and Miss Hattie Robinson, daughter of Mrs. E. Robinson, also presented the Princess with bouquets. Miss Maudie Hall, daughter of E. Hall, Esq., presented the Marquis with a bouquet.

The ceremonies at the school grounds concluded, the Vice-Regal party entered their carriages and were driven through the principal streets of the town and upon their arrival at the station the Marquis inspected the Guard of Honor and through Major Ellis thanked them. The party then entered the cars and moved away amid the cheers of the assemblage. Just before the departure of the train, the Princess was presented with a basket of choice fruit by Mr. D. White, a gift of the Corporation.

We now append a description of the arches and decorations which we publish to-day. We are indebted for them to the enterprise of Mr. Woodcock, stationer and news dealer.

## NOXON'S ARCH.

This was a noble piece of work, which spanned the bridge, being some 25 feet across and 25 feet

high. On the top of the arch, underneath a massive floral crown, was to be seen one of Noxon's celebrated Hoosier Seed Drills, flanked on each side by Mowers, the colors of the painting being very striking. On each side of the main part of the arch were placed suggestive mottoes, in large gold letters on crimson background, reading as follows: "Agriculture, Commerce, Industry, Integrity." Underneath the machinery a beautifully painted Royal Coat of Arms was placed, and on each side were "Welcome to Ingersoll," and "God Save the Queen," the whole structure being capped with three large Union Jacks. On the south side of the arch were placed two words in Gaelic, "Slan Leibh"—being interpreted to mean "Good Bye." A very neat shield was to be seen near the top having a Maple Leaf, with a varied colored star for background. A neat and handsome banner also hung down from the centre of arch, with the word "Welcome" in white letters bordered with silver fringe on blue background. The structure was also tastefully dotted with the monograms "L. L." and bannerettes, the whole forming a sight that could not but bring forth the admiration of those viewing it. Mr. Jas. Noxon is worthy of all praise for his wonderful push and enterprise, and indeed no man could have done more, and with so lavish a hand, as that accomplished by this gentleman in the erection of such a noble piece of work. To some of Mr. Noxon's employees great credit is attached, among whom we might single out Messrs. John R. Warnock, foreman of the Works, who drew the plan, John Farnsworth and George Reid, who designed and made the mottoes and emblems. We must note that the Messrs. Noxon decorated the bridge with foliage in such a manner as to add very materially to the general scenery.

## SAMPLE OF THAMES STREET DECORATIONS.

The magnificent store front of C. H. Slawson and E. Casswell was dressed with heavy evergreen wreaths dotted with red berries, flags of all nations, streamers of red, white and blue, several beautiful standards, crown with "L. L." worked in flowers on white ground, and an immense Union Jack floating across the street from top of building. In front of the store a platform was erected, on which were placed pyramids of cheese—the cheese cut looking very tempting; also a circled stand containing a large number of jars of Michell's Annatto, the whole forming a very imposing feature, suggestive of the dairy interests in which Ingersoll is so largely interested; the platform arched with floral wreaths. The display was a creditable one, Royalty deeming it so by graciously halting in front of it and partaking of the cut cheese. They were also favored with an order from the Marquis.

## CHEESE BUYERS' ARCH.

This arch, erected on the corner of King and Thames streets, was entirely composed of cheese boxes and was a sight that would convey the importance of the dairy interest of which this arch was erected to represent. On the north side was placed the words, "The Dairy Interests of Canada," on the south side, "Per Vias Rectas." It was decorated with evergreens, Canadian emblems, and two large Scotch Thistles. The construction of this fine arch was under the management of the energetic cheese buyer, E. Casswell, Esq.

## SCHOOL GROUNDS DECORATIONS.

At the entrance of the grounds a triple arch was erected, covered with evergreens and flowers, surmounted with five flagstaffs and Union Jacks. The dais, which was in front of the school building, was magnificently furnished with easy chairs, sofas, etc. The vast quantities of rare flowers, flowers in pots, and floral wreaths were so arranged as to give an almost indescribable effect to the scene. Streamers, bunting and Royal Standards were in great profusion on the school building; also magnificent floral wreaths, etc.

## THE LADIES' ARCH.

This arch, erected in front of the school grounds, Thames street, was indeed a neat and well proportioned structure, eliciting the commendations of all. A prettier and neater dressed arch it would be hard to conceive of. On the top was a handsome floral crown, at the base of which was the word "Welcome," and at the sides, "Lorne" and "Louise." A pretty crown of flowers hung from the centre of the arch. Round the curve of the arch were the words, "From the Mothers and the Daughters." The arch was covered with the richest of flowers, moss, leaves, etc.

## MILLERS' ARCH.

On the market square, corner of King and Oxford streets, was a stupendous and noble structure, designated the Millers' Arch. Some three thousand or more flour barrels were used in the construction. Towering pyramids on massive frame work were so arranged as to make a double arch—one on King street and another on Oxford street. To be brief, it was a monster, and gave a good index to the milling interests of the town. On the east side of the arch were the words, "Welcome to South Oxford." A wide red band was twined around at the base of pyramids. On the south side two steel engravings of Her Majesty, and crown in the centre. Several large Union Jacks crowned the top of arch. Mr. W. S. King is deserving of all honor and praise for his indomitable energy and wonderful tenacity in carrying through to completion such an imposing structure.

## THE DOMINION EXHIBITS.

Some errors having crept into our list of prizes awarded at the late Dominion Exhibition to the firm of Lyman, Sons & Co., we take pleasure in rectifying in justice to this representative firm. They were one of the few silver medallists, and, moreover, took first prize for colors assortment in oil, pulp and powder; first prize in oils and linseed; Dominion silver medal and \$10 for collection of pharmaceutical preparations; 2nd prize for assortment of perfumes, and prize for dentist's plaster and linseed oil cakes.

## GOODWIN'S PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION FOR BUSINESS MEN.

This valuable little book comes from the pen of J. H. Goodwin, Davenport, Iowa, an experienced business-man, and will be welcomed by many of our rising young men who are endeavoring to make their mark upon the extensive fields of commerce. This little work, while imparting a great deal of knowledge and advice to the beginner, gives also very valuable hints to many an old merchant who wants to keep pace with any changes in old methods and accept that which shows progress. Mr. Goodwin's idea of saving labour, his caution to retail merchants, and many other hints, are certainly good ones, and do not only deserve a mere reading, but studying. To our accountants and bookkeepers we recommend this book particularly, for Mr. Goodwin treats every question of importance in an able manner and with few words to the point. From general bookkeeping, banking, &c., to clearing house settlements—all these questions are answered, and give valuable information to those who desire to become accountants and reach the sphere above the average book-keeper of the present day.

The "secret of success" in business should be known by everyone, and if the principle laid down by Mr. Goodwin had been strictly followed, many of our once rich business men would not have come to grief, while the man with a moderate capital would have saved himself from going through the Insolvency Court, especially during the past five years of crisis. This book can be obtained through any bookseller for \$1.00 per copy.

## MANNERS MAKE THE MAN.

One of the most venerable educational establishments in this or any other country has for its motto the still more venerable apothegm of which a literal copy appears above. William of Wykeham was so well aware what is the true aim of education that, instead of engorging over the portals of his college any more ambitious and high-sounding phrases, he contented himself with borrowing in its homely Saxon guise the maxim better known in Ovid's oft-quoted words, "emollit mores." Possibly amidst all our rage for higher and lower education, for popularising science, and the acquisition of all sorts of learning, useful and otherwise, we have a good deal forgotten the first result at which the pastor and master ought to aim. There was certainly a time when the instruction bestowed at Oxford and Cambridge was valued much more highly than it is now, upon grounds which may be called sentimental and are to be measured by no money value. Of the multitudes who thronged to these great seats of learning both in the Middle Ages and in later times a very large proportion always went without any fixed idea of turning the knowledge they acquired there to a practical account. They went simply to be "humanized" in their manners, and for this purpose they waded steadily through the good old ordeal of the *liberae humaniores*. There is good sense, therefore, as well as orthodox authority, in the opinion of the modern dons, that to bestow a degree at Oxford for mere proficiency in science is to rob the Muses of what is, after all, their especial privilege—that of making men more civilised, more civil-spoken, and more well-mannered. Education has, no doubt, many functions to perform, but amongst them all the most valuable is the gift of substituting good manners for the vulgarity which, under various names, prevails where ignorance is rampant. It was with a full intelligence of this truth that our worthy ancestors established the institution of the grand tour—a course of travel quite indispensable for a favourite son who was to make his mark in the world, and forming quite as certainly a part of his educational career as *Delectus* or Latin verse. England has now become so cosmopolitan, and the life of different countries has so assimilated itself, that this necessity no longer exists in equal force. Yet it would be rash to deny that men who have travelled a little have an ease of manner and a variety of conversation which is much less often found in those who have never crossed the sea.

Within only the few days past a great deal of correspondence has been going on in the public press on the subject of bad language. The Englishman of the lower classes—including in the term not only the Bill Sykes type but also the section usually designated by the name of 'Arry—has been accused, unfortunately with only too much truth, of using in his common conversation, as mere expletives, expressions which, in coarseness and brutality, to say nothing of their profanity, exceed almost anything that could be found elsewhere. It is of no avail to allege as a sort of excuse that other nations are afflicted with the same vice. No one who knows the South of France will deny that the language of

the uneducated Gascon is quite as obscene and blasphemous as that of the London cad, while the manners of which it is the outward sign are even worse, inasmuch as to the horrors of drunkenness and profanity the Southern Gaul adds generally that of cruel and unmanly violence. Nor is it to be supposed that the East is free from the same pest and scourge of society. The testimony of the most learned Oriental travellers compels us to admit that the Asiatics, when alone, use both oaths and coarse expressions very far removed from the flowery language employed by them when in polite company. But all this is no excuse for the Englishman who violates good taste by indulging in bad language—an offence which is the more disgusting and deplorable when, as in this country, the foul expressions are shouted aloud, so as to reach the ears of men and even women, who are wounded by them as by a blow. The mere practice in itself would be quite bad enough if tolerated, as in the East, only in private assemblages. It becomes degrading to the manners of the whole nation when permitted in the most open thoroughfares without an attempt to interfere with it on the part of the police. To explain its prevalence is, however, not so difficult a task as some seem to think. The lower orders in this country slowly but surely tend to imitate the manners of the class above. Now, a century ago the language of society, even in London drawing-rooms, was villainous in the extreme. "They swore terribly," not only "in Flanders," but also on the parade at Bath, and in all the fashionable resorts. And they used, moreover, expressions which, if not actually obscene, were certainly the reverse of modest. The vice, together with that of drunkenness, has gone out "with the Georges;" but although it has gone out from Mayfair and Saint James's, the evil spirit is not altogether exorcised. It has entered into another class, which has not improved upon the model. The consequence is that the ignorant masses, who must almost always have expletives to eke out their limited flow of conversation—who once invoked the saints and martyrs—who after the Reformation took to such fantastic and belabored oaths as 'sblood, 'sdeath, and the like—now allow their superfluous energy to work off by emphasising their nouns with adjectives of impious and immoral form. The custom will, as we may trust, descend lower and lower each year in the scale of society, until at last it reaches its vanishing point somewhere in the docks and in the East-end.

The advantage of good manners to the private individual who happens to possess them are very often overlooked; and the success of a man in life is wrongly attributed to luck when it should have been ascribed simply to his affability and politeness. From Senatus to the Duke of Buckingham, through the whole range of Gavestons and Despencers, Catesbys and Ratscliffe's, Rizzios and Russells—not forgetting Cardinals Wolsey and De Retz—history is full of instances in point. A hundred anecdotes have been related which prove the fallacy of the common idea, and show how men have been "made" by manners; but, perhaps, not any of them exceeds in interest that of two notable English characters—Raleigh, whose cloak is familiar to every child reader of history; and Marlborough, whose tremendous victories might never have enriched our military annals had he not first earned Court favour and promotion by his consummate address.

A singular instance of ignorance or indifference, not at all creditable to our learned societies, has lately come to my knowledge. It appears that the Marquette Monument Association, composed of persons who desire to have the name of Jacques Marquette, the discoverer of the Mississippi, remembered in a tangible way, held its second annual celebration at Mackinac, in the State of Michigan, on Aug. 8th and 9th, under the auspices of the Pioneer Society of the State. Delegates were appointed from the different Historical Societies of the Commonwealths over and along whose territories the illustrious explorer and Christian missionary travelled more than two centuries ago, and they participated in the literary and other exercises of the occasion. It appears further that the President of the Association is Senator Ferry, of Michigan. The Vice-Presidents are the Governors of Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, Arkansas, and Mississippi. Among the Honorary Trustees are some of the most prominent citizens of Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Indiana, and Missouri. Now, I repeat that the most remarkable feature of the celebration was the absence of any mention of Canada, and especially of the Province of Quebec, from whose ancient capital Marquette set forth to discover the Father of Waters, and to the rector of the college at which place he sent his official report of the discovery. President LeMoine, who was the old Historical Society on the 8th and 9th of August!

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

Pimples eruptions on the face, so annoying to the young and baffling to medical skill, can be completely cured by ACNE PILLS. They contain no arsenic, nosh, or any injurious drug; nor, except the disease, do they affect the system in any way, save as a tonic. Box containing 120 pills, with full directions, mailed to any part of Canada for one dollar. Sample boxes of one dozen 10 cents in stamps. Address W. LEARN, *Chronist, Ottawa.*

TO THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.

Roll on majestic river, roll  
Your blue waves to the sea,  
Unmarr'd you sweep your waters on  
An emblem of the free;  
Two goodly nations line your banks,  
Each claims alike your palm,  
Roll on! Roll on! O beauteous stream,  
Discourse the self-same strain.

Roll on majestic river, roll  
Your blue wave to the sea,  
And may the lands your banks accent  
Be ever free as thee;  
And with the selfsame steady course  
Advance true liberty.  
Roll on majestic river, roll,  
Fair emblem of the free.

Roll on majestic river, roll  
Your mighty tide along,  
And chant but one orison  
And one patriotic song;  
For though your bosom swells at times  
You bathe alike each shore.  
Sweep on! Sweep on! O beauteous stream,  
There's music in thy roar.

Roll on majestic river, roll,  
May naught thy course confound  
Save smiling farms, Canadian homes,  
And fair Columbia's pine;  
And may our sturdy sons and sires  
Be ever free as thee.  
Roll on! Roll on! Cease not to chant  
Thy varied minstrelsy.

T. O'HAGAN.

Belleville, Ont.

PRIMITIVE CONSCIENCE—IS IT MERELY THE OUTCOME OF EDUCATION?—UNEDUCATED DEAF-MUTES.

"Whatever creed be taught, or land be trod,  
Man's conscience is the oracle of God."  
—BYRON.

An article on "Primitive Conscience," from the pen of Mr. Thomas Widd, Principal of the Mackay Institution for Deaf-Mutes, appeared in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS of April 26th, and to which I have been requested to respond.

Much has been written about the deplorable condition of uneducated deaf-mutes by those interested in the promotion of their welfare and well-being. In some cases, I have noticed writers exaggerated more or less the state of the child of silence in their efforts to describe his pitiable condition, and not a few have confounded idiotic mutes with rational ones. However, I shall endeavour to give the public a true insight into the matter.

I think Mr. Widd has formed wrong ideas as regards the status of an uneducated deaf-mute. He is quite unequivocal in his denial that uneducated congenital deaf-mutes have a primitive conscience. He says: "If conscience means internal self-knowledge, or judgment of right and wrong, a mind so dark, so inert, and wholly uninstructed as that of the uneducated congenital deaf-mute, could not reasonably be expected to possess anything like it."

From the above language one would be led to believe it is education that creates conscience in the uneducated youth, and Mr. Widd endeavours to prove it is so. Dr. Crombie describes conscience thus: "What is conscience? If there be such a power, what is its office? It would simply be this: To approve of our own conduct when we do what we believe to be right, and to censure us when we commit whatever we judge to be wrong."

As God has endowed man with an immortal soul, there is *prima facie* evidence of a primitive conscience on the hypothesis that man cannot create, but may awaken conscience in the human being. Mr. Widd endeavours to prove the uneducated mute has no conscience. That cannot be so, since it is not in the power of man to create conscience; therefore, when instructed mutes are observed to exhibit a lively sense of right and wrong, they also exhibit a keen conscience, and this proves conclusively that man is presumably born with a semi-dormant conscience, and instruction awakens—does not create—as Mr. Widd's argument would infer, and whose argument, I think, would also do away with the spirit. Of course, conscience is a thing that can be educated and rendered very tender and sensitive. Hence the value of good moral teaching when young. Man can blunt his conscience, and cruelty, abuse, and bad training and teaching during childhood may leave a man with such a hardened conscience that there is not a vestige of its primitiveness left. Educated men, necessarily, if morally educated and Christians, will possess it in a greater degree than one not so educated. However, we also know that hundreds of the greatest intellects and most highly educated men have none, but it is their own fault.

Man is a devotional creature, and must, according to the light he has received, worship the Deity, or some idol shrine or patron god, which he believes can give him peace of conscience and some temporal or spiritual good. Infidelity is unnatural and acquired. It is the boast of pride, and the insane darings of presumptuous folly. Man is a thinking being. Everyone thinks. All thoughts are not written or spoken. Thought is independent of speech. Those who can speak and write their thoughts must admit that they neither speak or write one-tenth of the thoughts which occupy their minds. Thought is fed with what we see and hear, but not wholly dependent on them. The dark solitude is more favourable to thought than noise and glare. Hence it is evident that a defective sense, or even the ab-

sence of a sense, cannot prevent the action of the mind, and therefore the deaf-mute is as capable of thinking as those possessed of all their senses.

The mute may not hear nor speak, but he can see and think. It is true the mute must be taught to read in order that he may know the revelation of God's will as contained in the Sacred Scriptures. But God has two books—nature and revelation—and who can say that he has not read and studied the open book of nature. This earth, with all its beautiful scenery; the blue vault of heaven, the starry canopy—all must attract his admiration and beget the thought of how they came to exist and for what purpose. The mute is a keen observer, and he has seen others kneel in prayer—perhaps has been taught by a pious mother to assume the attitude of prayer, and by signs has been pointed to the Almighty. And if so, conscience must be there to soothe or reprove the actions of that deaf-mute.

Deaf-mutes have memories, and they know what their condition was previous to an education. It is curious and interesting to know what Massien, who, as Kitto says in his "Lost Senses," was, beyond all deaf-mutes, possessed of the power of expressing his own condition (and who also was an able instructor of deaf-mutes in after years), says about his childhood: I will merely give a few instances of his remarkable brightness. He observed and remembered things he saw around him, and, being curious to know how they came into creation, would hide himself in the dykes to see them springing up through the earth, and to watch the heavens descend upon the earth for the growth of beings. His father made him pray morning and evening, by kneeling, joining hands and moving his lips, which is an imitation of those who speak when praying to God. He adored the heavens, and not God, for he did not see God, but he saw the heavens. While on his knees he thought about the heavens, and addressed it with a view to descend at night upon the earth, in order that the plants he had planted might grow and the sick might be restored to health. He felt joy when he found the plants and fruit grow, and grief when they were injured by hail or other things, and when his parents remained sick. On one occasion, during his mother's illness, he used to go out every evening to pray to a peculiar star that he had selected for its beauty, for her restoration, but, finding that she got worse, he was enraged and pelted stones at the star. He could not get at it to kill it, so he threw stones, for he imagined it was the cause of all the disaster and would not cure his parent. When he observed people looking at each other and moving their lips, he thought they were expressing ideas, for he says, in proof of this, he recollected some person had spoken of him to his father, who threatened to have him punished, and also that he endeavored to express his ideas in the same way, but, being told he made objectionable noises, and his defect was in his ears, he abandoned the attempt at that mode of communication with his fellow-beings. He acquired the knowledge of the value of the gift of hearing in this way, using his own words: "A hearing female relative who lived at our house, told me that she saw with her ears a person whom she could not see with her eyes—a person who was coming to my father." Of death he had the idea that it was the cessation of motion, of sensation, of chewing, of the softness of the flesh and of the skin. He formed these ideas through having seen a corpse. He thought there was a heavenly land, and that the body was eternal; of the immortality of the soul he had no innate knowledge.

The above is an instance of the ideas and condition of a mute child before instruction, and goes far to show how well he could reason, and what remarkable ideas came into his mind from objects with which he was surrounded. But, of course, all mutes are not like him, though they have unquestionably their own ideas and feelings, but presumably of a different nature.

From Massien's account of his youth, it seems to me that the virtues or vices of the family, or of those with whom it is the lot of the mute to associate, will undoubtedly be imitated by him, and hence the necessity of having him placed in the society of God-fearing people. I know that the blessings of education are more required by the mutes than by other people, for, when educated, they can give and receive in a proper manner thoughts which could not be had by signs—the natural medium of the uneducated mute by which he expresses himself to his fellow-beings.

In arguing his point, the writer of "Primitive Conscience" says: "All philologists and mental philosophers agree that it is the gift of language that chiefly distinguishes man from the brutes, and that without it he would have little claim to the title of a rational being."

We know that many of the lower animals have the power of expressing certain emotions—joy, fear, anger, &c., by sounds, which are quite intelligible to others of the same kind; and what is that but a kind of language—rudimentary, certainly, but more extensive perhaps than we are aware.

It is absurd to confound man with brutes merely on the plea of the want of language, for there is not in the case of man and brutes, any more than in any other case, a confounding of orders and kinds which the Creator himself has made separate and distinct. God tells man He has made him a little lower than the angels, and gave Adam domain over those other creatures of His hand.

Mr. Widd's idea as regards the status of an

uneducated deaf-mute is this, using his own words:

"The intellectual condition of the congenital deaf-mute, before instruction, is little above that of the more intelligent brutes, and lower than that of the most unenlightened savages," and that "to deny a deaf-mute education is to keep his mind on a level with the brutes."

From my description of Massien, it is clearly proven to be otherwise, and I believe this from what I know to be the true state of the congenital, uneducated deaf-mute children:

"They live a life of silent loneliness in darkness and ignorance, unable to communicate in a proper manner their wants, thoughts and feelings to others, and sadder of all, know not that they have a soul, and are ignorant of Him who died to redeem them."

The mute (except an idiotic mute), though he lack two of the senses, is a rational being. We can instance the actions of a child who, or who may not, as the case may be, acquire the gift of speech before he learns to talk—his mind will urge him to do things which grown-up people will look on and admire and express surprise at his cunningness—yet still the child may not be able to speak, and is certainly not educated. This, I think, shows that the gift of speech or the want of education does not darken the human brain or place it on a level with the "brutes." Mr. Widd seems to overlook the fact of the different construction which the Almighty has given the human brain in contradistinction to that of the "brute."

If, assuredly, the poor uneducated deaf-mute cannot express himself in a proper manner, those who show him kindness cannot fail to trace in his intelligent countenance emotions of gratitude and joy. His is truly a speaking face. What volumes our faces say! Some speak of love and kindness; some of anger and hatred; others of pride and rebellion, and others of selfishness. Such emotions are vivid in the countenance of the mute, which goes far to show that the lack of education does not bring the human mind on a parallel to that of the brute.

If the condition of deaf-mutes is what Mr. Widd makes it, it would be impossible to instruct them, for Reed says, "We cannot teach brute animals."

If the soul comes from God then it is possessed by the mute as well as by those possessed of all the senses. And though one of the gates may be shut, yet there are other entrances to the mind, and to the heart also. If the ears be stopped, the eyes are open, and who can say the mute does not make as good use of his eyes as other people. His eyes truly are to him what the ears are to hearing and speaking people.

I know a three-year-old congenital mute boy, totally uninstructed, who asked his mother in the sign of language, "Mother, dear, do all people breathe as I do?" His mother overcome with surprise and joy at the brightness of her boy, embraced him tenderly, and with tears in her eyes, placed his hand near her heart, which was then throbbing fast, and explained to him the information desired.

I know many uneducated deaf-mute children who are all life and animation, and quite adapts at all the games of the youths with whom they associate. None so fond of play, and none know better what is right and what is wrong in their games and amusements.

Thus it can be seen how well the mute can think, and imitate the ways of others with whom he may be brought in contact. I hope what I have here said about uneducated deaf-mute children will suffice to do away with the brute theory.

I know several instances where uneducated mutes die happy, trusting in their Saviour, whose name they have been taught to love by those who have been more fortunate in acquiring an education. A lady of wealth and education, a deaf-mute, informs me she was accidentally called to the death-bed of a little deaf-mute girl, a stranger to her. This child said, in the sign language, "I am going to see my little brother and sister in heaven. Do not cry for me, I feel so happy;" and shortly after she had gone to her Saviour.

Dr. Ritto gives a very interesting account of a boy, a deaf-mute, who was also blind. He accompanied the family to church, behaved quietly, and habitually knelt at family prayers. Three months after his father's death, a clergyman being in the house on a Sunday evening, he pointed to his father's Bible, and then made a sign that the family should kneel. This is an interesting fact, and this unfortunate child of affliction evinced a lively sense of gratitude for kindness received; and forcibly illustrated, in a most pathetic manner, his love for, and sorrow at the death of his father.

As regards conscience with uneducated congenital uneducated adult deaf-mutes, I think the most of them, if not all, have internal self-knowledge, or judgment of right and wrong—they have knowledge of the moral character of their own actions and can form ideas of other peoples'. Although they cannot write and read, yet they can express themselves in their own way—through the medium of the sign language. They are, in fact, the same as the uneducated hearing and speaking people, who also cannot write and read, yet who can make themselves understood by using their tongues. I know several deaf-mutes, heads of families, and in all the relations of life they are seemingly faultless—good husbands and kind fathers—good neighbors, and yet they are uneducated. And who dare say they have no conscience? Their morals are above the common order, and why

are they so? There can be but one answer—they have "conscience." The know what is right and what is wrong, and we may infer that the spirit of God leads them to do good and hate evil.

Mr. Widd also says in concluding his article, "There are hundred of deaf-mutes in the Province of Quebec totally uninstructed—irresponsible beings—which means a danger to society and reproach to our boasted civilization."

He speaks too wildly who says that the uneducated mute is an "irresponsible being." All idiots and lunatics—those unfortunate beings devoid of reason—are considered irresponsible, but all uneducated mutes are not insane and those who have their reasoning faculties unimpaired are as responsible for their actions as others who are in full possession of all their senses. However, God who is a just God, in his unfathomable love and mercy knows He having made all things for his own glory. There can be no complaint for the want of institutions as there are four in this Province at the disposal of uneducated deaf-mutes. It being the duty of parents and guardians to send their uneducated deaf-mute children thither for instruction. A place where

"Christian love has found a voice  
Their silent ear to touch." S. M.

And where they can learn something that will prove valuable to them hereafter in their struggles through life, and inspire them with hopes of salvation in the world to come.

In pleading with parents on behalf of their unfortunate offsprings, I can but chime with S. Moore the poet:—

"How heartless must that parent be  
To his afflicted child  
Who leaves its thoughts like fallow ground  
Unweeded, waste and wild.

Far better send his darling mute  
To that good institution,  
To have it taught the Rule of Life  
And sav'd from sin's pollution.

'Tis criminal to keep at home,  
The deaf and dumb and blind,  
When there are schools where they may come  
And useful knowledge find.

In conclusion I desire to thank those good people who give the needed contributions, and who do all they can to promote the welfare and well-being of the child of silence. Heaven reward them!

C. W. BUTT.

Montreal, Oct. 7th, 1879.

THE GLEANER.

THE new railroad bridge over the Niagara River is to be one of the finest of the kind in the world. It will be a steel truss structure of one span, with both railroad and highway track. The river at the point to be crossed is 600 feet wide. The work will be begun immediately.

THE death is announced by cable of Field Marshal Sir William Rowan, aged 90 years. He commanded the forces in Canada from 1849 to 1855, and was made a G. C. B. in 1856. Subsequently he rose to be field marshal, and was always pleasantly remembered as an accomplished and efficient officer.

\$52,000 were taken in at the recent Toronto Exhibition. Less than \$22,000 have been expended for prizes, and \$20,000 on general expenses, leaving a margin of \$12,500 to apply on capital account, or 50 per cent. of the expenditure on buildings. The number of visitors was about 100,000.

MR. ROBERT C. WINTHROP, of Boston, in a recent address before the Massachusetts Historical Society, said that there were no religious services or sermons at funerals during the early period of Colonial history and that the first prayer at a funeral in Boston was delivered as late as 1766, and the first funeral sermon was delivered as late as 1783.

THE Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise will, it is reported, arrive in New York about the twentieth of October, to remain a week or ten days. It is presumed that they will select the Windsor Hotel as their place of sojourn, following the example of the Duke of Argyll, the father of the Marquis. It is their wish that no demonstration on the part of the people be made, and they will decline all invitations of a public character.

CHINESE SHOOTING.—A Chinese paper gives an account of some experiments in rifle shooting, at Hiogo, of a somewhat novel character, which are worthy of the notice of our local volunteers. Instead of firing at the ordinary regulation target, a movable figure is the object to which the attention of the marksman is directed. From behind a mound of sand on the beach there suddenly appears, but only for a second or two, the figure of a soldier (life size) dressed in a red coat, and forage cap. He is supposed to be taking what the Yokoham vocabulary calls "high kin" over the ramparts, to see what is going on, when those in the pits take the opportunity of putting a bullet through him. The contrivance is a very simple construction, and the whole thing works very smoothly. It is an improvement on the "running deer" and the "coming man," at Wimbledon. There was some practice from the rifle pits at the butt lately, those participating seeming to enjoy it much. This kind of shooting can hardly fail to prove exciting; it is so much like the real thing.



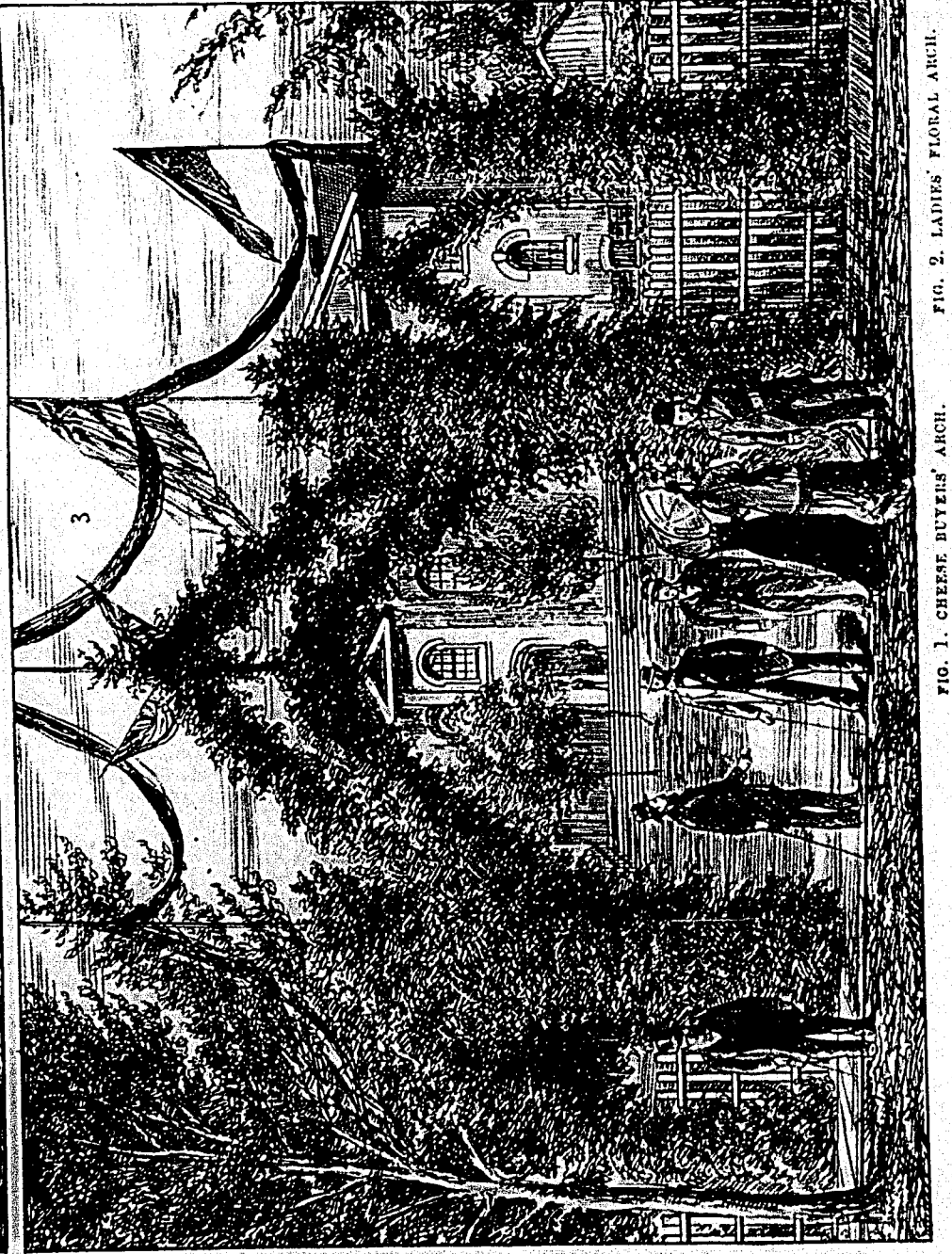
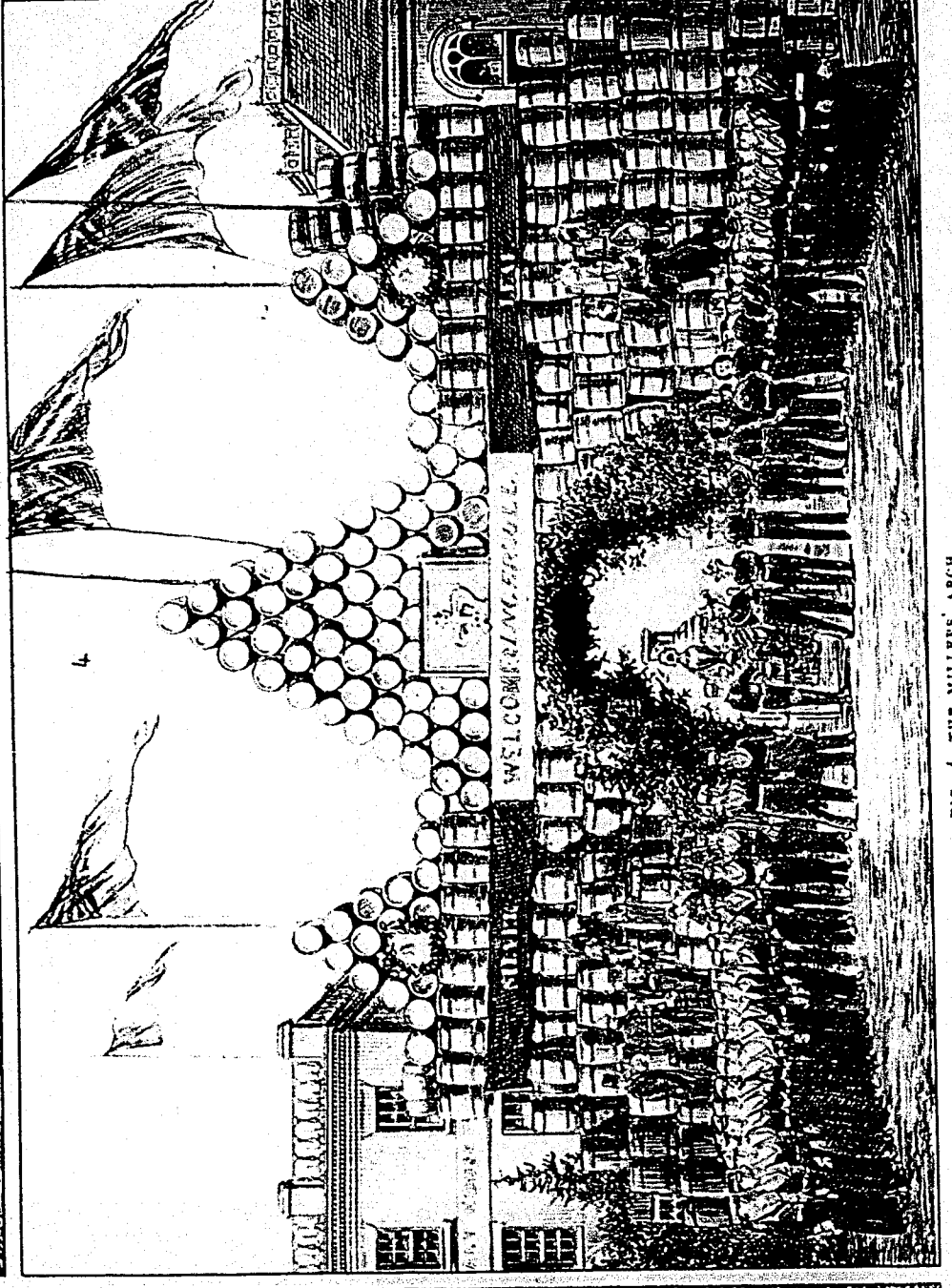
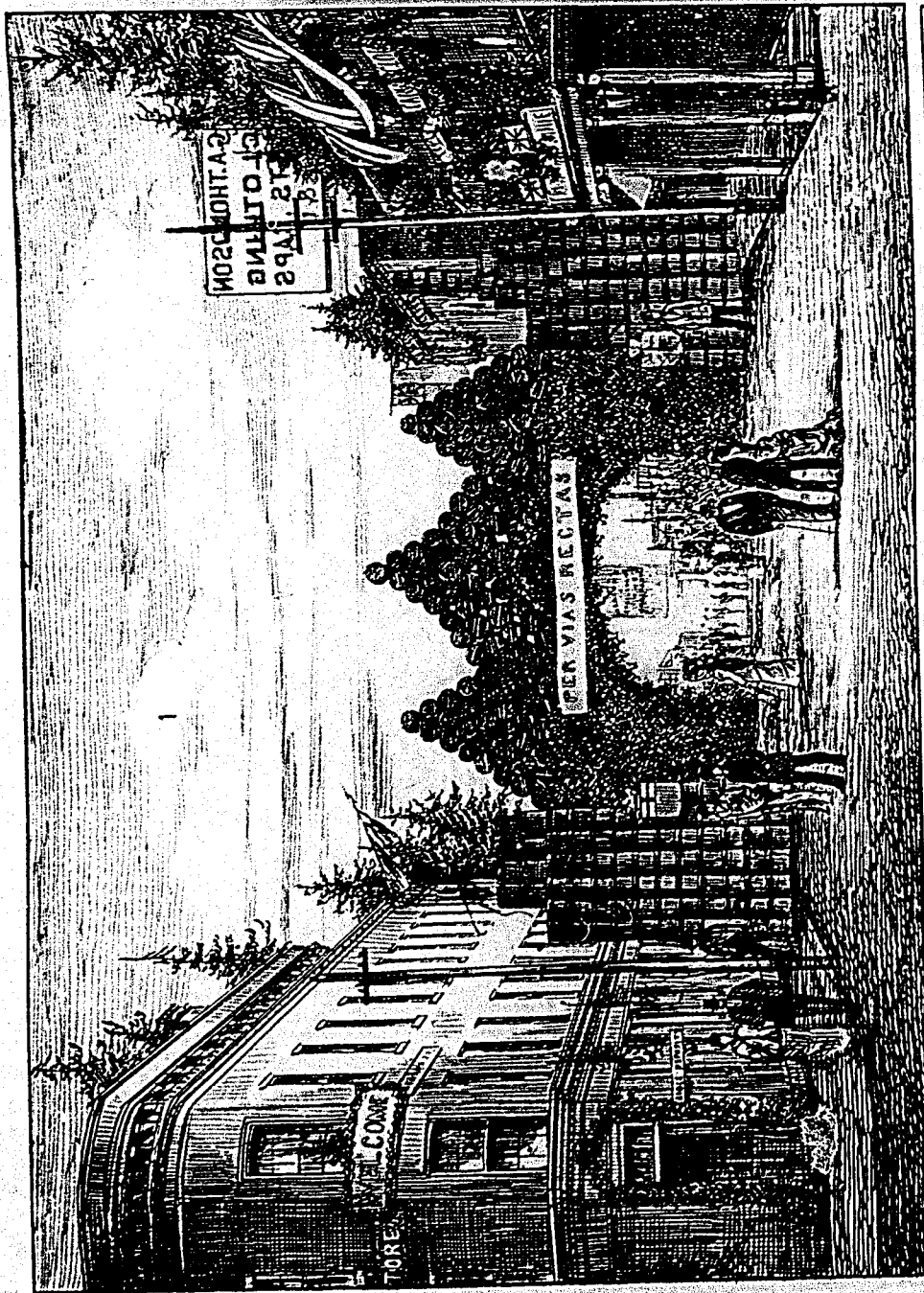
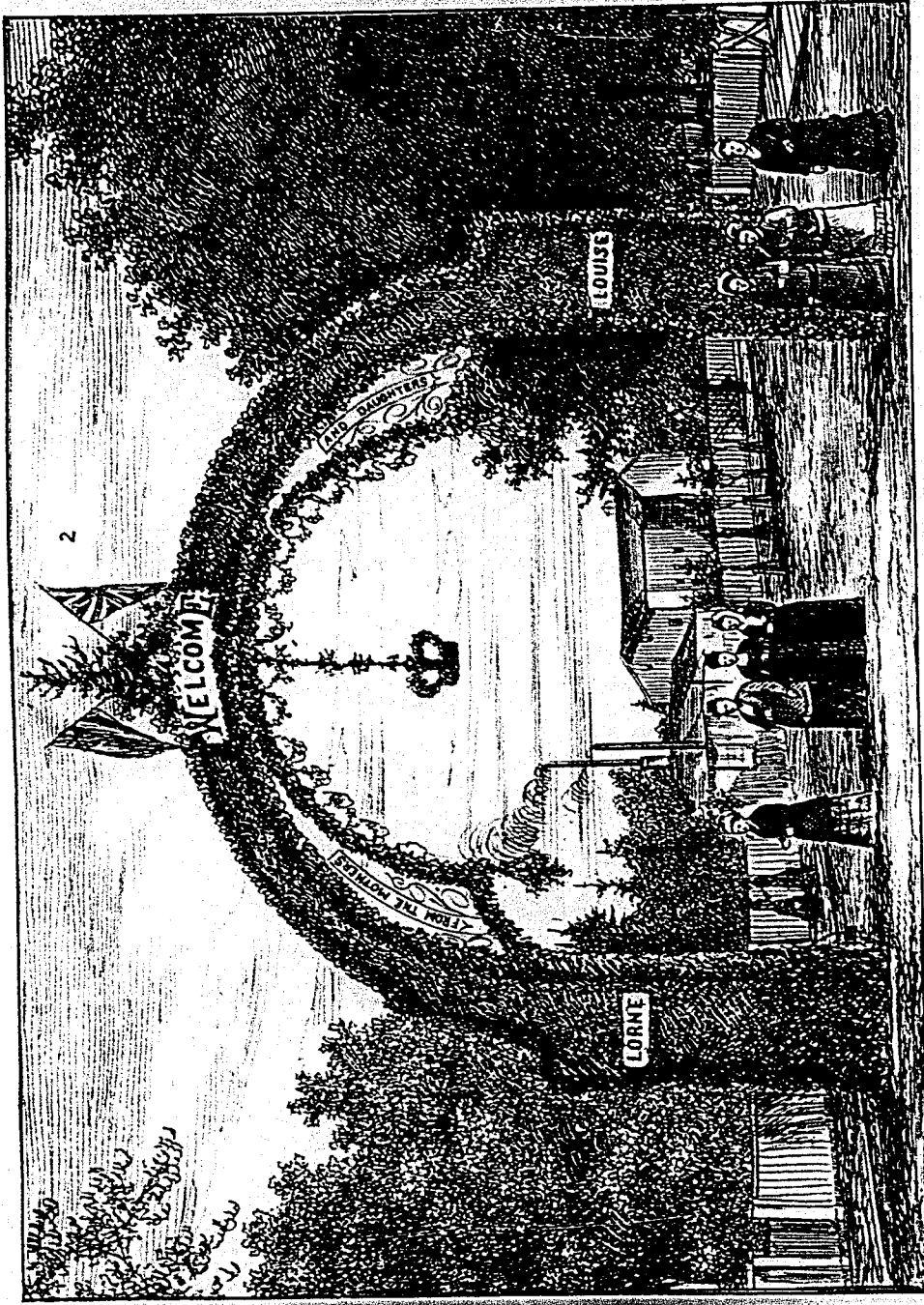


FIG. 4. THE MILLERS' ARCH.

FIG. 3. ARCH IN SCHOOL GROUNDS.

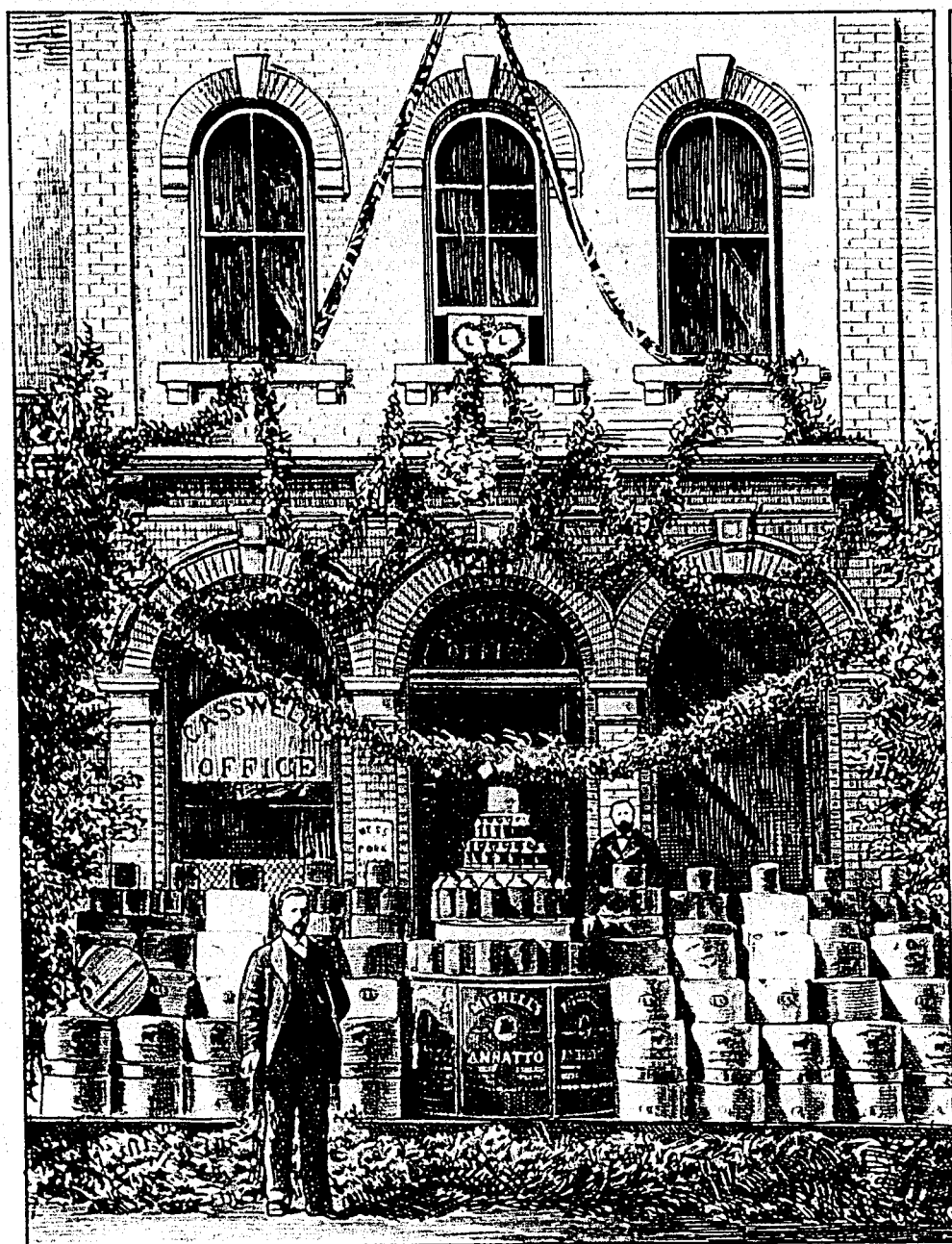
FIG. 2. LADIES' FLORAL ARCH.

FIG. 1. CHEESE BUYERS' ARCH.

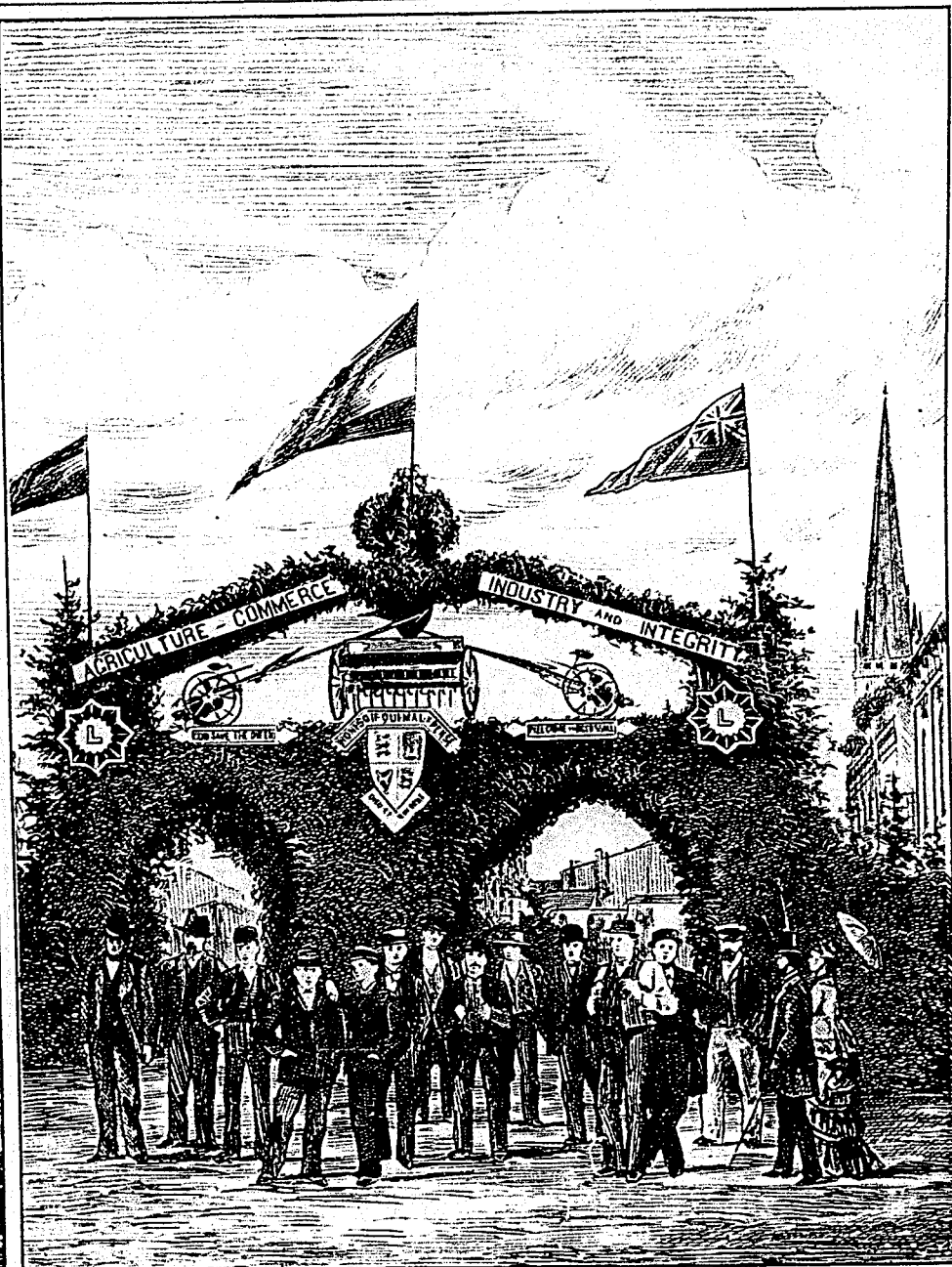
THE VICE-REGAL RECEPTION AT INGERSOLL, ONT.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. HUGILL.

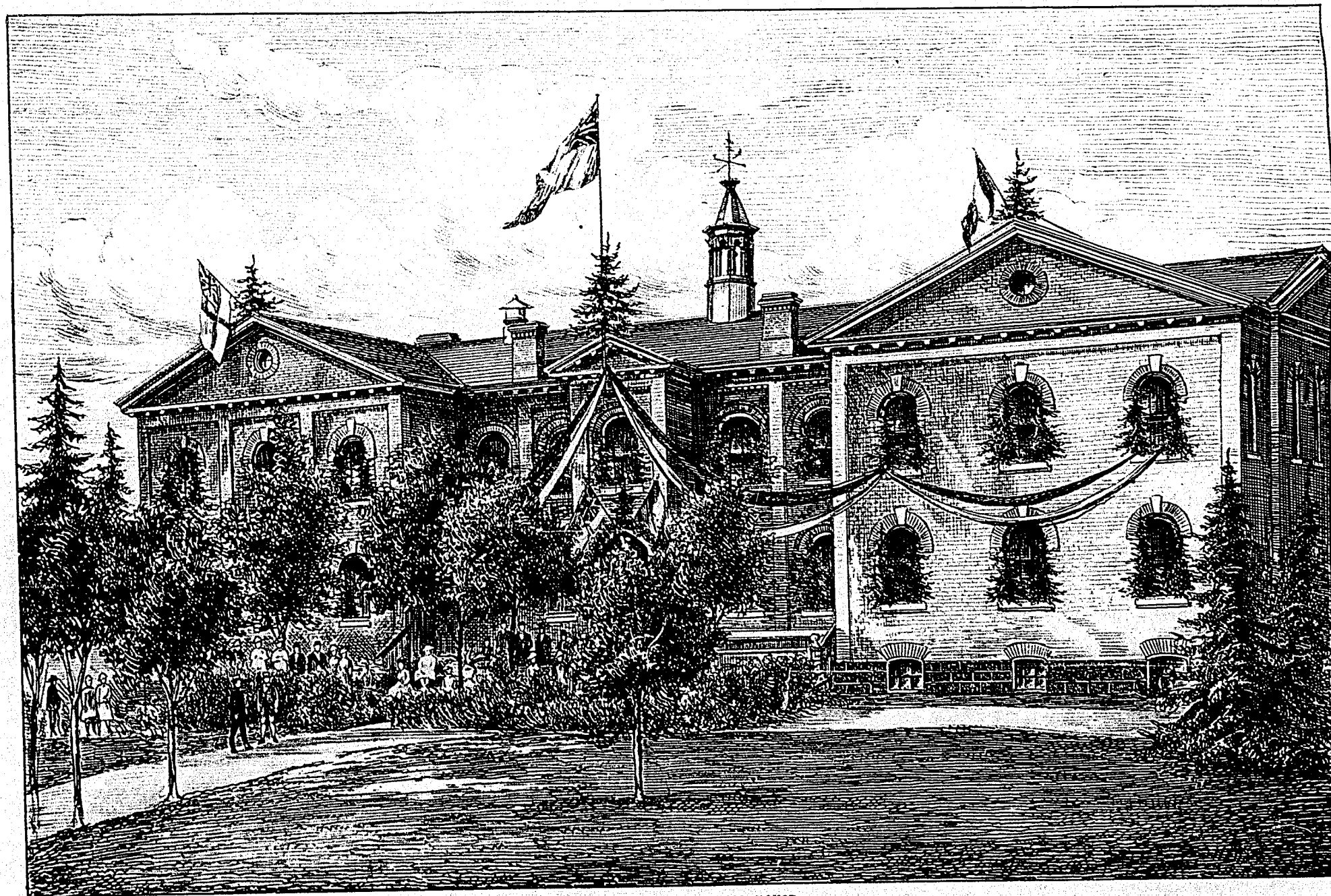




SLAWSON AND CASWELL'S DECORATIONS.



NOXON'S ARCH.



DAIS IN FRONT OF THE SCHOOL HOUSE.  
THE VICE-REGAL RECEPTION AT INGERSOLL, ONT.  
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. HUGILL.



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# MY CREOLES:

## A MEMOIR OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

By JOHN LESPERANCE,

Author of "Rosalba," "The Bastonnais," &amp;c.

Book V.

BEGINNING LIFE.

V.

## AN UNEXPECTED LETTER-CARRIER.

I never made the smallest journey without profiting by it in some way or other. I presume this is also the experience of most men. We all occupy a determined position in God's universe, but it is exceedingly limited, for the slightest displacement puts us in presence of something new.

The steamboat was crowded; I felt in no mood, however, to make acquaintances. I should have remained all alone in my state-room had it not been for the uproar of voices in the cabin. I sought the fore-castle but that was invaded by troops of smokers, mostly farmers and drovers. As a last refuge, I scaled the hurricane deck, where there were only two or three persons. I stood a moment, examining the fair landscape through which we were passing, then putting my arms behind my back, I walked for a long time along the outer guards. At length my attention was drawn to a singular figure, leaning against the pilot-house and engaged in whittling. At every turn of my promenade, as I went by, I noticed one or more of its peculiar traits. The countenance was very forbidding; the eyes were cold, grey, deep-set; the abdomen protruded; the legs small and one of the feet was deformed. The man wore a white wide-awake; his neck-tie was a voluminous blue satin, looped in a sailor's knot; his shirt-front was of fine linen, but soiled; he displayed a heavy gold watch, chain and seals; his clothes were of costly material, but ill-fitting; his trousers were baggy about the knees and the pockets yawned flappingly from frequent in-thrustings of the hands. The finger-nails were pared close and locked dirty. Gradually Dada's vivid picture of the negro-trader presented itself to my imagination, and after carefully comparing all its features with the figure which I had before me—a task I could accomplish at my leisure, as the stranger never once looked up at me—I came to the conclusion that they were identical. Being once satisfied of this, my curiosity impelled me to accost the man. This I did without any ceremony, trusting to the privilege generally accorded to travellers, and not caring particularly whether the fellow resented the familiarity or not.

"You are Mr. Hobbes, if I am not mistaken?" I said, as he moved a step or two from the pilot-house, out of a pool of tobacco-spittle which he had made around him.

He looked at me quickly and keenly, then deliberately stooped to pick up a slip of his shavings, which he put into his mouth.

"Yes, that's my name," he replied, eyeing me again.

"I never saw you myself before that I know of, but I was pretty sure of your name from a description I had of you some time ago."

The man looked at me from head to foot, with a pretty sour face. He was probably taking the measure of my impudence.

"Description of me? What do you mean?" he asked.

"Why—you are a negro-trader, are you not, Mr. Hobbes?"

Ten years later I should have been knocked down for asking such a question to any man in Missouri State. My present interlocutor never moved a muscle, but answered snappishly:

"I am that. Any objections to the trade?"

"None in the least," I replied, laughing.

"This is a free country, you know"—emphasizing the brutal play on the word—"and every man can do as he likes. But my description of you comes from a person who was more or less affected by your trade."

"Some nigger or other, I guess!" he remarked, more quietly and with some good humor.

"Yes, a negro. Do you remember buying a black boy by the name of Gaston some months ago?"

"Oh, I never remember niggers' names. Most of them are so damnably outlandish. When I buy niggers, it's always in lots, and I number 'em one, two, three. I sell 'em the same way. Keep no other record."

"But don't you recollect having bought a young negro from a certain Mr. Pauley of St. Louis?"

"Pauley? Pahaw, so many of these cattle pass through my hands, that I can't even keep run of their owners. Do you know whether it was a cash transaction?"

"Yes; you paid eight hundred dollars down."

"Then that accounts for it. Let me see. Eight hundred dollars, you say? Was he a likely nigger?"

"He was a strong, healthy, industrious boy."

"That must have been a bargain. Eight hundred dollars, in the present inflated condition of the nigger market, is not much of a price for a No. 1 boy."

I expressed my disappointment, and fully explained to Hobbes how fully I was interested in Gaston's fate. The fellow betrayed no emotion, either of sympathy or disdain, but when I concluded said, in an easy, business-like way:

"Wal, seeing as how you're so anxious about the imp, perhaps I might help you to find out something about him yet. When did you say I bought him?"

"In June last."

"Ah! in June last? Wal, this has been a big season with me. I've done more trade than in any of the five years before. I've had four lots this summer—one in April, one in June, one in August and one in October. I'm just going up to ship my last lot which is all ready for me in the pens. Your nigger boy was in the June lot. I can tell you where that went to, the hull of it. It was bought to the order of a big planter near Orleans, named Burpee. He gave me a fat commission on the consignment. My other cargoes were for Bayou Sara, Pointe Coupee, Baton Rouge and Red River, and they were all specs of my own."

Happy at having found this clue, I resolved to follow it up.

"Mr. Hobbes," said I, more politely now, "do you believe Mr. Burpee would allow Gaston to get a letter from me?"

"I don't know," he replied, with a rascally look of mistrust. "Planters don't like dealings of folks up North with their hands."

"But the letter will be strictly on family matters and for further precaution I could leave it unsealed."

"Yes, you'd better do that, for Burpee would be sure to open it if it wasn't."

The negro-trader rolled his quill in his cheek for several minutes, apparently lost in reflection. At length, he said:

"You are very anxious to send that letter?"

"I am very anxious, sir."

"Then I'll tell you what I can do for you. I'm going to winter in Orleans city myself and will have to see Burpee on business very often. If you like, I'll take charge of your letter and put in a word for you with Burpee."

I readily accepted the man's offer and inquired when he intended leaving for the South.

"To-morrow morning early. I'll pack my niggers in the boat to-night, and when that's done, we'll steam off at once."

As I would not have a chance to see Hobbes again after landing in St. Louis, I resolved on writing the letter immediately, and repaired to my state-room for the purpose.

What I wrote to Gaston was very simple. I spoke to him of his mother, of Dada, of Toinette. I told him who I was, and assured him of my full forgiveness. I exhorted him to be good, honest and obedient. I encouraged him to keep cheerful, and always hope for the best.

Of course I could not be more explicit. I could indulge in no open promises. I could not expose the plans I contemplated for his future liberation. I only trusted that he would understand my last sentence as I meant it. If the poor fellow regretted the home of his childhood, his relatives, and especially his sweetheart, he would see in the words the covert pledge of ultimate redemption.

VI.

## A NOVEL VIEW OF ABOLITION.

I handed the letter to Hobbes with my sincere thanks. I found him more disposed to talk now, and we fell into conversation like old acquaintances. Though in my heart I regarded him as little less than a monster, I chose just then to look upon him merely as a social curiosity, and to draw him out, if possible.

"With regard to this slave trade, Mr. Hobbes," I asked, "are there not negroes enough in the South already, without your having to import them from the West?"

"No, they haven't half enough down there. Though the slave trade from the African coast is in full blast, spite of Yankee and British cruisers, the planters want more niggers yet. That's why they come up West. The more the sugar and the cotton business increases the more hands will be wanted. I calculate that for the next ten years the trade in niggers from the West will be a roaring good trade, and I mean to stick to it. There's plenty of money to be made if you know how to go about it. In that time Missouri, maybe Kentucky and even Tennessee, will be rid of their niggers. We'll have all of them cooped up in the extreme South. When that happens, then will be the chance of the North to have revenge on the South by emancipating the hull shoot of them."

"What! What is that?" I exclaimed, not sure whether I had understood the fellow.

"Why, yes," he continued, "slavery has got to be abolished some day, and the best time to abolish it will be when the North and Border States sell all their niggers to the South and get paid for them. That will be the way to make the South atone for the peculiar institution."

"You are an Abolitionist then, Mr. Hobbes," I said, bursting out into peals of laughter at the novelty of his expedient.

"Of course I am, sir. I'll let you know that I came from Stockbridge, Mass., the Banner State of this Union."

"And your way of abolishing slavery is by buying negroes here and selling them down South?"

"Jest so. Business is business, sir. I came out West imbued with abolition principles and the determination to make money. I looked around awhile; travelled about some, till I hit upon this negro-trading, which I found a first-rate paying business. I took it up at once, enlarged it, conducted it in a manner peculiar to myself and now, sir, I am proud to stand as the biggest nigger-trader in the Mississippi Valley."

"I make no doubt," I said, "that yours is a lucrative trade, but don't you think all this buying and selling is rather hard on the negroes themselves?"

"Oh! if you come to that, that's their look out and not ours. Slaves in Missouri or slaves in Louisiana. What's the difference! It is always slavery. The only thing is that by transferring them from one to the other we fill our pockets with money," said the fellow with a devilish leer.

"But, Mr. Hobbes, slavery is milder in Missouri than it is in Louisiana."

"Maybe it is some, but the prospect of emancipation is further off."

I confess I did not understand this distinction then, nor have I since, when I heard it from the lips of men to whom emancipation was only a political weapon and not a measure of social regeneration.

I might have contented myself with this specimen of my companion's original views, but I thought the opportunity an excellent one to obtain from one who had such multifarious and exceptional relations with negroes his opinion on the African character. I therefore put him a question to that effect. The answer was promptly and emphatically given:

"Niggers have no souls. Or if they have it is the soul of the fallen spirits. They may have feeling, but not sentiment. They have only a few ideas, and those of the vilest kind. They have no affinity with the white race. I don't see in what possible circumstances a white man can love a nigger. They do not belong to the same tree. Niggers are animals. I never scrupled to treat them as such. I have flogged them. I have chained them down hand and foot. I have put them to the torture. When they rebelled I have shot them dead. They were made for work, and nothing else. Hard work, at that. Men, women and children. They can learn nothing. They understand no language but threats and curses; they obey no guide but the whip."

The precision, the subtlety of this analysis, revolting as it was, surprised me as coming from such a coarse creature as Hobbes, but I have since discovered that it is one of the curiosities of human nature to present rare bits of philosophy associated with bad grammar and the lowest forms of slang.

After a moment's pause, I said:

"If such is your estimate of negroes, Mr. Hobbes, why do you want to emancipate them?"

He laugh a hollow laugh, sucking in his breath.

"Only to break up a monopoly and give a certain set of persons a chance of rolling up the whites of their eyes and having something to thank the Lord about. If they don't have that soon they will be awfully in want of subjects for pulpit prayer. I wish niggers to become public property, not to remain the exclusive property of a few hundred planters. Then we can all handle them as we like. They will not be the less niggers. They will not be the less slaves, but only under another name. Change the name. That's about all that most Abolitionists want. Then they, too, can have a finger in the pie. Don't you see?"

"But can't you make men of these negroes?" I asked.

"No. They are only mandrakes."

"Nor Christians?"

"No. Nothing above Voodoo."

"Ah! Voodooism. Do you believe in that, Mr. Hobbes?"

"You better believe I do. That has been my bugbear all along. I had constantly to fight it these five years. Most of the niggers I have shot down in their tracks were Voodous. Several of them high-priests and queens. Talk of religion. That's a religion for you. They live up to it. They die for it. The horrors that they commit at their meetings would make your hair stand on end. The filth they swallow on such occasions is fit only for swine. I tell you what, young man, people up North think they know all about nigger nature, but they don't. Even Southern people don't know it. A man must have lived with them, mixed up with them as I have done for the last five years, to know them right. And what I know of them would not be believed if I told it all publicly."

"If things are so, would it not be a good ridance to transport them all back to Africa?"

"No; they are needed in the South. No others can stand the hot sun in the season of cotton-picking."

"But what if machinery were introduced, as it will some day, in the Southern harvest fields?"

"Even then niggers will be wanted. But woe to them if ever they are thrown out of work. They will then eat themselves out. That is, their own vices will eat them out. Work and hard work is the only thing that can keep the nigger out of vice. Let him be idle, let him be master of his time and he will ruin himself by self-indulgence."

Our conversation was cut short by the steamer coming in sight of the city, when all the passengers hurried to their state-rooms to make preparations for landing.

"I'll bet I have converted you to abolition," said Hobbes, laughing, on leaving me.

"I am an emancipationist already, and need no converting. But there is one thing you could not convert me to."

"What is that?"

"Negro-trading."

"Oh, you are one of the sentimental Abolitionists, I see. Wal, we won't quarrel now at parting, and I'll be sure to hand your letter to Burpee."

VII.

## EXCELSIOR.

We reached the city a few hours before sunset. I drove up at once to my mamma's house, where I was warmly received. After the first congratulations, my most pressing inquiry was after news from The Quarries. Mamma informed me that, from what she knew, everything was going on well there. Ory had called to see her several times, and she always appeared in her usual spirits, though it was evident that she felt my absence very much. When I mentioned M. Paladine's letter, my mother manifested much surprise.

"If anything has happened at The Quarries," she said, "I have not been told of it, and it must be of late occurrence, for Ory was here with Mimi only a week ago to-day, and I remember she was very cheerful at the prospect of your speedy return."

This intelligence increased my suspense and anxiety.

After dressing, I ran down to my office. Before I left, however, mamma asked me at what hour she should expect me for tea. I answered that I would be busy until nightfall and after that must go down to The Quarries.

"Very well, my son," she said. "I will sit up till you return, for I, too, am anxious about poor Ory."

I put my office through a rapid dusting, tore the cobwebs from the walls, opened the windows for fresh air and in a few touches gave my desk and table a business look. While thus employed, two or three persons who seemed to have been lying in wait for my return, came in for consultation. It was too late to attend to their cases then, so I put them off till the next morning at nine o'clock. My next duty was to go down to the Marigny Rooms on a brief visit of thanks to my patrons. There I found Uncle Pascal, for whom I had drawn a special chart of the lots just surveyed. The old man was highly gratified at the present, examined it critically, pronounced favourably on its neat workmanship, and promised me to have it suitably framed for his library.

"I'll remember this little attention, Carey," he said. "It will do you no harm to have thought of the old man. You'll not lack work this winter, as I see persons are inquiring for you every day. Your superiors, too, are much pleased with your ability, industry and general conduct. Martin was here yesterday expressly to thank Marigny for having recommended you to a place on his staff. So you will always be sure of employment there also. But I, too, have a particular destination for you. Our company intends to begin operations without delay. They will need a civil engineer to conduct all their works. I want you to be that engineer. There will be roads and tramways to build, machinery to set up, normal measurements to make, shafts to sink, dams and viaducts to construct. Martin assures me, through the reports of his deputy, that you are well up in mathematics, and as all these works will have to be erected and conducted on the most approved scientific principles, I want you to undertake them. You will have a couple of months before you, from this to the end of January, during which you can study out these various problems and make yourself generally at home in practical mechanics. You will have able assistants. The chief thing for you is to get the head-place, and I know you can hold it. This will be the making of you. Besides furnishing a handsome salary, it will give you a name and open the way to still higher callings. What do you say, Carey?"

Naturally I should have recoiled from such a task, for which I knew that I was not then competent. But this evening my spirits were strung, my imagination was excited. The approval of my superiors made me yield to the enticement of Uncle Pascal's splendid offer. A vague ambition seized me, and I felt that I ought to clutch, at all hazards, the bright destinies which fortune set before my eyes. Then, too, I had the secret confidence that by hard study I could fit myself for the new duties which were thus thrust upon me.

I therefore thanked Uncle Pascal with effusion, assuring him that I would do my best to fulfil the flattering expectations he had formed of me.

VIII.

THE BLESSED COINCIDENCE.

My heart beat high that night as I approached The Quarries. What were all my successes, what my professional triumphs, what my scientific fame, if calamity was to meet me under the dusk arch of that gateway? What were my young life worth with its rosy dawn, if a shadow deeper than that which lay under those gloomy elms were to be cast athwart it? No. I could not harbor such forebodings. The sharp, wintry night-wind that stung my cheeks, as I hastened down the solitary path, was the breath of keen vitality and not of death. The stars in the steel blue heavens were cold but bright, and the march of the young moon on the far line of the white river was an emblem of youth, not of decay. A trial might await me at The Quarries, but not a catastrophe.

I softly raised the latch of the little door leading into the park. I softly entered and as softly dropped the latch into its place. I walked up the avenue almost on tip-toe. I stopped before the great dark portico. The house was as still as a tomb. Not a light in any of the front windows. Should I ring the door-bell? No. I might waken the sleeping, and, perhaps—I might startle the dead. Frightened by this thought, I hastened on to the other face of the building and soon found myself in one of the alleys of the garden. I looked up. That was her room. The blinds were drawn and the curtains fallen. Only the palest glimmer there, as from a night lamp. I looked below. The window of M. Paladine's study was illuminated. The old man was watching. I walked up the gallery, stopped at the entrance and listened. Not a sound. I rapped almost inaudibly. A chair was lightly stirred, and a moment after the door was noiselessly opened. M. Paladine, in his dressing-gown and slippers, looked sharply at me from under his shady eyebrows. In the darkness he did not recognize me.

"Good evening, M. Paladine," I whispered, taking off my hat.

"What! Is it you, Carey?" he replied, grasping my hand and drawing me within, his pale, haggard countenance lighted up and the gleam of his eyes showing how pleased he was.

"This is a surprise," he continued. "I did not expect you to-night. Did you receive my letter?"

"I received your letter last night at seven; I started at nine; I took the boat this morning at eight; I arrived three hours ago."

The old man pressed my hand in his.

"But Ory! Pray, M. Paladine, how is she?"

The aged father's face became more serene as he replied:

"Come and see."

He took his shaded study-lamp, I laid aside my hat and overcoat, and we both crept silently up-stairs. I shall ever remember that sorrowful ascent, the lover's *ria crucis*, and how heavily my foot pressed upon each step, how helplessly my hand moved along the banister.

M. Paladine held up his lamp and preceded me into Ory's room.

The chamber of a young girl is a sanctuary. It is filled with the subtle perfume of innocence. It is white, clean, orderly. It repels all fleshly thoughts. It attracts to the simplicity of virtue. But when that chamber is transformed into a sick room, it becomes doubly solemn. Suffering and sacrifice infuse into it an atmosphere of awe. What before was holy, now becomes sacred.

It was with these feelings that I followed M. Paladine. My eye was fixed only on one point. There she lay in her little bed, under coverlets of immaculate whiteness, her face turned upward, but immovable, her eyes closed, her hands joined. At her feet, half sitting, half kneeling, lay Gaisso, dressed in deep black.

A terrible suspicion shot through my mind, and I became suddenly so faint that I almost fell to the floor.

"Is she dead?" I asked myself.

"She sleeps," whispered M. Paladine, with a sad smile.

I approached nearer. How pinched were those beautiful features; how sunken those cheeks; how discolored those lips; those clasped fingers, how long and lean! And those wonderful eyes—had they, too, lost their lustre?

"It is the first sleep she has had in a week," murmured M. Paladine. "I will sleep to-night," she said, "and dream of Carey; I know he will come."

The old man's eyes became dim as he said this, while the tears coursed down my cheeks.

"Poor Ory," I said. "Yes, I have come, and will not leave you till you are well once more."

I stooped, took one of her cold hands in mine, impressed a kiss upon it, and replaced it on her bosom.

A sweet smile played upon her lips, and there was a slight tremor about her eyes.

Gaisso here rose and approached me. I took her hand heartily in token of friendly recognition, as well as to thank her for the care which she had of Ory.

"Yes," she said, "this is her first sleep, and she told me, 'If he comes while I am asleep you must be sure to awake me.' Shall I do so, sir?"

"Oh, do not disturb her, Gaisso. I shall spend the evening with M. Paladine; and if she should awake during that time, tell her gently that I have arrived."

"Yes, that is the best," said the old man. "We will retire now. I have confidence that she will spend a good night."

M. Paladine led the way out of the room; I followed slowly. On the threshold I paused to look once more at the cherished form. What! Could it be? Her head had turned on the white pillow, her face was toward the door and her eyes were wide open. I stood for a moment fascinated. A heavenly smile wreathed her lips, she slowly unclasped her hands and held out her arms to me. Transported beyond myself, I rushed back into the room, and fell on my knees at her side.

"Ory, Ory," I sobbed.

"I knew you would come," she whispered sweetly. "I saw it all in my dreams. I beheld you leave the country house so well described in your letters, drive in the night along lonely roads and through lonelier woods, steam up the river, and stand over me full in the light of papa's lamp. I am better now. Let me sit up."

Both M. Paladine and Gaisso pleaded with her to remain perfectly still and not provoke a new attack of fever by useless stirring. But she insisted gently on being propped up with pillows, alleging that a change of position would be a relief. We did her bidding. Then at her request the three of us—M. Paladine, Gaisso and myself taking chairs, formed a semi-circle around her.

"Instead of sitting down stairs with papa," she said, "you will sit up here with me. That will be as agreeable to you, and it will be infinitely more agreeable to me. I want you to tell me all about yourself, Carey, during the past eight long weeks."

I complied with the request, making my narrative as lively as I could, and interspersing it with humorous anecdotes to amuse her. She smiled more than once, and the hilarity of M. Paladine and of Gaisso showed that they were pleased to see her so well entertained. When I spoke of my successes, of the approbation which my superiors had awarded me, her fine eyes brightened and the colour mounted to her cheek. But when I went on to mention the magnificent offer which Uncle Pascal had just made me, emotion overcame her and she burst into tears.

"How proud I am of you, Carey," she said. "How much you deserve all this. Oh! such good news would give me life, even if I were nearer than I am to the brink of the grave."

I entreated her to be calm. It was the crowning of my happiness to know that she took such part in my success, but I could not enjoy it at the risk of her health. She must lie down now and seek some rest.

M. Paladine who, though silent, had shown the greatest interest in my narrative, and had an air of serenity throughout, now approached his daughter.

"Look at me, my darling," he murmured. "How is your head?"

"Quite clear to-night."

"No pain?"

"None whatever, papa."

He then felt her pulse very attentively.

"And no fever either, Ory," he said. "We are decidedly better. It was very kind of Carey to hasten to us thus, was it not?"

"Oh! I knew he would come as soon as he received your letter, papa dear. I have not thanked him, for he knows that words are too poor to express all I owe him. But now that he is come, I must get well. Indeed, I feel quite better now. No headache. No fever. No weakness."

"Then we may hope for a good night's rest, Ory. That is the doctor's *sine qua non*, mind. It is getting late now, and had you not better try to sleep? Carey has entertained you all he could this evening, and I am sure will find something new to make you laugh to-morrow."

She seemed so calm, so content, that obedience was a pleasure to her. She allowed Gaisso to replace her in a recumbent position.

"We must not abuse God's goodness," she said. "I must rest satisfied with the happiness I have enjoyed in the past hour. Ah! who could have believed yesterday at sunset that I would be so well, so happy this evening, with Carey at my side!"

"How was that?" I exclaimed, in dread.

"I was very low yesterday, Carey," she replied, with a smile.

"Very ill, but not alarmingly low, my dear," interrupted M. Paladine, evidently intending to dissimulate her condition.

"I was dying, papa. I knew it. I felt it. How I have ever rallied a merciful Providence alone can tell. I thought my fate would be that of Graziella, but I have been spared this act of supreme sacrifice."

"Oh! Ory," I exclaimed, "at that same hour yesterday I assisted at a scene and experienced emotions which I did not tell you a moment since lest they might move you too much, but which I may mention now as a blessed and providential coincidence." And I proceeded to relate what had happened in the village church, the wonderful music, the song without words and my sorrowful presentiment.

Ory's hands were clasped and she was engaged in prayer all the time that I spoke. Gaisso buried her face in the bed-clothes at her ward's feet. M. Paladine bent his head and seemed under the dominion of a powerful feeling. If ever in my life I found myself environed and buoyed up by spiritual influences, it was then. Mere sentiment may sometimes appear silly to the world-wise, but who could resist it at such moments as these?

After a long pause, during which M. Paladine took up his lamp quietly and prepared to depart, Ory beckoned me to her. She whispered these words in my ear:

"Our Lord alone knows for what purpose He restored me to life, when, according to all appearances, I should have died; but if it be to serve you, I will be content. Meantime, I must increase my debt to you by asking you one more favor. Bring Bonair back to The Quarries. You alone can do it. I shall never be really well till it is done," and in a tender voice she added, extending her hand:

"Good-night, Carey. You, too, need rest. I shall sleep tranquil to-night. Will you come to-morrow?"

I promised her, and we parted.

(To be continued.)

NAPOLEON IN RUSSIA.

HOW HE ENTERED THE CZAR'S DOMINIONS IN 1812 AND HOW HE LEFT THEM.

I.

As Napoleon was about to cross the Russian frontier he paused, literally faint with hunger, at the little Polish village of Skrawedze and made his way, accompanied by his staff, to the priest's house to ask if he had anything eatable.

The priest understood no French and could speak nothing but Polish, and Napoleon was unable to convey to him his meaning till he reflected that the Polish ecclesiastic was a Catholic and naturally had learned Latin. "Let's try him with the Roman Catholic language!" said the Emperor, and straightway entered into a conversation with him in the tongue of the Caesars.

The priest had nothing to give—nothing. The foragers had swept the village bare, a fact whereat the worthy ecclesiastic did not murmur, for were they not attempting the liberation of his country? "There's a priest," said the Emperor as with a laugh he clapped the good man on the shoulder, "there's a priest who doesn't set his heart on the things of this world."

Laughter, however, does not fill an empty stomach, and the Emperor in dejected perplexity was gazing out of the window into the yard when he espied a hen, the solitary survivor of the sack of Skrawedze.

"Reverendissime, ecce est pulla," he cried with elation; and summoning his aides, dashed into the garden in pursuit of the chicken, which was speedily captured and wrung as to its neck.

"If you are as good a cook as you are a clergyman," said the Emperor to his host, "I shall have a famous bowl of chicken broth." But the priest was unversed in culinary lore, and every she in the village had fled. Two aides-de-camp, however, set about the important labour, and soon Napoleon had, with a soldier's iron spoon, eaten his bowl of broth, thickened with broken biscuit, and half of the fowl. Then after a doze of half an hour he mounted his horse and prepared to ride forward.

The Poles meanwhile had gathered outside, and were acclaiming him as "Father" and "Saviour," but he paid no attention to their homage, and passed on, taking with him the priest as a guide. The unfortunate ecclesiastic had not even had the remainder of the last inmate of his pen-house wherewith to stay his stomach, and compelled to walk rapidly through the mud, was completely knocked up when at last they reached the highway near the frontier.

The Emperor bade Berthier send the priest back with an escort, having first counted out to him a sum of 20,000 francs to be distributed among his poor relatives and pensioners, then shook hands with him. "Vale, reverendissime," he said, "memento mei ad altare Dei," and rode across the frontier into Russia.

II.

The French army—the fragments of it, rather—bleeding, freezing, dying, was toiling homeward across the snow-covered plains. Napoleon, foremost, was hurrying to Paris, followed very closely by the Cossack scouts, when he reached a small town on the Polish frontier and entered its tavern (*Kaffeehaus*). There was a throng of customers in its principal room as he strode in, and going to the fire-place turned his back to the grateful warmth.

Mme. Mitzulewicz, the hostess, strove to push aside this unknown French officer who so cavalierly hindered her cooking apparatus. He wore the uniform of the Chasseurs of the Guard and over it a cloak of velvet and fur, with upon his head a huge fur cap.

"Tis he! 'Tis Napoleon!" whispered a tutor who was present, to his charge, a young lad, and the wondering and awed boy drew near, curious to see the great Emperor and to hear what he was saying to the hostess.

"Listen, you pretty little Pole, what a pretty little woman you are!" were the words that the youth heard. At that moment an officer of the Polish Krasinski regiment, the first that had crossed the Niemen and which at the passage had lost two hundred men and horses, swept away by the current, entered the tavern, and seeing the newly-arrived guest bowed reverently before him, hailing him as "Sire."

"How did you recognize me?" said the Emperor.

"The Emperor gave me this at Wagram," answered the officer, touching the cross of the Legion that he wore.

"I am the Emperor," said Napoleon; "I have

no need to deny it here. Go, bring the *sous-préfet* to me at once."

"Off with your hats—the Emperor!" cried the officer, as he quitted the apartment. Napoleon thanked the astonished and confused occupants as they rose, desired them to continue their occupations or amusements heedless of his presence, and set himself to teasing maliciously the hostess, who no longer protested against his monopolizing the fire.

There was also in the room the wife of the second Judge of the town, a young and very handsome woman; to her Napoleon paid violent court. "You are a very pretty little thing!" he said, pinching her ear and patting her cheek, after his accustomed fashion.

Rapp, Coulaincourt and some Polish officers of the escort meanwhile had entered, and the *sous-préfet* had hastened to the tavern. It was a ride of fifty versts through the woods to the nearest place of real safety, and already the Cossacks were scouring the frontiers. While the official, who had offered to find a guide, was preparing for his departure, Napoleon dined voraciously upon a leg of mutton and carrots. It was whispered that this was the first meal to which he had sat down since his departure from Moscow.

Looking up he saw upon the wall a framed engraving of the "Interview at Tilsit." "How things change in life!" he said. "Tilsit in 1807 and now—take that picture down!" Then he went on to praise loudly the courtesy and good qualities of the Czar and expressed his admiration of the military talents of Constantine. Then he fell to his mutton and carrots, remarking to an officer that, apropos of handsome women, the Queen Louisa of Prussia was the most charming creature he had ever met.

III.

At the moment it was announced that the sledges were in readiness, the Emperor was asked to review the National Guard of the town, which had been turned out in his honour. The sappers, who wore false beards and handled their picks in a very clumsy manner, excited his laughter, and turning to Rapp he exclaimed, "Aren't they ridiculous?" A great shout of "Long live the Emperor!" was raised by the silly folk, ready to die for the vanquished sovereign who laughed at them, and Napoleon seemed pleased and complimented their commander, who said that was not all his force—he could turn out 2,000 men.

"Two thousand men!" said the Emperor, with some surprise; "if we can raise 2,000 men in a place of this size, the country as a whole can easily furnish 200,000. Things are not desperate yet," he added to Rapp.

The sledges were drawn up. Napoleon entered the first with his Mameluke, Roustan, and Rapp; Coulaincourt and the Polish officers were in the second; the third was laden with food and forage. Mikoulicz, a Pole, who was to act as guide, was told that the Emperor travelled as Marshal Coulaincourt and not under his own name. Mikoulicz, who knew thoroughly all the intricacies of the forest, was to receive 25,000 francs for his services. From Elba Napoleon sent him a ring with his eipher in brilliants, worth 6,000 francs. Mikoulicz sold it to a German trader for 400 francs. It may be added that the Russians, when they discovered that, thanks to the Pole's assistance, they had failed to capture the Emperor, decreed the guide's punishment, and when they caught him sent him to Siberia.

The whips cracked and the horses sprang forward. Turning round the Emperor cried gayly to Mme. Mitzulewicz, who was standing on her doorstep, "Adieu, baba!" and was gone.

He had mounted his horse for the campaign of Moscow humming "Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre;" he disappeared into the pine forests, comforted with his leg of mutton and carrots, leaving behind him the Grand Army, with for all farewell "By-by, Sissy," to a pretty tavern wench.

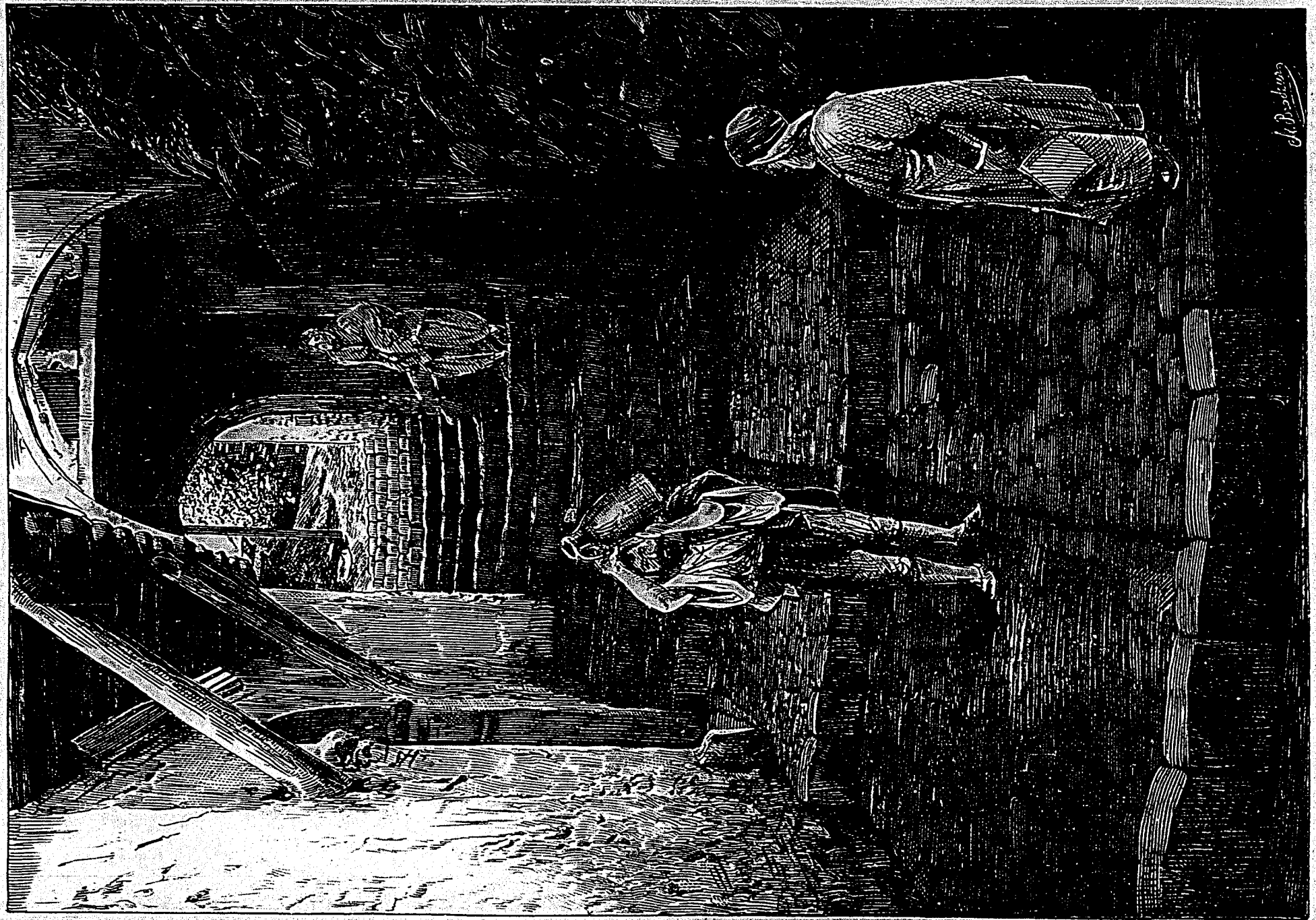
IV.

The boy who was at the tavern with his tutor heard the words. He grew up to become a Polish Bishop, Mgr. Butlewicz, and wrote the curious and interesting "Memoirs" from which this account is taken, and wherein he piously thanks God for having been permitted to see and hear so many wonderful things. Much that the good Bishop saw and heard was by no means wonderful, but he saw Napoleon leave Russia and heard from the old priest how Napoleon entered Russia, and makes his contributions of priceless trilles to the history of the crisis of the conqueror's career.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

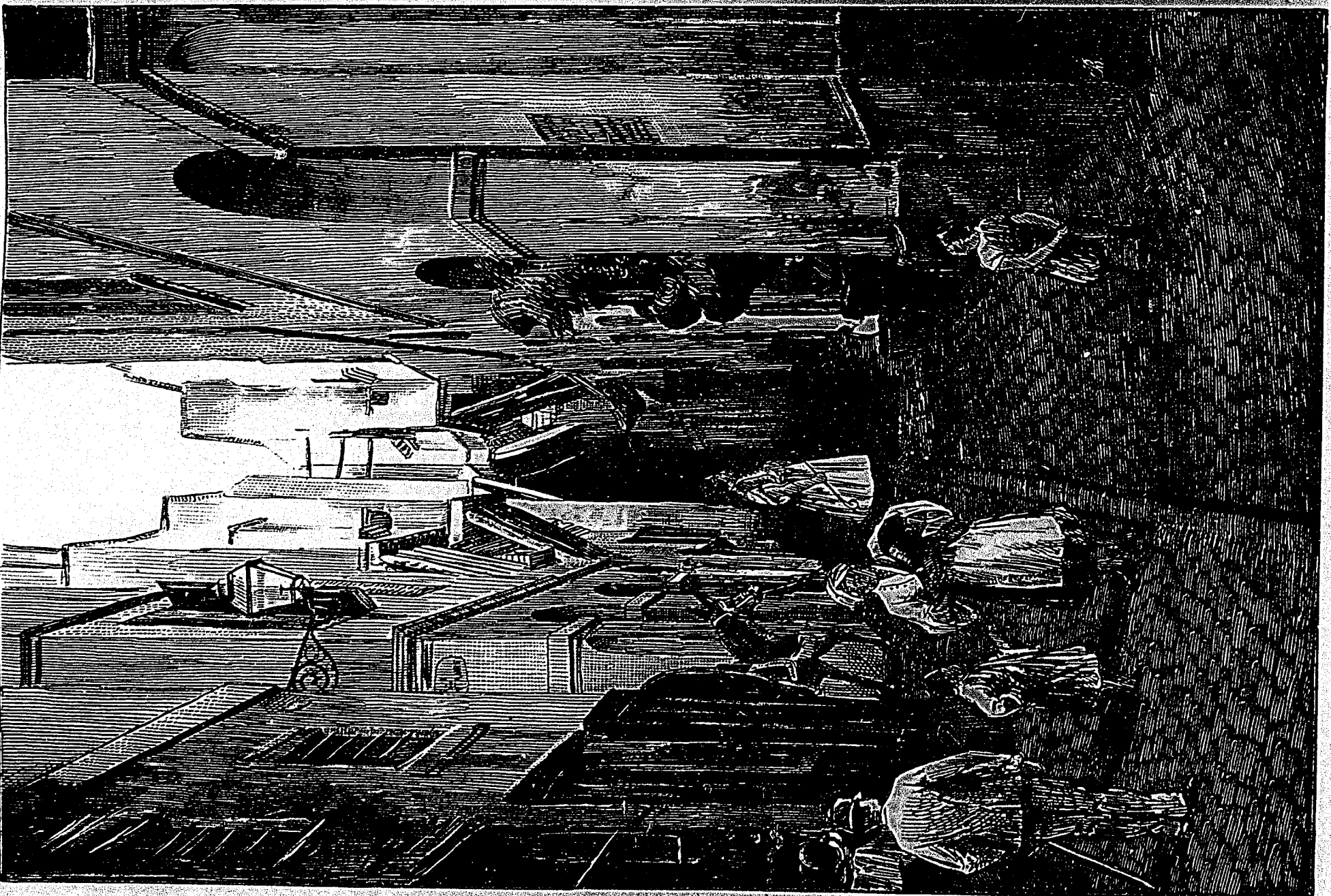
An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full direction for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherar, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.





*A. B. ...*

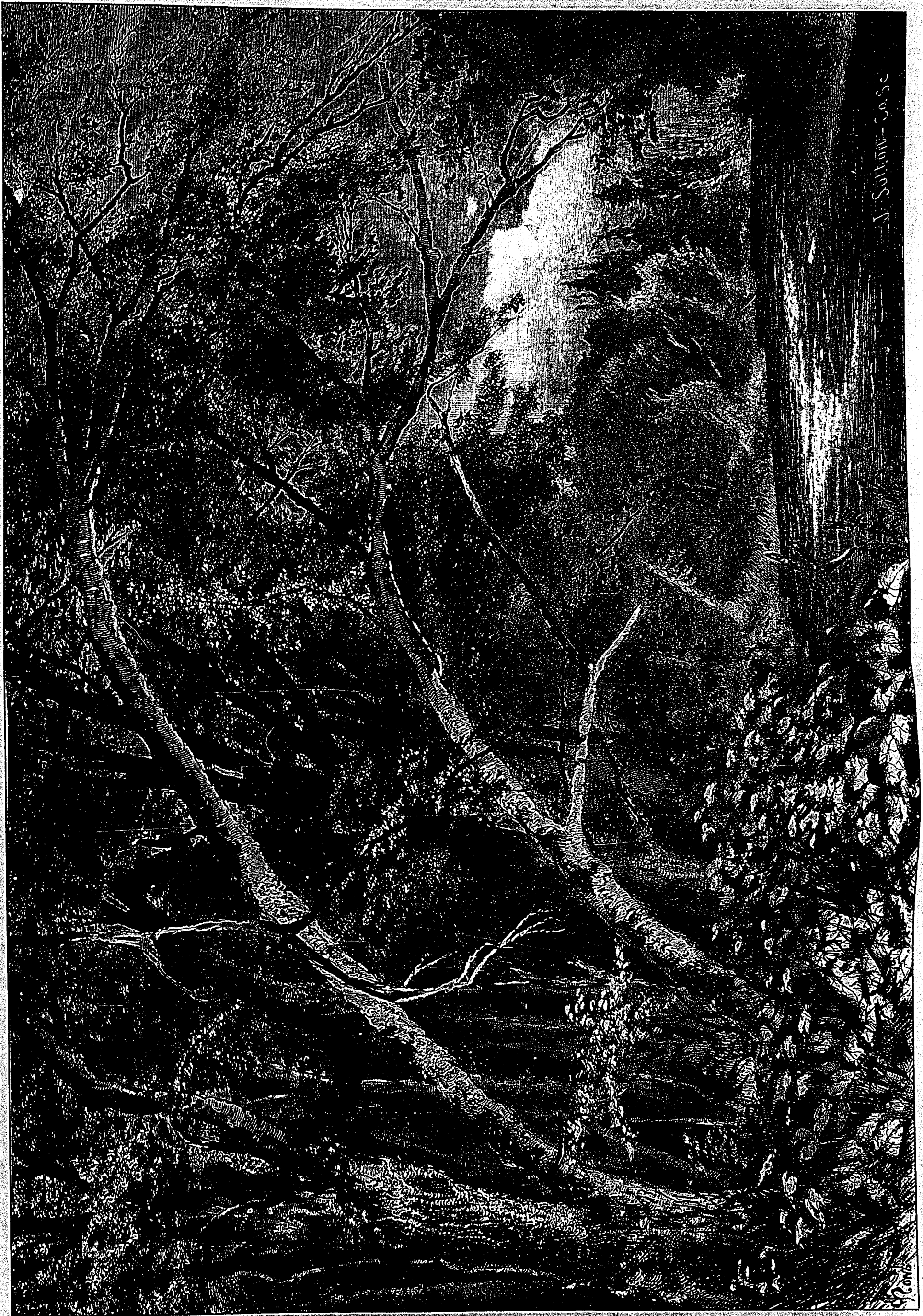
CUL-DE-SAC OF THE PYTHIUS.



ALGERIAN SCENES.

SCENE IN RUE KLEBER.





J. Sullivan - Case

CANADIAN RIVER SCENERY.—SOFT MAPLES.—By J. A. Hows.



THE HOUSE OUT OF DOORS.

WINDOWS MADE BEAUTIFUL TO BE LOOKED AT AS WELL AS LOOKED OUT OF.

The reserve which was considered good style forty years ago, and which prompted the buildings, the dresses and the decorations of that time, has of late been almost unanimously relinquished. It was an axiom of those dignified days that the street should see and enjoy nothing of the beauty which adorned life for us within our black brick walls. The street must needs see and was ever welcome to envy our riches and our comforts, whereof we favored it with specimens in our hideous and impressive carriages and in the inelegant, if magnificent, silks of the ladies who drove in them. The rest the street might guess at through the austere wire blinds that shielded the sanctities of our dining-rooms. That the street should respect us was desirable—negatively desirable, for our self-respect was amply sufficient to our peace of mind; but that the street should admire us would have seemed positively vulgar to our fathers and almost improper to our mothers. The above mentioned window blinds, which obtained throughout the *comme il faut* parts of rich and gloomy London, typified very aptly the fashion and feeling then prevalent. And what a change, not only of fashion but of feeling, is expressed by the windows of to-day!

Flowers were the earliest innovation. It is not very long since the first flower-box touched a London street with color. To make for the street a pretty show, which one could hardly see from within, was indeed a novelty, which the quiet and crushing word "display" had almost nipped in the bud. Just at the time when ladies began to conceive that plenty of heavy silk and as costly a bonnet as possible hardly sufficed for good dressing—just at the time when the outline began to be studied in woman's costume, window-boxes, however, were not to be put down. The street, it was settled finally, was to be admitted to admire our taste—in flowers, in dresses, in hats, in boots. The prettier we and our houses looked to the street the better!

The wire blinds disappeared by slow degree; a pane of frosted glass, with a little decoration at the corners, was the next timid step in the direction of beauty, and soon after the pretty wicker screens took the fancy of the whole West of London, while the Minton blue-green flashed far and near as the one acceptable color for the now seemingly established flower-boxes. Quite of late, however, a perfect liberty has been proclaimed; we are free to dress our windows as we like, public opinion only requiring of us that we should do our best to gladden the public eyes. Under these circumstances I think a little guidance as to the ornamentation of our windows may be desirable as the advice so universally required and so liberally given as to our dress. There is exactly the same difference between a charming window in the æsthetic manner as there is between a lady dressed according to the fashion plates and a lady in pre-Raphaelite attire. All four things can be well done or ill done. First, with respect to flower-boxes. Considering how rarely good designs and colors in tiles are chosen, and what extravagance of ugliness are compassed by amateurs in the attempt at originality, I strongly recommend the Minton blue for general use. It is a strong color, certainly—too strong to be thoroughly artistic, too perfect in its mixture of green and blue, lacking that exquisite subtlety, that felicitous imperfection which distinguishes, altogether inimitably, the original blue-green which it was intended to emulate. Too uncompromising, therefore, to be used in masses inside a room, it is nevertheless excellent in the open air, where distance, atmosphere, sunshine and shadow modify its violence. The colors of the flowers planted in a Minton-blue box should be carefully chosen, yellow and white are best; a little red (the pure scarlet of the common geranium) may also be used, but never yellow and scarlet together, and on no account the pink or cerise shades of red. Minton-blue and scarlet form an intense but healthy contrast; Minton-blue and rose-color produce only a sickly violence. A great improvement might be made by lightening the blue by several degrees, and increasing the green element in the same measure; it would then harmonize with most flowers. As for the windows on the *rez-de-chaussée*, I recommend to the lovers of the fresh and the dainty rather than the picturesque, the pookered blinds now so fashionable, made of amber saaten; crimson is effective for the exterior, but makes too hot a light within; blues and greens produce ghastly tints, and yellows are bilious. The amber must be delicate and cool in tint, slightly toned with pearl color; the lace edging should be effective, but not obtrusive in design, and pure white. To screen the lower panes use the freshest and finest book muslin, neither bluish or grayish in tint, but pearly white; do not trim or edge it in any way; never use it after it needs washing; it will keep clean a long time when new, and it is not costly to replace. Make it in little curtains of considerable height, divided in three for the large centre pane, and in two for the sides—supposing the window to be a bay; let each little curtain be caught round the middle by the freshest amber ribbons, or let the saaten-pookered blind be white, and use any other color for the muslin curtains—turquoise blue preferably. The drawing-room windows may be garnished to match. Of all things avoid lace curtains—I mean the long

window curtains hanging from a cornice to the ground—even if your lace be good in quality and design, for the fashion has been hopelessly vulgarized by the manufactured atrocities, stiff and hard in substance, flowery in pattern, and blue-white in color, produced by the industry of Nottingham. I should suggest for a substitute the same clear book muslin as is used in the dwarf blinds, edged with a delicate frill of itself. I do not think you will ever condescend to sprigs or patterns after you have appreciated the distinction of simple muslin. Perhaps you do not wish to go to the expense of festooned saaten and unwashable muslin; a great deal may in that case be done by edging ordinary linen with good Cluny lace, while the dwarf blinds and drawing-room curtains may be made of exquisite Madras muslin and fastened with ribbons of more durable colors. Ecru is, of course, the more economical and picturesque, while pure white is the more elegant.

If your tastes are æsthetic you will probably prefer glass to any other window screen, and, indeed, a piece of good glass is an enviable possession, but the choice offered by the range of Oriental materials is bewildering in its variety of beauty. Glass is beautiful from within, but only suggestive from without, and, therefore, should be supplemented by prettiness elsewhere. Nothing subtler and tints daylight more charmingly and becomingly than tussore. Running smoothly on a little brass rod, it takes the place of the ordinary roller-blind; add a little needlework sparingly along the borders and let the long curtains hanging within be of the same, and you have at once something light enough to counteract the severity of your glass screens.

Every one can buy Chinese matting, and the Japanese is not difficult to get, but in Algeria they make a quite different and most effective kind which gives a characteristic distinction to a house at once. In the same way can charming little scraps of translucent stuffs, exquisite in tint, be picked up here and there and adapted to the lower panes of our windows with excellent effect. I have seen the most beautiful curtains possible made of Turkish pocket-handkerchiefs. The mistress of that house was not afraid of color, and the soft silk of these curtains looked like the red petals of geraniums; the room was dark, and everything in it was artistic and in harmony, so that this glowing color fell quite naturally into its place; besides, it is an axiom in furnishing that no good tint, however bright, ever looks gaudy. Failing happy chances of travel, much may be done with the humblest stuffs which lie to our hand. A little genial condescension to the street, and a little personal taste, alone are needed; do not leave your flowers to the florist any more than you would leave your blinds to the upholsterer. I know nothing more heartless, nor anything which would better justify our fathers' prudish dread of ostentation, than a huge flower-box ablaze with perennial blossoms "undertaken" at so much a week by the nurseryman.

THE LATE MR. J. G. SIPPPELL.

Rev. Geo. H. Wells, pastor of the American Presbyterian Church, made a few remarks at the funeral of the late Mr. Sipppell, from which we derive some information concerning the career of the latter:

We mourn to-day the loss of a fellow-citizen and friend, who has been long and honourably known in this community. Mr. Sipppell had held for many years an important place among us, and had always discharged its duties in an acceptable and able manner. He was an American by birth, a native of the Mohawk Valley in New York, and a descendant from the old Dutch stock. He was sprung from those brave and hardy men who, in the early part of the seventeenth century, came from Holland to America, bringing with them the industry, integrity, and love of social and religious freedom for which their nation has been ever famous in the old world. These settlers founded their new home upon the choicest spot of the American coast, for they landed on the island at the mouth of the river which Hudson had then recently discovered and called by his own name. There they built a town, which they called New Amsterdam, after the chief city of their native land. In later times, and under British rule, it received the title of New York, but its present position, as the commercial metropolis of the Western world, is more in keeping with its earlier than with its later name. From this first settlement the Dutch, as they increased in numbers, pushed north and west, establishing a fortress on the site where Albany now stands, which they named Fort Orange, in honour of their famous leader, William the Silent, Prince of Orange. They largely occupied the fertile lands along the Hudson and the Mohawk rivers, and in those regions their descendants, who still retain their fathers' names and, to some extent, their character and customs also, have always formed a large and valuable element in the population. No better blood flows in the American body politic than that which has come down from those old Dutch burghers.

It seems natural and proper that a son of such ancestors, descended from the men who were the world's greatest builders of canals and dykes, who first conquered and drove back the sea, and then made it their ally and servant, by whose aid they vanquished all other foes, should be a hydraulic engineer, and should come to assume the work of guarding and improving our Canadian canals. Mr. Sipppell learned this science in his native State, and laboured for a while

upon its public works; but he came to Canada while in the prime of life, and for twenty-six years had been supervising engineer, having charge of all canals within the Province of Quebec. Along the St. Lawrence, the Ottawa, and the Richelieu rivers he has been busily at work, constructing and enlarging channels, through which a great commerce already flows, and which are to become even more and more important as highways of travel and of trade. In doing this he has been labouring, not only for the welfare of this country, but of this continent and of the whole world. His canals are now helping to make farming on the Western prairies profitable, by forwarding its products to a ready market, and to save Europe from starvation by sending it cheap bread.

The chief impression which Mr. Sipppell made on those who knew him was, I think, that of a modest and faithful man. He attended strictly to his own affairs, and he left all other things alone. He was quiet, but efficient and persistent in his work, and whatever enterprise he undertook he pressed smoothly, but surely, to its end. His life may teach us the value and the power of an honest, steadfast purpose, and may serve to strengthen in our minds the hold of the homely, patient virtues, which in this age are somewhat apt to be discredited or overlooked. Mr. Sipppell was born on the 1st of May, 1816, at Boonville, N.Y., and was Superintendent Engineer of the Government Canal Works of Quebec.

AMUSEMENTS.

Mr. DeZouche has been most active of late in catering for our Montreal public. Judging from what he has already done for it, there is no doubt that continued efforts in the same happy direction will be rewarded with success. As we go to press, he announces for the 16th and 17th inst. two lectures by the famous humorist, De Cordova, whose lectures overflow with thought, fancy, poetry and wit. On the 20th inst. we are to have the visit of another juvenile Pinafore Company, the best, we are assured, that has so far been heard in Montreal; and on the 10th of next month, Emma Abbott's Opera Troupe is to be with us. In connection with this, Mr. De Zouche has prepared a little pamphlet giving the plots of the various operas of the repertoire, which he is distributing gratis and which will be a boon to opera-goers. In the troupe, Montrealers will find two old friends and acquaintances—Tom Karl and Ellis Rye. It is to be hoped that Montreal will support Mr. DeZouche in his venture, and thus encourage him in his efforts to amuse and instruct.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks. Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 241. T. S., St. Andrews, Manitoba.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 242. In Problem No. 239 the R cannot move to Q 2. B., Montreal.—Letter containing Problems, &c., received. Many thanks. R. F. M., Sherbrooke.—Correct solutions received of Problem No. 245; also of Problem for Young Players No. 242.

From what we read in the Chess Columns of some of our Canadian journals, it appears that the late meeting of the Chess Association at Ottawa did not give general satisfaction. We see it stated that the players who assembled there for the purpose of forming the Congress and taking part in the annual tourney, were not provided with those simple refreshments which are so much needed by competitors, who have to sit for many hours over the checkerboard, and also, that in several instances, players who had come to Ottawa from a long distance, had to lose much valuable time in waiting for opponents, who neglected to attend at the time specially appointed for the purpose of play.

We see it also stated that some offence has been given by the exertions made by the players at Ottawa to secure the next meeting of the Association for their own city, and at the same time by the manifestation of a disposition on their part to confine this meeting annually in the same place, so that the Association, as a body, would no longer be able to travel from one city to another, as the case invariably has been since its establishment, eight years ago.

We are sorry to see anything occur in connection with the Association which is likely in any way to lead to disunion among our chess fraternity, but it is generally acknowledged that differences of opinion will often give rise to considerations which, in the end, prove very beneficial, and, at the present time, a few plain outspoken objections are calculated to be of much greater value to the Association than the exhibition of an apathy on the part of Canadian chess-players, which might lead to its extinction altogether. We must say we dreaded the latter evil a few months ago.

The first subject complained of may easily be prevented in the future. According to the constitution of the Association, there are officers appointed annually whose special duties are to attend to all matters connected with the carrying on of the affairs of the Congress and Tourney, who make the rules necessary for guiding those engaged in play, and who form what is called, in the prospectus issued every year, the Committee of Management. Upon this body, assuredly, must fall the duty of providing everything in the way of refreshment, and, also, the adoption of measures to ensure that regularity of attendance which is so important where the time at disposal is very limited. In the present case, the members present at the annual meeting who had so rightly decided in the "touch and move" question, should have had no scruples in enforcing penalties on him who might fall to meet his engagement with an opponent, whose hours of stay at Ottawa were limited, and who laboured under the disadvantage of anxiety respecting his time of departure.

The disposition manifested by the chess-players at Ottawa to have the next meeting of the Congress in their city, that is, two years in succession, astonished us, but we suppose that there is nothing in the constitution of the Association to prevent this, and the members present, we suppose, did not strongly oppose it. We expected that Toronto would have been selected for next year's meeting, but we were disappointed.

We are glad, however, to be able to anticipate that the Association and its annual Congress have little chance of being overlooked in the future.

We cannot refrain from saying that it must have been a surprise to many interested in the progress of the noble game in Canada to see how small a number of members entered their names as competitors for the prizes of the late Tourney, and, also, to find that those few only represented three large cities of the Dominion.

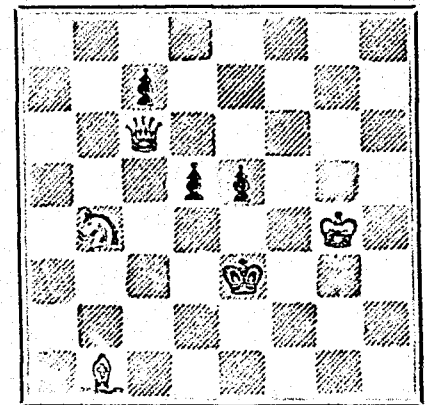
There are very likely causes, easily to be discovered, for this limited number of entries, and among them may be the little time that was at the disposal of those who had to collect funds, determine prizes, issue prospectuses, and make other necessary preparations.

PROBLEM No. 246.

(By M. Jordan.)

(From English Chess Problems.)

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 39th.

INTERNATIONAL TOURNEY.

Game played between D. C. Rogers, Detroit, Mich., and H. Heath, England.

(From Hartford Times.)

WHITE.—(Mr. Heath.) BLACK.—(Mr. Rogers.)

- 1. P to K 4 1. P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3 2. Kt to Q B 3
3. R to Q B 4 3. B to Q B 4
4. P to Q Kt 4 4. B takes P
5. P to Q B 3 5. B to B 4
6. P to Q 4 6. P takes P
7. Castles 7. P to Q 3
8. P takes P 8. P to Q Kt 3
9. P to Q 5 9. Kt to Q R 4
10. B to Q Kt 2 10. Kt to K 2
11. B to Q 3 11. Castles P
12. Kt to Q B 3 12. Kt to Kt 3
13. Kt to K 2 13. P to Q B 4
14. Q to Q 2 14. R to B 2
15. Kt to K Kt 3 15. Kt to K B 3
16. Q R to K 16. P to Q B 5
17. B to Q B 2 17. P to Q Kt 4
18. Kt to Q 4 18. R to Q Kt
19. P to K B 1 19. P to Q Kt 5
20. B to Q R 20. P to Q B 6
21. Q to Q 3 21. B to Q Kt 3
22. R to Q Kt 22. B to Q R 3
23. Q takes B 23. B takes Kt (ch)
24. K to R 24. B to K 6
25. Kt to K B 5 25. B takes P
26. B takes Q B P 26. P takes B
27. Q takes Q R P 27. R to Q Kt 2
28. R takes R 28. Kt takes R
29. Q takes Kt 29. R to K B 2
30. Q to Q Kt 3 30. R to K 4
31. Q to Q Kt 4 31. R to Q B 2
32. P to Q R 4 32. Kt to K 2
33. Kt to Q 4 33. B takes Kt
34. Q takes B 34. R to B 4
35. P to K 5 35. P to K B 4
36. R to K 3 36. K to B
37. B to Q Kt 3 37. Kt takes Q P
38. B takes Kt 38. P to Q B 7
39. B to B 4 Resigned.

When Black played 37 Kt takes Q P he calculated to capture the Bishop within six moves or get a winning position, but he entirely overlooked 39 B to B 4.

GAME 39th.

CHESS IN LONDON.

A brilliant game played in London between Mr. Macdonnell and a strong Amateur at the odds of a Knight.

(Remove White's Q Kt.)

(Muzio Gambit.)

- WHITE. (Mr. Macdonnell.) BLACK. (Mr. B)
1. P to K 4 1. P to K 4
2. P to K B 4 2. P takes P
3. Kt to K B 3 3. P to K Kt 4
4. B to B 4 4. P to Kt 5
5. Castles 5. P takes Kt
6. Q takes P 6. Q to B 3
7. P to K 5 7. Q takes P
8. P to Q 3 8. Kt to Kt 3 (a)
9. Q B takes P 9. Q to B 3
10. Q R to K sq 10. B to Kt 2
11. Q to Kt 3 11. Castles
12. B to K 5 12. Q to Q Kt 3 (ch)
13. K to R sq 13. Kt to Kt 3
14. B takes B 14. K takes B
15. R to K 7 (b) 15. R to Q 3
16. B takes P 16. Q to Q 3
17. K R takes P (ch) 17. R takes R
18. R takes R (ch) 18. K to R sq
19. Q to Kt 5 Resigns (c)

NOTES.

- (a) B to R 3 is the best play.
(b) Finely played.
(c) On account of Q to R 6, which must win.

SOLUTIONS

Solution of Problem No. 244.

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. B to Q Kt 5 1. Any move
2. Mates acc.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 242.

- White. Black.
1. B to K R 3 1. Any move
2. Mates acc.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 243.

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

White to play and mate in two moves.

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6th October, 1879.

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By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, October 3rd, 1879.

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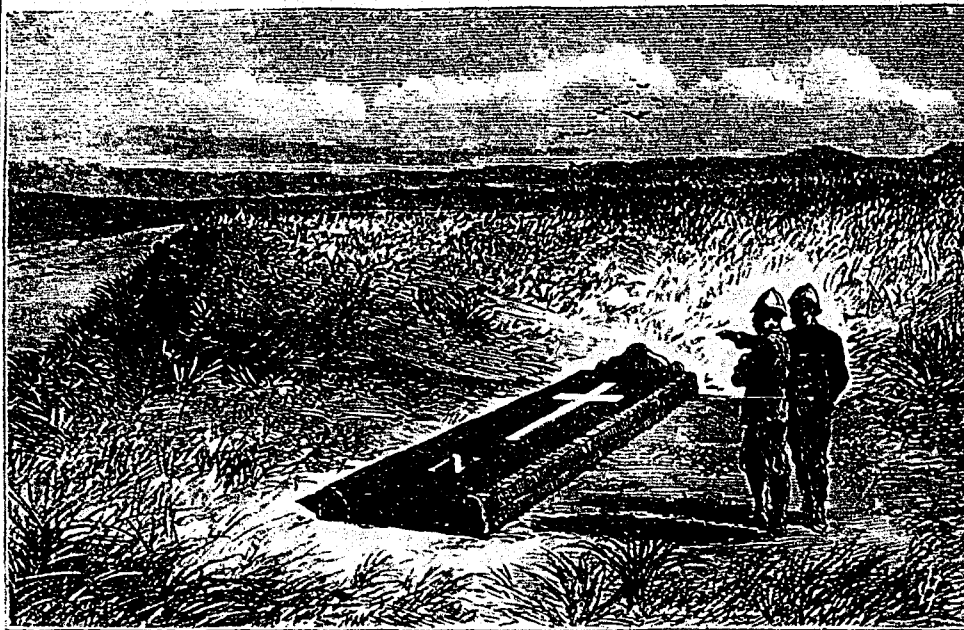
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