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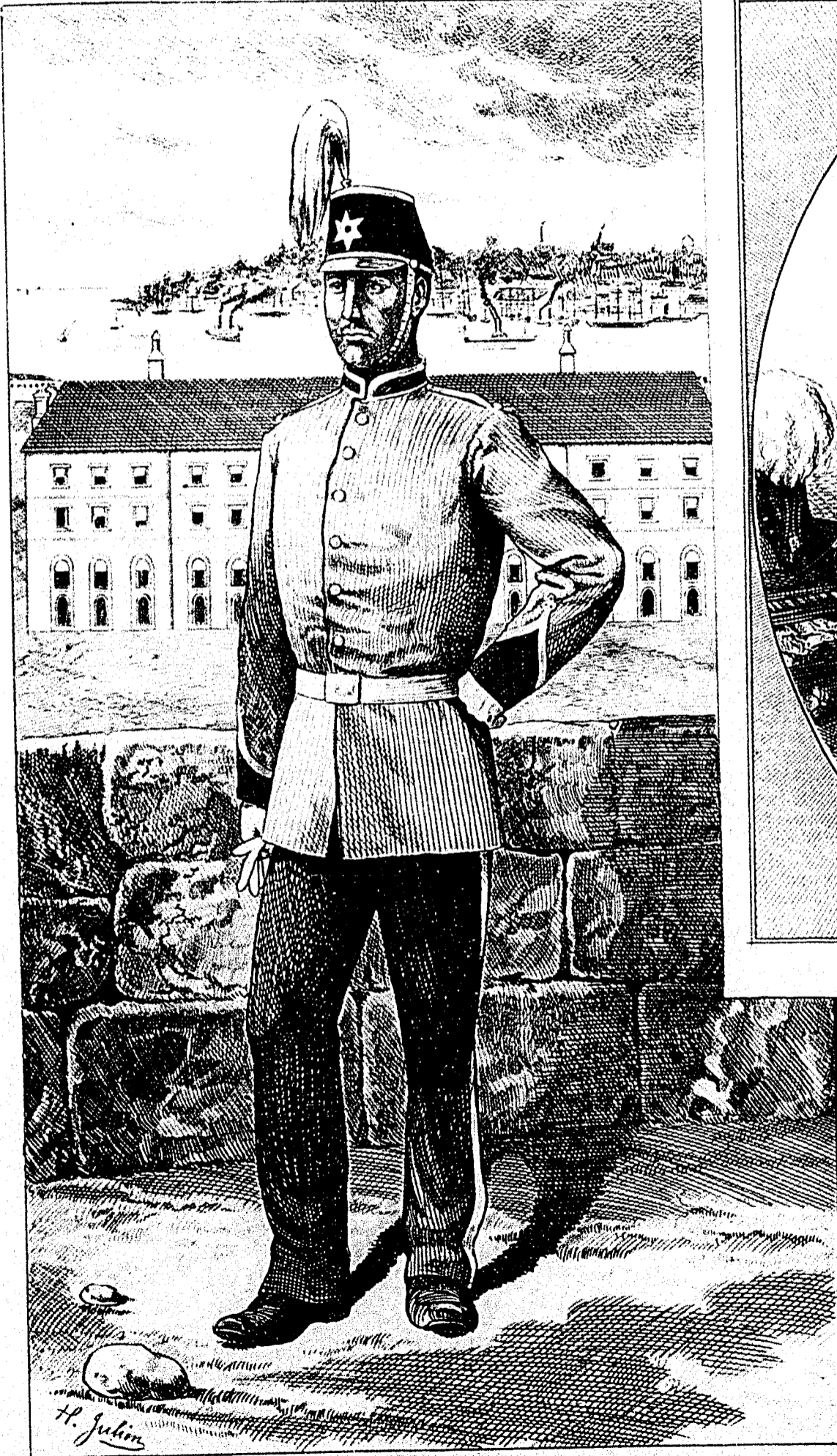
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# Wholesale News

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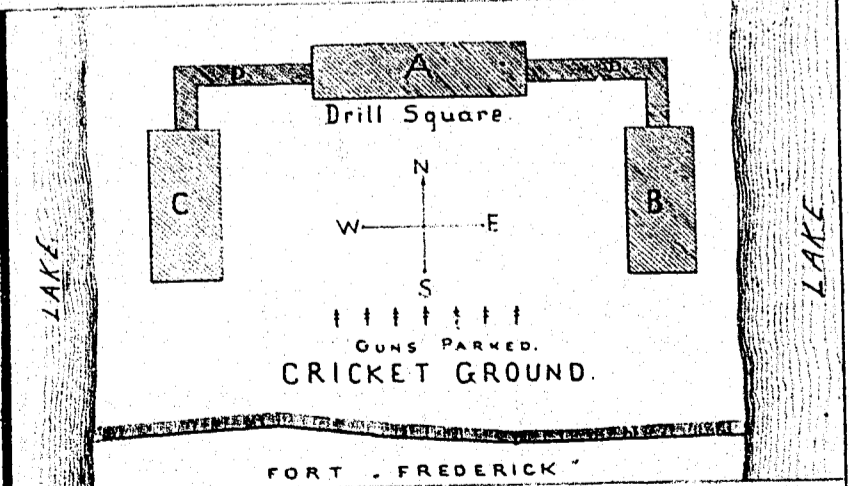
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UNIFORM OF CADETS.



LT. COL. EDWARD OSBORNE HEWITT, R. E. COMMANDANT.  
From a Photograph by J. J. ABBOTT, KINGSTON.



- FORT FREDERICK
- A. Future Educational and Mess Block.
  - B. Existing Block, now the whole College, but at the completion of the new addition it will be Cadet Barrack only.
  - C. Cadet Barrack.
  - D. Covered passages for drill, &c., in wet weather.

PLAN OF MILITARY COLLEGE, SHewing INTENDED IMPROVEMENTS.

KINGSTON, ONT.:—OPENING OF THE CANADIAN MILITARY COLLEGE.

H. Julius



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## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal Saturday, 17th June, 1876.

### SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

This is the title of an Address delivered at the last Convocation of McGill University by Dr. ALEXANDER JOHNSON, Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, and published in a neat pamphlet by DAWSON Brothers. We have read it with much interest both on account of the circumstances under which it was given, and because of the deservedly high character of the learned lecturer himself. The Graduates of McGill are doing a wise thing in causing to be published these mature discourses of their professors, thereby laying in a store of local literature which shall in time form one of the most precious treasures of the University. The object of Dr. JOHNSON'S Address is the very natural one, coming from a physicist, of reconciling the theories of TYNDALL with metaphysics and theology, and thereby clearing them of the damaging charge of Atheism. In the performance of this task, he goes over a great deal of interesting ground, but we must own to a feeling of disappointment. The Doctor is by far too modest. He gives us the views of others, already known, whereas we should have much preferred to hear directly from so competent an authority as himself. In two or three places he lays bare the state of the question, but immediately adds that he will elucidate it by citations from prominent writers. By this process, his argument loses that closeness of reasoning and that cogency of conclusion which individual ratiocination would have brought, and when we have finished the whole we ask ourselves where the pith of the final deduction is to be found.

We humbly believe that it is best to view the atomic theory of TYNDALL—for all his views are resolvable into that—squarely in the face. There is nothing alarming in the theory. There is even nothing new in it. Any student of the history of philosophy knows all about the molecules and empty spaces of DEMOCRITUS, the fixed and eternal laws attributed to matter by EPICURUS, and LUCRETIUS' sublimely poetic conception of a plurality of worlds. He is also aware that GIORDANO BRUNO anticipated the theory of Evolution, in the sixteenth century. Why Prof. TYNDALL devotes a large portion of his lectures to a summary of the doctrines of these men, we are at a loss to divine, for their rank materialism will not bear examination, and surely he can have no sympathy with them. Following up the interesting phenomena of natural evolution is one thing. Referring them to a final cause is quite another thing. The first process belongs to the naturalist; the

second to the metaphysician. Atoms exist. They are plastic and multifarious. They produce and are reproduced. But in studying their evolutions we cannot go back and back into the infinite progression which is an absurdity in dialectics. We must at last come to the first atom, the *causa causarum*. There physics end and metaphysics begin. That first cause, the *ultima ratio*, belongs essentially to the spiritual. The material can be created only by the immaterial, the finite by the infinite, the imperfect by the perfect. Existing atoms may be everlasting, as EPICURUS states, that is they may never have an end, but they must have originated from a Cause which is eternal, that is, which had no beginning. These are elementary ontological truths, indeed, but it is because they are elementary that we are astonished to see how generally they are forgotten, and what a stir the implied negation of them makes in the scientific world. GASSENDI, in the 17th century, recognized them when he formally acknowledged that God in the first place produced a definite number of atoms which constituted the seed of all things. DARWIN and MAXWELL follow the same course when they assert that atoms are the prepared materials, "formed by the skill of the Highest" to produce, by their subsequent interaction, all the phenomena of the material world. With this rational and indispensable basis, the atomic theory and its manifold deductions, under various new names, may be a battle against revelation, but not against reason, and, as such, can well demand that fair field and no favour which Prof. TYNDALL so eloquently claims for them. The Professor himself evidently takes this view, as is clear from his attacks on the theologians, both in the way of historical allusion and open defiance. But even here, he should be followed with caution. Theology does not rest wholly for its conclusions on revealed truths or the interpretation of Scriptures. It ought and does rest mainly on reason and irrefragable ratiocination. Philosophy is the hand-maid of theology, and its noblest flights of analysis or synthesis are those which are applied to the elucidation of dogmas and mysteries. It follows, therefore, that the physicist or the naturalist must not blindly array himself against theology, as such, whenever it applies its lens to the examination of new scientific discoveries. Give both sides a fair chance. Surely if DARWIN and TYNDALL consider themselves competent to discuss theology, TOLEMI and MOGNO may prove themselves able to investigate the natural sciences.

Prof. HUXLEY is fairer and more discriminate than his colleague. In treating the delicate and interesting Cartesian question—whether animals are automata—he calls philosophy "the mother of all sciences," and admits that there are problems which cannot be solved by physical science, as such, but must come within the scope of philosophic decision. All he asks is that logical consequences, whatever they are, should be honestly accepted. Every conscientious, unbigoted student will agree with him there, because, as he ably states, logical consequences, while they are the scarecrows of fools, are the beacons of wise men. Following these principles, the Professor has discussed the question of animal automata in a manner quite satisfactory to the searcher after truth.

The untrammelled liberty of scientific inquiry, which both TYNDALL and HUXLEY contend for, should and must be granted. The *ultima theologorum* is not quenched, but it is gradually melting into something like forbearance. The fires which burned around the manacled BRUNO, at Venice, are dead forever. Religion, properly understood, has nothing to fear from science. Every discovery in the ether above, in the rocks beneath, in the living organisms on earth; every new fact connected with the smallest beast, bird, insect, fish, leaf, flower and shell adds not only substantial strength and logical completeness, but also authentic fulness and moral beauty to the argument which religion has built up in honour of the great First Cause.

### HOW TAXES MAY PAY THEMSELVES.

As things now look it seems as if this country would become one more vast grazing ground to grow beef and butter for the wealthy manufacturers and artisans of the United States.

It is a strange law that the easier and the more intellectual work is, the better it is paid. We know of a lawyer who earned \$500 in seven hours in the amusing pastime of getting an innocent man condemned to the penitentiary. How long would it take a farmer to toil and toil to earn that sum? A journeyman watchmaker can earn \$4 a day and have plenty of energy, when his short working day is over, to read and improve himself. The farm labourer has to sweat from dawn to dark, till he is too used up even to glance over a newspaper, for a hundred cents.

The question is, are we, as a nation, to let others do all the easy work and get the large pay, or are we to do it ourselves?

Manufactured goods can be sent long distances for a trifling percentage of their value. Farm produce is often worth, at the market, double of what the poor man gets who grows it. Is Canada to have a home market, or is it to send its butter and cheese long distances to compete with what is made on the spot?

There is another consideration. Gardening is light pleasant work. The produce of a rood of garden fetches often tenfold more than an acre of farm-land. Now without a large body of artisans in a place, there is comparatively no market for "garden-sauce." Are we to let our southern neighbours do all the gardening, while we Canadians all fall back on the dull profitless work of the plough and the hoe?

All we can manufacture we should manufacture. Protection, not Prohibition, should be our motto. The wise government of a struggling infant nation should see what it is naturally adapted to make. For instance, with unlimited water-power, with myriads of men wanting employment, we can make cloth as cheaply as the next man. Let us carefully see what duty on cloth is necessary to enable our mills barely to compete with foreign makers. If it be a high rate of duty, it is evident that our country is unfitted for cloth making, and the article may be admitted free. But if not, why not let our farmers have the profit of supplying food to thousands of artisans working at high wages? One mill at Sherbrooke paid \$50,000 cash a year in wages. The bulk of this found its way to the pockets of the farmers. It increased the value of every farm in the neighbourhood. A stone quarry a month old at Grande Ligne paid \$1,400 one day last week, in wages. The proprietor was offered all the stone he could quarry free, if he would move this well-spring of wealth just across the Lines, into the States.

We do not advocate that our manufacturers should have a monopoly. We ask that they should have just such protection as will enable them to manufacture at all. The money the consumer thus pays for the imported article, of which, through the vagaries of taste, he is sure to use a good deal, will pay the expenses of the country, which he has to pay anyhow. If the duty required be excessive, let us give up the idea of manufacturing that speciality.

If we do not impose these duties what will be the result? We must have the goods, and when our neighbours find we have no means of turning out a given article before a certain time for ourselves, they have had plenty of practise in forming rings to run up the price.

Our farmers may well beware lest after the States have killed the home market for their products, by every trick of drawbacks and bounties, they may lay a heavier duty on butter and cheese when imported from Canada, in which case, instead of the struggle for a comfortable livelihood which they have at present, they will find themselves involved in a desperate struggle for bare subsistence.

As it is, instead of being protected from our neighbours, there is not even the first

element of a fairness in our relations to them. They can rush in their dead stock almost free, and sell it at cost price, and kill Canadian manufacturers with a few sharp blows, while the high duties, made still higher by every trick of misinterpretation of the letter of the law, entirely shut us out from their markets. Like rival traders we should at least deal with them on the terms on which they decide to deal with us.

The remedy for our commercial depression is obvious. Let us see what we can manufacture, and raise our necessary revenue by duties just as low as will possibly enable us to manufacture it. Admit all else free to the immense and clear gain of the consumer.

Otherwise, like the Jebusites of old, we shall be mere hewers of wood and drawers of water to alien lords and masters.

### ENGLAND AND THE EAST.

Some surprise has been expressed that England peremptorily refuses to be a consenting party to the tripartite convention, held at Berlin, by Germany, Russia and Austria in reference to the Turkish question. But the wonder must cease when the nature of that convention is properly understood. When questioned in Parliament, Mr. DISRAELI and Lord PRIME could naturally not go into particulars, but the *Times* came to the rescue in an article which for the fullness of its details might almost be taken as coming from official sources. The "dispositions described by Count ANDRASSY"—that is to say, the dispositions of the three Northern Powers towards harmony and a common policy—are, the *Times* says, "simply a diplomatic fiction. The unity, the pacific manifestations, and the conciliatory overtures, are all external and conventional. Behind and below them are the real forces which will suddenly dissipate all the pretences of the hour. The three Powers are ostensibly united, and will probably remain so, but it will be by all of them adopting one of two conflicting policies represented respectively by Russia and Austria." How essentially the present is but a "passing phase of the negotiations" will be shown, we are told, "by a retrospect of the Conference," and such a retrospect, which up to the present would have been a mere looking back upon the closed doors of a council chamber, the *Times* has now apparently been placed in a position to make with much more advantage. It states positively that "Count ANDRASSY went to Berlin pledged and resolved to oppose to the utmost the plans which were supposed to find favour with the Russian statesmen." It "need hardly be said that the plans originating with the Russian Chancery and with the Russian Embassy at Constantinople tended to more or less radical changes, beginning with a virtual tutelage of the Turkish Empire and ending with its dismemberment." This was firmly opposed by the Austrian Minister, who found, it is said, a supporter in the Czar himself, who "was unwilling to urge a policy objected to by Austria, and possibly doubted the expediency of hurrying events forward towards a goal to which they were of themselves tending." Germany, again, leaned towards the Austrian views, and the upshot was an agreement that the original project of Count ANDRASSY should remain the basis as before, and that "the purport of this second scheme"—that is, the scheme formulated in the memorandum in which England has refused to concur—"should be the finding of guarantees for the execution of the reforms," or, in other words, "for giving the ANDRASSY Note a practical effect." But the more energetic policy, we are told, though defeated on the main plan of action, triumphed upon the settlement of the details of the plan actually adopted. The new scheme proposed, though Austrian in principle, is Russian in detail. The proposal of "a lengthened armistice to be imposed on the Sultan's generals and a mixed Commission to administer one of his provinces have more of the spirit of Gortschakoff or Ignatieff than of an Austrian or a British Minister."

THE FREE LANCE.

George Fawcett Rowe is the prince of alchemists. He has discovered the transmutation of metals. He makes gold out of Brass.

The Gazette of this city, is a centenarian. Although more vigorous than ever it was, it wisely props itself up in every possible way. Its last support is a musical column.

As the Spartan passed Lachine, the other day, the captain invited Dom Pedro up to the pilot house.

"We are going to shoot the rapids," said the captain.

"Shoot zee rapids?" asked the Dom.

"Yes, that is we are going through them."

The Emperor watched the operation with much interest. When it was over, he turned and said, holding out his hand:

"Very good shot, Captain."

A correspondent of an inquiring turn of mind writes to the papers to know whether the word "rendition" is good English when applied to the performance of a piece of music, vocal or instrumental. I don't know whether it is or not. But I know that newspaper critics use it, and very naturally so. We say rendition of fallow, land and soap. As newspaper dramatic or musical criticism is only so much soft soap, I don't wonder the writers employ the congenial word "rendition."

A gallant young friend of mine promised a couple of charming young ladies tickets for Daly's latest sensation, at the Academy. He failed to come to time, giving as an excuse that the ticket-office was closed when he called. The young ladies were naturally much disappointed. One of them said, shaking her little finger:

"I have a Pique against you, sir."

A gentleman had a very bad toothache. A friend referred him to a well-known dentist, near Beaver Hall. The two met again a few hours later.

"Well?" said the friend.

"Well!" exclaimed the other.

"Did you go to Doctor Blank?"

"Yes."

"And did he relieve you?"

"Oh, yes, of two dollars."

Mr. McDowell has retired from the management of the Academy, and his successor is Mr. Green.

"Etsi peritum" is the motto now," said a friend to the latter gentleman.

"What does that signify?"

"Evergreen."

One morning, last week, I read this among the telegraphic dispatches of a contemporary:

"Paris, June 8.—George Sand, the well-known novelist, died here today. He was conscious to the last moment, but was unable to speak for some time before death."

Two gentlemen have been reading the morning papers. The news from the East occupies their thoughts.

"I fear we shall have war," said one.

"I hope we shall have war," said the other.

A neutral friend, a flour merchant, comes up, and the two, knowing how much he will be pleased, cry out simultaneously:

"War has been declared."

"Ah! that is too good to be true," was the philosophic reply.

The part of Mabel Renfrew in Augustin Daly's beautiful drama, Pique, as represented with uncommon ability in this city last week, was decidedly a Savory part, and every body in the large audiences relished it.

The shad fly shad-owed the atmosphere all last week.

The Democrats who support Tilden, evidently believe in a name. They think that Uncle Sam ought to be President of the United States, after giving it his name so long.

One section of the Republican party is sorely affected with chill Blaine.

Another is jubilant and sings:

"See the Conkling hero comes."

There is a controversy about the death of the late Sultan. The strong probabilities are that he died of an overdose of Muradic acid.

Dom Pedro found his match at Bouscours market the other morning. He plagued an old fruit woman until she got mad and told him to move on. When informed that he was the Emperor of the Brazils, she replied breezily:

"I don't care who he is. Queen Victory wouldn't have done that."

Two friends, who had nothing more intellectual to talk about, were entertaining each other with the details of their domestic arrangements.

"At home," said one, "there are different tastes. For instance I drink nothing but tea, while my wife, who is a Southerner, drinks nothing but coffee."

"That's strange," said the other who was known to have a fiery little spouse. "It is just the other way with us. I take only coffee and my wife imbibes tea in oceans."

"What is her favorite brand?"

"Gunpowder, of course."

Painters have actually been obliged to stop outside work owing to the shad flies. One painter dared them in doing the plinths and frames of the Herald, corridor, and the result was a beautiful specimen of marble work. The painter, who is a Dutchman, is now a wiser and a shadder man.

A party sitting in front of the hotel. One of them remarked that the sudden solicitude of certain papers about the health of Sir John was truly edifying.

"They really wish he were dead," said his companion.

"But he isn't dead."

"No. Nor dying."

And the Tory, warming up to the boiling point of inspiration, let fly the following *improvisu* to his admiring friends:

They came from every wind that blows,  
On lightning pinion sped,  
To gaze upon their king of foes,  
And feast upon the dead.

Prostrate he lay upon the plain,  
His front was banded low,  
Dishevelled was his royal mane,  
His eyes had lost their glow.

The noble flank was drenched with gore,  
Pierced by a hundred spears,  
The glory of his prime was o'er,  
The strength of former years.

Fly on, O harpies great and small,  
Fly forward, birds of prey,  
This is your day of carnival,  
The crowning of the fray.

But lo! he rises from the shock,  
He lifts his lordly head—  
Back to your eyes on the rock—  
THE LION IS NOT DEAD!

At the conclusion of which there arose such a cheer as shook the peristyle of the hotel.

LACLEDE.

KINGSTON AND PEMBROKE RAILWAY.

This line running from Kingston northward to the town of Pembroke, on the Ottawa, a distance of 138 miles, is one of the most important of the many railway enterprises which have been entered upon in the Province of Ontario, during the last five years. The object had in view by its promoters was to develop the great mineral resources of the country lying north of Kingston, and to furnish a cheaper and more expeditious outlet for the vast lumber trade of the districts drained by the upper Ottawa, Bonnechere, Madawaska and Mississippi rivers. It is essentially a colonization road, as the larger portion of the country it will traverse is comparatively unsettled. But it is a country possessing great natural resources, and it will only require cheap and rapid communication with the front to convert them into sources of immense wealth. It is also a country abounding in beautiful and picturesque natural scenery. The road has been built and equipped, and is now running from Kingston to Sharbot Lake, a distance of about 49 miles, while the work of construction is being continued northward from this point as fast as the resources of the company will permit.

The stimulus given to progress, and the development of resources by a railway running through a new country, is very strikingly exemplified in the case of those townships north of Kingston now served by this road. Mills are being built along the line, and great quantities of the products of the forest which heretofore were of little value on account of the distance from market, now find a ready sale at remunerative prices, thus furnishing employment to large numbers of men during the winter months, at the same time rapidly increasing the area of cleared land. But the most striking feature in this development of resources has been the opening and working of the Glendower Iron Mines, which are situated in the township of Bedford, about 32 miles from Kingston. These mines were first opened in 1869, by Messrs. Hancock, Creveling & Co. About one hundred tons of ore were mined and drawn by teams to Westport and Kingston, thence shipped to Elmira, N. Y., where it was smelted along with other ores from Wayne and Jefferson Counties, in that State. The result was eminently satisfactory. The working of the furnaces was greatly improved. The percentage of metallic iron produced was much larger and the quality of the iron was far superior to that which was produced before the admixture of the Bedford ore.

Owing to the want of facilities for transportation nothing more was done until the summer of 1875, when the Kingston and Pembroke Railway was built to within two or three miles of the principal mines. The work of raising the ore was then vigorously resumed. About 4000 tons were carried over the road, last Fall, and notwithstanding the present depression in the iron trade, a large number of men have been employed during the winter, and several thousand tons of ore are now piled along the track, awaiting shipment. The analysis of these ores indicates remarkable purity and freedom from the substances which would deteriorate the quality of the iron manufactured from them. The percentage of metallic iron is about 65 per cent. The ore has been thoroughly tested in several furnaces and has given great satisfaction. It is said to be peculiarly well adapted to the manufacture of Bessemer Steel. Several openings have been made in different places on the property of the Glendower Company, and the deposits proved to be very extensive, and it is confidently expected that a very large export trade in iron will be developed. It is also hoped that, ere long, smelting works will be erected in Kingston for

the working up of part of these valuable ores in the manufacture of iron for the Canadian market.

The present Glendower Company is composed of the enterprising furnace proprietors of Elmira, N. Y., of whom H. W. Rathbone, Esq., is President, and Dr. E. Eldridge, Vice-President. They are willing to join an association for engaging in iron manufacture at Kingston should sufficient interest be taken in the matter by the citizens themselves. The Glendower Mines are charmingly situated in close proximity to Thirty Island Lake, which is one of a great many beautiful sheets of water that abound in this part of the Province. Perhaps in few parts of the world can there be found a greater variety of beautiful lake scenery. Foremost among the interesting lakes of Frontenac must be mentioned Sharbot Lake, situated in the townships of Olden and Oso, 46 miles from Kingston. It is a magnificent sheet of clear water, studded with islands of all dimensions, with deep bays indenting its shores and with jutting points and headlands extending far out into its crystal waters. When its wooded promontories and islands are dressed in their summer verdure, this lake presents a scene of quiet beauty surpassing that of the far-famed Thousand Islands. It is from 12 to 14 miles in length and contains about 100 islands. A large hotel is being erected, and it is expected that this beautiful lake and others in the vicinity will be a favorite resort for tourists and sportsmen in search of health and recreation.

Second only to Sharbot Lake is Eagle Lake situated about 5 miles nearer Kingston in the township of Hinchbrook. Both these Lakes abound in valuable fish, and offer rare sport to the lover of the piscatorial art.

THE ENGLISH CHURCH TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

MANY indications are occurring of the earnestness with which many of the clergy and members of the Church of England are prosecuting the temperance movement. Both the Archbishops are much interested in it, and it is said that the Archbishop of York has become a total abstainer. The Archbishop of Canterbury, at a recent meeting, was very happy in placing the movement on its Christian basis. It was not enough, he said, to regard temperance as a question of social or political importance. It was not enough to dwell on its evils. It was necessary, over and above this, that its sinfulness in God's sight should be clearly and strongly shown. This, we repeat, is the true keynote for any Christian movement against intemperance. Many persons might suppose that by dwelling on all the loss, suffering, and misery which it breeds, a profound impression would be made. The truth is, these aspects of intemperance have been dwelt on perpetually, and not with much effect. But let Christian ministers especially strive to awaken a sense of its sin, show how offensive it is in the sight of God, what contempt it shows for the Divine authority, the Divine love, all the Divine provisions for the welfare of man,—and there is more hope, through God's blessing, of the desired results. The two things that it is most essential to enforce are, the greatness of the sin and the greatness of the snare. In the East of London a series of conferences have been held with various classes of persons, on the subject of intemperance, in order to compare opinions and quicken exertion in the cause. In these conferences there has been no test of views, save only agreement in the desire to discountenance intemperance. One of these conferences was with brewers, distillers, and keepers of public houses. The gentlemen naturally expressed great pleasure at being appealed to in this matter, and some of the licensed victuallers wished that the clergy would visit their houses. Mr. Robert Hanbury, of Truman, Hanbury & Buxton, eulogised the licensed victuallers, who were, he believed, "as respectable a body of men as any in the city of London." The brewers, he said, had a great interest in them, and in the way in which their houses were conducted. He believed that every one in the trade would do everything to encourage temperance. A drunkard was the greatest enemy a publican could have. The natural inference would be that the more there were of such an excellent class as the publicans the better would it be for the country. Can Mr. Hanbury think so? Another of the conferences was with the medical profession. It was presided over by Sir George Burrows, president of the Royal College of Physicians. Sir George said that he could not recommend total abstinence in this climate; he thought alcoholic excitement useful for working men in London; and he himself found support from the use of the stimulant. But medical men, at the same time, could attest how the constant use of alcoholic drinks damaged, and, indeed, completely changed the organs and blood, producing no end of evil. Dr. Maudsley showed that, among the poor, insanity was produced by drink, and that where wages were low there was less drinking and less insanity. Dr. Blandford stated that drinking was not confined to the lower classes; but while the evidence of drinking there came from the clergy, the evidence of drinking among the upper classes came from the doctor. In Ireland we observe that a Church Temperance Society has been formed for the diocese of Down, Connor, and Dromore, on the basis of union and co-operation between abstainers and non-abstainers, not hindering the members to teetotalism, but recognising it as "the more excellent way." The subject of dipsomania has also been the topic discussed at a meeting of the Social Science Association. Dr. Carpenter read a careful paper. He thought that more legislative provision should be made for the confinement

and treatment of dipsomaniacs. Dr. Lyon Playfair referred to the experience of America, where only 30 per cent. of those treated as dipsomaniacs were cured, and half of those taken in at the early stages of the disease. "Public-houses without drink" is another of the topics engaging much attention. We are glad to find that in various places these seem now to be thriving. In Liverpool the introduction of cocoa as a beverage has been eminently successful.

HUMOROUS.

NATURALLY enough "Truth is stranger than fiction," because it is not so common.

IT is rumored that only one man in sixty knows how to gracefully shut himself against a lamp-post and blow up a street-car for not being in time.

Oftentimes a man ransacks the whole house for a pin, and not being able to find one, drops into a chair with disgust, and is immediately rewarded for the search.

"I specs, my beluvved hearers," said a colored parson, "I specs to-day to take a broad field in my 'scourse. It takes me a good wile to git away from the dock, but when I once strikes de deep water, den look out fur de big fish."

SOME people were talking with Douglas Jerrold about a gentleman as celebrated for the intensity as for the shortness of his friendship. "Yes," said Jerrold; "his friendships are so warm that he no sooner takes them up than he puts them down again."

A LITTLE boy from New York went into the country visiting. He had a bowl of bread and milk. He tasted it, and then hesitated a moment, when his mother asked him if he didn't like it, to which he replied, smacking his lips, "Yes, ma; I was only wishing our milkman would keep a cow."

ONE of the saddest and most touching sights in life is that of a young man who spent six months in coaxing and winking a moustache into respectable size and shape, and then, in the act of lighting a cigar with a slip of paper, burns and scorches the whole institution into an unrecognisable mass of singedness.

A MERCHANT having sustained a considerable loss, desired his son not to mention it to anybody. The youth promised silence, but at the same time requested to know what advantage would attend it. "If you divulge the loss," said the father, "we shall have two evils to support instead of one—our own grief and the joy of our neighbours."

A tramp called at an Osborne street house for a breakfast. He was told he would be accommodated if he sawed six sticks of wood. But he refused. He said sawing wood was not in his line of business, and drawing his toga more tightly about his attenuated form he moved away. This teaches us that we should be careful how we speak to the unfortunate and helpless.

A well-known member of the Established Kirk in a small Scotch village lately put a shilling into the plate, and coolly helped himself to eleven-pence half-penny, remarking to the attending elders, "I forgot to get change ye 'green, Maister Brown; see I'll just put in a shillin' an' tak' out the eleven-pence-half-penny. Ye'll be gayer gled to get rid o' the coppers, nae doo."

It is related of Foote, the humorist, who was a man of great coolness and courage, that as he was once strolling along in London at night, he was met by a stout fellow, who pulled out a poniard, and demanded his purse. "Capital!" exclaimed Foote, "I was just about to make the same demand. But come, as I find I have fallen in with one of ourselves, I'll give you a share of a prime job I have in hand. Come along!" Deceived by his confidence, the real rogue joined the counterfeiter, and they stole along together till they met a patrol, into whose hands the cunning humorist delivered his associate.

LORD ALBEMARLE, among other good stories, in his *Fifty Years of my Life*, tells this of the late Lord Dudley, whose habit of thinking aloud was well known. "The King and Queen, when Duke and Duchess of Clarence, once dined with Lord Dudley, who handed her Royal Highness in to dinner. Scarcely seated, he began to soliloquise aloud. 'What bores these Royalties are! Ought I to drink wine with her as I would with any other woman; and in the same tone continued, 'May I have the honour of a glass of wine with your Royal Highness?' Towards the end of dinner he asked her again. 'With great pleasure, Lord Dudley,' she replied, smiling; 'but I have had one glass with you already.' 'The brute, and so she has!' was the rejoinder.

JOHN SHORT, "the Emperor of Bootmakers," as he was called, was once one of the best-known characters in Yarmouth, and his fame among sporting men had spread throughout the Eastern Counties. From the Thames to the Humber his boots might be seen in every hunting-field, and men going to foreign lands in pursuit of sport commonly took with them a reserve supply from the "Imperial" shop-board. Short was proud of his calling, of his customers, and of his town; and, as he was a humorous person, overflowing with anecdote and good-humoured sarcasm, his shop was commonly full of company. Mr. Frederick Burton once entered his shop and asked Short whether his friend Mr. Day had been there. "Which of the Days?" said the inquirer, "because he is always talking of great people." "Nay," replied Short, "I know whom you mean; but, for the same reason, I call him the week Day."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

DR. VON BULOW sailed for Havre last Saturday week.

MME. RISTORI is studying *Lady Macbeth* in English.

THE death is announced of Lesneur, the actor of the Gymnase. He was fifty-seven years of age.

BARRY SULLIVAN, it is said, has added \$149,000 to his fortune by his performances in America.

MR. SANTLEY contradicts a rumour of his intention to retire from the musical profession.

SIR MICHAEL COSTA has been presented with a magnificent ivory and gold conductor's baton by the Glasgow Choral Union.

PATTI has been engaged by M. Escudier, of Italy, at £200 per night. She will sing during the autumn in twenty-two representations of opera.

MME. PAULINE LUCIA has just been appointed one of the Court singers at Vienna. It is thought that her great successes in the Austrian capital will induce her to settle in Vienna.

WHILE a burlesque opera troupe were playing at Cheyenne last week, one of Gen. Crook's wild Indian scouts crowded past the doorkeeper and took a seat, but when the curtain rose and the prima donna began to sing, the savage gave a terrible war whoop and bounded into the street.

M. OFFENBACH, in a private letter from New York, which was made public in the Paris *Figaro*, tells of his enthusiastic reception in America. The great opera bouffier is less at home on the sea than in the conductor's chair. He had a very rough passage coming over, and more than once he thought his time had come and "quietly commended his soul to God."



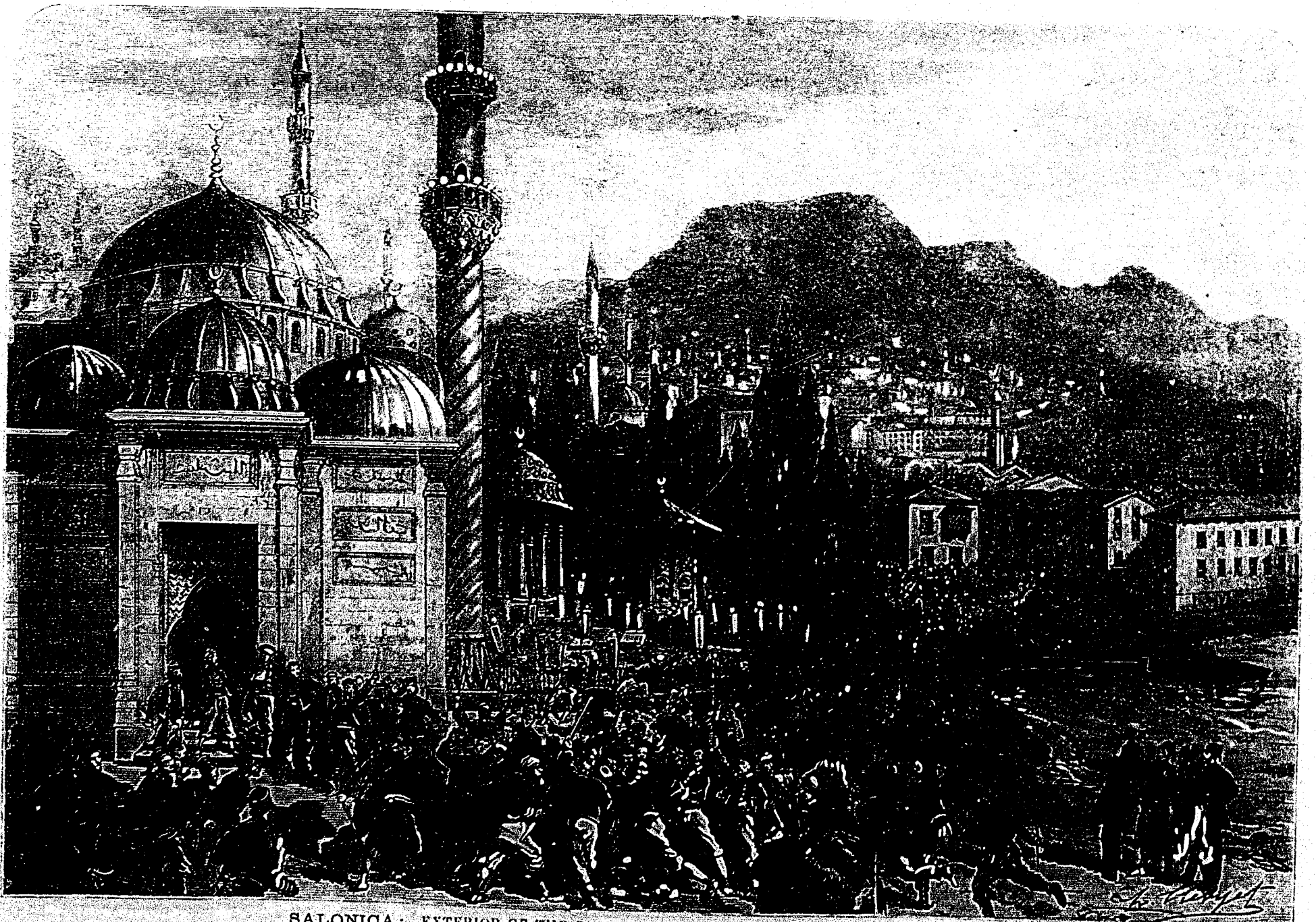
THE EASTERN QUESTION.



THE EX-SULTAN ABDUL-AZIZ.



M. JULES MOULLIN, FRENCH CONSUL MURDERED AT SALONICA.



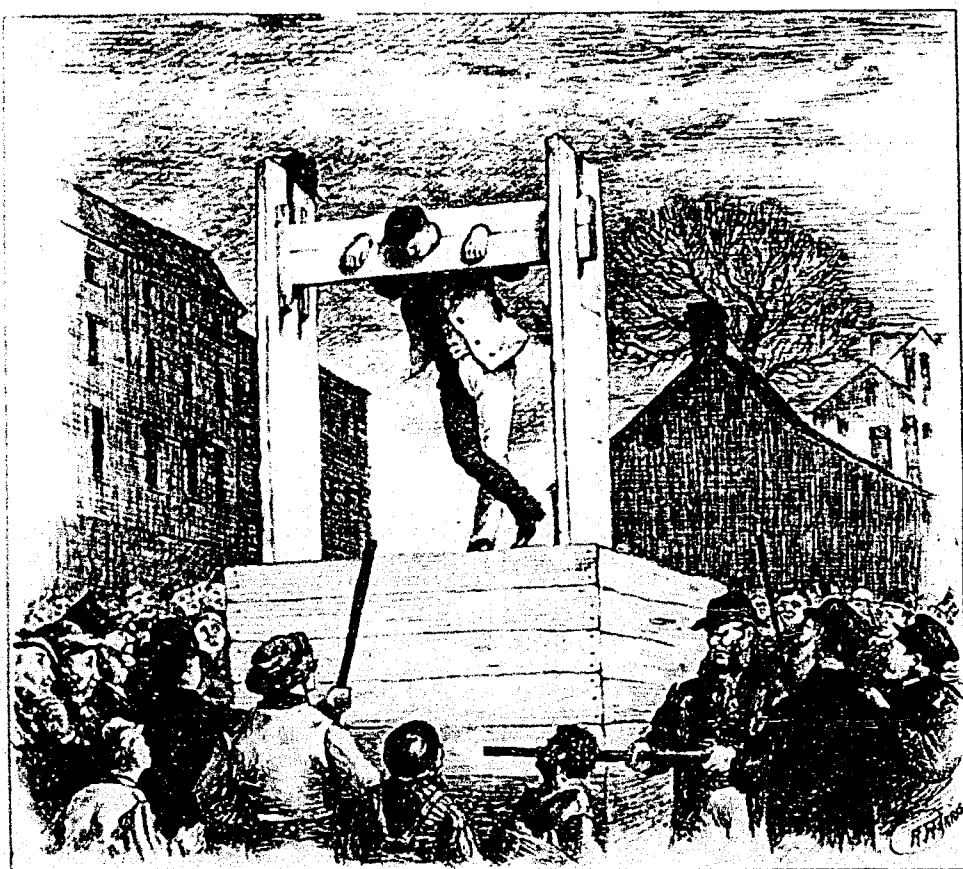
SALONICA:—EXTERIOR OF THE SAATLY-DJAMI MOSQUE, DURING THE RECENT RIOT.



THE LATE GEORGE SAND.



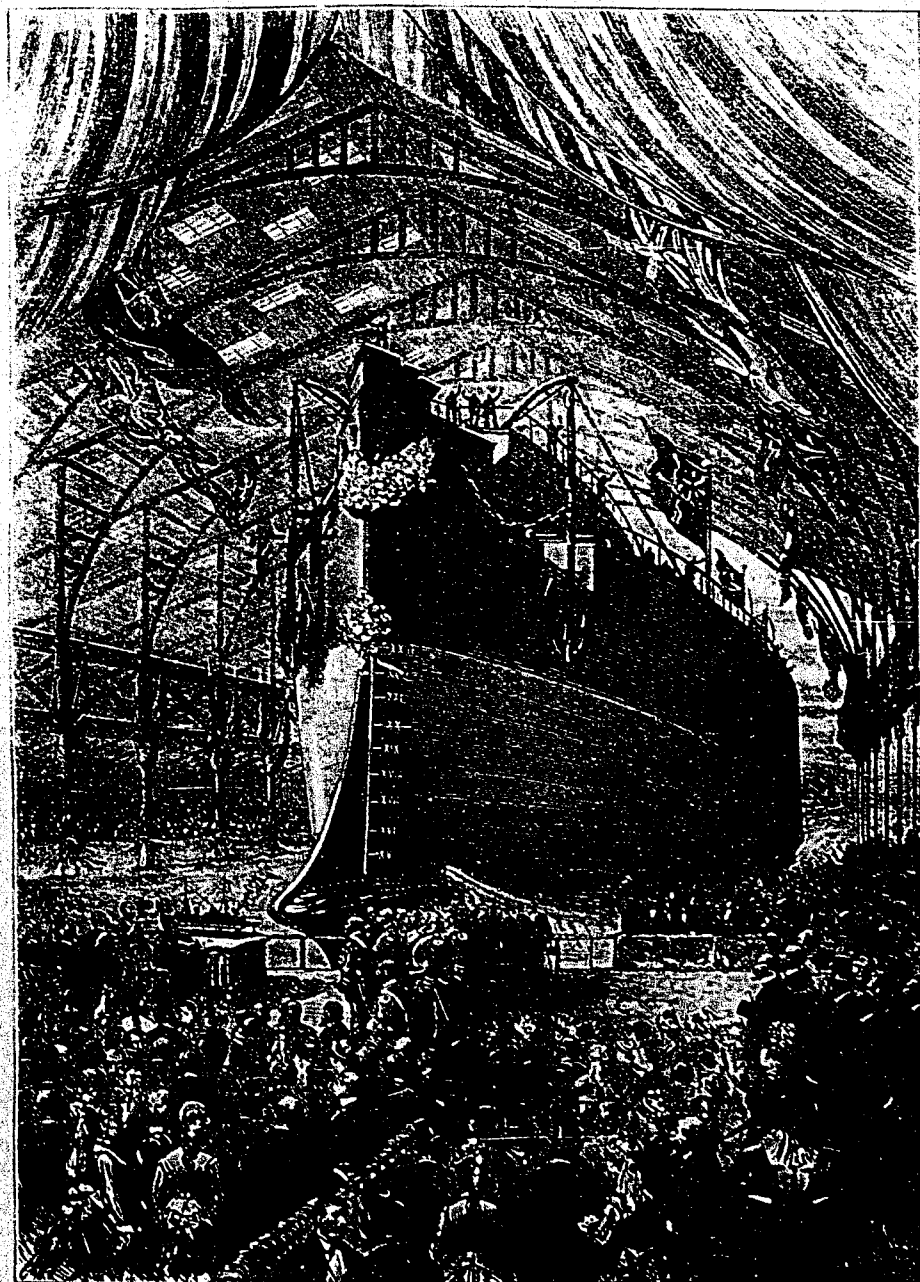
THE LATE FRENCH MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR, MR. RICARD.



IN THE STOCKS AT CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.



ASSASSINATION OF THE FRENCH AND GERMAN CONSULS AT SALONICA.



ENGLAND:—LAUNCH OF H. M. S. INFLEXIBLE, BY THE PRINCESS LOUISE.



## THE SABBATH.

Fresh glides the brook and blows the gale,  
Yet under hails the quiet mill;  
The whirling wheel, the rushing sail,  
How motionless and still!

Six days of toil, poor child of Cain,  
Thy strength the slave of want may be;  
The seventh thy limbs escape the chain—  
A God hath made thee free!

Ah! tender was the law that gave  
This holy respite to the breast,  
To breathe the gale, to watch the wind,  
And know the wheel may rest!

But where the waves the gentlest glide,  
What image charms to light thine eyes?  
The spire reflected on the tide  
Invites thee to the skies.

To teach the soul its noblest worth,  
The rest from mortal toil is given;  
Go snatch the brief reprieve from earth,  
And pass—a guest to Heaven.

They tell thee, in their dreaming school,  
Of power from old dominion hurled,  
When rich and poor, with juster rule,  
Shall share the altered world.

Alas! since time itself began,  
That fable hath but fooled the hour;  
Each age that ripens power in man  
But subjects man to power.

Yet every day in seven, at least,  
One bright republic shall be known;  
Man's world awhile hath surely ceased,  
When God proclaims his own!

Six days may rank divide the poor,  
Oh, Dives, from Thy banquet-hall;  
The seventh the Father opens his door,  
And holds His feast for all!

## THE ROMANCE OF A YOUNG MUSICIAN.

A CAPRICCIO IN FOUR MOVEMENTS.

I.

LARGO CON DOLORE.

Alone in a great city Carl Rousseau wandered, seeking a sympathetic face among the thousand pedestrians hurrying along the streets. His history was not an uncommon one. His parents were French people, and they had rather late in life sought an asylum in America. After saving a little sum of money, they paid their debt to nature, leaving Carl, an only child, to battle with the world. His father was a noted professor of music in a great conservatory, whose great talents were always in demand when a particularly difficult symphony or overture was to be directed, for his deep musical knowledge was a passion rather than a study, and such men are able to evoke concord from chaos. Carl, a young man of seventeen or eighteen, inherited his father's culture, and, in addition to a profound musical education for his years, combined with it his mother's sympathetic passion for all the higher forms of art. His mother, too, had transmitted to him a face whose lineaments bespoke the finest elements of character, and gave an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual beauty. He was unfitted for anything but an artist, but with some divine mistress for his guardian angel, he would develop richness of soul and intellect. His parents had lived alone with their art, and a warm glow of home-life found around their hearthstone much of the sweetness and purity of Eden before that great discord, Satan, despoiled it. The destruction of this ideal home, and death's intrusion, was a cruel blow to Carl, and for a long time his lacerated and reticent spirit refused comfort. He did not awake from his stupor until he noticed with alarm how rapidly his money was dwindling away. Rousing from his lethargy, he began to compose, but not altogether to his liking, since everything was tinged with melancholy; yet he resolved to venture them upon the sea of public favor, and take them to the music-dealers. Store after store he visited, but found no purchasers. The market was glutted, and his youthful face was, in the eyes of possible buyers, a sure sign of some emasculated collection of notes. Thoroughly disheartened and wearied, he returned home, for there were none even to ask a hearing. He discovered, however, that one of the songs, on which he had expended much care, was missing. None of them proved saleable, and the loss gave him no pang. No doubt the wind was hurling it to and fro, or mayhap it had found a humbler bed, and was speeding down the gutter with the refuse of the streets.

II.

ALLEGRO BRIOSO.

Some weeks later, Carl Rousseau again sought the great musical establishments, for he must sell some of his work or starve. About midday he entered one of the largest publishing houses, and while looking over the late music spread upon the counters, came across his lost song, printed just as he had written it. For a moment he was amazed, as he saw the song was marked the "third edition"—a sure sign of popularity. He asked to see the proprietor, and told the story of his manuscript. He was soon in possession of the facts in regard to its publication. Gen. Gubert, a gentleman of wealth and culture, had been persuaded by his daughter Marie, a devoted musician, to have the music examined by competent judges. The well-known reputation of the house had induced him to take it there, and the dainty poem being wedded to a beautiful melody, they gladly assumed the responsibility of its publication. The song was published, and the story of its rescue from the street was printed on the title-page. Carl was still further astonished when a liberal sum was placed in his hands as his share of the proceeds. While the musical critic was examining other manuscripts, Gen. Gubert and his daughter entered. The blushing author was introduced,

and congratulated on the success of his first venture. At the instance of Marie, Carl was taken home to dine, for one could see at a glance that he was a thorough gentleman. Carl's spirits brightened under the influence of the sparkling chatter of his newly found friends, and before dinner, at the earnest solicitation of both, he went to the piano and sang the little song to which he owed his introduction. His sympathetic voice, carefully cultivated, gave a new meaning to the words, and his fair critic heartily praised the music, which praise was the sweetest thing that ever had fallen on a composer's ear. He afterward found utterance for his feelings on the keyboard, and a flood of melody poured forth, which opened new vistas to the enraptured girl. He translated the story of his life, painting in brilliant colors his joys, and shading its vivid light with the sombre scenes of trouble. Now it rippled forth like a mountain cascade springing down silvery rocks, to the tinkling of golden bells and the music of birds; then, all hushed, it marched in stately woe, while underneath wailed desolate heart-throbs. Now it told of burning aspirations, which hoped all things and dared all things. The finale was full of brightness as a midsummer day, and sent the pulses dancing to its jocund strains. The clouds had been chased from the sky, and the air was filled with unutterable joy. After the conclusion, there was a deep silence from his audience. They were so enraptured they did not care to break the spell woven by the masterhand of the young artist. Gen. Gubert, although not so impressionable as his daughter, was taken by surprise. He did not affect connoisseurship, but he knew the artist's performance had thrilled him through and through. He recognized the genius of the young man, the more especially as, in answer to his question, Carl replied:

"Sir, that never was written; I was playing my thoughts."

Before he left the mansion, Carl was engaged to conduct Marie Gubert's musical studies. It is true, he was unknown as yet, but father and daughter were thoroughly impressed with the fire of his genius, as well as convinced of the truth of his story. Confidence was irresistible. A doubt of his integrity and manhood never entered their minds, for nature had written the seal of nobility upon his face.

Marie Gubert was the motherless idol of a devoted father—a pure, unspotted girl, whose every thought and action was undefiled and unaffected. Hers was not a handsome face, but a noble one. Her brown eyes were wells of truth and love, sparkling with beauty and intellect. The expression of her face and its lovely contour were sure to attract every one. Masses of dark hair set off to advantage the Grecian oval of her face. The dignity of her carriage and the poise of her head were perfect. Her conversation was charming and vivacious, investing even the most commonplace subjects with new delight. It was the noble bearing and the soulful face of Marie Gubert which attracted to her side both young and old, and made her popular with every one.

Carl went home with a new lease of life and brighter hopes. His acquaintance with Gen. Gubert marked a new era in the young musician's history. The fame of his teaching spread abroad, and ere long his class was well-nigh filled. His manuscripts found favor, and they were eagerly sought after, but having found in the publishers of his first waif honorable and liberal employers, he preferred to remain with them.

A concert was soon to occur in aid of some charity, and Gen. Gubert, being one of the managers, solicited Carl's help, urging him to appear, as it would redound to his fame, as well as assist a noble object. The artist's diffidence was great, but the combined attack of father and daughter overcame it, and he was announced for a violin solo. It was his introduction to the public, and he was not a little nervous when he stepped upon the stage. The personal appearance of the young man was prepossessing. A slight flush incarnadined his cheek, and in the glare of the gaslight he looked wonderfully handsome. There was a little uncertainty in the prelude, but as he proceeded, he forgot self, and threw all his genius into the music. The technical difficulties were not so great as the skill required to give the music a soul. In different hands, the score was meaningless, but under the inspiration of the performer, it was a revelation to the audience. It had been attempted, not long before, by an eminent professor, whose rendering was lifeless and cold. It fell flat upon critical ears, and it was with murmurs they saw it again upon the programme. Carl had grasped the author's meaning, and breathed the breath of life into "a composition which deserved oblivion," said the critics. It was a rare bit of music-painting, rather weird, but yet richly colored. His enthusiasm was communicated to Marie Gubert, who accompanied the violin with the piano, and under whose skillful teaching she had gained an insight into its mysteries. It was declared the most enjoyable number of the programme by the connoisseurs, and the audience bestowed thorough appreciation of it by applause long and continued. No inducement could persuade Carl to repeat it, and the director, seeing the complete mental exhaustion that followed, did not urge its repetition. His position as a great interpreter of the best music was now thoroughly assured.

Carl's intense devotion to art was communicated to his pupil, and together they walked hand in hand into the penetralia of music's realm. She followed as he led on beyond the pale of ordinary musical knowledge. The speed at which they were going, and the strain which

was developed, was intense. Music usurped every niche in the young girl's mind, and upon her mental nature Carl had almost supernatural power. They wandered into the depths of Bach and Beethoven and Wagner, and all things to them were soluble in music. Marie devotedly worshipped at its shrine, and looked up to Carl as high-priest. Day by day its subtle influence took stronger hold, and Carl unconsciously was taking Marie beyond her depth. They were enthusiastic in their work—so enthusiastic that color began to desert Marie's cheek, and her physical nature to decline. Carl's intense application and eloquent praise of his art had created a mental vortex, into which her impressionable nature was drawn.

Days and weeks passed on, and found her more than ever given up to passionate study. She gave many hours to her instrument and devoured everything in the way of musical literature, as well as the study of the classic composers. In all this she was abetted by Carl, who began to find that his pupil was rapidly approaching a point where her knowledge would equal his own. There was a height she could never attain. Carl had a deep, masculine insight, tempered by sensitively poetic emotion. Marie's brain could grasp the underlying current of musical structure, and could give expression to her thoughts; but, after all, the true ideal sense was wanting, as well as that vigor and strong brain-work which must form the basis of any great or lasting conception. She had the prescience to fathom what she could not create, while Carl, with that sense developed to a greater degree, had the depth and breadth of will and imagination to transfer grand ideas to paper, and give them proper treatment.

Love began to weave his mystic harmonies into every-day life, and every day found the hearts of the young musicians growing closer together. What an awakening there would be some day, when all its subtle sweetness would stand revealed!

Gen. Gubert, noted, with much alarm, the declining health of his daughter, and a skillful physician saw at once that she must be removed from this superheated existence, and a hurried exodus to Italy was resolved upon. When Marie made this known to Carl, love deftly opened their eyes, and each read the wealth of hitherto unknown devotion.

They bade each other adieu with vows of constancy and frequent letters. Carl tremblingly placed on her finger a ring, the precious heirloom of his family. It was of curious design and workmanship, valuable alike for its regal diamond and its antique and delicate chasing. He went back to his work with a determination to make himself worthy of his newly acquired treasure, and followed the "Germania" with many longing thoughts and benedictions.

III.

ANDANTE BARCAROLE.

Dancing over the waves sped the good ship "Germania," bearing Marie Gubert and her father to the sunny land. On board there was a certain Count Roscoe, whose form and face seemed to have been fashioned by an angel, so noble, handsome, and distinguished were they. His melancholy black eyes, heavy silken hair and moustache of deepest black, and his mellifluous tongue were the subject of much comment. He dressed in exquisite taste, and his manners were admirable. His bearing was that of a prince, and he was reputed wealthy. On ship-board every one knows every one else, and the "Germania" was not many days out before he became acquainted with Gen. Gubert and his daughter. The general capitulated at once to the address and polished manners of the handsome count. The count was of course always welcomed by Miss Gubert, and he sought to play upon her affections. He set himself deliberately to work to gain the confidence, and if possible the love, of the distinguished American girl. With such delicate tact and grace did he proceed that his unsuspecting victim fell unconsciously into the toils. Carl began to be less and less in her thoughts, and the journal she had intended to return to him as soon as they landed, began to gape with wounds for the sensitive artist. The poetry and glamour about a count, his general knowledge of books and men, his liquid sentences, his courtly manners and graceful devotion, all conspired to further his end. There were other ladies on board, many surpassing in beauty the object of the count's *devoirs*; but of all of them she was pre-eminent in that inner beauty that compels devotion from the higher types of men. The count was the wealthy scion of a noble house, whose life was an aimless one, and whose studies were pursued more to adorn self than from any love of knowledge. He was an egotist and utterly selfish, but had the rare faculty of repression, appearing to think more of others than himself.

When Italy was reached, Marie Gubert was passionately enamored of Count Roscoe, and he apparently as deeply interested in her. Gen. Gubert secured rooms in a Venetian palace, and soon had formed the nucleus of a brilliant clique, after the fashion of ambitious Americans who visit the continent. Marie's letters to Carl became shorter and farther between, until at last Carl's ceased altogether. She imagined the poor young man, with his sensitive nature, had divined her change of feeling, and had discreetly put an end to it all. She still wore his ring, however; the ornament was such a beautiful one.

The old palace was aglow with lights, and resounded with music on the evening of a *soirée* given by Gen. Gubert, and all the people worth knowing in Venice were present. Looking in through the open windows the spectator saw a

brave sight; but among all those gallant gentlemen and fair women there were none more noticeable than Count Roscoe and Marie Gubert. Society had approvingly nodded its head at what was currently supposed to be an engagement, and society had talked of the rare qualities of mind and person that would be united on their wedding-day. Marie excused herself for a moment to the Count Roscoe, and made her way to a small room back of the grand saloon, which she used as a retiring-chamber to arrange any mishap to her toilet. The night was so lovely that she put back the curtains and looked out upon the fanciful shadows cast from pillar and cornice. She took off her gloves and removed her rings to bathe her hands, and then leaning out of the window fell into a reverie in which thoughts of Carl would obtrude themselves. She was awakened from her dreamy thoughts by a call from her father, and hastily gathering up her gloves she left the chamber. No sooner had she quitted the room than a figure of a man entered, and going directly to the stand rapidly examined the jewels, selected one, and very rapidly left.

There was a great outcry next day, and an advertisement in the solitary paper of the city, describing the loss of a valuable and antique ring, supposed to have been stolen from the palace occupied by Gen. Gubert on the night of his *fête*. A handsome reward was offered, but the jewel never was returned. Marie's heart quickened as she thought of her perplexity when she would be called upon to return the pledge of love to its owner. How could she replace it, for the workmanship was unique? There was another thought that troubled her—Count Roscoe seemed to take great care to avoid a direct avowal. Her fair name would be compromised if he did not soon claim in deed what his soft words and devoted manner indicated, and what the whole Venetian world thought hers long ago. Yet the weeks sped on, and still her noble suitor did not reveal his passion in words direct; and one fine morning she woke to find Venice wondering at the sudden flight of Count Roscoe. It became known, too, that he was soon to marry into an immensely wealthy family. The blow was a sad one to Marie; but she managed to preserve a haughty outward show, while within there was a tempest of the heart. A month later the general and his admired daughter sailed for home, she apparently improved in health, but with deeply wounded pride and sick at heart.

IV.

FINALE—CON SPIRITO.

"Homeward! homeward! away from the scene of these hateful events!" cried Marie, bringing back to her native land wounded pride, a shattered nervous system, and a sorry heart.

She became listless, and found nothing to soothe her disquieted mind. How could she meet Carl, to whose ears the story must come? Home brought no happiness, and Gen. Gubert was at his wits' end to know what to do. She had never confided to him her truth with Carl, and now she bitterly reflected had she done so this might have been averted.

One day, soon after their arrival at home, she was startled by the entrance of her father in company with Carl Roscoe, the now distinguished musician and composer, the general explaining how he had forced the young man to come, that he might soothe her troubled spirit. Alas! little did he know how the sight of him added to her woe. The meeting was cold and formal, necessarily so from the position of the two. The general, however, discreetly retired, and Marie raised her eyes imploring to Carl, begging his pity. Then, as they slowly fell, they rested on the lost ring. Her pallid cheek became more wan, as she started back in surprise.

Calmly he told her how, in agony of mind, he left the city to follow her to Venice, to learn from her lips the cause of her frigid letters. He arrived the night of the *fête*, saw through the open window his betrothed and the handsome Italian together. In their actions he read the answer; and brave, loyal, great heart that he was, he turned away, resolving to forget his faithless Marie, and turn to that faithful angel, Art. His extremely sensitive nature could not bear to hear from her lips the end of his aspirations, and to avoid a scene, he quit the city that night. Seeing her enter the retiring-room, he went to the rear of the palace to take one more look on the one he yet loved, although she had wounded him sorely. He had clambered in the window, taken the ring, and while the stars yet shone was speeding his way from the city. He told all this in indescribably tender tones, and his eyes told of a love still glowing, unquenched, and rather heightened by the mental distress of the poor broken-spirited girl.

She looked up again, and saw his eyes yearning to take her back into his bosom; and, before she had time to consider her words, she quiveringly murmured:

"Oh, Carl, give it back to me! give it back to me, that I may regain my lost soul!"

A moment more, and they were in each other's arms; for the little god had planted his arrow with deadly effect. Explanations followed, and, before another month had elapsed, Marie added Roscoe to her name. In less than a year her old-time spirits had returned, health had repainted her cheek, and instead of wearing out her young life over intricate musical problems, she croons a mother's lullaby over an angelic little girl. The harmony of that house has never a discordant note; for happiness reigns supreme, dancing through the livelong day to the divine music of a perfect union.

WARREN WALTERS.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

MOUNT HERMON CEMETERY, QUEBEC.

There is a park, whose grand old trees lift up to Heaven their giant arms...

High on the cliff at whose grey feet St. Lawrence rolls his mighty tide...

Here, reared on high, are sculptured urns, And stately monuments of grief...

Hung on each urn, strewn on each mound, Are flowers—the offerings of love—

Here sleep our friends—the loved and lost;— Not lost—but only gone before.

Montreal, May, 1875.

E. L. M.

JUNE DAYS AND NIGHTS.

It is the season of flowers, and spite of me, I am possessed with its spirit. Imprisoned within this big city, I am condemned to view only the unfavorable aspect of the summer weather...

Off to the pasture or the plain, where the corn is ripening for the sickle; where the grateful odor of hay mingles with the strong but not unpleasant smell of the hardier field flowers...

But the June day is waning and the June night sets in. Before we go, let us visit the graves of our dead and strew them with loveliest flowers...

Maurus date illa plebis.

It is an affecting action, a deed of love and prayer.

While summer lasts and I live here, Fidele, I'll sweeten thy sad grave, though shaft not lack The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor The aureol bare bell, like thy veins, nor The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander Outsweteened not thy breath.

In summer nights there is a variety of special sounds which the comparative silence renders very impressive. But this northern climate of ours is not so favored in this respect as are more southern regions...

over from England seventy-five sky larks, which he let loose and never heard of afterwards.

But what we lack in nature's music is made up by that growing taste for art which we have derived from the old classic lands of Germany, France and Italy.

The custom of serenade, carried on with propriety, appears to me full of charm. At no time, does the human voice, especially the tenor, sound more sweetly; at no time does the violin vibrate more sympathetically.

J. L.

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

The uninitiated imagine that the drama is a lucrative profession. For the gifted few it is, for the useful many it is not. Clara Morris, the greatest of emotional actresses in America, gets \$750 a week when engaged, and \$1000 when starring.

The men, as a rule, do not fare so well. George Clarke, \$150 a week; John Gilbert, \$150; Wm. Davidge, \$100; D. Harkins, \$125; James Lewis \$150; Stuart Robson, \$150; Harry Berkeitt, \$150; C. E. Thorne, Jr., \$250; John Brougham, \$200; H. J. Montague, \$225; Charles Fisher, \$150; C. A. Stevenson, \$75; J. W. Carroll, \$75; George Rignold, \$250, gold.

For any man who keeps his eyes open it is clear that there has been a revival in musical taste in this city within the past six months. Beside the foreign artists who come to us and are heard with the double appreciation of large houses and applause in the right place, we have had our own musicians coming to the fore in splendid style.

Young Boucher, a lad of only fourteen, gave a concert last week, which was well attended. He is a pupil of Prume, and has caught many of his master's tricks. He bows firmly, even proudly.

On the same occasion Mr. A. J. Boucher gave us a taste of his orchestra called that of the Society of Operatic Concerts. I am glad that such a society exists. There are familiar faces in it—Mr. Mallré violin; the ubiquitous and ever-ready Tom Hurst, flute; M. Lavallée père, 'cello; Dr. Leclere, double-bass; A. Lavallée, cornet.

The principal artists of this city have offered M. Prume a farewell concert. It is well. He deserves it both for his consummate merits and because he has ever been so ready to volunteer in the aid of others.

HOFFMUNG.

LIEUT.-COL. EDWARD OSBORNE HEWITT,

ROYAL ENGINEERS, COMMANDANT CANADIAN MILITARY COLLEGE.

Among the many heroic deeds recorded in English history few surpass in romantic interest that performed by the young and valiant Edward Osborne, who, three centuries ago, leaped from London bridge and rescued from drowning the beautiful daughter of Sir William Hewitt.

The distinguished military officer, Lieut.-Col. Edward Osborne Hewitt, whose portrait we have the pleasure of presenting to our readers—as his name indicates—is a direct descendant of the hero Edward Osborne, and was born in 1835, at Ty-mab-Ellis Glamorganshire, Wales.

This gallant veteran died a few years ago, at the advanced age of 84. The subject of our sketch was educated at Cheltenham College, England, and entered as Cadet in the Royal Military College, Woolwich, in 1851, obtaining his commission in the Royal Engineers, in August, 1854.

These Forts, four in number—are the largest, most powerful, and perhaps the most wonderful in the world, being built in deep water several miles from the shore and armed with 150 guns of the very largest calibre, viz: 81 ton and 35 ton guns, and each Fort protected by about 10,000 tons of iron armour.

Captain Kensington and Prof. Ferguson are also members of the Military College Staff, and are widely known, the former having served five years in Canada with his regiment, and was subsequently Professor of Mathematics at Woolwich, England.

THE GLEANER.

THE Prince Imperial is expected shortly to make a tour of America.

A bicycle, driven by a small steam engine, is the latest novelty of the manufacturing districts.

It is proposed to amend the Constitution of Connecticut by adding a section making nine members of a jury competent to render a verdict.

ONE of the attractions of the Paris Exhibition of 1878 is to be the largest balloon ever made. It will contain 10,000 cubic metres of gas, and is to be twenty-three to thirty-four metres in diameter. The car will hold fifty persons.

HEARTH AND HOME.

As the summer, without a night of calm, would have no jewellery of dews, but a world of languishing flowers instead; so he, who cannot surrender his nights to balmy sleep, will have garlands of withered fancies, and thoughts parched and shrivelled with the fever of the heart.

As the sun does not wait for prayers and incantations to be prevailed upon to rise, but immediately shines forth, and is received with universal salutation; so neither do you wait for applauses, and shouts, and praises, in order to do good; but be a voluntary benefactor, and you will be beloved like the sun.

It is into the minute circumstances of a man's conduct that we are to inquire for his real character. In these he is under the influence of his natural disposition, and acts from himself; while in his more open and important actions he may be drawn by public opinion, and many other external motives, from that bias which his disposition would have taken.

How many to-night, through the length and breadth of the land, are vainly clinging to the life which is fast ebbing away; and how many more, soul-sick of deceit, and treachery, and injustice, finding no resting-place for a weary, over-tried heart, shrinking from a hopeless future—stung with sorrowful memories of the past—would gladly change places with them, and sleep their last sleep.

MEN live in the immediate neighborhood of a great menagerie, the doors of which are always open. The beasts of prey that come out are called diseases. When these animals attack a man, most of them give him a scratch or a bite, and let him go. Some hold on for a little while; some are carried about for weeks or months, then drop off. By-and-by one is sure to come along, that drags down the strongest, and makes an end of him.

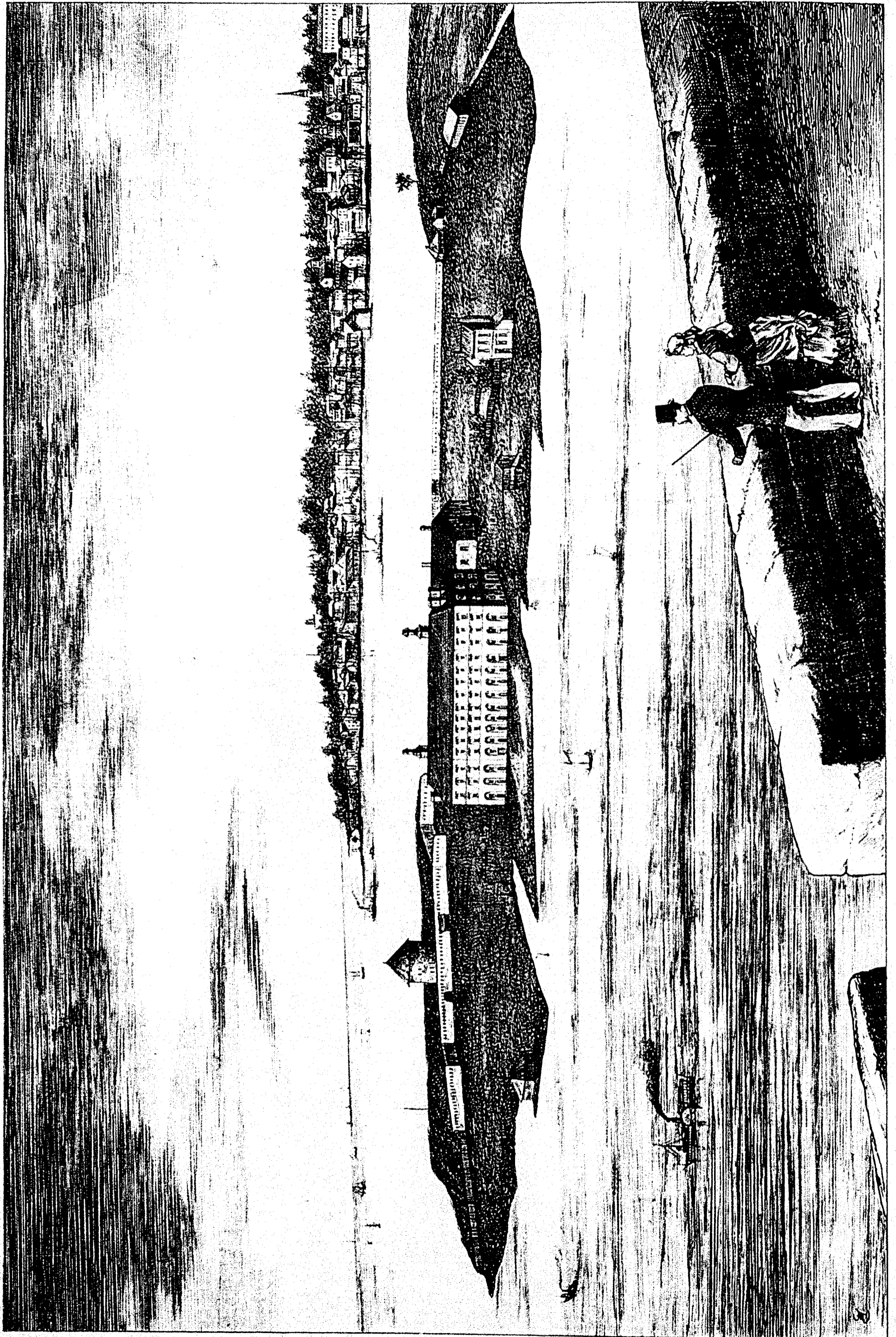
THE following suggestion is worthy of the consideration of parents: "Nervousness with a child is almost always a matter of the stomach. A crust of bread will usually put an end to the most obstinate perverseness. Children, for this reason, should never be allowed to go to bed, after a fit of crying, with an empty stomach.

WANT OF CONSIDERATION AND TACT.—There is this difference to be observed between want of consideration and want of tact, that the one can be cured by care, watchfulness, regard for personal interest, or an enlarged benevolence, but the other never. Want of tact is an incurable infirmity; nothing can mend it, nothing can prevent its unreasonable exhibition.

YOUTH.—Youth, like everything else, must be cherished, not squandered; and, if we waste it in idle, frivolous dissipations, age will come before years. The faster we travel the sooner we will get to the end of our journey. Enjoy youth in every reasonable way whilst you have it, but always remember that every time you overdraw on it you are contracting a debt which must be repaid with heavy interest in the future.

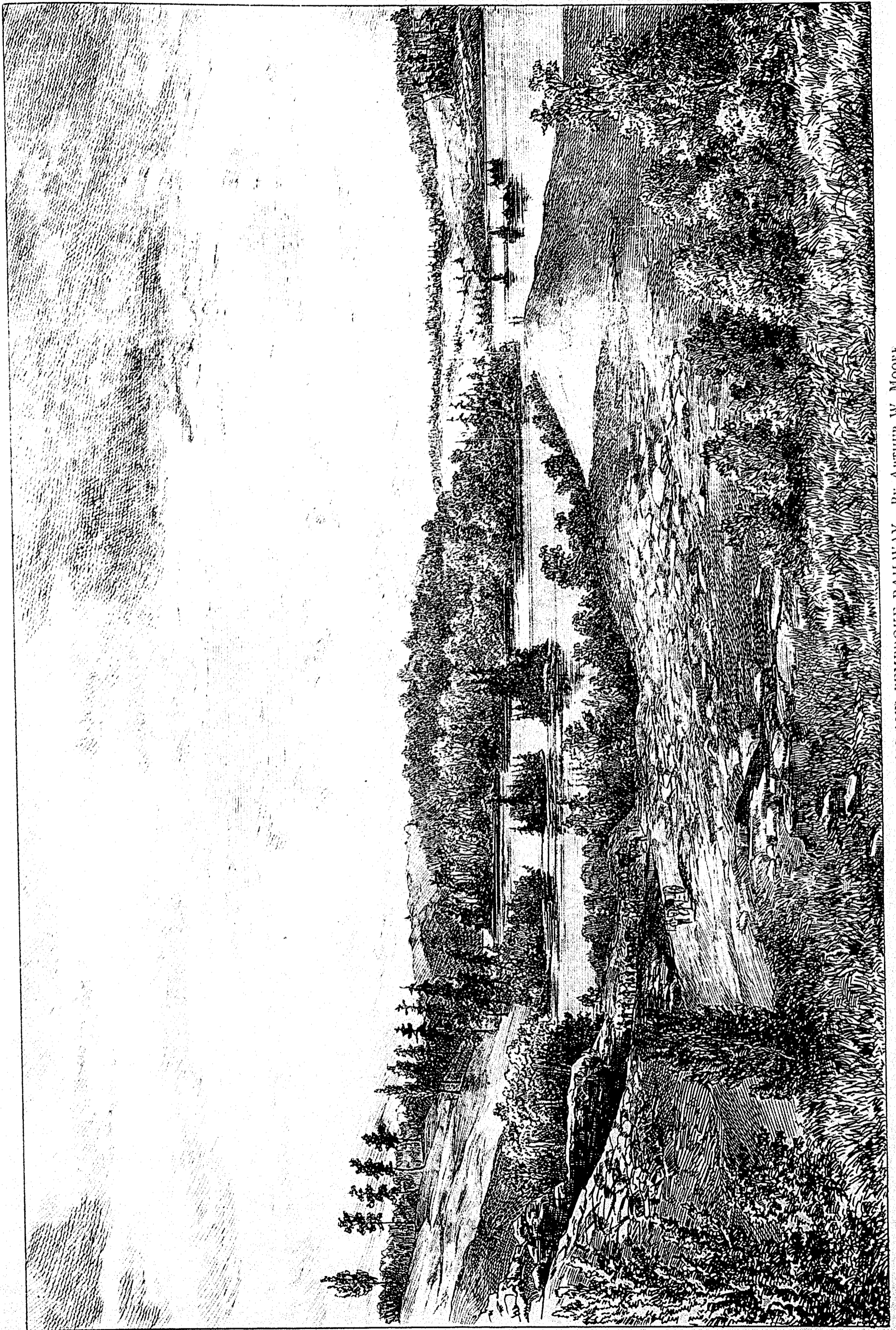
BEING "OUT OF SORTS."—Undoubtedly many of our readers know what it is to be neither sick nor well, but "out of sorts." The distinguished physician, Sir William Jenner, is of the opinion that too little attention is paid, alike by physicians and sufferers, to this general debility. He calls it "out-of-healthness," and describes it as an imperfect general nutrition of every part of the body. Those who suffer from it are not chronic invalids, but persons who, previous to its manifestations, were in good health.





KINGSTON, ONT.: THE CANADIAN MILITARY COLLEGE, FROM THE WALLS OF FORT HENRY. — DRAWS BY ARTHUR W. MOORE.





SKETCHES ON THE KINGSTON AND PEMBROKE RAILWAY.—BY ARTHUR W. MOORE

VIEW ON THIRTY ISLAND LAKE, FROM THE GLENDOWER MINE.



(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

## FORSAKEN.

The pleasant shadows lightly move  
Upon the grass the winds caress,  
The happy birds rejoice of love  
Amid the leafy loveliness;  
All nature seems content and blest,  
I only pray to God for rest.

The river trembles with its light!  
And puris with many a peaceful smile,  
Until its glances seem as bright  
As happy looks devoid of guile,  
I gaze upon its tranquil breast,  
Yearning to heaven for peace and rest.

The shadows gather round my eyes,  
The soft air kiss my weary face,  
And nature's choral harmonies  
In dreary sounds sweep o'er the place  
To reach my soul, that cries oppress  
To heaven to give it peace and rest.

Kiss me O winds—you calm my thought,  
Carol O birds—you ease my soul,  
You know not how my life has wrought  
Its wretchedness upon time's scroll;  
So now, its horror is confessed,  
O let me pray to heaven for rest.

Tossed helpless on the sinful earth,  
Unsheltered, homeless and alone,  
With none to watch thought's early birth,  
And none to claim me as their own;  
No wonder that my footsteps prest  
Where sin usurps the throne of rest.

Regulged and tempted, won and lost,  
Diviner instincts crushed and torn,  
Like a wrenched flower by storm winds tossed,  
Of all its perfect beauty shorn;  
I stumbled in the frantic quest  
Of maddening joys that give no rest.

I see beyond the river's banks,  
The lightsome skiffs that dot the tide,  
A child who laughs at its own pranks,  
The stately-plumaged swans that glide  
Demurely o'er its placid breast,  
While I may only yearn for rest.

O could its waters wash the stain  
From the dread past, that comes to me  
To lacerate my aching brain,  
To scare me with its misery,  
Until its awful glooms infect  
My life and rob it of its rest.

O let me pluck the tender grass;  
The tufts are not so madly torn,  
As the bruised hours that I could mass,  
With all their wealth and beauty shorn;  
For life is but a hollow jest,  
Despoiled of love—unsought by rest.

O save me from the flaming street,  
Where flaunting Viole disturbs the night!  
And take me where the winds are sweet,  
And let me watch the mellow light  
Burning and fading in the west,  
While I may pray to God for rest.

The rays that melt—the calms that lull—  
The tints that glad—the shades that fall—  
Dear glimpses of the beautiful!  
My spirit yearns to woo them all,  
Until of all their peace possess  
My burdened soul may cry for rest.

ISIDORE G. ASCHER.

London, May, 1876.

## ESTELLE'S SLEEP WALK.

## I.

The public—cannot boast of much experience in Italian opera. The little that has been exhibited there has generally been of an inferior character—worn voices, cranky stage machinery, and wholly inadequate resources of orchestration. Lovers of music, however—and they are very numerous in the city—have not failed to throng the theatres whenever the opportunity was offered of hearing the works of the great masters. They willingly overlooked the faultiness of details, for the sake of getting an idea of the whole, and being able to boast that they had spent a few hours under the spell of such geniuses as Rossini, Donizetti, or Bellini.

Some years ago, a company performed there with rather more than ordinary success. In their repertory was included *La Sonnambula*, in which the role of Amina was unusually well rendered by a charming young actress from Naples.

The master-piece of poor Bellini had already been represented a couple of times during the week, but the public insisted on a third repetition, for the benefit of the young cantatrice above mentioned. That night the theatre was crowded from pit to dome. I had secured a box entirely to myself, being on such occasions constitutionally averse to any company, however pleasant, that might distract me from an absorbing attention to the glorious music. I was not destined, however, to have this selfish enjoyment that evening, for a little before the performance began, my friend Frank Bowden entered my compartment and informed me that Estelle W., with her aged father and mother, had got as far as the corridor, but could not obtain seats anywhere. Under ordinary circumstances I should not have budged from my place for anybody, but on the present occasion, I arose and offered my whole box to the W—family. My reasons for so doing were that Frank was a very particular friend of mine, that Estelle was my cousin, and the most charming of my many female cousins, and also, because Frank and Estelle were dead in love with one another. I made Frank take a seat beside his *innamorata*, while I retreated to the back-ground of the box, where I enjoyed something of my coveted solitude.

There is no need here to enter into an analysis of *La Sonnambula*. It must be heard and heard often to be justly appreciated. It bears the same relation to Bellini's *Norma* that Tasso's *Amanda* does to his *Gerusalemme*. It is a delicious *féte*, redolent of spring-time and the dawn, resonant with the song of birds and the jubilation of happy states, palpitating with the freshness, the ingenuousness, the purity of pastoral loves.

As I said before, the performance was remarkably good for the theatre. The beautiful role of Amina was especially well represented by the Neapolitan actress. Her voice was not of vast power or range, but it was rich in the lower notes, and very sweet in the upper register. Though I had heard the opera before by some of the best artists of Europe, I was completely absorbed in the present representation, and discovered beauties in it which I had never yet perceived. Indeed, my attention was so concentrated on the stage, that I took no notice of my companions in the box, nor of the crowd in the pit and galleries. I did not even experience any fatigue from standing upright for nearly three hours.

The last and principal act come on. The young Neapolitan appeared on the thatched roof of her cabin, and descended thence across the slender bridge over the mill-dam. Her eyes were closed, her hair was dishevelled, she was clad in her white night-dress, and in that melancholy plight the somnambulist traversed the perilous foot-path over the dashing water—dreaming of love. She had a bouquet of wild flowers in her hand, which she plucked, petal by petal, and threw into the flood, while her pale lips murmured the ravishing song:

"Ah! non credea mirarti,  
Si presto estinto, O fiore!"

A pin might have been heard to drop in the vast building. Why, I cannot tell, but just then I happened to glance at my friends before me and perceived that Estelle was a prey to the most violent emotion. Neither her old parents nor Frank noticed it. She was sobbing silently, and from the convulsive movement of her shoulders, I could see she was making vain efforts to contain herself. My attention was, however, soon withdrawn from her by the orchestra working itself up for the grand finale, which I would not have missed for the world: Yes! there it was again that famous rondo, so full of love, of pathos and of melancholy. Our artist seemed to excel herself in singing it. I too wept when I heard:

"Ah! non giunge uman pensiero."

The last note had been played, the curtain had already fallen, and yet the audience were still under the spell of the somnambulist's apparition. Suddenly a cry and acclamation arose demanding the favourite actress before the footlights. In the confusion and noise which ensued, I noticed that the W—family precipitately left the box.

"What's the matter?" I inquired of Frank.

"Miss Estelle is very ill," he replied. I followed them to the main entrance and called up their carriage. Frank offered to accompany them home, but old Mr. W. gruffly refused.

## II.

Estelle's father was the representative of a class that sorely tries the patience of a hot youth lover. He was rude, unmannerly, bearish, and though wealthy, his affluence had only increased his imperiousness without improving his manners. He was sternly opposed to a match between his daughter and Frank, but why, no one could tell. The young man was every way worthy of the girl. They were of the same station in life, and they had loved each other for years.

Estelle was a pale, delicate creature whose health was always fluttering on the borders of consumption. Medical art had kept her aloof from this, so far, but any slight accident—whether physical, mental or moral—was enough to cast her into it without redemption. Her father loved her well, but, as we have seen, he was a self-willed old fool, who had the pretension to tyrannize her emotion at that critical period of a girl's life—first love. Estelle was a dutiful, good girl, and she tried hard to do her father's bidding, but she could not uproot her love, and the very effort to do it injured her health. It was her misfortune, too, to be of a very nervous temperament. The least excitement set her whole frame tingling, and her artistic predilections were often the occasion of acute pain, which marred her otherwise thorough enjoyment of poetry and music.

No one—not even myself—had gloated on the beauties of *La Sonnambula* as she had. The difference between us was, that being an unreclaimed and perhaps unreclaimable Bohemian, I had no objective love, but only an ideal one, to which I could adapt the situations of the opera, according to my phantasy; whereas she, living solely and wholly in Frank, made him the Elvino of Bellini's creation, and recognized her own yearnings in those of the adorable Amina. The consequence was that while every note of the immortal partition sank deep into my soul, soothing and tranquilizing it, it proved for Estelle a new language of passionate love, which unstrung her delicate nerves and plunged her into a tempest of emotions which she had neither the physical nor moral strength to contain. Hence, it was no wonder that at the end of the representation she should be quite ill.

Frank was, of course, much affected at the roughness of old W— that night. Indeed, he took it so hard that he informed me he was tempted to leave the city forever in despair. I tried to console him, and we walked about the street for a long time, talking on a variety of subjects. Finally I persuaded him to put up at my rooms for the rest of the night.

"To-morrow morning," I said, "I will call on uncle W— myself, and argue the matter seriously with him. If he won't listen to me, I am sure my aunt will, for she is a kind and sensible woman."

With this assurance, we threw away our cigars and entered my bachelor quarters, which were situated nearly opposite the palatial residence of the W—s, on — Street.

## III.

Not more than three hours had elapsed since we had left the theatre, when I fancied I heard some one pulling at my night bell. Frank was fast asleep in an adjoining room, and I had probably slept too, so that I was not quite certain whether I had heard ringing or not. A second pull at the wires, however, left me in no doubt. I ran to the window and inquired who was there.

"It's me, Master John."  
I recognized the voice of Nancy, my uncle W—'s negro cook.

"Master and mistress wants you to come over right away, sir."

Remembering Estelle's illness, and fearing that something was wrong, I hastily slipped on my clothes and darted down the stair. Nancy was already gone, and I crossed the street at once. On coming to the front door, I found it opened by the cook, who exclaimed breathlessly:

"Run into the garden, sir; run."  
I rushed in the direction indicated, and in a moment reached the scene of excitement.

In the capacious garden there was a long bower erected for the propping of vines which my uncle was very fond of cultivating. This bower was terminated by a pavilion, some fourteen feet high, in a yet unfinished state. This he intended for a summer house, and for that purpose he was building stone tables and seats in it. On my coming up, what was my surprise to find that Estelle had climbed to the top of the pavilion and was slowly walking along its edge. She had a bouquet of flowers in her hand, the same that I had seen Frank give her at the theatre. Her eyes were closed; she was barefoot and had her night-clothes on.

"This is a case of somnambulism," I whispered to my uncle and aunt, who stood by in the most painful anxiety.

"Yes, and caused by that confounded opera," muttered the old man.

"Never mind the cause," exclaimed the excited mother. "John, you must help us to rescue our child from her perilous position. I am almost paralyzed with fear."

The position was indeed perilous. What was I to do! Estelle had already been called by name and had not answered. To call her too gruffly or loudly would frighten her and cause her to lose her footing. To apply a ladder to the framework of the pavilion was out of the question, for it scarcely held together. It swayed and cracked even under her gentle, measured tread. If she awoke suddenly, she would certainly fall; if she awoke gradually, she could not possibly find her way down with safety. In either case, she would assuredly be precipitated on the fragments of stone and marble below, and from such a height, the fall would be fatal. The only hope of rescue was to have her descend in her somnambulist state. She would thus come down as securely, though unaccountably, as she had gone up. But how was this to be executed? I communicated my idea to the father and mother who eagerly grasped at it, but were also at a loss how to carry it out. And yet no time was to be lost. At last a bright thought struck me.

"Will you let me do just as I wish?" I asked.

"Oh! yes, yes," they both exclaimed. "Do what you like, so you save her."

Without saying more, I rushed out of the garden, right through the house and directly across the street to my rooms. My plan was made up and I did not hesitate. I pulled Frank out of bed and in a few words explained my notion to him.

"This is your providential opportunity, my boy," I said. "Take that guitar from the wall and come along."

In five minutes we were both back into the garden. I pushed Frank behind a large catalpa near by and then hastened up to the pavilion.

"Well!" said Mr. and Mrs. W— eagerly, seizing my arm.

"All is right," I answered.

"How?"

"Listen," I exclaimed.

Just then, the sweet sounds of a guitar were heard, preluding an air of *La Sonnambula*.

My uncle and aunt looked at me.

"Pat!" I whispered, placing my finger on my lips. Then, in a soft mellow voice—Frank was a very fair tenor—was repeated the enchanting

"Ah! non giunge....."

The effect was magical. Estelle dropped her flowers, raised her sweet face to the moonlight, and with an ineffable smile of happiness, came down slowly from the pavilion to the bower, and down along the shafts of the bower to a slanting beam that reached to the ground. Her father and mother rushed up to her.

"You are saved, my child!"

She fell upon their neck and embraced them, then turning quietly round, she asked:

"Whose voice was it that saved me?"

We need not dwell longer on this scene. Our readers can easily guess how it terminated and what came of it.

Of course, I am a favourite and ever welcome visitor at my cousin's, Estelle Bowden. On her wedding day I presented her a magnifi-

cently bound copy of *La Sonnambula*, and we often play it together. She has likewise read up in old quaint books the theories of hypnology and somnambulism and penetrated all their mysteries.

It was only last night, that having her little Mimi on my knee, I asked her:

"Will you be a dreamer like your mother, dear?"

And the mother answered for her:

"No! no! Such dreams are dreadful, and it is only once in a century that they come true."

JOHN LESPERANCE.

## MR. RUSKIN ON FEMALE ATTIRE.

In his last *Fors Clavigera* Mr. Ruskin advises his girl readers as follows:—"Dress as plainly as your parents will allow you, but in bright colors (if they become you) and in the best materials—that is to say, in those which will wear longest. When you are really in want of a new dress, buy it (or make it) in the fashion; but never quit an old one merely because it has become unfashionable. And if the fashion be costly you must not follow it. You may wear broad stripes or narrow, bright colors or dark, short petticoats or long, (in moderation), as the public wish you; but you must not buy yards of useless stuff to make a knot or a flounce of, nor drag them behind you over the ground. And your walking dress must never touch the ground at all. I have lost much of the faith I once had in the common sense, and even in the personal delicacy of the present race of average English-women by seeing how they will allow their dresses to sweep the streets, if it is the fashion to be scavengers. If you can afford it, get your dresses made by a good dressmaker, with the utmost attainable precision and perfection; but let this good dressmaker be a poor person, living in the country; not a rich person living in a large house in London. Learn dress-making yourself, with pains and time, and use a part of every day in needlework, making as pretty dresses as you can for poor people who have not time nor taste to make them nicely for themselves. You are to show them in your own wearing what is most right and graceful, and to help them to choose what will be prettiest and most becoming in their own station. If they see that you never try to dress above yours, they will not try to dress above theirs.

## LITERARY.

It is said George Eliot will realize \$80,000 from "Daniel Deronda."

ROBERT BUCHANAN has a new poem in press, said to be one of his most ambitious efforts.

A. M. HUTH, a fellow-traveller with Buckle, the historian, in his tour, is writing a life of the latter.

THE American Philological Society are making preparations to hold a convention at Philadelphia during the Centennial Exhibition, and they have also in view a world's convention of philologists in London, about June, 1878.

THERE will be great doings at the next Oxford Commemoration, for Prince Leopold will receive the honorary degrees of D. C. L. on the conclusion of his studies, and his royal brothers and sisters will be present to see him don the scarlet gown.

TURGENIEFF, the Russian story writer, is living in Paris, at the age of 65 years. He was long ago banished from Russia because he wrote against the titled classes, and when the edict was revoked he had grown to like France so well that he would not go back to his native country.

THE Christ of Paul is the title of a work by George Reber, which aims to explain the enigmas of Christianity, and prove that St. Paul was never in Asia Minor, that Irenæus was the author of the fourth gospel, and to expose generally the frauds of the Churchmen of the second century.

IN Prof. Lassen, Germany has lost her most distinguished Sanskrit scholar. He spent all his life at Bonn, as Professor of Sanskrit, and was really the true founder of the critical and historical school of Sanskrit Philology in Germany. His editions of Sanskrit texts are executed according to the strict rules of critical criticism. He is best known by his work on Prakrit, and by his successful attempt at a truly scholarly like decipherment of the Persian cuneiform inscriptions (1836 and 1845).

A literary fact which perhaps deserves to be recorded as a curiosity is the origin of the well-known line in *Ruy Blas*—

"Madame, il fait grand vent, et j'ai tué six loups."  
Victor Hugo is not the author, as it is to be found in the *Memoirs of the Countess of Spain* by the Countess d'Aulnoy, just republished by Plon. It is in company with the famous expression of "Calambour wood," which puzzled the spectators on the first performance of the piece, when the Queen sends Count d'Onate to carry

"Une boîte en bois de calambour."  
A mon père, Monsieur l'Électeur de Neubourg."  
The Countess d'Aulnoy relates that King Charles II., having gone to pass a few days at the Escorial, the Queen wrote to him a very tender letter and sent him a diamond ring:—"The King in return sent back to her a chaplet of calambour wood set with diamonds, in a little box of gold filigree, and in which he had enclosed a note containing these words: 'Madame, il fait grand vent, et j'ai tué six loups.'" The chaplet in question was simply of aloeswood.

## ROUND THE DOMINION.

DIPHTHERIA is very prevalent in Halifax.

At a baby show held in Montreal on the 9th inst. 100 babies were exhibited.

THE Sydney, C. B., rioters have been over-awed, but coal shipments are at a standstill.

THE first session of the Supreme Court of Canada, opened at Ottawa, on the 5th June.

THE British Judges are to make the awards in the Canadian Department of the Centennial Exhibition.

FREIGHT trains on the Intercolonial, between Halifax and Quebec, were avertised to run on Monday last.

THE Magdalen Islands herring fishery has been very successful. The seal hunt has not been remunerative.

Prince Edward Island finds a good market for oats in France, to which country 90,000 bushels have already being shipped by two or three Charlottetown houses.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

STANCHEZZA.

Lo Zephyr floats, on pinions delicate, Past the dark belly, where the deep-toned bell Sways back and forth, girl tolling out the knell For thee, my friend, so young and yet so great. Dead—thou art dead. The destiny of men Is ever thus, like waves upon the main To rise, grow great, fall with a crash and wane, While still another grows to wane again. Dead—thou art dead. Would that I too were gone And that the grass which rustles on thy grave Might also cover mine forever wave. Made living by the death it grew upon. Jack not Plato, Orpheus like, to give Thy soul to earth. I would not have thee live. W. D. L.

BELOEL MOUNTAIN.

It was a pleasant party of between eighty and ninety persons that left Bonaventure Station on Saturday morning, bound on an excursion to Beloeil Mountain. Learned Professors and laughing children, staid matrons and smiling maidens all determined to enjoy themselves to the utmost. Strange to say, the inevitable "we" was not there to its fullest extent, for had it been so, the present writer would probably have remained unknown to fame.

After a ride of about thirty miles, we reached St. Hilaire Station at the foot of Beloeil mountain, where we were met by a collection of structures on four wheels each, that would have made the heart of an antiquarian leap for joy.

A learned geologist of the party was conveyed in one that belonged to the palaeozoic age, as well as I could gather. That in which I trusted my precious self I at once placed in a remote prehistoric period, until correctly informed by the owner, who assured me that it belonged to a much later date. Our horse was a very sober one, in fact all the horses were very sober animals, so I asked our driver if they were in the habit of attending funerals; but he told me that it was a very healthy country, after which I am at a loss to explain the cause of the horse's melancholy. At last we got under weigh, and as we passed a group of simple rustics who stood with heads reverently uncovered, one of them said to another: "Ah! I have seen many funerals in my time much longer, but never a sadder one than this." After this I lit a cigar, to give the procession some appearance of levity, because I hate to see such an amount of sympathy wasted, when it is so much needed elsewhere.

I smoked in silence until a scraping sound attracted my attention, when I found that our front wheels were not turning round. Keeping my eyes on them, I noticed this peculiarity several times until the idea struck me that it was an ingenious invention of the natives to keep the mud from being splattered on the occupants of the vehicle. I was just turning to the driver to make some enquiries about it, as I thought of introducing the invention into use on Sherbrooke Street, when suddenly the wheels whizzed round in a pool of mud and put a stop to the conversation. As I wiped the soil from my moustache, I changed my mind with regard to the genius of those natives, and came to the conclusion that what I had thought a wonderful invention, was nothing but a criminal ignorance on the part of the people in that part of the country of the use of wagon grease.

After a drive of about three miles, we landed at the Iroquois House, on the top of which stands a figure of the noble Redman, cut out of pine plank. I may say that he looks every inch a painted brave. The Iroquois House is finely situated on a high ground looking over a beautiful expanse of country away to the South West, while at the back, the three hills, that form the Beloeil group, shut out all save the blue sky and clouds.

The Natural History party at once moved off in the direction of Beloeil Lake which is a glassy sheet of water scarce rippled by a breeze, lying in a valley, between the Three Hills, and far above the level of the surrounding country. Forgive the following:

Of the Lakes of Kibikonye its people may blarney, And Saxons fair roasting for Cumberland sigh, And Scotia may weep at all else but a Loch, But give me the beautiful Lake of Beloeil.

'Tis a beautiful fountain that springs from the mountain, A felle of Nature, a mystery to man, That wise heads have thought of, but could never make aught of, And cried in despair, "come and solve it who can."

'Tis a diamond bright by the sun's brilliant light, The finest of jewels in emerald set, 'Tis a pearl by the beaming of moonlight soft streaming, While round it the hills are a circle of jet.

The beads on its breast seem like sea-birds at rest, When seen from the shrine at the top of the hill, And the clouds, as they fly through the soft azure sky, Are mirrored beneath by a mystical will.

There's a streamlet that gushes hard by through he rushes, And draws from its bosom a life without pain, Then tumbles and dashes, with ripples and flashes, Down the steep, rugged mountain to water the plain.

There's a cave whose dark centre, breeds thoughts, as I enter, Of black scowling goblin, or mischievous sprite, 'Tis a darkness eternal; there nought that is vermeil May bloom in its gloomy perpetual night.

'Tis, oh, for a life away from the strife, And toil of the city, its sorrows and gloom, A home on that mountain, a draught from that fountain, And when all is over, that cave for a tomb.

After about an hour had been spent on and about the Lake, the Natural History party began the ascent of the highest of the three peaks, on the summit of which is the ruin of a shrine, placed there by the Bishop of Nancy in 1841, in commemoration of a visit paid by him to the spot. There on the borders of the lake he preached to multitudes of eager listeners who came from

far and near, attracted by the fame of his eloquence.

Before beginning the ascent several gentlemen were told off as leaders of the different parties. The distance from the hotel to the summit of the mountain is about a mile and a half, of which a great portion of the pathway seems to be the forsaken course of some old stream. How some of the ladies of the party managed to scramble to the top, still remains a mystery to me. For myself, I did not wish for any more, and was glad to throw myself down upon the soft side of a boulder and let the delightful mountain breeze fan my illuminated features whilst I listened to the enlivening music of the shad fly. I had long wished to know a thing or two about the manners and customs of the shad fly, and here I learned the lesson I had sought for with a rapidity that only practical experience can give. As I lay thus, I chanted a dirge in time to the insect worm's melody, of which the following is the last verse of seventy-five:

You may talk as you please of musquitos and fleas, And the terrible tortures thus suffered by boarders, But the fly called the shad would drive 'em a saint mad And produce a whole hospital-full of disorders.

I may say the shad fly finished me. I don't like his manners which are too familiar. But I have kept you all too long already, so I can only say that, in spite of shad flies and mountain tumbles, I am ready to go and do likewise next year.

THE LATE ABDUL AZIZ.

The Sultan whose reign has just been so summarily closed ascended the Ottoman throne on the death of his brother, Sultan Abdul Medjid, June 25, 1861, according to the Mohammedan law of seniority. He was born Feb. 9, 1830. He began his reign with the declared intention to reform the many abuses in the public affairs of the Empire. He dismissed the corrupt Minister of Finance, Riza Pasha, cut down the civil expenditures, abolished the seraglio, promised to refrain from polygamy, and seemed quite desirous of bettering the condition of his people. He visited England, France, Austria, and other European countries, with the design of introducing into the Empire the civilization that made European nations contrast so strongly with his own. He met with strong opposition from the fanaticism of the Mohammedans, who gradually became disaffected toward him, but he succeeded in securing to Europeans for the first time the privilege of holding real estate in Turkey. He founded a public high school on the French system at Constantinople, and established several scientific institutions in that city. He endeavored to reform the administration of justice by establishing a civil code, which he ordered the Supreme Court to prepare, but his efforts in this direction were by degrees overborne by the rigidity of custom and the jealousy of any intrusion upon the privileges of the religious orders. Among the leading acts of his reign in relation to other nations were the recognition of the independence and unity of Italy, the negotiation of commercial treaties with France and England, the treaty of London neutralizing the Black Sea. During his reign the Montenegrins rebelled (1862), and were reduced to subjection after stubborn resistance. The Cretan insurrection of 1866 also disturbed the internal affairs of the Empire during his reign. His relations with Egypt gave him great annoyance, but in consideration of a large indemnity he granted the Viceroy, Ismail Pasha, the right of succession to the throne of that dependency in a direct line from father to son, with the title of Khedive. He also recognized, as a matter of policy, the accession of Prince Charles of Hohenzollern to the Roumanian throne. The question of the succession to the Ottoman throne, however, occupied the mind of the late Sultan most fully. Ambition for his immediate family and the permanence of its rule probably prompted this, but the belief that the succession of the oldest male descendant of Ottoman is sanctioned by the Koran aroused the opposition of the fanatical and strongest element in the Turkish character.

far and near, attracted by the fame of his eloquence.

far and near, attracted by the fame of his eloquence.

THE LAUNCH OF THE INFLEXIBLE

Our readers will be pleased with this sketch of a most notable event. The Princess Louise who presided over the ceremony arrived at Portsmouth escorted by Mr. Ward Hunt, and followed by the Duke of Edinburgh, the Marquis of Lorne, and some members of the Board of Admiralty. Her Royal Highness took her seat upon the platform, and listened with evident interest to the explanation of the connection between the buttons of the electrical machine on the table before her and the iron weights, which upon their being touched would fall upon and knock away the "dog shores," and so leave the vessel free to glide into the water. The religious service was read by the Rev. J. Cawston, chaplain of the yard, and on the Princess touching one electric button, the bottle of wine was heard to fall upon the prow of the vessel; when another button had been pressed, the inflexible, after a brief hesitating quiver, gradually took the water. A deafening shout then rose upon the air, and told those who were out of sight of the vessel knew that the launch had been successfully accomplished. The Princess subsequently visited the Dock and Tidal Basins, which she formally opened, and she afterwards lunched with Mr. Ward Hunt and the Port-Admiral at the Admiralty House. On leaving the town, a farewell salute of twenty-one guns was fired in her honor.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

DOMESTIC PETS.—Matrimonial sulks.

A truism: An expensive wife makes a pensive husband.

PLACARDS on the New York street-cars declare that "this car can't wait for ladies to kiss good-bye."

Many persons are in advance of their age, but an old maid generally manages to be about ten years behind hers.

"Is your mistress in?"—"She is, sir."—"Is she engaged?"—"Faith, she's more than that. She's married."

THE entire assets of a recent bankrupt were nine children. The creditors acted magnanimously, and let him keep them.

A young man who has recently taken a wife says he did not find it half so hard to get married as he did to get the furniture.

"Are your eyes new ones?" was the unconscious compliment a little four-year-old girl paid to a lady, whose beautiful eyes shone like stars.

"Lunatic fringe" is the name given in New York to the fashion of cropping the hair and letting the ends hang down over the forehead.

WOMAN has many advantages over man; one of them is that his will has no operation till he is dead, whereas hers generally takes effect in her lifetime.

A gentleman named More proposed to a lady by letter, and she asked time to consider his proposition, closing her letter with the words, "No more at present."

The president of a cremation club in Iowa has named his last baby "Cinderella." His next boy he intends to name after the great lawyer Coke, and the next daughter Charlotte.

A young lady of more beauty than sense—more accomplished than learned—more charms of person than grace of mind—more admirers than friends—more fools than wise men for attendants—is a coquette.

A New York lady who lately returned from Europe was recently waited upon by a friend, who has also been abroad, and who preferred this request:—"Can you give me a marquis's card? I can give you two viscounts in exchange."

A ladies' debating club has been started in New York, "to give women practice in public speaking and debating." As a wise precaution, the promoters have decreed that meetings must not be held oftener than once in three weeks.

"JOHN," said a fond little wife, enthusiastically, pointing out to her husband a little shop in a fashionable street, "when you die, I'm going to take the life insurance money and buy that little place and set up as a milliner."

"Go away; you're too heavy to hold on my knee," said a cross young man to his sweetheart's little brother.—"Me too heavy?" exclaimed the child: "why I ain't near so heavy as Eliza, and you hold her on your knee easy enough!" Eliza also then told him to go away.

The following appeared in the London Guardian: A widow, a great invalid, wishes to place two of her daughters, aged 12 and 13 years, under the charge of a lady who would, when necessary, administer the birch rod, as they are extremely troublesome. Terms liberal. Address—

A fussy little wife, who habitually annoyed her husband by giving trifling and unnecessary orders to him when she was about to go visiting, was somewhat impressed by the same treatment from himself. He had just passed out of the house, and halting at the garden gate, he shouted, "Polly, come here!" Thinking he was about to communicate something of importance, she hastened out, and presently stood at his side. "Well, what is it?" she asked. With a grave face, he said, "Polly, should it rain while I am absent, you may—well, don't try to stop it. Let it rain!" He then hurried off, followed by her slipper.

OUR PICTURES.

We have a very large number of illustrations, and almost the totality of them are separately described. There remains only to call attention to the scenes of the late Salonica riots, at Salonica, near the Mosque Saatly-Ijami; the portrait of M. Moulin, the French Consul, murdered on that occasion, and a view of the interior of the study of the late German poet, Ferdinand Freiligrath.

THE LATE M. RICARD.

This statesman, whose sudden death we recorded two weeks ago, deserves a place in our portrait gallery. He was a consistent Moderate Republican throughout his life, and a very trustworthy and useful man. M. Ricard was forty-eight years of age. The new Minister of the Interior is his friend, M. de Marcere, who has been Under-Secretary of State. We subjoin the names of his predecessors since 1870, and the dates of their appointment:—Gambetta, Sept. 1870, and till February, 1871; Minister of War also; Emanuel Arago, Sept. 18, 1870, in Paris; Ernest Picard, Feb. 19, 1871; Lambrecht, July 5, 1871; Casimir-Périer, Oct. 11, 1871, and provisionally from May 19 to 24, 1873; Victor Lefranc, Feb. 6, 1872; De Goulard, Dec. 7, 1872; Beule, May 24, 1873; De Broglie, Nov. 26, 1873; De Fourtoul, May 22, 1874; General de Chabaud-Latour, July 20, 1874; Buffet, March 10, 1875; Richard, March 9, 1876. It will be seen that the longest holder of this Ministry was M. Buffet.

DOMESTIC.

FRIED EGGS.—Melt some butter in a frying-pan, and when it hisses, drop in the eggs carefully. Fry three minutes; dust with pepper and salt, and transfer to a hot dish.

CHEESE OMELETTE.—Grate some rich old cheese, and having mixed the omelette as usual, stir in the cheese with a swift turn or two of the whisk, and at the same time some chopped parsley and thyme. If you beat long the cheese will separate the milk from the eggs. Cook at once.

BREAKFAST BAKED OMELET.—One heaping teaspoonful of corn starch, one-fourth cup of milk, a lump of butter, a small onion chopped fine; boil all together until the corn starch gets thick—not lumpy—seven eggs, beat the yolks and whites separately—the whites to a stiff froth; put the corn starch in a dish with the yolks and a half a cup of milk, add a little salt and pepper, some chopped parsley, bustle the whites of the eggs. Bake fifteen or twenty minutes in a hot oven.

COMPOSITE OF RHUBARB.—Take and cut a pound of the stalks, after they are pared into short lengths, have ready a quarter of a pint of water boiled for ten minutes with six ounces of sugar; put your fruit in, and let it simmer from ten to fifteen minutes. This served with boiled rice is much more wholesome for children than puddings. If for sick people, to be eaten alone, the composite should be made with the very best lump-sugar; and the same for dessert. But common sugar for children's use will do.

WINDOW ORNAMENTATION.—Glass may be made extremely ornamental in several ways, a few of which are given as perhaps some of our readers may not have heard of them: First, cut out various figures from thin white muslin, Swiss tulle, or even tissue paper; stars, circles, rings, diamonds and squares of different sizes are among the best. Make some nice mullage of gum arabic and paste them on the panes, making narrow lines, connecting them with strips of the material. Arrange all in tasteful designs, and over this give a coat of clear demar varnish.

COLD BOILED HAM.—To use up the bits of cold boiled ham, reject most of the fat, and to a cupful, or even less, chopped very fine, add the yolks of eight eggs, a cupful of milk, with two table-spoonful of flour stirred smoothly in it, salt and pepper to taste, and the last thing the whites of the eggs beaten stiff. Drop in the frying-pan in half lard and half butter sufficient to fry. When cooked enough to turn, do so, being careful not to brown them too much. An onion may be chopped with the meat, if the flavor is liked; these proportions may be varied in many ways, using all small pieces of lean ham, boiled or broiled, and if eggs are scarce, less of them and more milk and flour.

SWEET OMELETTE.—Six eggs, four table-spoonful sugar (powdered), one teaspoonful of vanilla, two table-spoonful of butter. Beat the whites and yolks separately. Add the sugar to the yolks, a little at a time, beating very thoroughly, until they are smooth and thick. The whites should stand alone. Put two table-spoonful of butter in a frying-pan, heat to boiling, and when you have added the vanilla to the omelette, pour it in and cook very quickly as you would a plain one. Slip the knife frequently under it, to loosen from the sides and bottom. It is more apt to scorch than an omelette without sugar. Turn out upon a very hot dish, sift powdered sugar over the top and serve instantly, or it will pull and become heavy.

OMELETTE (PLAIN).—Beat six eggs very light, the whites to a stiff froth that will stand alone, the yolks to a smooth thick batter. Add to the yolks a small cupful of milk, pepper and salt; lastly stir in the whites lightly. Have ready in a hot frying-pan a good lump of butter. When it hisses, pour in your mixture gently and set over a clear fire. It should cook in ten minutes at most. Do not stir, but contrive, as the eggs "set," to slip a broad-bladed knife under the omelette to guard against burning at the bottom. The instant "his" of the butter as it flows to the hottest part of the pan will prove the wisdom and efficacy of the precaution. If your oven is hot, you may put the frying-pan in it as soon as the middle of the omelette is set. When done, lay a hot dish bottom upward on the top of the pan, and dexterously upset the latter to bring the browned side of the omelette uppermost. Eat soon, or it will fall.

PERSONAL.

QUEBEC is to give Lord Dufferin a dinner on the 22nd of June.

THE Emperor of Brazil visited Niagara, Toronto and Montreal last week.

THE Governor-General is expected to go to Philadelphia about the close of this month.

THE Bishop of Algoma has appointed nine Lay Readers in the Muskoka and Parry Sound districts.

Mr. Colin Scatcherd was elected M. P. for North Middlesex, by a majority of 182 over Mr. Levi, the Conservative candidate.

Charles Blanc, brother of Louis Blanc, and Professor Gaston Boissier, have been elected members of the French Academy.

Hon. R. W. Scott will perform the duties of Minister of Militia as well as those of Secretary of State during the absence of the Hon. Mr. Vail.

Hon. E. Blake has signified his intention of donating \$20 a year for scholarships during his term of office as Chancellor of Toronto University, to which position he was recently elected.

MR. KIRK, of Westminster, London, has just received from Scotland and planted over 5,000 evergreens for shelter. Mr. Kirk is determined to test Scottish trees on our Canadian soil.

IN recognition of the generous contributions of A. T. Stewart to the relief of Paris after the siege, it is proposed to call one of the newly opened streets in the upper part of the city by his name.

THE Court of Paris went to England last week to bring to France the remains of Louis Philippe and Queen Amelia, the Duchess of Orleans, the Duchess of Anjou, and the Prince of Condé. The remains were landed at Honfleur on Thursday, and taken to Dreux on Friday, where they were reinterred in the chapel built by Louis Philippe for the burial of his family. The transfer of the bodies and their re-interment was strictly private.

ARTISTIC.

MILLAIS, the English artist, is building a house, to cost \$150,000.

MR. MILLAIS has completed a striking study of the head of a "Be. Center" of the Tower.

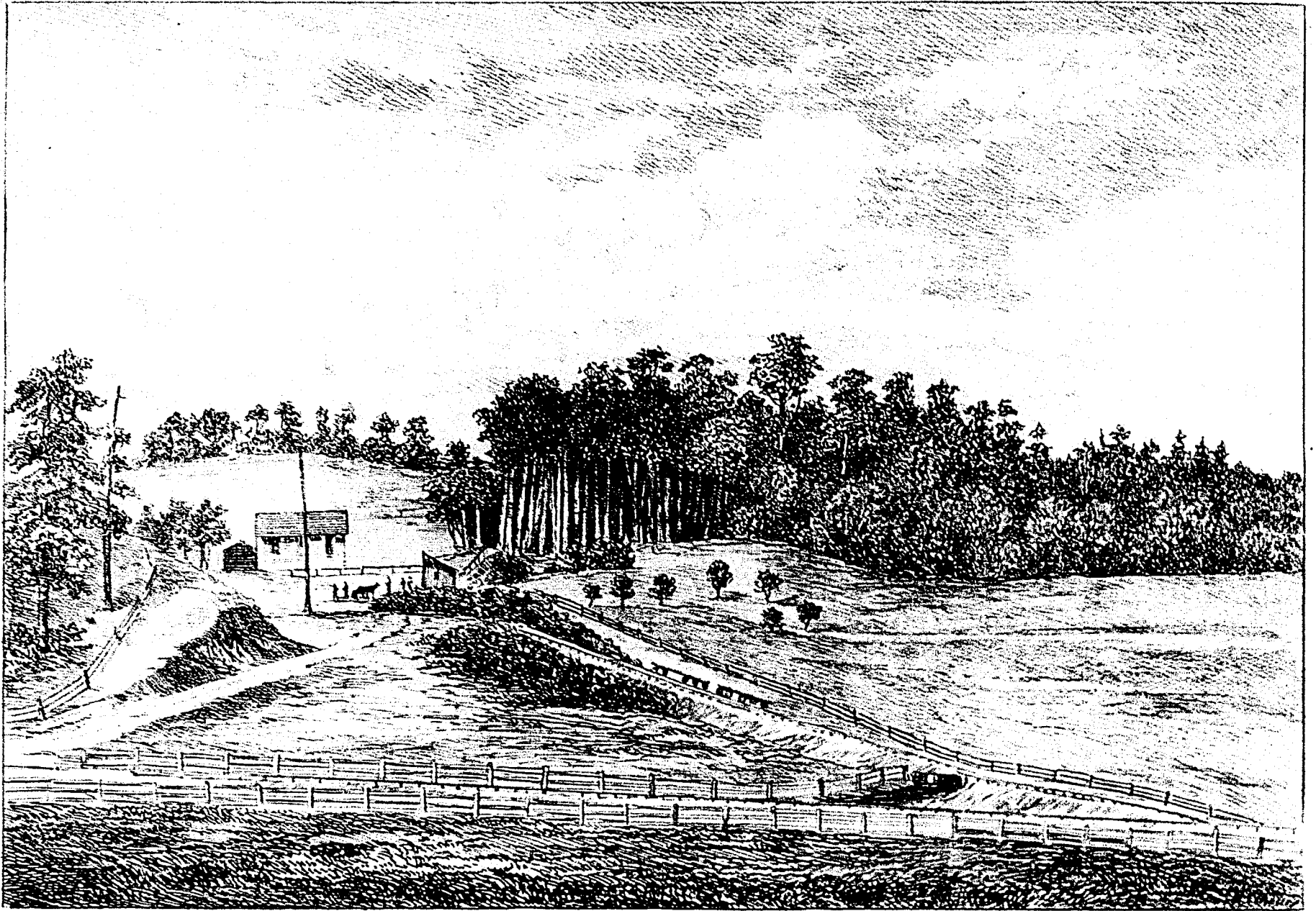
No clue has been obtained regarding the robbery of the Gainsborough portrait. Messrs. Agnew have offered a reward of £1,000 for its recovery.

A CURIOUS paper has been sold at the Hôtel Drouet, viz. the patent by which Louis XVI. accorded to the painter Jean Baptiste Greuze a life pension of 437 francs 10 sous.

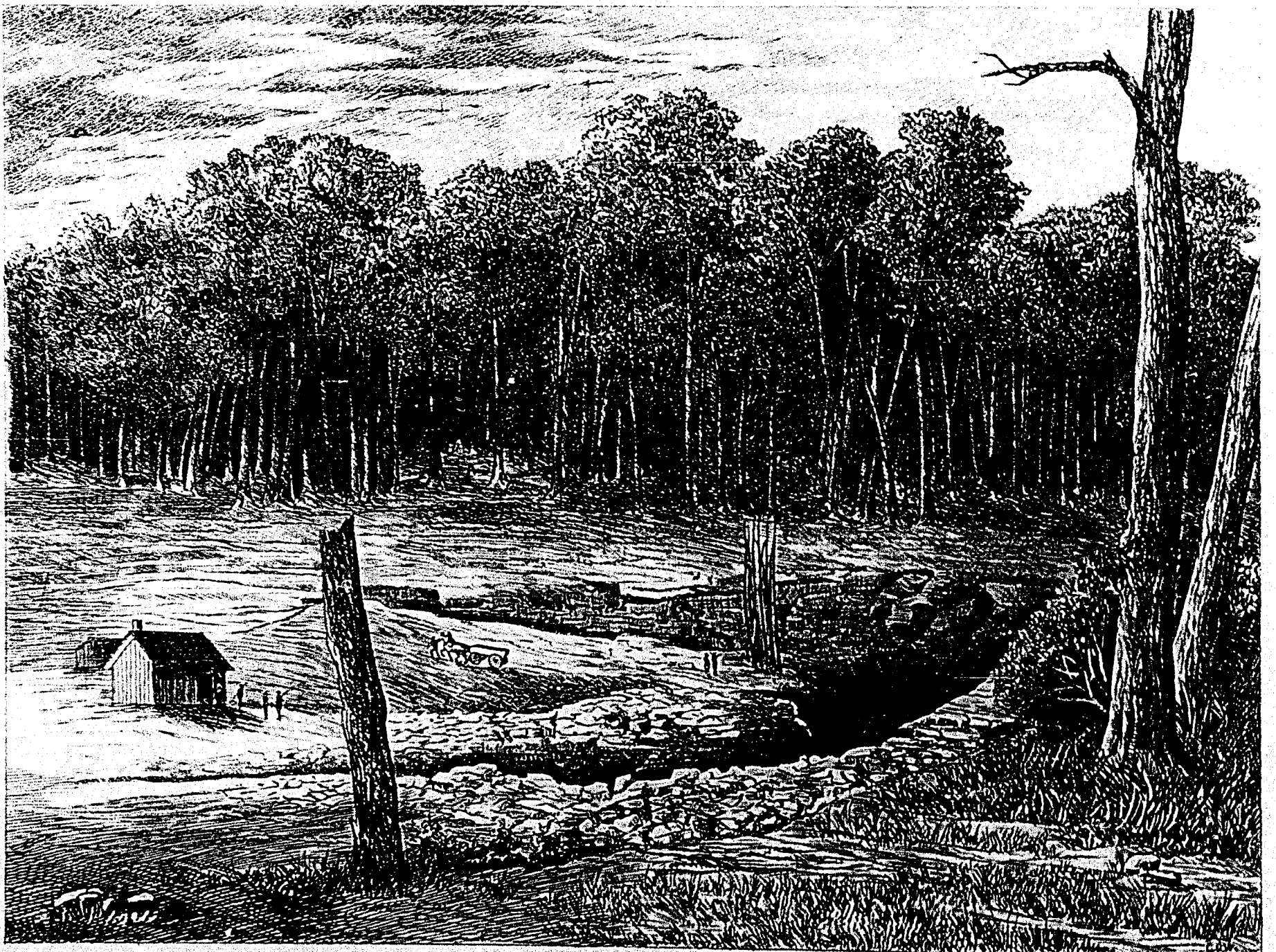
M. MERCIÉ, the celebrated sculptor of "Gloria Victis," has just received a commission for a bas-relief to fill in the facade of the Tuilleries formerly occupied by the bas-relief by Barye, representing Napoleon III. on horseback.



SKETCHES ON THE KINGSTON AND PEMBROKE RAILWAY.—BY ARTHUR W. MOORE.



THE GLENDOWER JUNCTION AND WEIGH-HOUSE, SHEWING PRIMITIVE METHODIST CHURCH AND ROAD TO MINES.

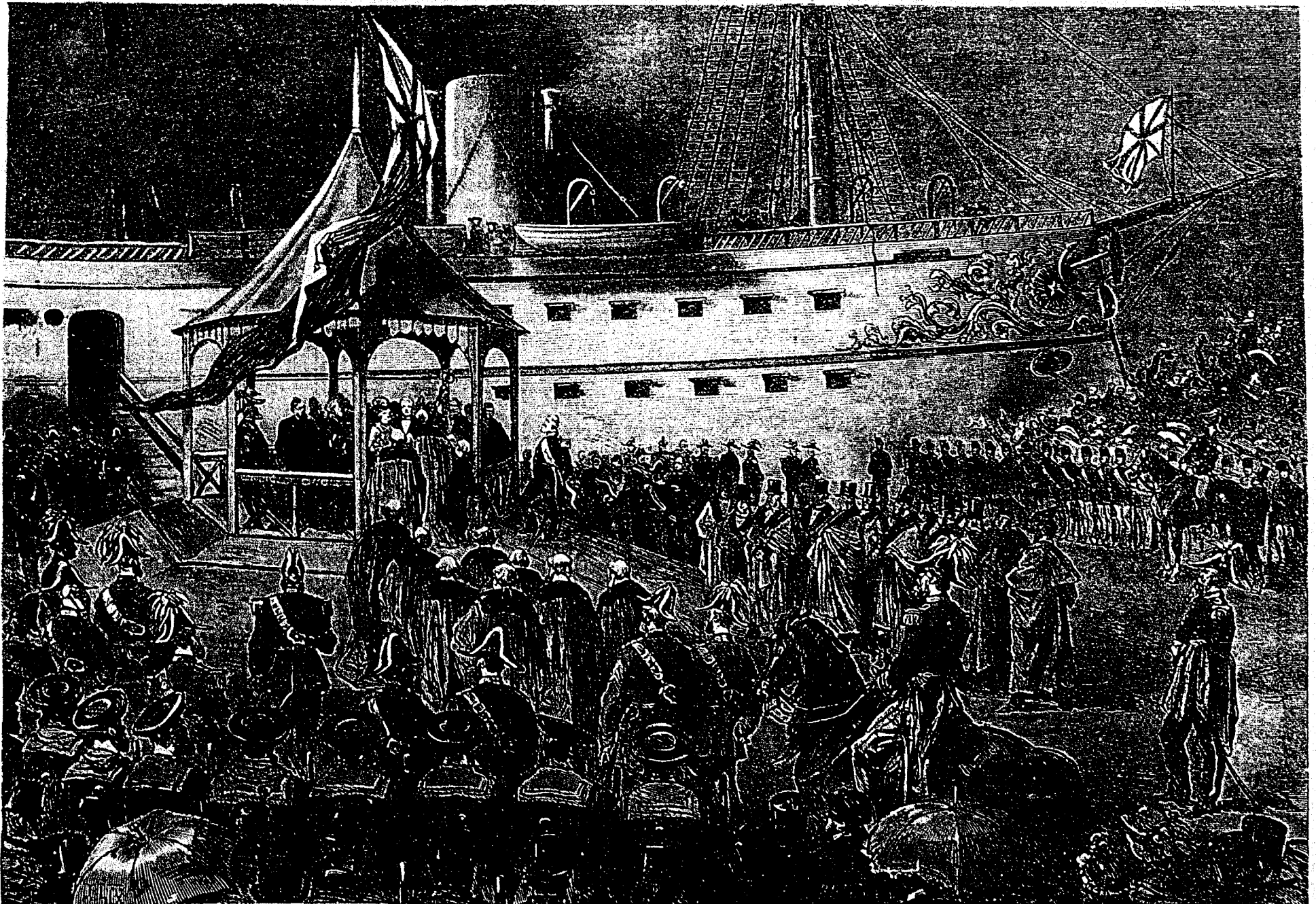


THE HOWSE MINE.





FREILIGRATH IN HIS STUDY.



ENGLAND:—LANDING OF THE PRINCE OF WALES AT PORTSMOUTH.



(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

TROUBLES ARE BLESSINGS IN DISGUISE.

"TOU GAR KAI UIOI ESMEN."

I.

All men are the Sons of High God by creation, However defiled and degraded and base, The Baptismal (dew drops of salvation) Hath made YOU His son by adoption and grace.

II.

Since God is our Father;—then nothing can harm us, And each seeming trouble's a blessing disguised, In jeopardy's hour this assurance should calm us, This truth be with certainty trusted and prized.

III.

We are God's little children; He graciously chooses, Our each little wish, in a prayer, to know; But, in mercy to us, each petition refuses, (Though its spirit he grants,) that would issue in woe.

IV.

Each pall of black cloud has a silvery lining, What we ask as a blessing might turn out a bane, Above the dark storm, the bright sun is still shining, The flowers blossom loveliest after the rain.

V.

If God be our Father, each man is our brother, Let us cheerily greet him in brotherly mood; Mete out kindly words and kind deeds to each other, Aid be actively;—NONE CAN BE PASSIVELY GOOD.

F. C. E.

B. C. Lennoxville.

EPHEMERIDES.

We are, of course, all fond of literary curiosities. Here is an epitaph in the close of St. James' Cathedral, Toronto, on the tombs of two children—a boy of two years, eight months and ten days, and his sister, aged eleven months. Nothing more elaborate could well be conceived, and the Latin is of the best lapidary style.

D. O. M.

Siste Viator; leviter preme: Sub hoc cippo suaviter in Domino obdormit Spe certa resurgendi in Christo

ISAAC NEWTON SUCH.

Fuit (O vox lugenda) fuit! Inter pueros flos et decus Inter amicos spes et desiderium Vita innocens, beatus morte Filius Jacobi et Georgiæ sue, Rookery Hall, St. Mary Cray, Kent In Anglia, nuper commorantium.

Ætatem illi (obitu) brevis Natura concessit Vixit duntaxat annos duos menses octo dies decem Omnibus sibi notis amicus vixit, obitū defunctus Heu fatum præcocis ingenii Vanitas vanitatum

Mortalitati valedixit non vitæ Animam candidissimam ad altiora aspirantem picipite effavit Dysenterii confectus ad ætra rediit Pertriste sui desiderium relinquens Anno scilicet Xii MDCCXXII Septembris nonario die

(Die semper memorabili) Sepulchrale hoc saxum amoris monumentum non sine lacrymis Ex voto D.D. Metastasius patris

Oleto phen phen penthos eon oleto Una cum fratre servatur Diuque servetur invisibilis

MARY REMINGTON SUCH.

Puellula rarissimæ formæ Cui accessit Verecunda rostrum purpura Castusque liliorum Candor. Sed, ut humane breves sunt deliciae, Exaruit statim et evanuit Snuvissimum sui reliquens Odorem et desiderium

Dum æterno vere donetur et efflorescat Abiit e vita, ad vitam evolavit XVII die Septembris, A. D. MDCCXXXII Mensem statim ægros undevicesimum.

Mr. T. D. King, the well-known Shakespearean scholar and critic, has a long letter in the papers on the word "rendition" used in theatrical parlance. Now that we have got him on the philological tack, let us keep him there. There are words in the musical and theatrical phrase-book which puzzle one and which most of us would give worlds to get rid of, if we could. For instance, those perpetually recurrent terms amateur, applied to the stage, and connoisseur applied to painting—and which assume a ten-fold horror when pronounced, as they religiously are—amature and connoisurre. Now that man will be a benefactor of his race who will replace these hateful words by two English equivalents. I have tried it for years in vain. Others may be more successful. Debut has been happily replaced by "first appearance," rentrée, by re-appearance, "encore" by "recall," and beneficiaire has been boldly turned into "beneficiary."

Gérome's great picture of the Gladiator was reproduced some time ago in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. It is called by the artist Pollice Verso. The vestal virgins in the tribunes have their thumbs turned down, and that is interpreted by the artist that the victim of the arena must not be spared, but despatched. Now in a sudden fit of classical zeal a member of the Union League of New York turns up and bets a hat all around that Pollice Verso, or Thumbs Down meant mercy and not death. The Latinists of Harvard come to his rescue and asse t the same thing. Encyclopaedias are consulted and they too lean that way. Now, the controversy seems easily settled. There were two kinds of signs in the amphitheatre—the Pollex Comprensus and the Pollex Inversus. If you take your big and infallible Freund, or his American abbeviator, Adrawa, you will find, under pre-mere that to press the thumb down upon the forefinger, or to press the thumb of one hand in the palm of the other was a sign of approbation, or mercy. You will find under vertere that to turn the open thumb down was a sign of disap-

probation. Furthermore, Pliny says explicitly: Pollice minimum compresso favor. Pollice inverso condemnatio indicabatur olim. Gérome is a conscientious student and we may be certain that he knew of all this and more when he named his picture.

I have been favored with a view of a letter from the esteemed correspondent A. B., in which he says:—

GRAND NEPEIANA EXHIBITION.—That is the name given by a morning daily to the late baby show. When a leading newspaper helps to put a new word in circulation we may fairly expect it to see that the new word, like a new coin, has the true ring. Probably nepian was the word intended to be used; though neptyian would be the more appropriate to such an exhibition. In this city where there are so many classical professors, it would be easy to get a certificate of birth of the little strangers before they are sent out into the world. It is a shame to have them laughed at for want of proper attire.

A. STEELE PENN.

OPENING OF THE MILITARY COLLEGE, KINGSTON.

We this week present to our readers a view of the New Military College, Kingston, which was opened without any formal ceremony on the 1st of June, when the cadets, to the number of eighteen, having previously received orders from the Commandant to report themselves to the Captain of cadets between the hours of 10 and 12 on that day arrived, several of them being accompanied by their parents. A regimental number, by which the cadets will be known during their term of service was then assigned to each and a copy of the regulations and standing orders for the college distributed to them. Each cadet also had a room allotted to him.

At 12:30 they paraded for the first time to the sound of the bugle and their appearance out of uniform augured well for their future when they will appear in martial array. At 1 p. m. they were marched to the mess room where they dined together. The parents of the cadets and the officers of the college also dined together. In the afternoon the cadets were measured by a military tailor for their uniform. This will consist of a handsome scarlet cloth tunic with blue cloth collar and cuffs trimmed with gold lace; blue cloth trousers with scarlet stripe and shako with white horse hair drooping plume. Each cadet has a separate room which is furnished with a bed, wash stand, looking glass, writing table, lamp, bureau, shelf and pegs for his knapsack and accoutrements and a stand for his rifle. The study room will be furnished with large writing table and desk combined, one for each cadet, which will be retained by him during his term of service. The course of instruction will occupy four years. The curriculum of study, will, when the development of the staff and institution allows of it, be very comprehensive, embracing, primarily, all the military sciences and the drills and exercises of all branches of the military service together with gymnastics, swimming and riding. The natural sciences, drawing, civil engineering and a high course of mathematics will be taught. Instruction will also be given in the French and German languages. The staff at present consists of Lieut. Col. E. O. Hewitt Royal Engineer, Commandant; Capt. J. B. Ridout, 9th Light Infantry; Capt. E. Kensington, Royal Artillery; The Rev. Professor Ferguson B. A. The non-commissioned staff comprises a sergeant-major, a quarter-master sergeant, a corporal and a bugler. There are also four servants, dressed in a suitable plain grey lively with red collar and cap band, whose duty will be to keep the extensive premises in order and to attend to the necessary requirements of the cadets. The college is excellently situated upon a well fortified piece of land almost surrounded by water and within easy distance of the city of Kingston, also in close proximity to Fort Henry. Indeed no better spot could have been selected for a college of this description. The youth of Canada have now an opportunity, should their circumstances and inclinations permit, of obtaining in their own native military college an education which will place them upon an intellectual and practical military and civil footing second to none in the world, as every arrangement will be made to render the college as complete and efficient in every respect as those of Europe and our neighboring Republic. The internal arrangements of the college are marked by an elegance that is compatible with durability, and in keeping with the dignity of its occupants, and the honorable ambition in life which it is hoped will inspire them, while at the same time the laws of hygiene have been carefully considered. One part of the upper story is devoted to hospital purposes. The culinary department has been most admirably arranged and the mess of the cadets is excellent. The reading and recreation rooms and library are large and lofty apartments and will contain respectively all that is desirable for the use of the cadets. Boat houses will be erected and a boat, cricket and base ball clubs organized at once. Several very important additions which have been recommended by Col. Hewitt will at once be commenced upon, which when completed will render the institution perhaps the most perfect in point of arrangements of any one on the American continent. The only cost to the cadets at the admirable institution will be to pay for their uniform and text books, every other cost being defrayed by Government. Two examinations for entrance will probably be held annually at each of which

there will be about 30 cadetships given. The next examination will be toward the autumn of the present year.

LANDING OF THE PRINCE OF WALES AT PORTSMOUTH.

Our sketch represents the Prince touching British soil after his return from India. It was twenty minutes to four o'clock on the 11th ult., when in a blaze of bright sunshine the band of the Serapis struck up the National Anthem, the guards of honour presented arms, the Duke of Wellington fired a royal salute, and the Prince of Wales leading the Princess, with their children about them, led the way down the gangway from the Serapis to the jetty. Welcomed by tremendous cheering the royal group reached the dais and stood in front of the chairs facing the civic deputation. The Prince, who wore plain morning dress with a flower in his button-hole, looked in excellent health, although perceptibly thinner than before he left the plains of India for the Terai. The Princess was dressed in costume of drab Cashmere braided with gold. The Dukes of Edinburgh, Connaught, and Cambridge were close behind the Prince and Princess, and the rest of the dais was occupied by the suite. When the cheering abated the municipal deputation of Portsmouth, headed by the Mayor, advanced to the dais, and the Town Clerk read an address. After the reply of the Prince, he received the casket containing the address, shook hands with the Mayor and other other members of the deputation, and the Mayor's daughter had the honor of being presented to the Princess and of handing to her a bouquet. The ode of welcome was sung with fine effect, Sir Julius Benedict, the composer of the music to which the words were set, acting as conductor. Immediately afterwards the royal party drove in carriages to the station on their way to the metropolis.

IN THE PILLORY.

In Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, the authorities have had recourse to the long disused punishment of the pillory under a very old statute of the Island. The frame work was erected in Pownal Square. The criminal was dressed in a prison garb of black and light grey homespun. He remained fastened in his position for an hour in the middle of the day, and did not appear to feel either much pained or ashamed at his situation. Several of the constables of the Supreme Court kept guard around the platform and no attempt was made to annoy the culprit by any of the large number of people assembled to look at him. There did not seem to be much edification either for the actor or the observers in the strange spectacle. The date of occurrence was the 25th of May.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS

H. A. C. F., Montreal.—Solutions of Problems No. 72 and No. 73 received. Correct. H. L. Y., Mount Forest, Ont.—Solutions of Problems No. 73 and No. 74, received; also, Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 71. All correct. Your Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 72, in two moves, shall be examined. Sigma, Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 73, received. Correct. Some weeks ago, we expressed a hope that Mr. Bird, one of the great Chess players of England, who has been lately visiting the United States, might be led to make a trip to Canada, before leaving the Continent.

We are happy to say that this hope is likely to be realized. Thos. Workman, Esq., one of our prominent citizens, and a member of the Montreal Chess Club, has been using his influence to induce Mr. Bird to make a short stay in Montreal, and there is no doubt of his being able to succeed in his endeavor. Mr. Bird, in a letter which we have seen, expresses a desire to play a few games with Canadian Chessplayers, before his return to Europe, and, if possible, to arrange for a Telegraphic match between Montreal and New York, during his sojourn in our city.

The visit of Mr. Bird to Canada is calculated to be of much service to the cause of Chess. In the first place, it will enable some of our best players to measure their strength against a most formidable opponent, and in this way, acquire a more accurate estimate of their skill in the game than when contending with adversaries whom they are in the habit of meeting almost daily. In Chess, as in many other things, it is well that we should see ourselves as others see us, especially when those who scan us are able, from their recognized ability, to form a correct judgment. In the second place, the arrival of so excellent a player in our midst is calculated to excite a livelier interest in the noble game than now exists in the Dominion; for, although there has been some improvement lately in this respect, Chess is not so favourite a pastime with us, as it is in the United States, or in England, not to speak of Germany and France, in both of which countries Chess has been a favourite study among all classes of society for many years past. Mr. Bird is well-known as the compiler of a work called "Chess Masterpieces," which we recommended to the notice of Chessplayers, some time ago. By his skill in the game he has won himself a European reputation, and his name is mentioned in Chess circles in connection with those of Steinitz, Blackburne, Wislizer, Andersen, Rosenthal, &c.

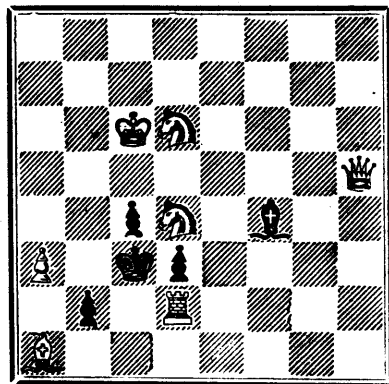
We must not forget to say that the thanks of all Canadian Chessplayers are due to Thos. Workman, Esq., for his action in this matter. An excellent player himself, he is desirous of doing all in his power for the advancement of this scientific game in the Dominion, and in this instance he is certainly making a move in the right direction. Mr. Bird will visit the Montreal Chess Club during his stay in the city, an invitation having been sent to him through the Secretary.

We shall not fail to insert in our column all Chess matter of interest which we may find available during the stay of Mr. Bird in Montreal.

Feeling anxious to give publicity to the above as soon as possible, we are obliged again to postpone the particulars of the International Tournament at Philadelphia, owing to the want of space

PROBLEM No. 76.

By W. ATKINSON, Montreal. BLACK



WHITE White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 105TH.

Played recently between Dr. Barnett and Capt. Mackenzie in the great Tournament at the Café-International, at New York.

- WHITE.—(Dr. Barnett.) 1. P to K 4 2. Kt to K B 3 3. B to Q Kt 5 4. B to R 4 5. P to Q 4 6. P to K 5 7. Castles 8. Kt takes P 9. B takes Kt 10. P to K B 4 11. P to Q B 3 (a) 12. B to K 3 13. Q Kt to Q 2 14. Kt to B 3 15. Q to R 4 (ch) (b) 16. Q to K 4 17. Q takes Q 18. K R to K sq 19. Kt to Kt 3 20. Kt to Q 4 21. Kt to K 2 22. Kt to Kt 3 (c) 23. B to B 2 24. B to K 3 25. P to K R 4 26. K to B 2 27. Kt to B sq 28. Kt to Kt 3 29. Kt takes B 30. P to K Kt 3 31. R to K 2 32. P to Q R 3 33. Q R to K sq 34. Q R to Q B sq 35. P takes P 36. Q R to B 2 37. Kt to Q 2 38. K to B 3 39. R to K sq 40. Kt to Kt sq 41. P takes P 42. K R to K 2 43. R to Q B sq 44. R to Q 2 45. B takes R 46. R to K sq 47. P to B 4 (ch) (f) 48. Kt to Q 2 49. Kt takes K 50. Kt takes K 51. K to K 4 52. K takes P 53. B to Kt sq 54. K to K 4 55. K to B 3 56. K to K 2 57. K to Q 3 58. B to R 2 59. K to K 4 60. B to Kt sq 61. B to B 2 62. B to Kt 3 63. B to R 2 64. P to R 4 65. K to K 3 66. B to Kt 3 67. B to R 2
- BLACK.—(Capt. Mackenzie.) P to K 4 Kt to Q B 3 P to Q R 3 Kt to K E 3 P takes P Kt to K 5 B to K 2 Kt to Q B 4 Q P takes B Kt to K 3 P to K Kt 3 Kt to Kt 2 P to B 4 Q to Q 6 B to Q 2 B to K B 4 B takes Q Castles (Q R) P to B 5 P to Q B 4 Kt to B 4 Kt to Kt 2 (d) P to K R 4 R to Q 2 K R to Q sq Kt to Kt 2 B to B 4 Kt takes Kt R to Q 6 P to Q Kt 4 Kt to Kt 2 P to Q Kt 5 P takes R P K to B 3 R to Q Kt sq Kt to Q 4 R to Kt 4 R to R 4 P to B 3 (e) B takes P R to Kt 4 R to Kt 2 P to K 2 P takes R R to Q Kt 2 Kt to B 3 B to B 6 R takes R B to K 8 (g) B takes P B takes R P B to Kt 6 Kt to Q 3 (ch) B to K 8 B to R 4 P to R 5 Kt to B 4 Kt to Q 3 P to R 6 Kt to K 3 B to K 8 B to Kt 5 Kt to B 4 Kt to Kt 5 B to B 6

NOTES.

- (a) B to K 3 is preferable, because after Black's next move White could then place his Q Kt on the square now occupied by the Pawn.
- (b) White was too eager to exchange Queens' 15. Q to K sq seems to be a better continuation.
- (c) At the nineteenth move White could have brought his Kt to this square in two moves. At that point, however, his best course was to play 20. P to Q Kt 3, and if Black replies with P to Q Kt 4, continue with 2. P to Q R 4, &c.
- (d) The Captain's cavalry appears to have been affected by the caprioles of the adverse Horse, and must needs show its paces also.
- (e) Black has now got a settled plan, and pursues it vigorously: His last dozen moves, including the march of the King, have been exceedingly well timed.
- (f) Ingenious enough. If Black takes the Pawn with King, R checks and gains one in exchange.
- (g) We think that from this point Black has a winning advantage, but the end game is a difficult one, and will amply repay examination.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 74.

- WHITE. 1. Q to K Kt 8 2. Kt mates at K 4
- BLACK. 1. B takes Q, or B to K 5 if 1. Kt takes Kt, or Kt to Q B 2
- 2. Q mates at Q 5 if 1. Any other move.

Solution of Problem for Young Player, No. 72.

- WHITE. 1. R to K R 6 2. P to K R 4 3. Kt mates
- BLACK. 1. K takes R (best) 2. P moves.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS No. 74.

- WHITE. K at K sq B at Q Kt 2 Kt at K B 6 Pawns at K Kt 4 B 3, K 2 and Q R 2
  - BLACK. K at K 6 Pawns at K Kt 4 K B 5, K 3, Q 3 and Q R 6
- White to play and mate in three moves.

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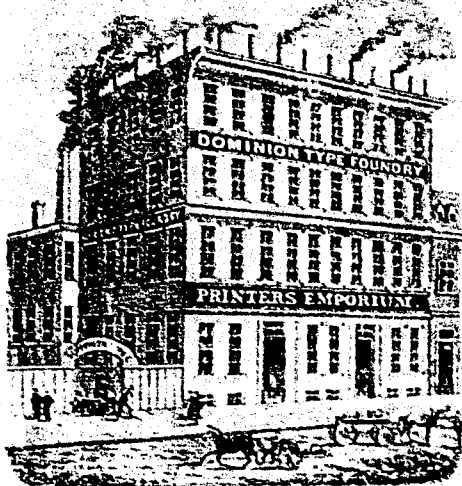
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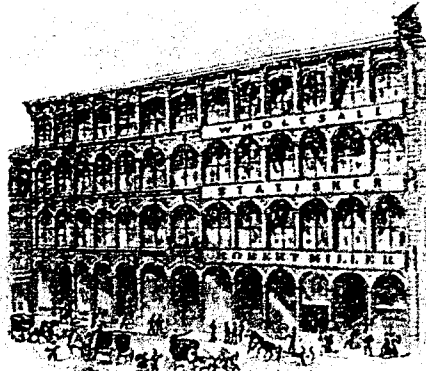
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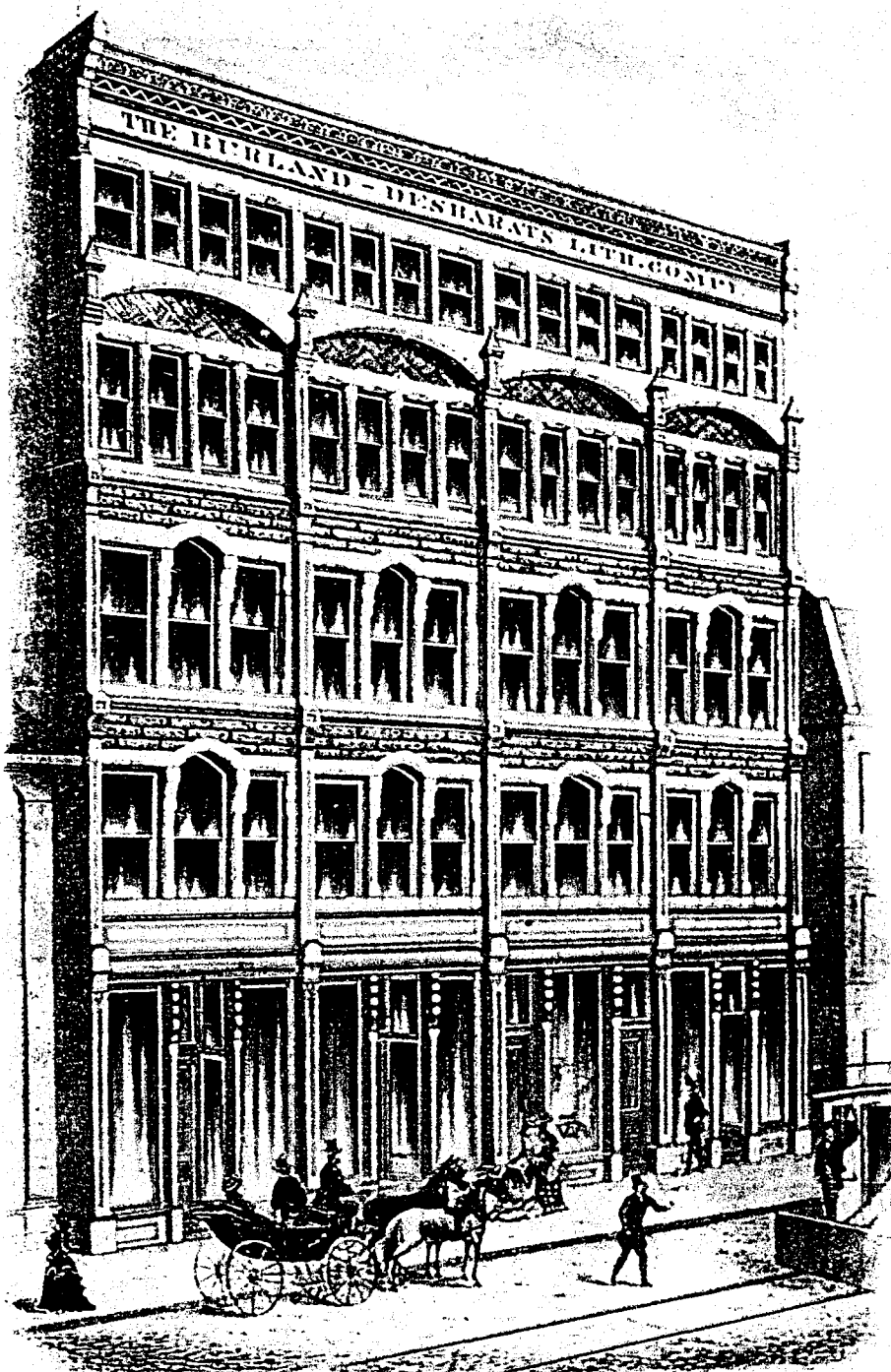
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