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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1876.

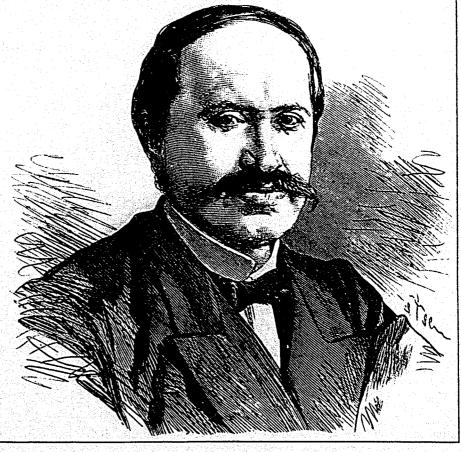
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TAMBURINI, THE GREAT BARITONE.







GENERAL IGNATIEFF.

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THE NEXT ISSUE OF THE

will be essentially

A CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

containing appropriate Illustrations, Christmas Stories. Poems and Sketches, beside the usual amount of varied matter.

TO ADVERTISERS

the opportunity is a good one for putting their goods before the notice of the public, during the Holidays.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,

Montreal, Saturday, 16th Dec., 1876.

PRACTICAL AND ANALYTICAL EDUCATION.

Education has been declared to be the most difficult study to which an intelligent man can apply his mind, but certainly there can be few departments of thought which will better repay the time and energy consumed on them. It might properly be defined as the art of bringing the human creature into true relations with his God and into a rational harmony with his surroundings. The Edgeworthian idea. though pretty fully developed in the lady's clever and always entertaining books, cannot be said to have maintained its ground with the fullness that might have been expected, in Anglo-Saxon discussions of what is suitable to be imparted to the minds of the young. The useful was Miss Edgeworth's predominant idea, and she carried it so far as to exclude all descriptions of scenery and of pictorial nature in her portrayal of living groups, and their conduct and utterances. The painful void thus created may be within the memory of some who recall their early school days. Still we cannot be said even now to be competing with that ingenious instructress in all that relates to the mechanics and chemistry of our daily life -- or in adapting to the strength of the young scholar's understanding their visible exponents in notions of food and tools - house and clothing-land carriage and boat. How these ideas will subdivide themselves under the analysis of the able teacher-and how many and varied industrial forces and operations will thus be brought within their scope-and the sympathies which will go on to be established between them and the primary ideas of created things, and the researches that have exhibited the mutual relations of these, are views of the was very creditable, and our correspondent at present that if we succeed in making great success. The children belong to the and strange, but it is not absurd. our children practical, we shall have gone first families of Quebec: so, as the Hall was a long way towards enabling them to realize a livelihood, and towards protecting sight it was. Of course all their relatives their lives from disease and casualty. Miss had to be present, especially the brothers that Scriptural History and morality which hall from one group to another in all the certainly lay at the foundation, whether glory of their pretty dresses, ribbens and she knew it or not, of her own moral other finery. We venture to press this teachings. To come down to a later day, ion the consideration of our friends, as we Dickens also availed himself of the affect know the St. George's Society, for one,

THE ANCIENT CAPITAL.

At length in Quebec all the parliamentary and a number of special committees are in full swing, and since the night on which the Budget speech was made there have been night sittings in the House. The work done since our last issue has All remittances and business communications been the passage of the Civil Service Bills, Public Bills introduced by private mem-All literary correspondence, ontributions, bers, also the consideration of a tew items in the Estimates. The Superior Court Bill provides that the Chief Justice when informed that the despatch of judicial City subscribers are requested to report at business in any district requires the serever the sole Judge of any district is unable to discharge his duties for any reason whatever, he shall have the power s to require one or more of the Judges of CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS districts other than those of Quebec and Montreal to discharge their duties temporarily in such district, to hold any term of the Court provided they can absent themselves without injuring the administration of justice in their district. This is an important change and will do away with the inconvenience so recently felt in Three Rivers and elsewhere in the Province. The Budget speech was given at the first evening session, and the House was crowded with spectators, a large number being ladies. Great interest was exhibited, it being the first Financial statement ever presented by the present Treasurer. who took the portfolio only about ten months since. The speech is admitted on all sides to be the most literary Financial one ever given in the House, and, barring its great length, was a perfect success. It gives the Revenue and Expenditure for the past year, showing a surplus of something over \$60,000. It details the estimated expenditure for the coming year at \$2,783,000. It details the last loan and the difficulties the Treasurer had to encounter in Loudon, and concludes by the new Government Railway Policy.

THOUGHTFUL CHARITY.

A friend writing to us from Quebec states that he had the pleasure of being present at an cutertainment, a few evenings since, which might be adopted with advantage in Montreal by some of our charitable societies. It was a children's concert, and consisted first of a number of glees with solos rendered by a choir of some sixty little girls ranging from six to sixteen years of age; and secondly, of a presentation of Cinderella" also by children. As to the first part, the best description which can be given of it is by appending the two following verses from a local paper which will give an idea of the simplicity of these

aw the little Children With faces beaming bright: As they stood upon the platform. They formed a pleasing sight. And oh, such queenly dresses And pearls and flowers rare, I thought that all in fairyland Could not with these compare.

I heard their bird-like voices Which rose so soft and clear, While friends and parents gathered Their little ones to hear. I saw their smiling faces Which no trace of sorrow bore, For a pure heart in each bosom Was the brightest gem they wore.

The representation of "Cinderella" crowded, one can fancy what a beautiful Edgeworth had little to say in favor of and sisters, who were flitting about the bee Legislature have been doing good work tions that Christianity only could create, will be glad of a novelty that would

THE BROOKLYN CATASTROPHE.

The terrible and appalling catastrophe at Brooklyn in the burning of the theatre by which 350 souls have been suddenly thrust into eternity deserves more than the short notice we can give it. The architects especially should be impressed by it, for on them more than on citizens generally devolves the responsibility of averting similar inflictions for the time to come. There is no reason, we believe, that a public building should not have any number of passages for exit that might be called for by such an emergency, on all its sides. Building materials are not so rigid but that they could serve quietly enough as parts of the containing walls-until the emergency demanded their transposition. Call them opening doors or what you will, if the public cared for its own safety as it should do, the thing would be done. The Roman auditorium was entirely fire-proof, however, and iron pillars and railings and tiled seats for the spectators would go far to make a building fire-proof-tiles being also used for the flooring. The staircases are a great difficulty, as things now are, but they might be multiplied. Mr. MACKENZIE has made all Canada his debtor by his law to have all doors of such buildings open outwards. We should like much to arouse the profession in regard to this great problem, and as a commencement should be glad to see such men as Mr. Springle and Mr. F. N. BOXER, of Montreal, bending their energies to it. We are glad to hear that the proprietors of the Academy of Music are already awakened to the great claims that rest upon them.

THE BENGAL CYCLONE.

The great inundation in Bengal prostorm-wave 20 feet high, by which between 300,000 and 400,000 lives are said to have been destroyed in a single hour of the night, is probably the greatest calamity from the incursion of water since Noah's flood. In addition to the multitude of natives, many British officials were lost. The sufferers were mainly an agricultural people in a fine alluvial country, such as is often more or less exposed to floods. The crops, though they have suffered, are not wholly destroyed. Some of the people of the large islands which were entirely submerged floated in their houses ten miles to the mainland and were thus saved, but the storm-wave penetrated into the mainland also for about 5 or 6 miles. The agricultural implements and buildings have been largely injured of course. Some few saved themselves by ascending trees, and but a few numerically. It is hard to grasp the idea of such a devastation. The London Times says it is a calamity which no human forethought could provide against. That will be thought true enough so far as ordinary conceptions are concorned, but if we permit the mind to deal with possibilities, and to allow the imagination some play, we perceive that the pre-diluvian and faithful idea of the ark and the post-diluvian and infidel idea of the Tower may each take rank at least as suggestions. It is evident that a 20 feet wave would not have affected ordinary three story-houses, as regards the safety of the inmates, had there been such on the invited to meet him, and did not sit at ground, and the notion of attaching a Versailles until an hour after the usual not just now is sure if something of the same sort could large raft to every demicile in any flat space to cularge upon. We need only say be got up in Montreal, it would meet with and easily flooded country may be new

OUR MINERAL RESOURCES.

The Committee on Industry of the Quethis session. The Rev. Curé LABELLE has appeared before them and made a statetement of the development lately undertaken by him on a vein of copper recently discovered in his parish of St. Jerome. He also introduced a Mr. Piker, mining without fairly acknowledging their source promise to be as successful as those they engineer of Belgium, who has assayed some or depicting their more complete workings. have already tried. specimens of the ore and claims to have land we like it.

discovered copper, silver and even gold in This latter gentleman possesses certificates from eminent French engineers as to successful investigations he has conducted in France and other countries, and it is suggested Government should appoint either him or some other qualified engineer as Inspector of Mines in this Province. The Committee also suggest that an act should be passed to protect the interest of mining companies as well as the ore of individuals in this Province.

MR. SAMUEL WILMOT, Government Fishery Superintendent, passed eastward last week, with 150,000 whitefish from the Sandwich fishery establishment. A number of these ova are to be forwarded to the Duke of Marlborough and Lord Exeter. At an interview Mr. BLAKE had with these noblemen in England, they expressed a strong desire to have for warded to them some of our Canadian fresh water fish for the purpose of introducing them into waters of Great Britain. This whole subject of fish culture is of the most important scientific ane national interest and we trust very shortly to be able to give our readers a pictorial view as well as full description of the great establishment at Sandwich.

It is reported that the Dominion Parliament will meet about the middle of January. It is also said that a Ministerial announcement is to be made concerning our relations with the Colonial Office, and that some changes may be expected in the tariff-that duties may be increased on some articles that now pay very little. and a portion of the duties on sugar remitted. The sugar duties should certainly be regulated. Our cartoon last week, on the rise in sugar, has attracted much attenceeding from a cyclone and resulting tion, as chiming exactly with the popular sentiment.

> We beg to call particular attention to our sketch and letterpress account of the recent treaties negotiated by the Donninion Government with Indians of the North-West. The subject is interesting of itself through many of its curious and novel features, but it acquires additional importance at the present time, as contrasting the Canadian mode-copied from the British-of treating the Red Man with that employed by our neighbors across the border.

> Germany will not take part officially in the Paris Exhibition of 1878, the principal reason given being that the German lovernment and the Chambers of Commerce do not anticipate that a sufficiency of German goods will be sent to Paris te warrant the large expenditure to be incurred by the Empire. In addition, they think the present time of depression inopportune. We fear the real reason of abstention is the antipathy of the two nations.

Marshal MACMAHON lately attended the opening of the new building at Sevres for the display of the celebrated porcelain there manufactured. The Chamber was time. M. Gambetta was for the first time presented to the Marshal, who spoke to him in courteous terms. This meeting is significant and is so regarded in France. M. GAMBETTA may yet become a Minister. as why should be not!

In consequence of the large number of exhibits offered by the Canadian manufacturers for the New South Wales Exhibition, another vessel has been characted to take a cargo to Sydney. That is right. The expedition to Australia is only tontative, but it illustrates Canadian spunk.

A GREAT CONCERT.

One of the greatest! concerts ever given in Montreal, and certainly the greatest given during the past year, took place at Mechanics' Hall, on Tuesday, the 5th inst. Whether we consider the character of the artists, the quality of the programme, or the size and standing of the audience, it was a success to be long held in rememrance. Messrs. Prume and Lavallée have conquered the highest reputation in this city and throughout the Dominion, and when we add M. Jacquard to their number, we have a trio of which Montreal should not only be proud, but of which it should not, under any stress of circumstance, allow itself to be despoiled. With three such artists, as a nucleus, Montreal need not envy any city of its size on this continent, and there is no reason why they should not be

employed to create a fine school of performers The main attraction of the concert was Mendelssohn's trio in C minor which, however, by what appears to us a mistake, was placed first on the list of performances, instead of being reserved for a later stage. It was executed to perfection, except that the Steinway Grand was too loud, and, by consequence, the soft thunders of the violoncello were veiled. But, through all and above all, sounded the warm, rich sounds of Mr Prume's wonderful instrument, conveying fully the pathos and beautifully modulated meanings of the author. M. Prume, during the evening, delivered two solos, the first and allegro of Vieuxtemps which he intrepreted to perfection, the second, a triplet of short compositions from Spohr, Gounod, and an old French writer of the last century, Leclair. These pieces gave him an occasion of displaying that variety of treatment and that skill of manifold adaptation without which no artist need aspire to the title of master. Might we be allowed to say, however, that at times there was a needless gush, an exergise of undue force in M. Prume's play ! But we can hardly blame him for this when we consider the gratitication he could not help feeling at the sight of the immense audience sitting spellbound under his bow, and responsive with genuine appreciation to the varied and various merits of his performance. As to M. Lavallee, we have never seen or heard him in better form. His rendering of Mendelssohn's concerto in G minor was clear, subtle and sustained, while the selection from Weber proved once more his unquestioned mastery of the technics of his instrument. But his masterpiece was the interpretation of a quiet meditative recital to which he imparted all its proper dreaminess, tenderness and recondite significance. M. Lavallee was less nervous and demonstrative than on former occasions, and impressed us with the idea of settling into a mood of thorough artis-He is certainly a pianist earnestness. of the best capabilities from whom we may expect the highest results. M. Jacquard seemed to wish to remain somewhat in the background, as if he were only an auxiliary in the programme. In the concerted parts, his violoncello was not quite sufficiently heard, and in his solo from Servais, although it was played with a firmness and fidelity that would have delighted the old Belgian virtuoso, there was lack of mechanical intensity and a slackness in bowing which, quiteevidently, are not inherent defects of the artist's playing. To us the violencello is the king of instruments, and we recognize in M. Jacquard one of its best We trust to hear him again more handlers. prominently, and doing more justice to himself. We trust further that he will be induced to remain permanently among us. We have nothing to say in favor of the stringed quintet introduced to accompany some of the soloists. object on principle to have smateurs mingled with professional artists, and in the present inthis amateur quintet marred the effect intended by their want of homogeneity and pre-cision. In the Mendelssohn concerto, they more than once distracted M. Lavallee's tion, and came near putting him out. Madame Prime is an instance of what can be accomplished by patient culture and a judicious method. Her voice is neither naturally strong nor rich, although sweet and sympathetic, but she has succeeded in so moulding it as to enable her to attempt a wide range of subjects. In the grand aria of the Queen of Night, from the Zanberflote, her voice was rather husky and lacked expression, but in the Valse de Concert, composed by M. Lavallée, and Kücken's Celestial Fear, she managed the scales with much skill. Altogether, Madame Prume may be set down as perhaps the most cultivated of our public vocalists, and what adds to her success is the charm of simplicity and unpretentiousness. We were informed that Mr. Malthy was hoarse, which will excuse his unsatisfactory singing, but does not account for his choice of songs. innovation in this concert is noteworthy. Recalls were firmly declined, spite of the loudest efforts, and we trust this example will be hereafter universally followed. The audience was so large that the stairway and lobbies were filled, and a great number had to stand. Considering the unqualified success of this concert, we ven-

TREATIES WITH INDIANS.

ture to express the hope that it may be the first

of four or five during the present winter.

In August and September last, under instructions from the Dominion Government, Lieut. Governor Morris, of Manitoba, Hon. James Mackay and Hon. Mr. Christic met the Indians of the far North-West for the purposes of nego-

Two treaties were made with the Crees and other Indians—one at Carleton, on the Sas-katchewau, and the other at Fort Pitt-under which the Indians ceded their rights over a district in the Fertile Belt estimated at 200,000 square miles. The treaties now made include all the Cree nation—and the Dominion may be said to have acquired nearly the whole of the territory within the Fertile Belt, and for some distance north of it-all the land east of the Rocky Mountains, in fact, except a district of not more than 1000 square miles, principally inhabited by Blackfeet. The portion yet untreated for may be roughly described as lying to the south of Red Deer River-along the Rocky Mountains - and from the Boundary Line to Bow River. The first treaty, a sketch of which we present to our readers in the present issue, was made on the 16th August, at Fort Carleton on the Saskatchewan. Much difficulty was experienced in dealing with the Crees assembled here, who made demands of the most extrava-gant character. The Opposition was mainly composed of 70 lodges, who wanted a separate treaty on their own behalf. Each chief demanded \$100 a year—that a large steam mill should be creeted on the reserve—and that farms should be broken out for the Indians; and even when these enormous demands came to be reduced, it was found that no treaty could be made without a horse and buggy being given to each chief. At this treaty there were 370 lodges of Crees, or between 2000 and 3000 in all. There were the River Crees, the Wood Indians from Sturgeon Lake, and the Low Bush and Plain The territory covered by the treaty ex tends from Sturgeon Lake to the Cumberland District, northwards to Beaver Lake and up to English River; thence to Green Lake, and across the country north of Red Deer Lake, and up the Athabasea River to Jasper House; from thence south, along the Rocky Mountain range to the headwaters of the Red Deer River, or South Saskatohewan. The line would follow the course of that river south to Buffalo Lake, and downwards to Bow River, where it joins No. Four Treaty-line (made in 1874 at Qu'Appelle). -- From Bow River the land would run down the South Branch of the Saskatchewan till it intersects Treaty line No. Five. The terms ultimately agreed upon were as follows: Each man, woman, and child gets \$12 a head for this the first year, and \$5 a head per annum after-The chiefs get \$25 each, and are allowed four conneillers or headmen at \$15 apiece. Every family of five is to be allotted 160 acres as a homestead, and for the cultivation of the some is to be furnished with certain requisites. such as oxen, cows, ploughs, harrows, hoes, axes, &c. The above-mentioned articles will be divided in the following manuer. To every family two hoes and axes, and to every three families, actual cultivators of the soil, a plough and harrow between them .- Every 20 lodges (and no chief is to be recognized with less than that number) will get between them for agricultural purposes two yoke of oxen and six cows, and each chief is to be furnished with a chest of tools for his band. Besides his \$25 annuity, each chief is to be supplied with a norse and waggon, or, in lieu of the latter, two carts should be prefer them; and, further every chief and councillor is to be provided with a new suit of lothes. Another proviso of the treaty was made to guard against actual starvation; and to this end the Indians insisted on a stipulation under which the Government agreed to expend cearly \$1000 for the next three years, in proisions to be distributed among such as are actually engaged in cultivating the soil.

The Indians also urged strongly that in times f starvation or sickness, they should be provided for. But the Commissioners were necessarily very guarded here, lest cases of starvation or sickness should multiply to an alarming extent. They told the Indians that in the event of a general famine throughout the country, or in case of plague or wide-spread sickness, the Gov-ernment would do what it could to help the sufferers. Provision for ordinary sickness is to be made by sending a small chest of medicines to the agent on the reserve.

The Commissioners next proceeded to Fort Pitt, at the north Branch of the Saskatchewan, where they arrived on the 5th September. gotiations were opened on a Thursday, and by the following Saturday the treaty was duly signed, scaled and delivered. About one thou-Stonies. The terms made, in this instance, were identical with those agreed to by the Carleton chiefs, and the land covered by the Treaty is included in the 200,000 square miles, of which the bounds have been already given. Some of the Wood Assiniboines living in the Rocky Mountain House district, have not yet, welearn, formally come into this Treaty, though they were partly represented by the few families of Assimboines taking part in the Fort Pitt proceedings.

OUR PICTURES.

DOS GIOVANNI TAMBURINI .- As the varied excellencies and merits of Mozart's mosterpiece, Don Juan, are perhaps less likely to be united again in a single opera than is the case of any other work of the same kind, so Antonio Tamburini possessed the characteristics requisite for performing the part of the hero in that celebrated production in a degree never yet equalled in the case of any other artiste. This celebrated singer appeared on the boards in 1818, at the early age of 18, and during a career of nearly 40

years was without a rival in the greatest baritone parts. His death is reported to have occurred last month at Nice in his 77th year. He was the son of a bandmaster at Faenza, and at the age of nine years was engaged in an orchestra a a bugle player; but a serious illness having obliged him to discontinue playing, he turned his attention to singing. He made rapid progress, and at 18 made a successful debut at Bologua. He appeared in succession at all the principal theatres at Turin, Rome, Naples, Milan, and in 1832, after having visited England, where he was warmly received, he appeared in Paris at the Italiens in Cinerentola. F than 20 years he continued a favourite with the French public, and as late as 1854 he sang in Don Juan. He had acquired a comfortable independence, and retired many years ago to Sevres, where he usually resided.

THE EASTERN CONFERENCE.—We give to-day the portraits of Midhat Pasha, Turkish Minister for Foreign Affairs, and Gen. Ignatieff, Russian Plenipotentiary to Constantinople. In a former issue appeared more extended notices of these two statesmen. Midhat is the greatest man in Turkey to-day, while Ignatieff is a disciple of the Gortschakoff school, who enjoys the additional advantage of a thorough knowledge Both of them will take part of Turkish affairs. in the approaching Conference.

THE DUCHESS OF AOSTA. -- Delicate as she was, and simple as were her habits, 'The Queen '-whom the eighteen thousand washerwomen of the Manzanares call still by that title -loved to take walking exercises. Day by day she saw that the babies of the washerwomen of the river that ran so close at the foot of her husband's palace had no place wherein they might be put while their mothers were at work. Queen, in her plain black silk walking-dress went back to her husband and her palace, and said that night-it was winter, and she knew how often a flood came down and swept off in one afternoon three or four of those poor mother washerwomen-'1 will build a chapel for the Madrid washerwomen, an orphanage for their children if they die, a nursery refuge or home, when they go down to Manzanares to wash. King Amadeo and his Oucen founded that chapel school and nursery, endowed it with their private money, and there it is, and there it works. Very few there are among the Spanish aristocracy of to-day who look after their Spanish Amadeo, the Italian King, and the lost Maria Victoria did. The Spaniards say, never value a thing until it is lost to us forever." Now, turn your feet where you will, the warm praises of Amadeo and his consort are on all sides heard.

PICTORIAL EUROPE. - Grouped together will be found a series of sketches illustrative of recent vents in different parts of Europe, such as the launching of the new French war steamer "Tourville": the I reaking of ground on the Trocalero for the Paris Exhibition of 1878; a combat of white bears in the Geological Gardens of Colegne; the burning of an American ship in the port of Marseilles, and the ovation, at Athens, to King George, an idea of whose popularity will be gathered from an article in another column.

THE ST. ANDREW'S BALL .- We need not recur o a description of this entertainment, beyond calling attention to our sketch. By universal consent, it was admired as one of the grandest and most successful balls ever given in this city, reflecting the highest credit on the Society and Board of management.

THE FREE LANCE.

Prince Edward Island is not afraid of a Pope.

Between Tory and Grit. The returns for Queens, P. E. 1., are read. 'Oh, the tight little island !" exclaimed the

former exultingly. "Yes, it must have been a little tight to go

that way," replied the latter in disgust.

The Star says that a great deal of the Quebec City loan in England will prove a Barren Grant.
I grant that this is about the best joke of the season, always barren my own.

How is it-Keewattin or Keewatin ! We want to see this momentous question settled to a t.

Did you ever see a man who, on taking off his hat, at the entrance of any public room, did not touch his hair and settle himself nicely in his coat shoulders! I never did.

Lost in London. That's Wat's Phillips been

Into what depths some people will go in quest of a pun. A friend of mine, just returned from New York, informs me that on entering a cortain fashionable cellar where oysters, clams, and other dainties are furnished, he read this on a scroll above the door :- De profundis clam-ari On reading this, my friend didn't know whether to laugh or to get mad.

There is a strange perversity sometimes in titles. Why did Alexandre Dumas call his famous novel "The Three Musketeers"! Because there were four of them. Why did Phillips, the playwright, entitle his drama "Lost in London"! Because the heroine was lost before ever she came to London.

LACLEDE.

QUEBEC CIVIL SERVICE.

I notice in your paper of last week a letter asking for the name of the paper and of the writer to whom I referred in my first letter as being in the Civil Service. According to the Civil Service Act of Mr. Chapleau, the body to which the writer is said to belong is not of the Civil Service, though till the passage of that Act is was generally supposed to be. As to the name of the paper, your correspondent can hardly feign ignorance, as it has been a topic of conversation all over Quebec and of correspondence to most of the papers in the l'rovince.

The session promises to last till Christmas, and in case of the death of the Lieutenant-Governor, who is said to be sinking fast, during the session, I expect the House will have to be adjourned over Christmas. The work is progressing steadily and will no doubt make considerable progress before the end of next week.

C. W. M.

FASHION NOTES.

A NEW unbrella holder is a double chain, nade to suspend from the wrist, and attach to the ring on the handle of the umbrella. The loop in the chain which goes round the wrist can only slip up and down a certain length, being kept in its place by a ball.

THERE is a great variety in fichus. The newest (of the Marie Antoinette form) is a double handkerchief, edged with wide fine Torchon lace, gathered in the centre of the back, and tied together in front with long ends, larger than those hitherto worn.

To give the appearance of slimness to those who are not the possessors of slight figures is now the aim of the modistes. Their attention is turned to lengthy seams in the back, to the banishment of all superfluous draping, and of all gathers and plaits, particularly round the waist and hips. Fashion dictates that dresses must be flat and straight.

EVENING dress petticoats are still cut with the queue de paon train; they are quite plain n front, and have three gathered flounces at the back and two wide lace edged plaitings all The chief novelty is, that they have a round. slit at the sides so that the strings for tying the dress can be passed through them, and that pieces for the back only, and coming half way up the skirt, are made to tack into dresses. some of the full-dress petticoats have a frilling of coloured silk between the muslin kiltings.

THE caps, which would be peculiarly becoming to young matrons, are just large enough to rest on the top of the head, and have pointed crowns. The newest are made entirely of silk; for example, a square cardinal handkerchief is converted into a most stylish cop; the ends form a bow at the side, and the whole is bordered with Torchon lace; like most of the caps of the day, it is not made on a spring or wire of any kind, but the silk is lined with tulle.

FOR day wear polonaises made of fancy velvet (either striped or spotted) are to be seen at all the leading modistes. Thus prune velvet with large dots of dead prune silk : moss-coloured velvet with black dots, black velvet with small straw spots; grey velvet striped with brown, &c. I forgot whether I have alluded in former letters to the new bege material, studded all over with small snowflakes of white silk, each of these flakes not being larger than a pin's head. This novelty is most popular in navy blue with red flakes, in brown with straw-coloured flakes, in prune de Monsieur with pale blue flakes.

A style, particularly adapted for heavy materials, is the Dagnar polonaise. It is very deep in the front, reaching nearly to the bottom of the bottom of the dress; the back is plain to about twelve inches below the waist, where it is caught up at the side-seam with a bow or three buttons; a deep pointed collar on the neck gives a pretty finish. As many do not admire the entirely plain bodice, this style is very fashionable in serge, drab, grey, or dark blue, piped with cardinal red; three row of small outtons down the back and front, also down the back of the sleeve, are much worn.

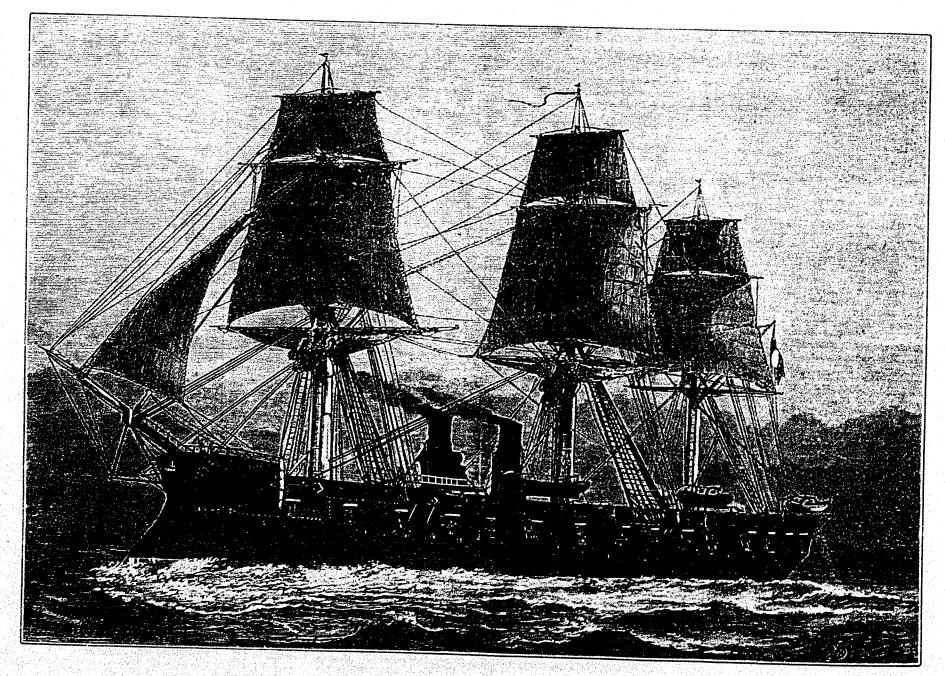
THE Adelaide costume for young ladies from four to sixteen is a new and becoming style for winter materials. The front is "Princess," with small kilting at the vottom, in front, and a deep one carried up into the waist at the back : a trimming is brought from the shoulder across to the back, and there finished as a sish; there is a small collar at the neck, with bow. Several rows of narrow military braid are much used for trimming winter dresses; the gold is also pretty and very stylish, particularly on dark blue or brown serge; the front pocket and the cuffs are ornamented with buttons.

WHAT CAN AIL THAT CHIELD!-How many thousands of parents ask themselves this question, as they see their children becoming more emaciated and miserable every day. A correct reply to the question would be Worms; but they are seldom thought of, and the little sufferer is allowed to go on without relief until it is too

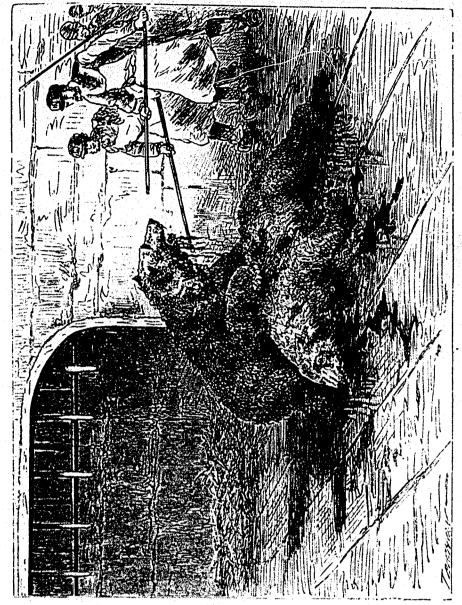
Parents, you can save your children. Devins' Vegetable Worm Pastitles are a safe and certain cure; they not only destroy the worms, but they neutralise the vitiated mucous in which he vermin breed. Do not delay! Try them ! Take no other kind offered vun.



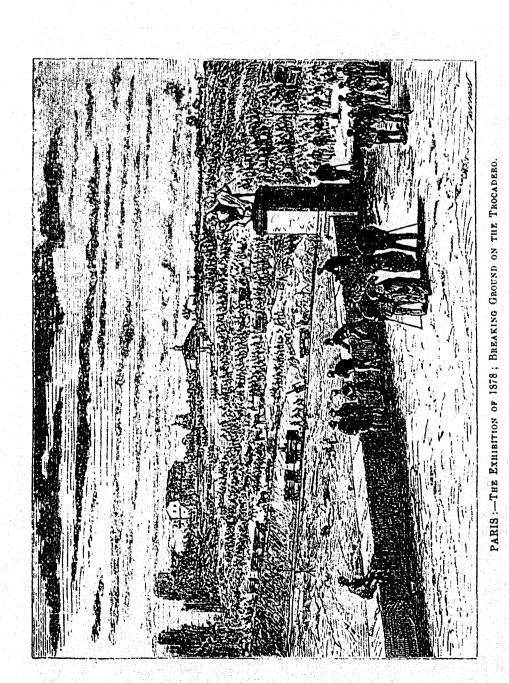
H. R. H. MARIA-VITTORIA, DUCHESS OF AOSTA, EX-QUEEN OF SPAIN, JUST DECEASED.

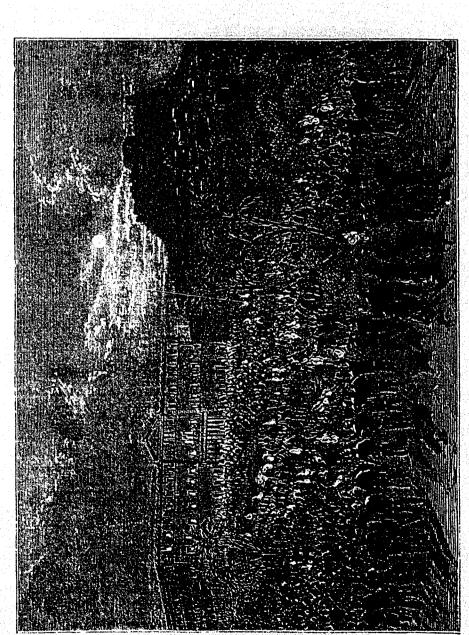


FRANCE:--THE TOURVILLE, NEW FRENCH WAR STEAMER LAUNCHED AT TOULON.



COLOGNE:--COMPAT OF WHITE BEARS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.





ATHENS:-OVATION TO KING GEORGE ON HIS RETURN.

THE MONUMENT OF GREELEY.

Edmund Clarence Stedman's Poem read at the Unveiling at Greenwood Cemetery on the 4th

Once more, dear mother Earth, we stand in reverence where thy bonuty gave Our brother, yielded to thy hand. The sweet protestion of the grave! Well hast thou soothed him through the years, The years our love and sorrow number— And with thy smiles and with thy tears Made green and fair his place of slumber.

Thine be the keeping of that trust;
And ours this image, born of Art.
To shine above his hidden dust,
What time the sunrise breezes part
The trees, and with new light enwreath.
You head—muil the lips are golden.
And from them music seems to breaths
As from the desert statue olden.

Would it were so! that now we might Hear once more his uttered voice again. Or hold him present to our sight. Nor reach with empty hands and vain. O that from some far place were heard. One cadence of his speech returning—A whispered tone, a single word. Sent back in answer to our yearning.

It may not be? What then the spark.
The essence which illumed the whole
And made his living form its mark
And ontward likeness: What the soul
That warmed the heart and poised the head.
And spoke the thoughts we now inherit?
Bright force of fire and other bred—
Where art thou now, clusive Spirit.

Where now the sunburst of a love
Which blended still with sudden wrath
To nerve the righteous hand that strove.
And blaze in the oppressor's path:
Pair Earth, our dust is thine indeed!
Too soon he reached the voiceless portal—
that whither leads! Where lies the meed
He gained, and knew himself immortal!

Or, tell us, on what distant star.

Where even as here are toil and wrong.
With strength renewed he lifts afar
A voice of aid, a war-cry strong!
What truit, this stern (bympiad past,
Has that rich nature elsewhere yielded.
What conquest gained and knowledge vast.
What kindred beings loved and shielded!

Why seek to know! He little sought Himself to lift the close-drawn veil. Not for his own salvation wrought And pleaded, ay, and wore his mail: No self-sh grasp of life, no fear. Won for mankind his ceaseless caring But for themselves he held them dwar— Their birth and shronded exit sharing.

Not his the feverali wish to live
A sunner life, a longer space.
Save that the Eternal Law might give The boon in common to his race.
Earth, 'twas thy heaven he loved, and best
Thy precious offspring, man and woman,
And labor for them seemed but rest
To him whose nature was so human.

Even here his spirit haply longed
To stay, remembered by our kind,
And where the haunts of men are thronged
Move yet among them. Seek and find
A presence, though his voice has ceased.
Still, even where we dwell, remaining.
With all its tenderest thrills increased
And all its careful to set optiming. And all it cared to ask obtaining.

List, how the varied things that took The impress of his passion rare
Make answer! To the roadways look.
The watered vales, the hamlets fair.
He walks unseen the living woods,
The fields, the town, the shaded borough.
And in the pastoral solitudes
Delights to view the lengthening furrow.

The faithful East that cradled him, The faithful hast has cradied him.

Sill, while she deems her nurshing sleeps,
Sits by his couch with vision dim;
The plenteous West his least-day keeps;
The wisful South recalls the ways
Of one who in his love enwound her,
And stayed her, in the evil days.

With arms of comfort thrown around her.

He lives wherever men to men In perilous hours his words repeat, Where clangs the force, where glides the pen, Where toil and traffic crowd the street; And in whatever time or place
Earth's purest souls their purpose strengthen.
From the broad nathway of our race
The shadow of his name shall lengthen.

Still with us!" all the liegemen cry The hills declare "He shall not die!"
The prairies answer "He is here!"
Immortal thus, no dread of fate Be ours, no vain memerio mori; Life, Life, not Death, we consecrate A lasting presence touched with glory.

The star may vanish—but a ray,
Sent forth, what mandate can recall?
The circling wave still keeps its way
That marked a turret's seaward fall.
The least of music's uttered strains
Is part of Nature's voice forever;
And aye beyond the grave remains
The great, the good man's high endeavour!

Well may the brooding Earth retake The form we know, to be a part Of bloom and herbage, fern and brake, New lives that from her being start. Naught of the soul shall there remain: They came on void and darkness solely. Who the veiled Spirit sought in vain Within the temple's shrine Most Holy.

That, that, has found again the source From which itself to us was lent:
The Power that, in perpetual course,
Makes of the dust an instrument Eupreme: the universal Soul;
The current infinite and single Wherein, as ages onward roll, Life. Thought, and Will forever mingle. What more is left, to keep our hold. On him who was so true and strong? This semblance, raised above the mould With offerings meet of word and song. That men may teach, in aftertime, Their sons how goodness marked the features off one whose life was made sublime. By service for his brother creatures.

And last, and lordliest, his fame—
A station in the starry line
Of heroes that have left a name
Men conjure,—a place divine,
Since, in the world's eternal plan,
Divinity itself is given
To him who lives or dies for Man
And looks within his soul for Heaven.

EDMOND C. STROMAN.

THE PANAMA HAMPER.

CHAPTER 1.

On a fine bracing morning in the month of October, 1836, old Captain Gardner, accompanied by his wife and daughter, stepped on board his good brig the Sancy Jane, of 300 tons burthen. which had cleared out from the Princess Dock, Liverpool, and was now outward bound with a full cargo of Leeds, Sheffield, and Manchester goods for the Havana.

He was part owner of the brig, and as he had commanded her for nearly thirty-five years, and felt that age was coming on "with stealing steps and slow," he had resolved that this should be his last voyage.-It had been with no little difficulty, and after much pressing and coaxing that the old skipper had at length been brought to consent that his "womankind" should, for once, accompany him in this, his final trip across the Atlantic; but he gave way at length, and Mrs. Jane Gardner and her pretty daughter Alice, now proceeded to take possession of the cosy old cabin which had been neatly fitted up for their use. - Both of them were fairly brimming over with delight, and full of all sorts of pleasant anticipations of the wonders that they were to see in the golden regions of the West, and of the enjoyments they were to experience in visiting the luxurious country houses of the hospitable planters who inhabited the far-famed island of Cuba.

A very ample supply of hermetically sealed condiments and preserved delicacies of all sorts had been put on board for their use, together with a couple of sheep and several scores of live poultry for which a temporary house was rigged out in the long-boat amid-ships; and as the fine old craft made her way down the Mersey with a fair wind and a flowing sail, everything seemed to give promise of a happy and pleasant voyage. -Nor were a few dozen of the very best old port and sherry that Liverpool could produce forgotten; for though the jolly captain and his buxom wife and pretty daughter were really and truly abstemious people, they enjoyed a glass of wine amazingly.

There were, indeed, certain dressmakers and milliners' bills brought in three days before he sailed, at which the old fellow grumbled somewhat; but after expending a mild oath or two on the cursed extravagance of foolish women, he took a glass of brandy and water and a cigar, and wrote a cheque, and indulged in an hour's nap,—and when he woke up, he had forgotten all about it.

The ship's company consisted of a first and second mate, a steward, a cook, and fourteen able scamen.

The two first mentioned officers have a great deal to do with our tale, and therefore it may be as well to describe them more particularly.

David Miller, the first mate, was a tall, raw-boned Scotchman of about thirty-five years of age, who had held that position in the Saucy Jane for several voyages.—He was a scaman who knew his business thoroughly, and, for the most part, did his duty excellently well : -- so well, indeed, that Captain Gardner had more than once, while his ship was loading or unloading at Liverpool, invited David to spend an evening at the comfortable little cottage which he owned in the neighbourhood of Birkenhead.

The second mate, Eugene Martinez, was a mere youth ;-he was apparently not much more than half the age of the Scotchman, and had been most mysteriously thrust upon the old captain's care in the following strange manner.

One afternoon, about nineteen years before the time when our story opens, while the Saucy Jane was taking in her return cargo at the tobacco quay in the bay of Havana, and the cantain was enjoying his usual siesta, a small hamper was brought on board by a negro, who hurriedly departed without waiting for the usual receipt.—Now, this hamper was made up of so valuable and peculiar a material that it immediately attracted the attention and wonderment of the sailor to whom it was delivered : inasmuch as it was wholly constructed of that extremely expensive and beautiful l'anama straw, which when worked up even into small cigar cases, commanded a price of twenty to fifty dollars each for them.—This hamper, then, must have cost at least ten times that amount.

"My eye!"—said the old scaman who took charge of it, to one of his messmates who had also been attracted by the sight,-"this 'ere must be a wallerable lot inside, to be packed up in real Panama!—Here's a direction;—spell it out, mate;—they didn't teach readin' in the school that I was sent to!"

"Why, it ain't cargo, at all Bill!"-said his comrade, glancing at the address-card which was carefully tied on to the handle;—"it's marked Captain Gardner - Private - Immediate - Per-

"Perishable, ch!—Ay, ay—1 see!—It's some choice fruit or other, I'll be bound,"—replied Bill;—"he's often having such things from his planter friends ;—though! never see'd such a spicy basket as this afore!"
"What a capital sun-hat it would make,"—

said Jack.

So it would, messmate,"-said the other; -- "but I'd better take it down to the skipper at once;—there'll be 'the devil to pay and no pitch hot,' if it's spoiled!"

But as he turned his steps, basket in hand,

toward the cabin stairs, something occurred which set both the old salt in a tremble, and

caused them to turn as pale as ashes!

A feeble cry was heard, which evidently pro-

ceeded from the Panama basket!
"What's that!"—said dack.
"It's—it's a—a noise,"—said Bill.

"It -- it comes from this basket !" " So I thought," -- said Bill.

And now another most unmistakable and much louder whimper saluted their astonished "It's a wild hanimal!" exclaimed Jack, as

he dropped the Panama on the deck in extreme fright At this unceremonious and rough mode of

handling, the evidently alive occupant of the basket seemed highly indignant, and uttered a series of piercing cries which soon brought all the crew round the spot and effectually roused Captain Gardner, who rushed up the cabin-stairs to ascertain what was the matter. "It's a hanimal, sir!"—exclaimed Bill.

"A werry wild un, sir!" said Jack ; "take

eare, sir !"
"Where is it, you fool !"-demanded the skip-

per, not at first noticing the basket.
"In that basket, sir!" -replied the other with

asked the captain, as he took off the handsome Pansma conveyance from the deck, amid renewed screams from its occupant.—"Who brought it here?

" A nigger, sir. - who didn't say a word ; --but the moment he had delivered it to me, bolted off like the devil!"

"It is very strange,"--muttered the captain, looking at the card of address, -- " it is certainly directed to me :-- I'm very much mistaken if it is not the cry of an infant !-- What can it mean, I wonder !- It is marked 'perishable' too; ... most probably some joke!- At all events, I'll examine it privately."

Having come to this decision Captain Gardner summarily dismissed his crew to their several duties, and went, basket in hand, to his private cabin; where, after taking the precaution to lock the door, he proceeded to open and unpack his l'anama hamper, in which he found, as he half-suspected, a fine healthy squalling infant of about twelve months old, carefully encased in thickly wadded silk; and also, to his great surprise, a heavy purse of gold doubloons, and the following letter, which had evidently been writ-

ten by a female hand : "This boy is confided to Captain Gardener's care, as the only means of preserving his life .-He is the eldest legitimate son of parents of high social position; and will, if he lives, be the rightful inheritor of a large estate in Spain .-The same amount which is here enclosed will be remitted every three years, and the writer en-treats that the strange circumstances under which he has been placed in Captain G.'s care will, as far as possible, be kept secret. It is also hoped that perhaps he may be trained to follow the profession of a seaman; and then, should adverse circumstances occur to render his future recognition impracticable, he will be able to raise himself by his own exertions to a respectable station in society. - These few lines are penned, with great difficulty, by his loving but sorely distressed mother, who takes this, the only course left to her, to preserve her dear son from an untimely death, which would otherwise, the fears, be his doom .- His real name cannot at present be made known, but it is wished that he should be called Eugene Martinez."

The captain was a man of excellent good sense, and he also possessed an excellent good heart. -The bag contained one hundred gold doubloons -nearly four hundred pounds sterling; so that there was little or no fear that he would be put to much expense in rearing this child, even if the promises of continued remittances were never fulfilled :- and being then unmarried, he had no occasion to consult anyone else as to the propriety or advisability of undertaking such a charge. - He therefore without a moment's hesitation resolved to accept it. His ship's crew were easily led to believe that it was all a joke set on foot by a harum-scarum brother captain who had that morning cleared out for New York; and the infant was conveyed on shore to a hired nurse who undertook the charge of him until the next monthly packet sailed for Liverpool, to which place she accompanied him; and continued her care of him there until Captain Gardner got married to his present wife two years afterwards.

Of course he confided the whole secret to his bride who was a sensible woman, and noted his regular receipt of the hundred doubloons which reached them every three years with much pleasure .- It may moreover be said here that these triennial windfalls mainly contributed to lay the foundation of the captain's good fortune; for they enabled him to purchase, by degrees, not only a large share in the Saucy Jane, but also to speculate very advantageously in other similar ventures.

Meantime the boy grew up and rapidly became

a great favourite with both his adopted parents; and even when, three years after their marriage, a baby daughter arrived to cement and bless their union, it seemed in no wise to decrease their affection for little Eugene. - As years rolled on he was sent to the best commercial school in Liverpool and most carefully educated, especially with regard to all nautical matters and at the age of fifteen the captain took him on his first voyage with him across the Atlantic.

The boy took to the sea as naturally and engerly as a young duckling takes to a pond, and mastered all the numerous little practical details of a scaman's profession in a way that absolutely astonished his adopted father .- In short, before he had been three years on board ship, during which period he took his full share of all the most arduous duties that fall to the sailor's lot, he was the best and most useful hand on board.

Had it not been for Engene's extreme youth, the old skipper, martinet though he was, would have been quite justified in rating him as second mate, even at that early period; but it was wisely put off until another year or two had and this was only the second voyage out and home in which he had held that posi-

It will readily be conjectured by the practised reader that a marriage between the pretty Alice and this fine young sailor for he was a hand-some fellow-would be an event that had been talked over and perhaps contemplated both by the folks and the young ones; and it must be confessed that this conjecture is not very wide of the mark, for it had been duly arranged before starting on the present voyage that, at the end of another twelvementh, if nothing of extreme importance occurred to prevent it, Eugene should lead Captain Gardner's daughter to the altar; and after a three months' holiday on shore, should take the command of the Stucy Jave, from which the skipper's increasing age and infirmities warned him it was high time to retire.

But this was as yet a family secret which was known to no one except to the parties them-selves. - Least of all was it guessed at by David Miller, the first mate, or all his fine castles in the air would have crumbled into dust; for he attributed the intimacy that subsisted between the two lovers to nothing more than friendship. In short, he firmly believed that

Eugene was the captain's illegitimate son; the offspring of some foreign livison in the Havana previously to his marriage; and this belief was shared in by many others. It was the result of a most inaccurate and exaggerated version of the old Panama basket incident which had got wind and been kept attoat among the English and American sailors who traded to the port, and who almost universally thought that it really was the captain's son who was thus cleverly forced upon his care by the fair frail one whom he had forsaken,

So it is not at all surprising that Mr. David Miller, having been two or three times to take tea and spend the evening at the cosy little Birkenhead cottage, and treated very kindly by all parties—especially by Alice, who had repeatedly heard her father speak very highly of him-should fall, or fancy that he had fallen, desperately in love with her.

But he was a canny, shrewd fellow, and by no means blind to the fact that he was nearly if not quite double the young lady's age. So, like a cautious, wary Scotchman, he forbore to thrust any marked attentions on her, but waited for time and opportunity to give him some chance of pressing his suit with advantage.

And this chance very shortly occurred in a manner which bid fair to realize his fondest hopes ; ... it was, moreover, so capital a chance in all respects, that no sane man would have hesi-

tated to make use of it.

They had only been a few days at sea, and had just gone out into the chops of the Channel, when one of the crew gave botice that a large shoal of porpoises were close under the lee bow, playing and gambolling about like a troop of niggers. - Sever, bells had just struck and it was the first mate's watch, so of course he was on deck, and Alice and her mother happened to be there too; -but Eugene, who had encountered some very rough work during a sharp squall that had passed over in the earlier part of the morn-

ing, was down stairs fast asleep in his bunk. Now, although Alice had several times taken short pleasure trips on the Mersey she had never. yet seen a porpoise, and here was a whole shoal of them;—so she naturally rushed across the deck to the lee side of the brig and craned over the bulwarks—all anxiety to have a look at the scaly denizens of the deep, disporting themselves in their native element ; -but unfortunately at the moment the vessel gave a rather sudden sheer, and poor Alice overreaching herself lost her balance and fell overboard into the water.

Her mother's repeated shricks speedily brought up Eugene and the old skipper who had also been enjoying a nap after the fatigues of the preceding night; but almost before they could in-quire what was the matter, David Miller, who had instantly spring after the young girl into the sea, was now heard loudly hailing from the main chains : -

"All right, sir- all right !- daughter safe.

no harm done!

And in almost less time than it takes to relate the incident, he reappeared, clambering aided by some of the crew-over the ship's side with the fainting girl clasped in his strong and stalwart arms; and a look of triumphant exultation on his countenance which betokened as plainly as words could speak it, that the chance he had waited for had come at last.

No wonder that with their daughter thus re-

stored to them, Captain Gardner and his wife and Eugene too, were profuse in their expressions of gratitude to the man who had saved her from a dreadful death; for it is certain that, as the brig was making between seven and eight knots an hour and the sea still bore considerable traces of the roughness which the late severe squall had brought on, it would have been difficult if not impossible to have lowered a boat and reached the poor helpless girl in time to rescue her from a watery grave

her from a watery grave:

The feelings with which the middle-aged Scotch mate reflected on his gallant deed and the success which had crowned his efforts, were indescribable. He now thought himself on the point of being elevated to the very summit of honest hopes : their social position in life was well-nigh equal; whe had saved a comparatively considerable sum of money during the many years that he had held good berths in the mer-chant service; and the tather could scarcely refuse his daughter's hand to the man who had saved her life. The girl herself had no lovers s

of that he was quite sure and very few friends and acquaintances. She had, moreover, alway! such pleasure in his society and such respect for his opinions, that her consent seemed to him almost a matter of course.

All these reflections rushed through his mind as by the captain's invitation they adjourned to the cabin that same evening to smoke a cigar and take a glass of wine together; and the result of his cogitations was that he would "strike while the iron was hot "-he would formally lay his proposals before the skipper at once—he would take advantage of the gratitude which both father and mother and daughter had so repeatedly expressed during the afternoon, and ecure the good will of the former without the further delay of a single hour.

Sit down, sit down, David," -- said the cap-"don't stand fidgetting there, man, first on one leg and then on the other, like a hen who has lost its chicks; bring yourself to anchor, old fellow; and now we're alone together let me once more express my deep gratitude for the unspeakable service you have ren-dered me and mine this day, and let me know how I can best endeavour to return the obliga-

"Well--von see Captain Gardner," said the first mate, rather flabbergasted, now it had come to the point, "'you see, I had -I did nothing

but my duty, after all, but still, you see "Yes, yes, I see or rather I don't see "enterrupted the captain, laughing; "and I don't see how I can see, until you enlighten me. Come, out with it, old friend :- believe me, there is nothing in the world which you can ask that Charles Gardner will refuse to grant, if it lice in his power.

"Well, captain, you're very good, I'm sure - and and I'll be shot if my tongue ain't regularly jammed up in my mouth and I can't get it to work smooth for the life of me.

"Ha, ha! Suppose I help you a bit, David, ch! You have no doubt heard that I give up going to sea after this voyage !'

Yes, I've heard that, sir, -- but-"And you have, perhaps, indulged in a hope

that you might succeed me in the command of the Same Jane !" "Well, sir, that would be a great thing for

Say no more, David, --- say no more !-- I've been talking it all over with my wife this afternoon, and though I had once intended to place the old brig in different hands, I have now altered my mind;—you shall succeed me!

Oh thankye, captain, with all my heart and soul but-

"I know, ... I know! -- You've saved some money no doubt, for you're always been a careful follow; but you mean to say that you haven't saved enough to buy up my share !"

"Well, not exactly, sir; but "That'll do! Now listen . You have saved my daughter's life, and that's of more value to me than all the money in the world! I'll make you a present of my share -- and I'll lend you five hundred pounds to begin the world with into the bargain i-and I don't care if you never pay me a farthing of it back again.

"Lord ha' mercy-Captain Gardner-your generosity takes my breath away; but still---Yes yes say no more that's enough no

thanks I know all about it! You may think, that I'm a liberal follow: but that I haven't repaid-and never can repay the debt I owe you.

"Captain Gardner," - exclaimed the first nate, while the tears ran down his bronzed and furrowed checks, "Captain Gardner, I can't find words to express what I feel, when I think of your noble kindness; but still but still, sir, that ain't the favour which I was going to ask of you.

"The devil it isn't! Then what is it!-—speak speak, old friend; and, be it what it may—1 repeat that if it is in Charles Gardner's power, it shall be granted!"

"I'm in love with Alice, sir."

"What ("-exclaimed the captain, perfectly astounded! "Yes, I am, sir! and I've ventured to hope

for your consent to my marrying her!"

"Pheugh! - Good gracious! - why I never dreamed of this !"--muttered the old skipper to

"No offence, I hope, sir ?"-said David, rather taken aback by the captain's evident consterna-

"No-none at all-none at all, David !only, I deeply regret to say that that it is

your request!

"And may I ask, why not, sir ?"
"Because she's already engaged to another ?" "Good heaven !--engaged to another ?"--exclaimed the poor fellow, in pitcous tones.
"Yes!-I should have thought you must have

known it; or guessed as such, at all events."

"I know it—or guess it?—I never dreamed

of such a thing!" You have never spoken to my daughter on the subject 4-She can never have given you any encouragement to mention this matter to me?

inquired the captain.
"Certainly not, sir,—I thought it was most proper to speak to you first.'

And you thought rightly !"

"I always endeavour to think and act as rightly as I can, sir." "I believe it, David. And I entreat you to

believe that if it were not impossible to grant your request, and the young girl were inclined to give her consent, I would as soon bestow on you my daughter's hand, as on any other man in the world whom I ever met -- save one.

"And that one is, I presume, he whom she is about to marry?"

You are right-it is!"

"And may I ask his name, sir?"
"Certainly you may! - It is my adopted

"Eugene Martinez?"

"Why-why-! thought-I always understood ... I was told that he was-

That he was who ?"

"That he was your son, sir!"

"Then you thought, and understood, and were told wrongly !"

"It is the common report in the Havana!" "Common report is a common liar, David !--The boy is no more related to me than he is to you! - It would be too long a story to tell you all I know of his origin and parentage; -- indeed I could not do so without betraying a confidence that was confided to me under the seal of secreey; -suffice it to say that he was entrusted to my care when an infant, that no blood of mine runs in his veins, and that he has for some months been positively engaged to become my

daughter's husband with her full consent." "And all my bright hopes are scattered to the winds!" nurmured poor David to himself. "Come, come, my old friend," said the cap-

tain, "don't be too down-hearted; you are not a boy, you know!" replied the mate, -"I'm aware of that but I think that men's feelings are quite

as strong as those of boys—and perhaps stronger and certainly they're more permanent."
"Well, -we don't discuss the subject. - It

would be both painful and useless .- I can only once again express my heartfelt regret at the disappointment of your expectations. Phank ye, sir, thank ye!

"And let me hope that you will not refuse my offer about the brig;—this contretemps ought to make no difference in our mutual good feeling, and in the many business cares and anxieties that necessarily attend the successful command of a ship, you will find a solace for your present grief and soon be able to look on the past with

calumess, if not with pleasure."

"Ah, captain,—I don't think 'I shall make very old bones," as the saying is !" replied poor

"Nonsense -- nonsense, man! -- It is very natural that you should feel the matter deeply now, no doubt; -- but take my word for it, a twelvementh will not pass away, before you are as heartwhole as ever!"

"It may be -it may be, Captain Gardner; -but I don't think it will be."
"Well- we shall see," said the captain in a

gay tone; "the wedding won't take place for at least six or nine months yet and, by the bye, it was all arranged that you should be asked to be the bridegroom's best man?

"Oh no no! Don't ask me! I couldn't do it indeed I couldn't! I'll accept your noble, generous offer about the brig, captain, with deep gratitude, and if anything like the success and good luck falls to my lot, that has accompanied your command of her, it shall go hard but I'll soon repay the money part of my obligations to you :- but I couldn't go to the weddingmuch less be best man to the bridegroom-1 couldn't indeed, Captain Gardner!"

"Again I say-we shall see, my old friend we shall see !"

And so the conversation ended.

The Saucy Jane, with the usual good fortune that had attended her for so many years, arrived in due course, safely at the Havana, where Mrs. Gardner and Alice were literally overwhelmed with hospitable invitations from the captain's planter friends, and business connections. Moreover in one of their country visits they made a discovery which not only led to the knowledge of Engeno's real family name, but resulted in the restoration of the Spanish estate which had so unjustly been withheld from him by a grasping and avaricious relation.

After a few weeks of unalloyed pleasure, the whole party returned to England, loaded with presents, and only regretting the kind friends whom they had left behind them.

The Sancy Jane made two more most successful voyages out and home under the command of David Miller, before the subject of the new fast approaching marriage of the young folks was again mooted in his presence;—and our readers will not be sorry to learn that the old Scotch

really and truly out of my power to accede to first mate had by this time so far got rid of his sadness that he consented to be the bridgroom's best man, when Captain Gardner gave his daughter away at the alter.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS

M. J. M., Quebec, -1, etter containing Problem received.

Many thanks.
C. B., Montreal.—Problem for Young Players, No. 84, cannot be solved in three moves.
J. W. S., Windsor St., Montreal.—Letter and Game received. Many thanks. Also solution of Problem No. 96. Correct.
J. F., Morganfield. Kentucky, U. S.—Solution of Problem No. 96, received. Correct.

blem No. 96, received. Correct.
F. X. L., Ottawa.—Correct solution of Problem No. 96

We have received the following letter on a subject which is engaging the attention of Chess players on both sides of the Atlantic. We most willingly insert it, and trust that others will follow the example of the writer and send in their opinions. Mr. Atkinson has given much attention to Chess Problem composition, and we have always been glad of an opportunity of exhibiting his skill in this respect in our Columns.

In connection with this it may be well to observe that the whole of our Column this week consists of material furnished by our Canadian amateurs, and we trust that it is to some extent a sign that the noble game is appreciated in the Dominion.

To the Editor of the CHESS COLUMN.

To the Editor of the CHESS COLUMN.

Sir,—In your Column of a late number of the Canadian Illustrated News, you express yours-if as being dissatisfied with the usual way of estimating the respective merits of Chess problems: and in order to ascertain the views of Chess-players generally you invite the latter to lay their opinions before the Chess community, through the medium of your Column. In response to your invitation, I offer the following few remarks, not so much with the expectation of effecting a reform in this matter, as in the hope that the opinions of others may be elicited thereby; and, perhaps, such a full discussion of the subject be brought about as to lead to any chauges that may be found desirable.

In judging the merits of problems, no definite code of principles can be laid down, as problem-composing is not a science. But it may with propriety be regarded as an asthetic pursuit, and, as such, subject to the rules or laws which govern other forms of art. In other words, the canons of true taste are alone applicable to this subject. Regarded from this point of view. I should consider the following qualities as desirable in a good problem. First, It should be natural, that is, it should be a position which might happen in actual play; or, at least, it should not strike one as being highly improbable. It should not strike one as being highly improbable. It should be governed by all the conditions which obtain in a real game. Any great disparity in the forces employed should be avoided, as being unlikely to occur in actual play. Self-mates, reciprocal-mates, and, in fact, all conditional mates are out of place, and should be displowed. Castling, being a privilege of the game, may be allowed; and I have never heard any good reason for its being forbildern. Secondly, It should be ingenious in construction, and difficult of solution; and these are the greatest merits of a problem, without which it is no problem should sea problem, without which it is no problem. On the problem should be presented agai

blem literature will compare invourably with those of the German composers.

A problem should if possible, illustrate some scheme of attack or defense available in actual play, so that it may be instructive as well as entermining. I might add that it should have beauty, point, &c, but that these are matters of individual taste; just as you may like Shakspeare while I prefer Byron.

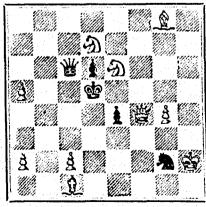
In conclusion, I have no doubt that problems were originally composed in conformity to the orninary rales of the game, and that a desire to escape from those restrictions led to their being gradually abandoned; but the necessity for some restriction becoming evident, attempts have been made at various times to impose others of a different nature to those which govern the game itself. Some of these new conditions are extremely frivolous, and the amount of discussion they have excited is self. Some of these new conditions are extremely frivo-lous, and the amount of discussion they have excited is ridioulous. To go back altogeth r to the old laws, how-ever, would deprive us of many beautiful positions com-posed in accordance with modern ideas. Perhaps a modification of the new rules, tending backwards to the laws of the game itself, would be found the most satisfac-tory way to decide this vexed question. Have your renders no suggestions to offer?

Yours truly.

PROBLEM No. 100.

By J. HENDERSON, Montreal.

BLACK



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 144TH.

Played at the Montreal Chess Club, in the present match between Dr. Howe and Mr. Shaw.

(Remove White's Q Kt.)

WHITE (Dr. Howe.)	BIACK (Mr. Shaw.)
1. P to K 4 2. P to Q 4 3. B to K 3 4. B to C 2	P to K 3
2. Pto O 4	P to Q Kt3
3. R to K 3	B to O Kt 2
4 B to O 3	P to O B 4
5. P to O B 3	Kt to Q B 3
6. P to O R 3	P to K Kt 3
7. Kt to K 2	B to K Ft 2
3. B to K 3 4. B to Q 3 5. P to Q B 3 6. P to Q B 3 7. Kt to K 2 8. P takes P 9. B takes P 10. B to Q 6 11. K R to Kt sq 12. R to Kt 3 13. Q to Kt 3 14. P to K 8 4	P takes P
9. B takes P	Q to K Kt 4
10. B to Q 6	Q takes K Kt P
11. K R to Kt sq	Q to B 6
12. R to Kt 3	Q to K R 4
13, Q to Kt3	Q B to B sq
14. P to K B 4	Q to Q R 4
15. R to Kt 5	Q to Q R 4 Q to her sq K B to his sq B takes B R to Kt sq O to Kt 3
16. Castles	K B to his sq
17. P to K 5	B takes B
18. P takes B	R to Kt sq
19. Q to B 2	Q to Kt 3
19. Q to B 2 20. Q R to K Kt sq 21. B takes P (a) 22. K to Kt sq 23. R takes P 24. R (at Kt sq) to Kt 3 25. Q takes Q	At to R 3
21. B takes P (a)	Q to K 6 (ch)
22. K to Kt sq	R P takes B
23. R takes P	P to B 4 (b)
24. R fat Kt sqi to Kt A	Q to K 5
25. Q takes Q	P takes Q
26. R to R 3	B to R 3
27. Kt to Kt sq	Reheaks
28. K to B sq	P takes Q B to K3 B checks R to K Kt sq R takes R
29. R (at R 3) takes Kt	R takes R
30. Rtakes R	
31. R to Kt 5	R to K Ktsq
32. P to K R 4	R takes R
33. B P takes R	R takes R K to Kt 3 P to K 4
	P to K 4
35. P to Q Kt 4 (c)	
And Black offered a Dra	w. which was accepted.

And Black offered a Draw, which was accepted NOTES.

(a) The position is very interesting at this point.
 (b) The young player will do well to consider the result of Black's taking R with P.
 (c) The latter part of the game is carefully played by

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No.98

WHITE. 1. R to K Kt 6 2 B to K Kt 4 3. R takes B P. mate

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 96.

WHITE. BLACK. I. Kt takes B (ch by dis) 2. Kt to K 7 (ch)
3. Kt to K Kt 6 (double ch)
4. Q to K BS (ch) K to B sq K to Kt sq R takes Q

Kt to K 7, mate. PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 97. WHITE. BLACK

By W. A., Montreal. Kat K3

K at Q B 5 Pawns at K 3 and 4 and Q B 3 and 4. RatQKt2 KtatQB3

White to play and mate in three moves.

ROUND THE DOMINION.

THE small-pox epidemic in Keewatin is on the

BEITISH COLUMBIA is building ships of yellow cedar. QUEBEC has a Provincial surplus of nearly

Miramichi (N.B.) has shipped twelve million

feet of hunber more this year than last. PREPARATIONS to repel a Fenian raid, cia San Francisco, have been made at Victoria, B.C.

THE establishment of a French Protestant day school, on a large scale in Montreal, is being effected.

THE daily consumption of water in Montreal has been lessened by one and a half million gallons, through the inspection of taps, &c.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

It is announced that a parody of the Wagner performances at Bayreuth is to form the principal attraction of the coming carnival at Cologne.

THE dramatic critic of the Troy Budget says. relative to a performance of "Julius Caesar" in that city; "Brussels carpets in the streets of Rome and on the plains of Philippi are not mentionned in our history."

Tun appearance of Lady Sebright on the THE appearance of Lady Schright on the stage, which has been talked of for some time past, is postponed for a period of some two or three months, much to the disappointment of many. The noble actress wisely desires to mature her powers, and take the town by storm by being perfection. She is to make her debut as Lendy Teazle. Her friends predict a great

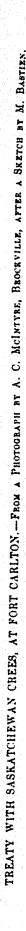
GEORGE RIGNOLD, the English actor, says of GEORGE RIGNOLD, the English actor, says of American theatres: "They are models. We have one or two fine ones in London, but they are poor in the provinces. With you they are generally splendidly appointed; in fact, it is like comparing darkness to light. Then, too, the surroundings of your theatres are so good. In Europe they seem to be situated in the midst of grog shops, and they are sometimes disgusting with the indecency that is in close proximity."

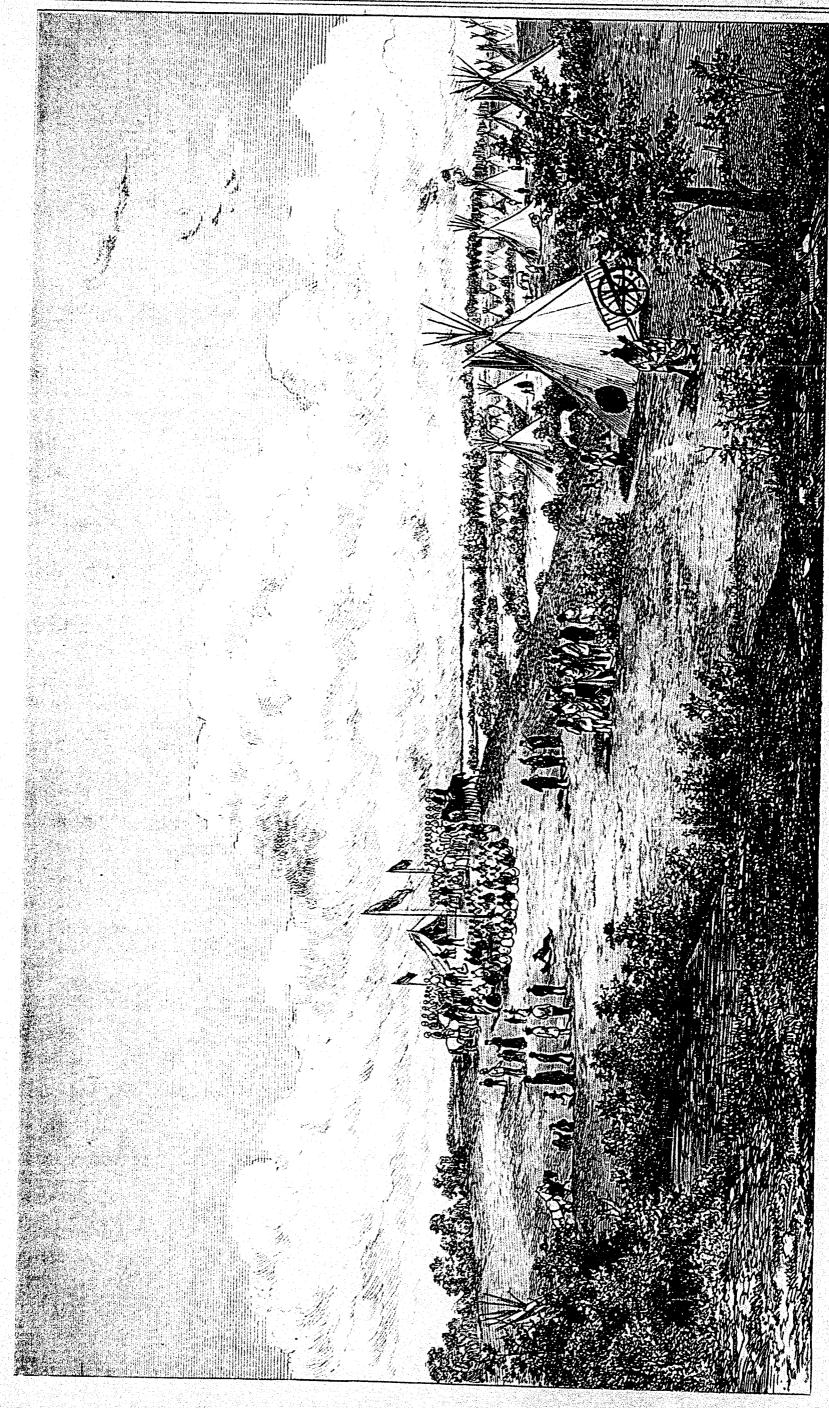
DOMESTIC.

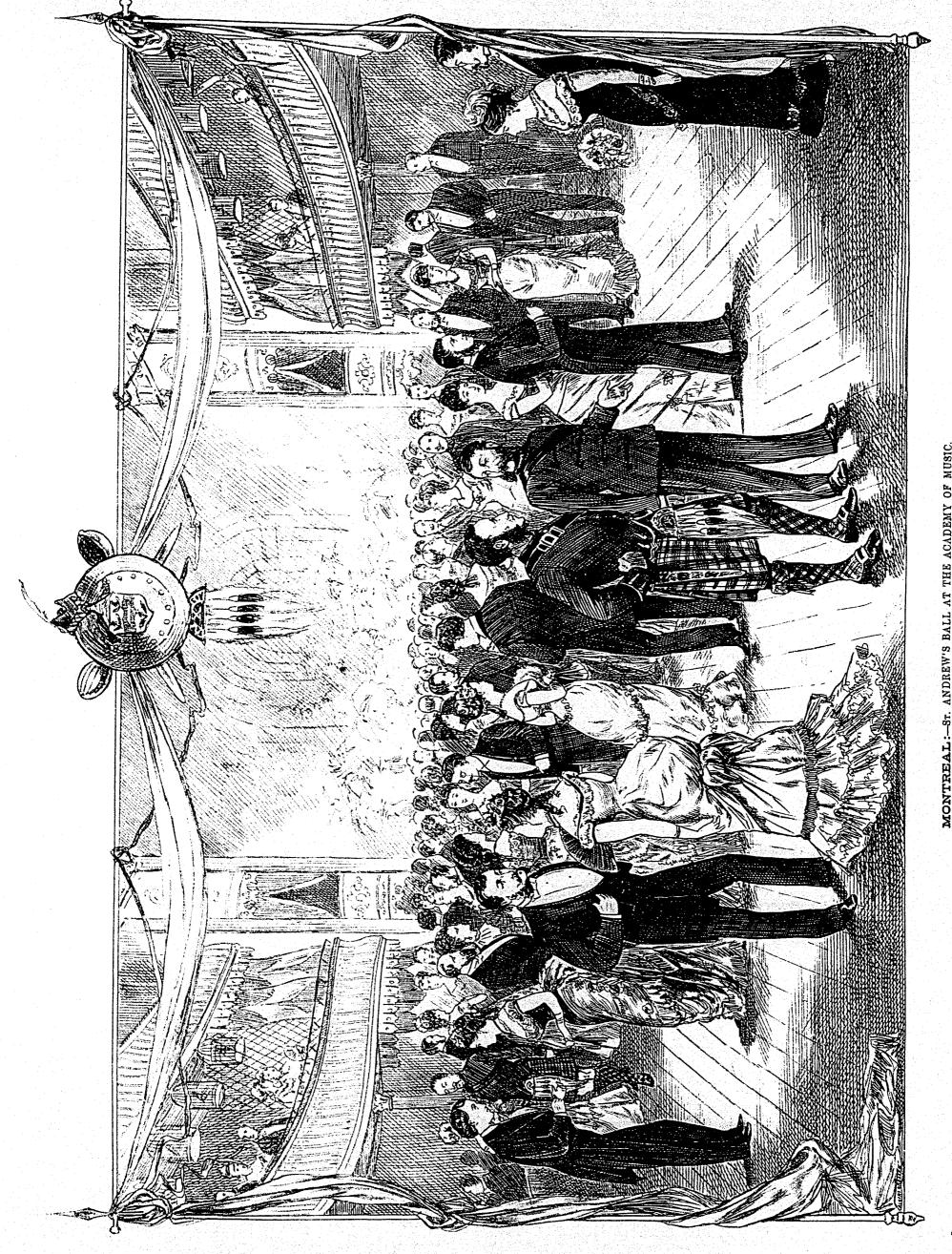
BATTER PUDDING.—One pint of milk, four eggs, two cups of flour, a little salt. Bake in a buttered deep dish forty minutes. Serve at once, with hard

CHOICE DESSERTS .- Put the juice of two bemons, the white of two eggs, three spoonfuls of currant jelly and five spoonsful fine sugar together and beat to very stiff froth. Place in the middle of a deep glass dish, and pour luto the dish enough cream to float it, or a custard made of the yolks of the eggs.

PLUM PUDDING .- One cup of milk, one cup Plum Pupins.—One cup of units, one cup raisins chopped linely, one cup currants, one cup beef suct, chopped very finely, one large spoonful sods, one teaspoonful each of salt, cinumon, cloves, allepice and ginger, and half a grated nutmeg. Now add flourenough to make a stiff batter, but not too stiff, and steam at least three hours, the longer the better.







TO THE EVENING STAR.

(Translated from Alfred de Musset.)

Pale Star of Eve, fair Messenger on high Whose brow gleams sofily through the sunset's haze. From out thine azure palace of the sky On what beneath thee dost thou bend thy gaze t

The winds are calm—the storm has died away— The woodlands shiver, dripping still with rain— The gilded moth, that loves thy tranquil ray, Flits, like a meteor, o'er the balmy plain.

What seekest thou, while Earth is laid asleep, And to the mountain tops thy beams descend? Thy farewell glance that seems to smile and weep Will soon expire, O melancholy Friend!

To you green hill thou glidest, gentle Star, A tear of silver on the robe of Night; The lonely shepherd, leading from afar His flocks and herds, doth watch thy waning light;

Deserting Heav'n's immeasurable space
'Mid reeds and rushes wilt thou sink to rest.
Or, while deep silence broods o'er nature's face.
Drop, like a pearl, within the water's breast?

O pensive Planet, if thy light must die, And the vast sea must soon thy tresses wet. Ere thy pale radiance passes from the sky, Sweet Star of Love, one moment linger yet!

GEO. MURRAY.

Montreal.

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

CHAPTER I.

A painful conviction had been growing upon me for a long time that it was my probable destiny, within an easily calculable period, to be "hard up." Hitherto I had only been acquainted with such a condition of things as a matter of pure theory. The world had seemed to me an elaborate system of contrivances whereby all my wants had been diligently ministered to, much to my personal gratification. When I had attained my majority, which hap-When I had attained my majority, which hap-pened at the time I obtained my degree, my guardians insisted on my going through the form of closing their accounts and bringing all matters between us to a termination. I am afraid I had given them my share of trouble, and that they had considered me an extravagant and an unhopeful subject. I had done very well at a great public school, but at Cambridge well at a great public school, but at Cambridge I had done absolutely nothing; and I am afraid that the master of the college, who was a cousin of one of my guardians, had reported, and only with too much justice, unfavourably of my pursuits and prospects. We had a meeting in pursuits and prospects. We had a meeting in the West-end office of the family solicitor; all accounts were gone through; a balance, considerably below my expectations, was still due to me; it was deposited in my name in a London bank, and a cheque-book was considerately handed over to me. Although my balance was smaller than I expected the leavings of my inheritance would be, it was still larger than anything which I had hitherto manipulated; and I expected that I should derive a good deal of enjoyment from its sporadic dispersion. In order to assist this object I removed from Cambridge to London, where I had been lately nade member of a very fair club, more social than political, and took modest apartments in the neighbourhood of Pall Mall. The whole arrangement was modest, though hardly practicable for one of small and rapidly decreasing means. I wrote out cheques with startling rapidity, and wondered at the power of those little white slips of paper in commanding the respect and even the subserviency of mankind. My club presented the phenomenon, so usual at the present day, of an immense number of young men being members; and it was almost a tacit point of honour among us we should have our diurnal champagne and feast on the best. Ac-cordingly when my banker's book was last made up, considerably to my dissatisfaction, in the height of a London season, one midsummer day, I perceived with a sigh that the Dr. side was crowded, and that the Cr. side, beyond the original sum paid in, presented a perfect blank. My possessions had attenuated to the entry of two hundred pounds; and as it was an understanding with the bank that my account should not go below a hundred, there remained to me that sum precisely, with the solitary good point about it that it was free from debt. Under such circumstances the melancholy conviction deepened on me that at no distant date I should

be hard up.
One day I had gone into a little French café. One day I had gone into a little French café. It was a clean quiet little place, doing a modest business among humble people; but the proprietors understood cooking, and were doing things remarkably cheap and well. It was the autumn of the year, and things were very dull in the newspapers; and perhaps that was the reason why a long letter appeared in a leading morning paper, contrasting the expensive clubdinner with the equally good and inexpensive dinner at this restaurant. As I read the paper, dinner at this restaurant. As I read the paper, the notion occurred to me that this was the sort of dinner which I ought to eat for the present, until affluence should by some strange chance dawn upon me again. It so happened, however, that the same notion had occurred to a lot of other fellows. The proprietor of the rooms was amazed by about a hundred gentlemen walking into the premises, each expecting a first-class dinner. The inroad was not unsuspected, and an immense number of dinners were served, though with considerable delay between the removes. As the tables thinned, I found myself how they conduct themselves. However, I may sitting with a very interesting man, who like perhaps be an empiric. I am simply telling you

myself had been taxing the resources of the establishment by ordering some dishes which one does not often meet with in London, but are not uncommon in Paris. What attracted me to this man was an immense pile of ponderous books belonging to the highest departments of

books belonging to the highest departments of German literature. Having done very fairly, we engaged in moralising over the vanities of the pleasures of the table.

"Yes," said my companion, delicately spreading some pâté de foie gras over his bread, "I am afraid the age is passing by for plain living and high thinking, which used to be the plan for the great scholars of old."

"Yes," I sighed deeply, sipping my Chartreuse of the Monastery, "men now carry personal luxuries to an unwarrantable extreme. As for scholarship, I am afraid the habit of steady application has vanished; at least I never had it myself. I cannot even stand an

never had it myself. I cannot even stand an opera, and merely drop in for my favourite airs."

He glanced at his books, and said half apologetically, "I thing when a man has worked hard, as I have all day, that it is a pleasant revulsion to loiter for a couple of hours over a repast which at least has been distinguished by considerable variety.

"I have not done the work, but I have en joyed the dinner," was my answer; "and there are such lots of men 1 know who have an increasing appreciation for dinner and an increas-

creasing appreciation for dinner and an increasing depreciation of work. It is wonderful how people hate work and like dining."

"We have it on very good authority that if a man will not work, neither shall he eat."

"I suppose so," I said; "but working is a great hore. It is revolting to all the finer feelings to be grinding merely for the sake of grist, like a mule on a mill when in quiet observation. like a mule on a mill, when in quiet observation and reflection one might be elaborating a higher kind of workmanship altogether."

"Possibly"—this was in a very quiet, per-haps sub-acid tone. He added, "If a man goes in for plain living and high thinking, that is a very different affair altogether. You may think as high as you like, if you live as plain as you can."

as you can."

I had a little further talk with my new-found friend, telling him with a sudden confidence, which seemed a bold venture, but which rested upon an intuition of character, some little about myself. I remember very well that the sum of his remarks was a little like this:

"I am rather a rich man myself," he said "and I really like to cultivate dining as one of the fine arts. But it is only one amusement out of many, and by no means one of the most refined. Many people limit the feeding altogether. Lord Byron would dine off dates and water; and I know a great nobleman who has an immense dinner daily at his house, and frequently dines off an apple.

"You happen to say that you are rather rich; on the other hand I am particularly poor. I shall by and by have to dine on a Ribston pippin, unless, like Mr. Micawber, something turns up."

He looked amused. "You are breaking

yourself in very gently for your reverse. There have been a great many men in this room tonight, but you are about the last sort of man

whom I should expect to use such language."
"It will soon be all U-P with me;" spelling

that expressive monosyllable. "I don't think that need distress you. You are a little hipped. Get out of London, and have a little solitude, leisure, activity, in our broad wonderful provincial life. In this Eng-land of ours no man like yourself need starve. With your muscular development you might in a couple of days, as collier or ironworker, earn enough to keep you as a gentleman for the rest of the week. You could live if you chose on twelve shillings a week. You laugh, but I can assure you that I have lived in remote districts where money is seldom seen by the natives, and its use is only imperfectly comprehended. Well, that is only an exaggeration, but, as the philosophers say, it is an exaggeration which contains a truth. Have you travelled much

about England!"
"Yes," I answered, "to several of the watering-places—Cheltenham, Harrogate, Scar-

"That is substantially all the same district, working in the same groove. Artificial society is distributed by the Fates in certain belts and regions of England, and you never got out of this area. You will have the same sort of people and the same high prices everywhere. Go to some ordinary shire not overrun by tourists and would-be fashionables. Wander about at your own sweet will. You will have time to classify

and mature your ideas."
"Where had I better go, think you?"
"Go where you like. One place is much the same as another. Open Bradshaw, and go to the first place you lay your finger on, with the proviso that it is a place you have never heard of before." of before.

"Still I don't exactly see, even when I have

still I don't exactly see, even when I have got to this outlandish country place, how I am advanced in my plans."

"Neither do I. But I will give you one short piece of advice in the practical conduct of life. Don't take long views. One of the Port Royalist writers says that in the morning he will leak decrease to the country life." only looked forward to the afternoon. I don't go so far as to say that; but take my word for it, short views are best. They open up the path to longer vistas. They open up the gambit of the game, and you trot out the pieces and see

to do much as I have done in my own time myelf, and found the benefit of it.

Then he arose to go. As I did the same, I took out my card; and he handed me his own. I cast my eye on it and saw the name, Sir Henry Westlake,—a name which at that time was well and favourably known throughout the country, although I will not here specify

in what path of eminence.
"It is very curious," I thought to myself,
"this man dropping from the skies and speaking like an oracle at the very moment that I wanted something oracular. I have nothing at

all to do, so I may as well do as he tells me."
I took up Bradshaw in my hands. "I wgo into some unfrequented neighbourhood. will live cheaply. I will think quietly. I will see what will turn up." Such were my cogitations at this point. I closed my eyes and opened Bradshaw. I turned over several pages, and then I put down my finger on one of them, making a slight indentation with a pencil. Then I opened my eyes and glanced at the Bradshaw. Amesbury was marked by my pencil. "Amesbury is henceforth linked to my destiny," I exclaimed aloud. "I go to meet my fate at Amesbury. Where on earth may Amesbury happen to be?"

Anesbury happen to be?"

"Somewhere down west," said my companion, much amused with this new kind of sortes Virgilianae. "You are sure to be in luck. I should be happy to start empty handed into the world, if I could only do so at three-and-twenty once more. Any use in asking you to dine with me at the Reform Club to-morrow?"

"No," I said, as we shook hands heartily." I have just arranged to meet the future at

'I have just arranged to meet the future at Amesbury.

CHAPTER II.

At five o'clock in the afternoon of the next day I descended from a third-class carriage on the platform of the Amesbury Station. never been in a third-class carriage before, and I did not coincide with a genteel passenger that the third-class was as good as the first. I had never heard of Amesbury before in all my life. Such being the case, I considered that it must be a place totally uninteresting. I thought I knew the names of all the places whither people think it worth their while to rush, and Amesbury was certainly not in the number. But I bury was certainly not in the number. But I have reason to believe that all the nice places in our little island have not yet been discovered, catalogued, and labelled. I had bought Murray's Handbook for the country, and I had found out that for the first time I was in the propinquity of cathedral, castle, abbey, river, hills, well worth the seeing. Indeed, so rich is this England of ours, that there are not many square miles totally devoid of objects of interest. So I got out at Amesbury quite cheerfully; but as I did so my original inquiry returned, "Where is Amesbury?" Amesbury was not at all visible is Amesbury?" Amesbury was not at all visible from the Amesbury railway station, and I discovered that it was a mile and a half away, a distance that might be slightly abridged by going up a lane and through some meadows. Amesbury was on a little branch line—of course in a hopelessly insolvent condition-and you might count up the number of daily trains on your fingers. The station master, who was able to combine with his official duties the care of a small farm, was returning home to feed his pigs, and told me he could show me the road pigs, and told me he could show me the road past Squire Gorst's house. I left my portnanteau in the open office which did duty as a cloakroom, and shouldering a knapsack I sallied forth. On the way we saw Squire Gorst's house, to which Murray had devoted a line and a half containing two complimentary adjectives. It was the pretty sort of house that comes out so well in photographs, having verandah, bow-window, cedars, lawn, and young ladies in book-muslin; only on the occasion the young

ladies were conspicuous by their absence.
"That's Squire Gorst's," said the station

"Who might Squire Gorst happen to be?"
"Him as used to keep the hounds," said the station master, without any particular lucidity of expression The hounds were more interesting to me than

the squire.
"What has become of the hounds?" I asked

affectionately.

I had something to do with hounds in my day -had hired hunters at Death's, and had gone to the field in scarlet array.

"Squire guv'em up," said the station master.
"He has about guv up everything: first Parliament, then the magistrates' meeting every Monday at Amesbury Town-hall, then being director of the railway, and, last of all, the hounds. I didn't like his giving up the railway company," added the station master, gener-ously identifying himself with the original shareholders. "But he sends me a pheasant or a brace of patridges all the same. And he has a main clever daughter, that could go either to Board or Bench or Parliament itself if she chose to go, and they choose to have her. She is a good creature, though perhaps a little mas-

Amesbury House looked very pretty—a big house, but still a home like one, just escaping the being shown as a show-house, and so destroying anything like seclusion and domesticity. It had an ancestral sort of look about it:

"All things in order stored—A haunt of ancient peace."

I have been in millionaires' houses, where everything was bright, sharp, angular, metallic

-- ready-moneyish even on the first outside inspection; but there was nothing of the kind here. Squire Gorst's lines had been cast in pleasant places, even though the lines might now be beginning to run out. I am not certain that some sort of Communist's notion did not come to my mind that old squires who could no longer ride to hounds might give a mount to younger knights of the Lackland order It was evident also, by the clumps of plantations in the surrounding dewy meadows, that there would be a plenty of shooting of those pheawould be a pietry of shooting of those phearsants and patridges whereof the honest station master spoke. We passed two lodges which were villas in themselves, and the prosperous, well-kept, orderly appearance of things was unmistakable. The station master might have proved a regular Andrew Fairservice in speaking of the big houses and the gentry, only the appearance of some pigs which he identified as his pearance of some pigs which he identified as his own caused him to pursue practical researches on a path opposite to that which he had indi-

cated to me.

"I suppose you'll be sure and go on and see Beacon Point? It's about the prettiest view in all these parts, I'm thinking."

"How far?"

"How far!

"Three or four miles. There'll be a beautiful view at sunset. Lots of gentlemen have come down to paint it."

"These artist fellows find out every place,"

I said to myself. "I defy Bradshaw to name a place which they haven't spotted."

So, wishing the station master good night, I

strolled on through the pleasant lanes and fields, taking the obvious bye-cuts through the meadows. There was some high ground in the distance, which obviously formed my destination. I emerged at last upon the Point. I came so suddenly upon it, that I was utterly unprepared for the view that it revealed to me. I came out of a narrow path on the tallest point of a promontory that overlooked a tidal river. It was sunset, and I watched momentarily to see the disk of the sun descend into the broad water. Its last red light was on the sails of ships, on the scarred rocks, on rich timber, on rich sheaves of corn, on the delicate purple heights far away beyond the "silver streak" of sea. The view broadened beautifully before me, not least beautifully when it became indistinct, and the haze thanging over distant mountains was helped by the imagination. Ineffably pure and sacred was the evening hour, the solitude, the calm. A denizen in cities, a mover in active life, I had hither o strangely overlooked the rich joys that belong to scenery and solitude. The views were lovely, and I examined each view that

could be gained from either side of the height.

As I reached the summit once more, I perceived that I was not so lonely as I had thought. Two ladies were reclining on a hillock, with their shawls somewhat tightened around them, I am an inconsistent being; but as I had been happy in solitude, so, as soon as I saw faces, I longed for companionship. It is a feeble sort of feeling, but I am afraid we cannot exercise that instinctive "yearning" for sympathy. One of these faces was, I thought, very fair. The other had also that soft matronly beauty possessed by so many old ladies; and I took the two for mother and daughter. I sat down on a jutting rock, and carelessly addressed some remark to them. It was against all the conventionalities; but my silent day had made me hungry for talk, and, like the fishes, I was ready to nibble at sunset. So I carelessly addressed some remark to the elder lady on the suddenness and sweetness of the prospect on which one came so unexpectedly from the lower

"So you have never been to the Point before?" she asked.

I answered, No; that this was my first visit to the western shires.
"What part of England do you know and

like best ?' I answered, somewhat logically, that the part knew best was not necessarily the part I liked

"I had only been regretting to myself just now that I had lived so long in cities—in Cam-bridge and in London—and so I know little of weet and civil country ways, and all the beauti-

ful scenery of the western lands."

Cambridge and London! These are talismanic words. There is no Englishwoman to whom they are fraught with all manner of associations. For the matter of that, every part of England is beginning to know every other part. The railways bring all parts of the land into connection. To go from one part of England to another is now little more than to go

from street to street, and from room to room.

My talk was chiefly with the old lady. The younger one said little, but said it in a musical

tone that it was positive pleasure to listen to.

After we had been talking some time, with ne unceremonious ease of strangers meet an evening party, I was somewhat shocked by a servant in a dark livery approaching, and asking whether he should bring round the carriage. I now noticed a neat carriage and pair standing under some trees at a short distance.

It was certainly a new experience to me to be bowling along a pleasant macadamised road, with two fairly-spoken ladies-one of them very handsome-without the slightest possible conception where we were driving to, or what was to become of me.

We had gone on very pleasantly for nearly half an hour, when the elderly lady-on whose mind the notion had probably been gaining ground that I was an escaped lunatic, who was throwing himself unsought on their hospitality for the night—inquired, a little anxiously.
"And don't you really know what you are

going to do with yourself to-night?"
Thastened to explain that I was out for a holiday: that air and exercise were what I wanted; and that, these being obtained, it was a matter of extreme indifference to me at

what point of the compass they were obtained.

"But such a kind of expedition appears somewhat objectless," said the younger lady, in

a cool, quiet, criticising tone.
"Just so," I answered.

"You mean that your present journey is without an object ?"
"I don't profess to have any object at all in

"No object at all in life!" she said, a little astonished. "Surely that is a mistake, and not quite right."

"Idon't see that there is any object any-here," I answered. "You have heard of Clough, the model Oriel man, perhaps. Let us quote his lines." And I repeated the fine

O that the armies indeed were array'd! O joy of the

Sound, thou trumpet of God! Come forth, Great Cause, to array us!
King and leader, appear: thy soldlers, sorrowing, seek

her. Would that the armies indeed were array'd! O when

is the battle? See, nor arraying, nor king in Israel, Only infinite jumble and mess and dislocation.

Back'd by a solemn appeal. For God's sake, do not stir them.

The elder lady laughed, but the younger sighed. "It is a fine passage. I know the immortal Tobie-na-Vuolieh well. But I think the lines lie open to a certain amount of criti-

And what will be your criticism?

"Well, if you will excuse my saying so," she answered, "I think that there is a battle going on, and that most of you young men of the pre sent day are very shy of taking part in it. think that all Christians have a King and Leader, and may hear the trumpet of God if they choose to listen for it. There is always a great cause and a great battle.

She had drawn up her veil while speaking. It was a youthful face, clear-out features, olive complexion, brilliant eyes; only that for so young a face there was a force, a decision, a melancholy, that struck me as being a little hard, and suited rather for the elderly companion, who appeared on the other hand to be wanting in such characteristics.

"O, that's the line of argument," I answered. "You are of opinion that 'life is real, life is carnest,' and all that sort of thing. I have known several men of my time, who, after reading Carlyle, have gone about calling them-selves 'earnest,' and I have generally noticed that they are the most affected and self-indulgent men out. Instead of reforming the universe they might reform themselves and their

tailors bills." "Well, Mary, you have got your answer,

said the elder of the two.

Mary !- how much, I said to myself, I should like to have known her other name! At the same time I could not help colouring. Of course my remarks might bear the character of attempting a laugh at the lady's expense. But I had fallen into the sophistical trick of answering jest with earnest, and earnest with jest.
"Tell me where we are to put you down,"

I answered that it was a matter of perfect indifference as to where they put me down. shall have a pleasant twilight walk till I get under cover somewhere."

"Then I will put you down at the Knoll. James," to the coachman, "stop at the Knoll."
"You are the most genuine specimen of a knight-errant that I have ever met with," she continued. "I suppose you have read Mill on Liberto!" continued.

Liberty !'

Yes," I answered;

Subjection of Women too."
"O, that's great nonsense," she answered, colouring. "But I think you are just the sort of young gentleman whom Mr. Mill would ap-

of young gentleman whom Mr. Mill would appreciate; a considerable dash of individuality; if yon chose, in spite of popular opinion, you would venture to be eccentric."

"You speak," I said, "as wisely as if you were delineating character by the handwriting."

"Well," she said, "I think there is a higher type of character than that, a type which Clough indicated in the lines you quoted, though he may have failed to import my sense into them. I try to be earnest, even at the risk of being thought affected. If I meet a stranger for once in my life, I try to speak a good word. If I were to meet him again, I postpone my good word for a more convenient time; but I don't think it at all probable that I shall see you again; and therefore I shall not mind giving you a clear word of advice. think a young man ought to form a high ideal of life, and try and live up to it. I think he ought to stand apart from his life and contemplate it as a whole, and make it a work of art. sure, said the husband. "No, When a man does that I respect him as having don't perceive you have lost any.

a spark of divinity about him; but if less, he is merely a Sadducee.

"I am afraid I'm a Sadducee," I answered. Just at this moment the carriage stopped An eminence crowned by a tuft of trees stood close by, which I justly conceived to be the Knoll. I shook hands with the ladies and alighted. The carriage rapidly resumed its progress. I watched it until the last sounds of

the wheels had died away.
"What an extraordinary young woman!" I
thought to myself. "I wonder if she drives about, preaching in the open air, or addressing public meetings on women's rights and wrongs. I can't make out the map"—and already in the gathering gloom I saw the tiny light of the glow-worm—"but I will take the right-hand road at a venture."

The right-hand road degenerated into a lane and seemed to have no turning and no ending. I trudged and trudged till I was fairly tired. The gloom increased till I could hardly see my hand before me. At last I came to a little village, and with difficulty I detected the signboard of a humble hostel. I knocked and knocked unavailingly, until at last a light was shown in an upper window, and a rough voice bade me be gone, as the place was quite full. So I journeyed on to the next village, and though I detected lights in the little inn, yet no reply was vouchsafed to my knocking. exhausted by this prolonged ramble coming on the close of the long railway journey. It seemed to me to be highly probable that the first night of my bucolic pilgrimage would have to be passed under a hedge or under a haystack. That little flash of adventure had eventuated in a long tiring and sombre way; so soon do all the sparkling colours of life fade out. The rain came on later, first in mizzle, then in a downpour. However, there was luck in the third time. I came to a village of a larger sort, with an inn of the better kind. The door was at once unbarred, and never had I heard a more grateful sound. With joy I followed into a neat well-furnished bedroom, smelling of lavender, and tempting with clean white sheets. The sheets, however, were thrown off to avoid all risk of damp, and I also had guarded myself by a warm potation against any bad effect of my wetting. So I turned in, I must acknowledge, rather tired and depressed.

I was awoke the next morning, however, by the brilliant sunshine streaming in upon my bed. I was thoroughly rested, and my sensations were those of cheerfulness and happiness. I liked my pleasant bedroom, all in the purest white dimity. I liked the purely silvan prospect which was outstretched before my window. I went down-stairs, where ham and eggs were speedily brought to me. The table was adorned, too, with a basket of apples of Hesperian fragrance and beauty. I lounged about on a smoothshaven lawn and in a pleasant arbour, beguiling my time with my thoughts—some of which, I confess, related to my singular interview the evening before with the two ladies—and a Tauchnitz volume, which consciously or unconsciously I had smuggled over in my last trip from Paris. Then I prepared to leave, and called for my bill, which I give as a specimen of what charges in country villages used to be a few years ago, and which vindicated Sir Henry Westlake's notion of cheapness:

To Bed "Breakfast "Spirits". 2 3

I started again on my pilgrimage. I longed for an adventure; but adventures do not come for the asking. I had flushed one in the very outset of my journey, and it was not likely I should have another. Still "adventures to the adventurous," said Disraeli. So I went along the lanes, walking leisurely, noting Nature, chewing the cud of reflection. As for noting Nature, I am afraid that I did so in a most imperfect and rudimentary way. It is aston-ishing what new notes of Nature you get if you happen to be walking with a poet or painter. You must study Nature a great deal before you make much out of her. My luncheon was as simple as any anchorite could desire; a few biscuits, some delicious blackberries from the hedges, and a glass of cold water, given with exquisite grace by a young cottager, sufficed. The end of reflection was a far less pleasant repast to chew. I could hardly go through this undefined walking tour without impinging on that sacred hundred pounds. I knew of no business where so humble a capital would be able to do anything. That wretched hundred pounds, or call it two with my reserve fund, would keep cropping up with all its practical issues. But soon Nature soothed my cares with the bonny sights and sounds of country life. It was a case of Coin and Care versus Nature and Youth. The latter carried the day; I voted Care and Coin caddish, and, a noble animal, I rejoiced in Nature.

As the laughing streamlet sang for joy, as the trees of the field clapped their hands, my mind was merry with their mirth, and, like Alexander, I reserved for myself hope.

(To be continued.)

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

An Acid Daor .- " I don't know where that boy got his bad temper—not from me, I am sure, said the husband. "No, my dear, for I

A QUESTION for the American Scientific Asso ciation: Why is it that it takes two hymn-books to supply the same couple after marriage, who always found one hymn-book sufficient for them while they were lovers?

"GENTLEMEN of the jury," said a New York judge trying a prisoner for murder, "they say that the fact of the prisoner's killing his sweetheart shows that he was insane. Merciful heart shows that he was insane. Merciful powers! gentlemen, if that be so, what would they have said if he had married her!

MADAME DE TENCIN, with the suavest manners in the world, was an unprincipled woman. capable of anything. On one occasion, a friend was praising her gentleness. "Ay, ay," said the Abbe Imblet, "if she had any object whatever in poisoning you, undoubtedly she would choose the sweetest and the least disagreeable poison in the world.

"Do you think that souls separated here are united hereafter?" asked a pale, emaciated pietist of a friend. — "I hope not," was the chilling reply. "It cost me a pretty good figure to get a divorce, and when I invested that money, I invested it for time and eternity,

A VERY young man who had been in love with a woman of forty, with whom he had a quarrel, was advised by an elderly friend to require a re turn of his letters. "Probably she has them no longer .- "Yes, yes," said the elderly friend, undoubtedly she has them, for, after thirty, women very carefully treasure all love-lovers."

"My dear," said a zealous partizan of a nominee to the nominee's little daughter, who was playing in the front garden—"my dear, run in and tell your 'ma that your 'pa has got the nomination."—"Oh! oh!" sobbed the child, he won't die of it, will he, sir !"

A DOTING mother of a waggish boy having bottled a lot of nice preserves, labelled them, "Put up by Mrs. Doo." Johnny, having discovered the goodies, soon ate the contents of one bottle, and wrote on the bottom of the label, ' Put down by Johnny Doo.'

An impecunious man in Chicago announces this golden wedding will come off just twenty cars hence, and that, seeing this is our centennial year, he will allow a liberal discount on any presents his friends design to make him then, if they will hand them in now.

THE sun was going down over the Jersey meadows in blood maroon, deeply darkened with dun blue, and a Newark girl said, "What kind of feathers are you going to put on your fall but."

THE GLEANER.

JUDGE Ford, formerly of Bismark, loaned to Gen. Custer a fine dog, which accompanied him in the Sitting Bull campaign. Ten days after the battle the dog returned to Fort Lincoln, a distance of 300 iniles.

ONE unrehearsed incident of the Lord Mayor's Show has not found its way into the newspapers. When the elephants had reached the top of Cheapside, one of the bands began playing a tune with which the animals were familiar, the result being that one of the smaller elephants quietly dropped its rider, and commenced stand-ing on its head, as in a circus. The crowd understood that the Lord Mayor had duly arranged for this, and were very pleased with his courtesy

HEARTH AND HOME.

EARLY RISING .- There is no time spent so stupidly as that which inconsiderate people pass in the morning, between sleeping and waking. He who is up may be at work, or amusing himself; he who is asleep, is receiving the refreshment necessary to fit him for action; but the hours spent in dozing and slumbering are wasted without pleasure or profit. The sooner you leave bed the seldomer you will be confined to it.

TALKING OF OTHERS.—It is very difficult, and requires all "the wisdom of the serpent and the harmlessness of the dove," to talk of people without violating the laws of charity or of truth; it is therefore best to avoid it. By substituting books, and the vast variety of characters and opinions which they present, you give yourself and your companions ample scope for the expression of your thoughts and feelings, for the discussion of various questions, for sharpening each other's wits by collision of sentiment, correcting the judgment by comparison and discrimination, and strengthening the memory by repetition and quotation.

FATHERS' MISTAKES .- It is easy enough for men of great sagacity in general matters to make blunders in relation to their own children. The reasons are obvious enough. Some suppose all the necessary knowledge for this portion of life's duties comes naturally. Some leave things to settle themselves. Some are absorbed in general outside affairs, and only awaken to the knowledge of a wrong bent when the twig they forgot is a tree. And, withal, the children are so much a part of the parent that a portion of the difficulty of knowing himself applies to the effort to know them. It is a mistake for fathers to toil all their life that their children may escape toil all theirs. Suppose the calculation correct, and permanent idleness secured for the next generation, what evidence is there that the boys and girls will be happier and better for it! The boys will be exposed to the devices of "sharks," and the girls of fortune-hunters. Leave something

for them also to do. It is a life. No wise man accepts a general invitation to dinner; it involves no particulars. Only a particular educa-tion is of practical use. Let the boys be educated for something particular-lawyers, clergymen, printers, merchants, tradesmen — only something definite.—No hands are so often idle as those which are supposed by the owners—and by no one else-fit to "turn to anything."

ROUND THE WORLD.

SAMUEL J. RANDALL, of Pennsylvania, has been elected Speaker of the United States House of Representatives.

A NEW Cabinet has been formed at Athens, the late Ministry having been defeated on the question of war taxes.

MR. GLADSTONE has renewed his attack on Lord Beaconsfield and his Eastern policy, holding him personally responsible for the present position of the Government.

ALTHOUGH hopes are expressed in Constantinople of the Conference having a peaceful issue. Turkish commanders have received orders to provision the Danube fortresses for eight months.

It is reported that an uprising is expected in Epirus and Thessaly, Asiatic Turkey, and the Mahommedan population has been organized as a national guard.

HUMOROUS.

An atrocious jester advised a dropsical prisoner to get "bailed out."

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN says he has "sunk bis egotism in the universal." Nothing short of the universal would hold it.

IF a man with whiskers all around under his throat puts his programme on one seat in front of him, and his hat on another, and his cloak on another, be sure that he is a preacher, and isn't worth flirting with.

SILVER was first discovered very strangely. A SHAER WAS ITSI discovered very serianged woman picked up a stone to throw at her husband. It was so he vey that she examined it and it proved to be a lump of silver. Reader, when you see a woman pick up a fire-shovel, dodge silently, in remembrance of valuable services rendered.

THREE-YEAR-OLD happened to have a want to be attended to just as his mother was busy with the

"Go away: I can't be bothered with you now."
"What did you have so many children for, if you can't bother with 'em?" he unexpectedly inquired.

ARTISTIC.

ERNEST LONGFELLOW, son of the poet, has peen studying art in Paris, during the past summer, with

N. Couture.

Young Hogan, the sculptor, a resident of Rome, and son of the great sculptor and architect better known as the author of the Dead Christ and designer of the celebrated mole in the harbor of Leghorn, is remarkable for his almost morbid admiration of certain cheft dourte, principally the statue of St. Bruno, by Michael Angelo, which is placed in the Church of Santi Angioli in Rome. St. Bruno is presented in Carrara marble wearing the monastic garb and in the act of delivering one of his protound sermons. At times young Hogan visits this masterpiece daily, standing before it for fifteen or twenty minutes at a time. His mood while thus contemplating the great masterpiece secons to be mingled with cestatic delight and profound study. An American sculptor stole upon Hogan during one of his reveries lately in the Church of Santa Angioli and asked why he remained so long before the statue of St. Bruno. Hogan turned round with his usual quite smile and answered. "I am waiting to hear him speak."

LITERARY.

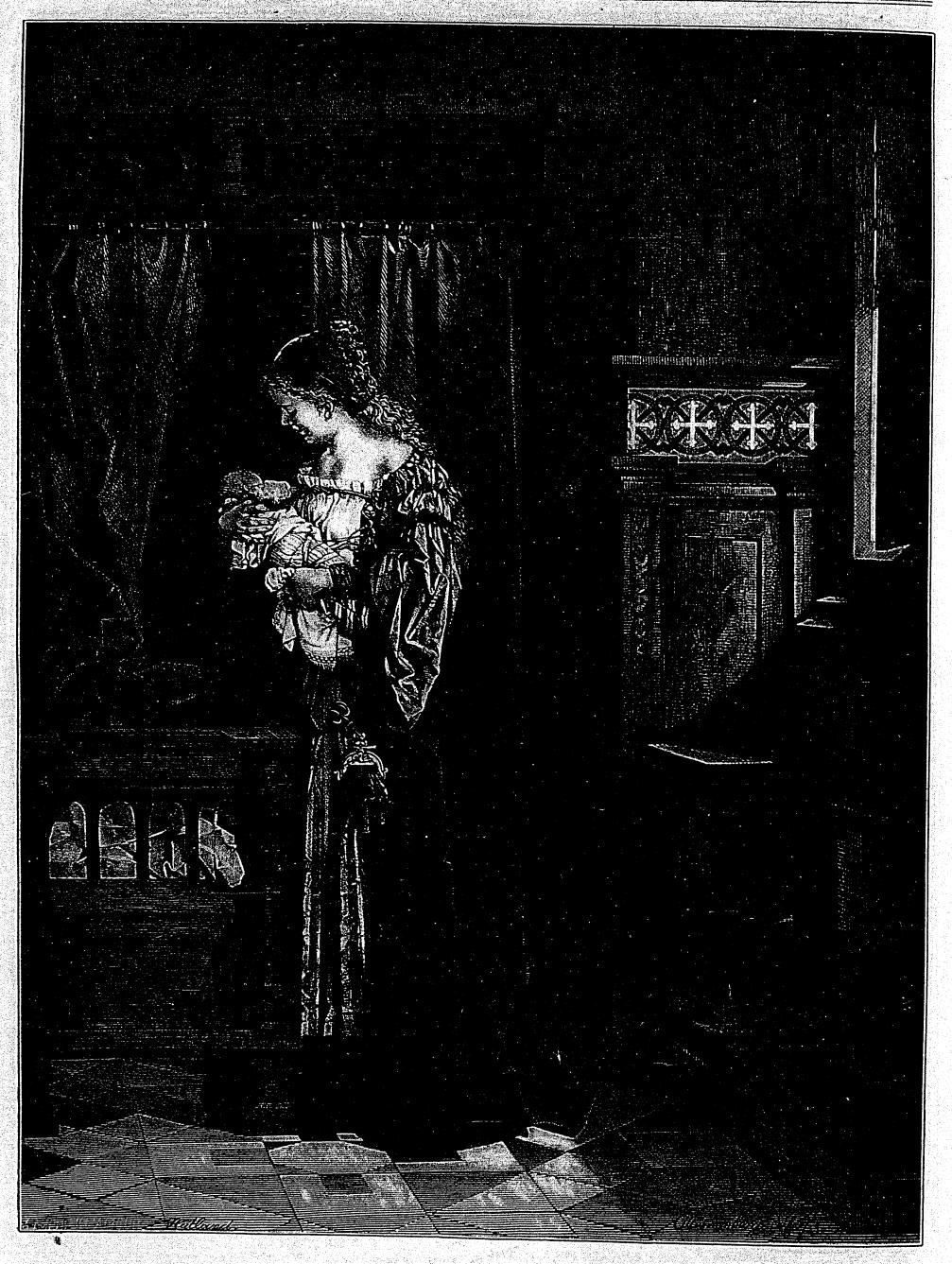
A NEW drama by Mr. Tennyson, entitled Harold, is announced for immediate publication.

BRET HARTE has commenced a serial story in the N. Y. San. It is entitled "Thankful Blossom: a Romance of the Jerseys."

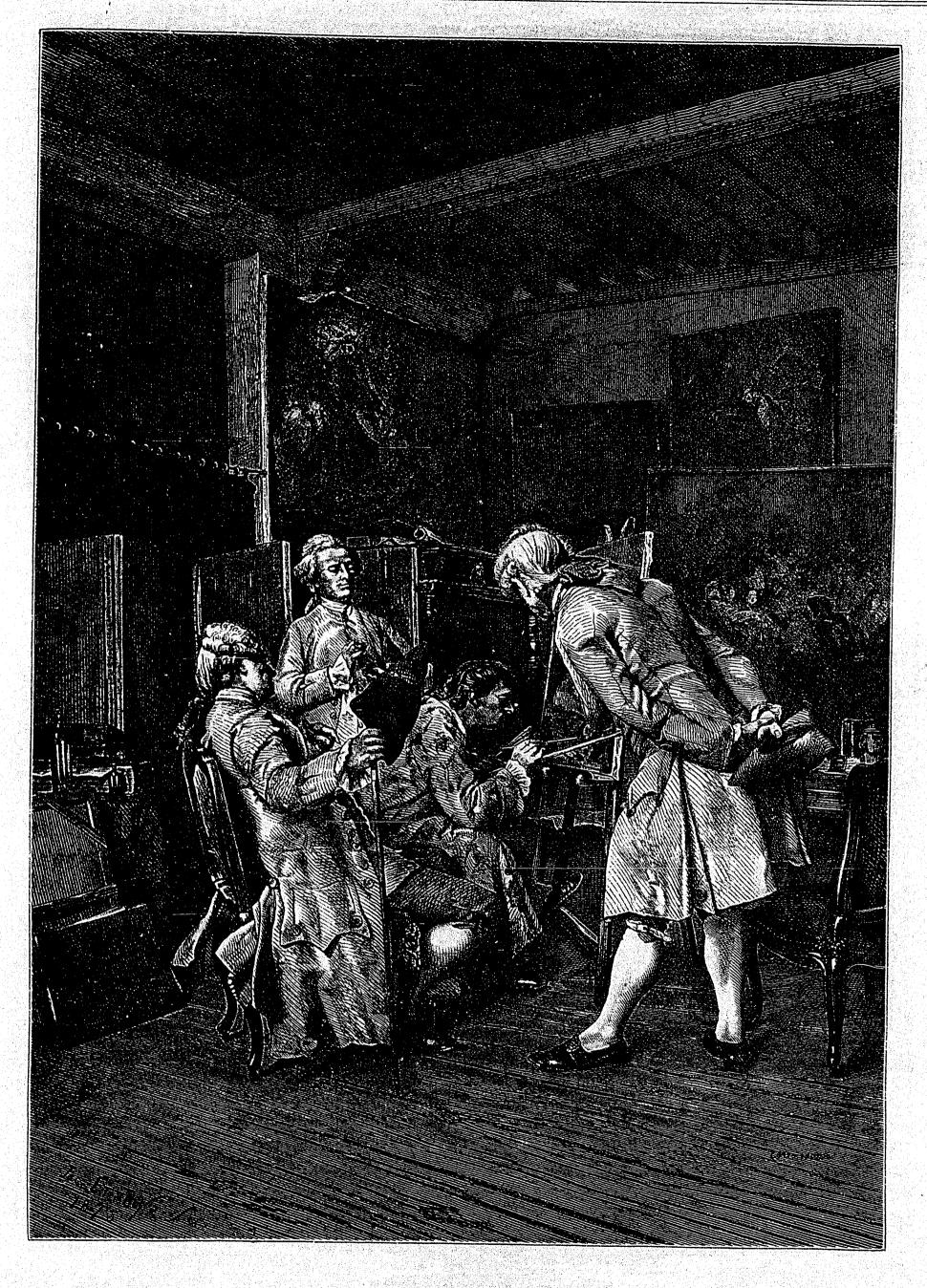
CORINNE, the celebrated classic, by Madame de Staël, is reproduced in the standard English version of L. E. Landon. It is brought out in a cheap edition, and offers a fitting opportunity to the younger generation of readers to make the acquaintance of this mas-

THE common notion of Tennyson is that he THE common notion of Tennyson is that he is surly and repulsive: but he is not. He stoops somewhat, but is a large muscular man, who might sit for a statue of Hercules. His chest balances his brain. Seeing him among other men, they seem to have got upiate in the morning; so full and strong and clear is the fide of his life. You never could think of his dving. A scholar said of him that if not agreat poet he would be one of the first botanists in Europe. One moonless night at Farringford the speaker had wandered out over the downs with the poet, and suddenly Tennyson dropped on his knees. "What is it?" I cried. "Violets." he growled. "Violets, man; down on your knees and take a good sniff! you'll sleep all the better for it. He seldom wears any suit but one of plain gray, and says that he never will wear a stovepipe hat again as long as he lives.

IRVING was the only American who knew the contents of a volume, concerning which an intense curiosity has been expressed. The volume referred to has a strange bistory. A great but polluted genius, writhing under the verdict which society has expressed against him, wrote the memoirs of his own life, as an appeal which could not but be heard. It was to have the additional power of a voice uttered from the grave-for not till its author should be dead was it to appear before the world. Such was the character of Byrou's nutobiographic memoirs. Having fluished the work a few years before his death, he gave it to his friend, Tom Moore, who, after the poet was in his tomb, sold it to John Murray for 2,000 guineas—equal to \$12,000. This was the largest sum ever paid for any work of this kind. After making the sale Moore became convinced that its revelations endangered the character of others to such a degree that its publication would be dangerous. Indeed, when the annunclation was made, society was thrilled with surprise, and no doubt a tremendous influence was brought to bear on Moore demanding its suppression. He returned the price to Murray, and perhaps the money was made up to him in a private manner. At any rate, the MSN, was burned. To come to the point, it may be said that as Irving and Moore were intimate friends the latter consulted the former, who read the work, and therefore knew all its strange revelations. As the book was suppressed. It may be added that the destruction of this MSN, was done by Mrs. Leigh, the poet's half sister, into whose hands it was placed by its former owner. contents of a volume, concerning which an intense curiosity has been expressed. The volume referred to



THE FIRST BORN.



THE AMATEUR.

SPENCER WOOD.

Through thy green groves and deep receding bowers Loved Spencer Wood! how often have I strayed, Throngn my group Loved Spencer Wood! how often have I survey.

Loved Spencer Wood! how often hours.

Loved Spencer Wood! how often

On the south side of the St. Louis road, past Wolfe and Montcalm's famed battle field, two wolfe and Monteaun's lamed battle later, miles from the city walls, lies embosomed in verdure, the most picturesque domain of Sillery—one might say, of Canada—Spencer Wood.

This celebrated Vice-Regal Lodge, was formerly known as Powel Place, when occupied by

General Powel; it took its name of Spencer Wood, from the Right Honorable Spencer Perceval, the illustrious relative of the Hon. Michael Henry Perceval whose family owned and occupied it from 1815 to 1833, when it was sold to the late Henry Atkinson, Esquire, an eminent and wealty Quebec merchant. Hon. Mr. Perceval had been H. M. Collectors of Customs, at Quebec for many years and until his death about 1830. Like several royal villas of England and France, Spencer Wood had it periods of splendor alternated by days of loneliness and neglect, short though they were. Spencer Wood, until 1849, comprised the adjoining property of Spencer Grange, Mr. Atkinson that year sold the largest half of his country seat to the Government, as a Gubernatorial residence for the hospitable and genial Earl of Elgin, reserving the smaller half, (now owned by the writer), on which he built conservatories, vineries, orchid house &c., far more extensive than those of Spencer Wood proper. Though the place was renowned for its magnificence and princely hospitality, in the days of Lord Elgin, there amongst the living plenty to testify to the fact that the lawns, walks, gardens and glass houses, were never kept up with the same intelligent taste and lavish expenditure as they were during the sixteen years (1838-1849) when this country seat owed for its master, Henry Atkinson.

Well can we recall the time when this lordly demesne extended from Wolfefield adjoining Marchmont, to the meandering Belle Borne brook which glides past the porter's Lodge at Woodfield due west : the historic stream Ruisseau Saint Denis, up which clambered the British hero, Wolfe, to conquer or die, intersecting it at Thornhill. It was then a splendid old seat of more than one hundred acres, a fit residence for the proudest nobleman England might send us, as Vice-Roy-enclosed east and west between two streamlets - hidden from the high-way by a dense growth of oak, maple and dark pines and firs, the forest primeval-letting in here and there, the light of heaven on its labyrinthine avenues; a most striking landscape, blending the sombre verdure of its hoary trees with the soft tints of its velvety sloping lawn, fit for a ducal palace. An elfish plot of a flower garden, alas! now no more, then stood in rear of the dwelling to the north : it enjoyed the privilege of attracting many eyes. It had also an extensive and well kept fruit and vegetable garden, enlivened with flower beds, the centre of which was adorned with the loveliest possible circular fount in white marble, supplied with the crystal element from the Belle Borne rill, by a hidden aqueduct; conservatories; graperies, peach and forcing houses, pavilions picturesquely hung over the yawning precipice on two headlands, one looking towards Sillery, the other towards the Island of Orleans, the scene of many a

(*) We give here the whole of the poetical tribute paid by Adam Kidd to a spot where he appears to have spent many happy hours, as a guest of the Percevals, together with his notes to the poem.

SPENCER WOOD.

Through thy green groves, and deep receding bowers, Loved Spener Wood! how often have I straved. Or mused away the calm, unbroken hours, Beneath some broad oak's cool, refreshing shade.

There, not a sound disturbed the tranquil scene, Save welcome hummings of the roving bee, That quickly fitted over the tufted green, Or where the squirrel played from tree to tree.

And I have paused beside that dimpling stream, Which slowly winds thy beauteons groves among. Till from its breast retired the sun's last beam, And every bird had ceased its vesper song.

The blushing arbours of those classic days. Through which the breathings of the slender reed. First softly echoed with Arcadia's praise, Might well be pictured in this sheltered mead.

And blest were those who found a happy home In thy loved shades, without one throb of care— No murmurs heard, save from the distant foam, That rolled in columns o'er the great Chaudière, (1)

And I have watched the moon in grandeur rise, Above the tinted maple sleafy breast, her brilliant path-way through the akies Till half the world seemed lulled in peaceful rest.

Oh! these were hours, whose soft enchanting spell Came o'er the heart, in thy grove's deep recess. Where e'en poor Shenstone might have loved to d might have loved to dwell Enjoying the pure balm of happiness !

But soon, how soon, a different scene I trace. Where I have wandered, or oft musing stood: And those whose cheering looks enhanced the place. No more shall smile on thee, lone Spencer Wood! (2)

(1) "The Palls of the Chaudière are about nine mile from Quebec, on the South Shore of the St. Lawrence, and for beauty and romantic scenery, perhaps not sur-passed in all America. They are not so magnificent as Niagara, but certainly far more picturesque."

(2) "This is one of the most beautiful spots in Lower Canada, and the property (1830) of the late Hon. Minhael Henry Perceval, who resided there with his accomplished Henry Perceval, who resided there with his accomplished family, whose, highly cultivated minds rendered my visits to Spencer Wood doubly interesting. The grounds and grand walks are tastefully laid out, interspersed with great variety of trees, planted by the hand of nature. The scenery is altogether magnificent, and particularly towards the east where the great precipices overhand Wolfe's Cove. This latter place has derived its name from that hero, who, with his British troops, nobly ascended its frowning cliffs, on the 13th Sept., 1759, and took possession of the Plains of Abraham."—Apan Kimp. 1830.

(The Horon Chief and other Poems.)
ADAM KIDD.

cosy tea-party; bowers, rustic chairs perdues amongst the groves, a superb bowling green, and archery grounds. The mansion itself contained an exquisite collection of paintings from old masters, a well selected library of rare and standard works, illuminated Roman missals, rich portfolios with curious etchings, statues, quaint statuettes, medals and medallions, objets de vertu purchased by the millionnaire proprietor during a four year's residence in Italy, France, Germany: such we remember Spencer Wood, in its palmiest days, when it was the elegant home of a man of taste, the late Henry Atkinson, Esquire, the President of the Horti-cultural Society of Quebec. †

In the beginning of the century, Spencer Wood, as previously stated, was known as Powel Place. His Excellency Sir James Henry Craig, spent there the summers of 1808-9-10. e healthy air of Powel Place failed to to cure him of gout, gravel and dropsy. A curious letter (‡) from Sir James to his Secretary and charge d'affaires in London, H. W. Ryland Esq., dated "Powel Place 6th Aug. 1810" reserved by the historian Robert Christic. It alludes in rather unparliamentary language, to the coup d'état, which had shortly before consigned to a Quebec dungeon, three of the most rominent members of the Legislature. Messrs. Bedard, Tachereau and Blanchet, together, with Mr. Lefrançois, the printer of the Canadien newspaper for certain comments in that journal on Sir James' colonial policy. Very different and, we hope, more correct views, are now promulgated on Colonial matters from Powel Place.

If Sir James, wincing under bodily pain, could write angry letters, there were occasions on which the "rank and fashion" of the city received from him the sweetest epistles imagin-The 10th August of each year this birth day perhaps), as he informs us in another letter, was sacred to rustic enjoyment, conviviality and the exchange of courtesies, which none knew better how to dispense than the sturdy old soldier. Let us hear our octogenarian friend P. A. De Gaspe Esq., an eye witness, describe one of these annual gatherings.

FETE CHAMPETRE AT POWEL PLACE IN 1809.

"At half past eight A.M., on a bright August morning, (I say a bright one, for such had lighted up this welcome fite champetre during three consecutive years) the elite of the Quebec beau monde left the city to attend Sir James Craig's kind invitation. Once opposite Powel Place (now Spencer Wood) the guests left their vehicles on the main road, and plunged into a dense forest, following a serpentine avenue which led to a delightful cottage in full view of the majestic Saint Lawrence; the river here appears to flow past, amidst luxuriant, green bowers which line its banks. Small tables for four, for six, for eight guests are laid out, facing the cottage, on a platform of planed deals—this will shortly serve as a dancing floor al fresco as the guests successively arrive, they form in parties to partake of a dejeuner en famille. say en famille for an aide-de-camp and a few waiters excepted, no one interferes with the small groups clubbed together to enjoy their early

(t) Spencer Wood garden is described in Loudon's Encyclopedia of Gardening, page 341 and sho in the Gardener's Magazine for 1835, at page 467. Its style of outture, which made it a show-place for all strangers visiting Quebec, was mainly due to the scientific and tasty arrangements of an eminent landscape gardener, M. P. Low, now in charge of the Catanaquy Conservatories.

(3) SIR JAMES CRAIG TO MR. RYLAND.

Quebec, Powel Place 6th August 1810. My dear Ryland,

Till I took my pen in my hand. I thought I had a great deal to say to you, and now I am mostly at a loss for a subject.... We have remained very quiet; whatever is going on is silently. I have no reason to think, however, that any change has taken place in the public mind: that, I believe remains in the same state. Fleasis,

mind: that, I believe remains in the same state. Pleasis, on the return from his tour, acknowledged to me that he had reason to think that some of his curis had not beliaved jquite as they ought to have done; he is now finishing the remainder of his visitatious.

Blanchette and Taschereau are both released on account of ill health; the former is gone to Kamouraska to bathe, the latter was only let out a few days ago. He sent to the Chief Justice (Sewell) to ask if he would allow him to call on him, who answered by all means. The Chief Justice is convinced he is perfectly converted. He assured him that he felt it to be his duty to take any public occasion, by any act whatever, that he could point out, to show his contrition, and the sense he entertained of his former conduct. of his former conduct.

He told the Chief Justice in conversation that Blaz chette came and consulted him on the subject of publishing the paper. "Prenez vous par le bout du nez" and that having agreed that it would be very improper that it should appear, they went to Bedard, between whom and Diameners there were very right words on the occu-sion. I know not what Panet is about, I have never heard one word of, or about him. In short I really have nothing to tell you, nor do I imagine that I shall have till I hear from you. You may suppose how anxious I shall be till that takes place. We have fixed the time for about the 10th September; till then I shall not come to any final resolution with respect to the bringing the three delinquents to trial or not. I am, however, inclined to avoid it, so is the B——; the C. J. is rather. I think, inclined to the other side, though nware of the inconvenience that may arise from it. Blanchette and Taschereau have both, in the most unequivocal terms acknowned the criminality of their conduct and is with the continuous and is with the continuous continuous and is with the side of the continuous and is with the side of the continuous and is with the side of the continuous and is with the side of the continuous and its side of the continuous and is with the continuous and is with the continuous and is with the continuous and its side of th rean have both, in the most unequiveral terms acknowledged the criminality of their conduct, and it will be
hinted that if Bedard will do the same, it may be all that
will be required of them; at present his language is,
that he has done nothing wrong, and that he does not
care how long he is kept in prison.

We have begun upon the road to the townships (the
Crafg Road, through the Eastern Townships).

We shall get money enough, especially as we hope to
finish it at a third of what it would have cout if we would
have employed the counter words.

have employed the country people. (It was made by sol-

diers.)
The scoundrels of the Lower Town have begun their clamor already, and I shall scarcely be surprised if the House should ask, when they meet, by what authority I have cut a road without their permission. The road begins at St. Giles and will end at the Township of

Yours most faithfully (Signed) J. H. (History of Canada-Christie, Vol. VI. P. 128.)

repost, of which cold ment, radishes, bread, tea and coffee form the staples. Those whose appetite is appeased make room for new comers and amuse themselves strolling under the shade of trees. At ton the cloth is removed; the company are all on the qui vive. The cottage, like the enchanted castle in the opera of Zemira and Azor, only awaits the magic touch of a fairy; a few minutes clapse, and the chief entrance is thrown open; little King Craig, § followed by a brilliant staff, enters. Simultaneously an invisible archaeter. an invisible orchestra, located high amidst the dense foliage of large trees, strikes up flod sore the King. All stand uncovered, in solemn the King. All stand uncovered, in solemn silence, in token of respect to the national

anthem of Great Britain.
"The magnates press forward to pay their respects to His Excellency. Those who do not intend to 'trip the light fantastic toe' take seats on the platform where His Excellency sits in state; an A.D.C. calls out, gentlemen, take

your partners, and the dance begins.
"Close on sixty winters have run by since that day, when I, indefatigable dancer, figured in a country dance of thirty couples. My footsteps, which now seem to me like lead, scarcely then left a trace behind them. All the young hearts who enlivened this gay meeting of other days, are mouldering in their tombs; even she, the most beautiful of them all, la belle des belles-she, the partner of my joys and of my sorrows-she, who on that day accepted in the circling dance, for the first time, this hand, which two years after, was to lead her to the hyme neal altar—yes, even she has been swept away by the tide of death. May not I also say, with Ossian, "'Why art thou sad, sou of Fingal! Why grows the cloud of thy soul ! The sons of future years shall pass away; another race shall arise! The people are like the waves of the ocean; like the leaves of woody Morven -they pass away in the rustling blast, and other leaves lift their green heads on high.

"After all, why, indeed, yield up my soul to sadness! The children of the coming generation will pass rapidly, and a new one will take its place. Men are like the surges of the ocean; they resemble the leaves which hang over the groves of my manor; autumnal storms cause them to fall, but new and equally green ones each spring, replace the fallen ones. Why should I sorrow! Eighty-six children, grand-children and great-grand-children, will mourn the fall of the old oak, when the breath of the Almighty shall smite it. Should I have the good fortune to find mercy from the sovereign judge; should it be vouchsafed to me to meet again the angel of virtue, who cheered the few happy days I passed in this vale of sorrow, we will both pray together for the numerous progeny we left behind us. But let us revert to the merry meeting previously alluded to. It is half-past two in the afternoon; we are gaily going through the figures of a country dance "speed the plough" perhaps, when the music stops short; everyone is taken aback, and wonders at the cause of interruption. The arrival of two prelates, Bishop Plessis and Bishop Mountain, gave us the solution of the enigma; an aide-de-camp had mentioned to the bandmaster to stop, on noticing the entrance of the two high diguitaries of the respective churches. The dance was interrupted whilst they were there, and was resumed on their departure. Sir. James had introduced this point of etiquette,

from the respect he entertained for their persons.
"At three, the loud sound of a hunter's horn is heard in the distance ;--- all follow His Excellency, in a path cut through the then virgin forest of Powel Place. Some of the guests, from the length of the walk, began to think that Sir James had intended those who had not danced to take a 'constitutional' before dinner, when, on rounding an angle, a huge table, canopied with green boughs, groaning under the weight of dishes, struck on their view-a grateful oasis in the desert. Monsieur Petit, the chef de cuisine has surpassed himself; like Vatel, I imagine he would have committed suicide had he failed to achieve the triumph, by which he intended to elicit our praise. Nothing could intended to elicit our praise. Nothing could exceed in magnificence, in sumptuousness this repast-such was the opinion not only of the Canadians, for whom such displays were new, but also of the European guests, though there was a slight draw back to the perfect enjoyment of the dishes —the materials which composed them we could not recognise; so great was the artistic skill, so wonderful the manipulations of Monsier Petit, the French cook.

"The Bishops left about half an hour after dinner, when dancing was resumed with an in-creasing ardor, but the cruel mammas were getting concerned respecting certain sentimental walks which their daughters were enjoying after sunset. They ordered them home, if not with that menacing attitude with which the goddess Calviso is said to have spoken to her nymphs. at least with frowns, so said the gay young caroliers. By nine o'clock, all had reentered Quebec.

Spencer Wood has ever been a favorite resort for our Governors—Sir James Craig—Lord Elgin—Sir Edmund Walker Head—Lord Monk— Lord Lisgar, its latest inmates; none prized it so highly, none rendered it more attractive than

§ His Excellency Governor Uralg went by the name of the Little King, on account of his love of display and desputio rule.

; Mr. DeGaspé married in 1811, Suzan, daughter of Thomas Allison, Esc), a captain of the 6th Regiment, infantry, and of Therese Baby; the latter's two brother officers, Captain Ross Lewin and Bellingham, afterwards Lord Bellingham, married at Detroit, then forming part of Upper Canada, two sisters, daughters of the Hun. Jacques Duperon Baby.

the Earl of Elgin. Of his fetes champetres, cherches diners, chateau balls, a pleasant remembrance still lingers in the memory of many Quobecers and others. Several circumstances added to the charms and comfort of Spencer Wood in his day. On one side of St. Louis Road. stood the gubernutorial residence; on the opposite side at Thornhill, dwelt the Prime Minister, Sir Francis Hineks. Over the vice-regal "walnuts and wine," how many knotty state questions have been discussed, how many despatches settled, how many political points adjusted in the stormy days which saw the abolition of the Seigniorial Tenure and Clergy Reserves. At one of his brilliant postprandial speeches, Lord Elgin was much happier at this style of oratory than his successor, Sir Edmund Head. The noble Earl is reported to have said, alluding to Spencer Wood, "Not only would I willingly spend here the rest of my life, but after my death, I should like my bones to rest in this beautiful spot ;"and still India had other scenes, other triumphs, and his Sovereign other rewards for the successful statesman.

Sir Edmund Head's sojourn at Spencer Wood was marked by a grievous family bereavement; his only son, a promising youth of nineteen summers, was, in 1858, accidentally drowned in the Saint Maurice, at Three Rivers, whilst bathing. This domestic affliction, threw a pall over the remainder of the existence of His Excellency, already darkened by bodily disease. Seclusion and quiet were desirable to him.

A small private gate is still shown at Spencer Grange, which at the request of the sorrowful father was opened through the adjoining property with the permission of the proprietor. Each week His Excellency, with his amiable lady, stealing a few moments from the burthen of affairs of State, would thus walk through unobserved to drop a silent tear, on the green grave at Mount Hermon, in which were intombed all the hopes of a noble house. On the 13th March, 1860, on a wintry evening, whilst the castle was a blaze of light and powdered footmen hurried through its sounding corridors, to relieve of their great coats and mufflers. His Excellency's guests at a State dinner that night-Sir John A. Macdonald, Sir Geo. E. Cartier, and others -the alarm of fire was sounded, and in a couple of hours, of the magnificent pile a few charred ruins only remained. There was no State dinner that night

One of the last acts of the Ministry in retning in 1861, was the signing of the contract to re-build Spencer Wood. The appropriation was a very niggardly one, in view of the size of the structure required as a Vice-Regal residence. All meritricious ornaments in the design were of course left out. A square building, two hundred feet by fifty, was erected with the main entrance, in rear, on the site of the lovely flower garden The location of the entrance and consequent sa crifice of the flower garden for a court, left the river front of the dwelling for the private use of the inmates of the Chateau by excluding the public Lord Monk, the new Governor General, took possession of the new Mansion and had a planta tion of fir and other trees added to conceal the east end from public gaze. Many happy day-were spent at Spencer Wood by His Lordship and family, whose private secretary, Beni-Godley, Esq., occupied the picturesque cottag "Bagatelle," facing the Holland road, on the Spencer Grange property. If illustrious names on the Spencer Wood Visitor's Register could enhance the interest the place may possess foremost, one might point to that of H. E. H. the Prince of Wales, visiting in 1866 the site probably more than once surveyed and admired. in 1791-4, by his grandfather, Prince Edward. Duke of Kent, in his drives round Quelec, with the fascinating Baroness de St. Laurent spicuous amongst all those familiar with the portals of Spencer Wood, may be mentioned to other Royal Princes—the Duke of Edinburg and Prince Alfred; with Dukes and Farls the Dukes of Newcastle, Manchester, Buckingham, Prince Napoleon, Generals Grant, Sheiman, Xe.

Since Confederation, Spencer Wood has been successively tenanted by Sir N. F. Bellean and Lieut.-Governor Caron. The latter still occupa-it, and it is unnecessary to state with what rest the traditions of generous hospitality and the elegant courtesies of society have been there kept up by Lieut Covernor Caron and his amiable family. As we close this hasty sketch, mourning with its sable plume seems haveling over its banqueting halls.

J. M. LEMOISE.

Spencer Grange, December 7, 1876,

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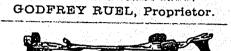
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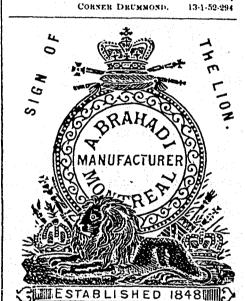
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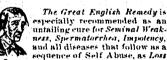
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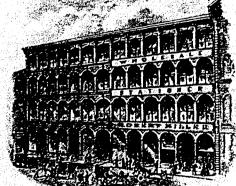
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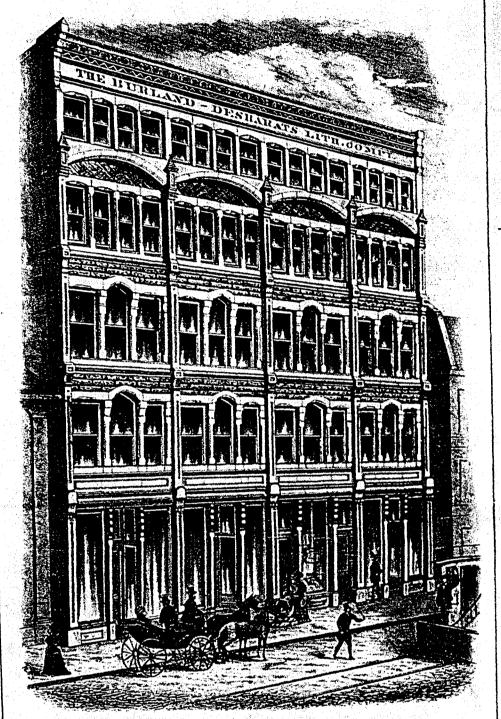
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