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# Illustrated News

Vol. XX.—No. 7.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1879.

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TORONTO.—GOVERNOR SIMCOE'S LOG CABIN ON THE DON.

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

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**PROSPECTUS OF VOL. XX.**

We have the pleasure to announce to all our friends and patrons that this is the XXth Volume of

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, and in it we introduce a number of improvements tending to make it still more worthy of public encouragement. We have engaged the services of a talented Superintendent of the Art Department, competent to infuse new energy and excellence in our illustrations; and to show what we intend to accomplish in the Literary Department, we have only to publish the names of the following Canadian writers of note who have kindly consented to be occasional contributors to our columns:

- J. G. BOURINOT, Esq., Ottawa.
- REV. A. J. BRAY, Montreal.
- DR. CAMPBELL, London, Ont.
- S. E. DAWSON, Esq., Montreal.
- F. M. DEROME, Esq., Rimouski.
- F. L. DIXON, Esq., Ottawa.
- N. F. DAVIN, Esq., Toronto.
- GEORGE M. DAWSON, Esq., Montreal.
- BARRY DANE, Montreal.
- MARTIN J. GRIFFIN, Esq., Ottawa.
- JAMES HARPER, Esq., Montreal.
- J. GEORGE HODGINS, LL.D., Toronto.
- W. D. LESUEUR, Esq., Ottawa.
- J. M. LEMOINE, Esq., Quebec.
- CHAS. LINDSEY, Esq., Toronto.
- MRS. LEPROHON, Montreal.
- H. H. MILES, LL.D., Quebec.
- HENRY J. MORGAN, Esq., Ottawa.
- HON. E. G. PENNY, Senator, Montreal.
- REV. JAMES ROY, M.A., Montreal.
- JOHN READE, M.A., Montreal.
- Mrs. ALEXANDER ROSS, Montreal.
- LINDSAY RUSSELL, Esq., Ottawa.
- GEORGE STEWART, Jr., Esq., Quebec.
- F. C. SUMCHRAST, Esq., Halifax.
- FENNINGS TAYLOR, Esq., Ottawa.
- THOMAS WHITE, Esq., M.P.
- REV. S. W. YOUNG, M.A., Toronto.
- COUNT DE PREMIO REA, L, Spanish Consul at Quebec.

In addition to these attractions we beg to call attention to the following special features of the NEWS:

- I. It is the only illustrated paper in the Dominion; the only purely literary weekly, and in every respect a family paper.
- II. It contains the only Canadian Portrait Gallery in existence, numbering already over 300, and containing the picture and biography of all the leading men of the Dominion in every department of life. This collection is invaluable for reference, can be found nowhere else, and ours is the only paper that can publish it.
- III. It gives views and sketches of all important events at home and abroad, as they transpire every week.
- IV. It has been publishing, and will continue to publish, illustrations of the principal towns, manufactures and industries of the country, which, when collected in a volume, will constitute the most complete pictorial gazetteer ever printed.
- V. Its original and selected matter is varied, spicy, and of that literary quality which is calculated to improve the public taste.
- VI. It studiously eschews all partisanship in politics, and all sectarianism in religion.

The expenditure of an illustrated journal is double that of any ordinary paper, and to meet that we earnestly request the support of all those who believe that Canada should possess such a periodical as ours. The more we are encouraged the better will be our paper, and we promise to spare no effort to make it worthy of universal acceptance. A great step will be made if, with the new volume, all our friends help us to the extent of procuring for us an additional subscriber each.

**OUR NEW STORY.**

In this number we continue the publication of our original serial story, entitled:—

**MY CREOLES:**

A MEMOIR OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY, BY JOHN LESPERANCE.

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

This story will run through several months, and we bespeak for it the favour which was accorded to "The Bastonnais," originally published in these columns two years ago. The subject is new and interesting. The book will deal, *inter alia*, with the mysteries of Voudouism, and touch delicately upon several of those social questions which have so thoroughly agitated the North and South since the war. Begin your subscriptions with the opening of this story.

**NOTICES.**

To prevent all confusion in the delivery of papers, our readers and subscribers are requested to give notice at this office, by post-card or otherwise, of their change of residence, giving the new number along with the old number of their houses.

Subscribers removing to the country or the sea-side during the summer months, are respectfully requested to send their new addresses to our offices, 5 and 7 Bleury Street, and the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS will be duly sent to them.

**TEMPERATURE,**

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

THE WEEK ENDING			Corresponding week, 1878				
Aug. 10th, 1879.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Aug. 10th, 1878.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.	85°	73°	79°	Mon.	76°	67°	71°
Tues.	82°	68°	75°	Tues.	76°	67°	71°
Wed.	81°	61°	71°	Wed.	77°	64°	70°
Thur.	78°	61°	70°	Thur.	74°	67°	70°
Frid.	75°	53°	64°	Frid.	80°	69°	74°
Sat.	72°	52°	62°	Sat.	85°	70°	77°
Sun.	73°	68°	71°	Sun.	84°	67°	75°

**CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.**

Montreal, Saturday, August 16, 1879.

**NOT THE INTENTION.**

Many thoughtful people in the Province of Quebec, who take no interest in politics, feel a sense of relief at the announcement made by Mr. Joly that it is not the intention of his Government to proceed with the lease of the North Shore Railway to a Syndicate or Joint Stock Company. This sort of transaction, with respect to a railway, would be precisely the same thing as leasing a farm in this country. The proprietor might expect to have it returned on his hands at the expiration of the lease very much in the condition of a squeezed orange. Whatever stipulations might be made to prevent such result, they would be sure to be evaded or got over in one way or another. A company of persons holding a lease would not be, by any means, the same kind of thing as a company who had expended their own money to construct the work. They would only give their time and attention, and make a show of money which they never would have any intention to spend, for the sole and simple purpose of screwing out of the unfortunate railway the last possible cent. These are the plain and undoubted principles underlying a Syndicate of the kind we have heard spoken of, however respectable its individual members might be. There is also the less need for making the lease in question in view of a statement made the other day at Aylmer by the General Manager of the Western Division, Mr. Scott, to the effect that this Division, even with its present connections, paid 3 per cent. on the capital, besides the cost of its working expenses. But, even if it did not, it would be veridant to suppose that the Syndicate would make up any deficiency from their subscribed capital. They would give nothing, but take everything they could. There is a prevalent belief that a Government cannot manage a pub-

lic work as well as a Joint Stock Company. It is true that a Government is open to weaknesses from political appointments; but then, Joint Stock Companies have their weak sides. And it is a plain fact that those railways on the continent of Europe which have been built by Governments, and are run by Governments, are both better constructed and cheaper by one-half, while they give the public better accommodation at a cheaper rate of fare than the railways held by the vaunted Joint Stock Companies of England. There is no reason why the same state of things should not prevail in Canada. And, in fact, we already see that this very Government North Shore Railway, which is under the management of Mr. Scott, is well conducted, and the public have no fault to find. They are reasonably well served, both as regards cheapness and the attention paid to their wants; and there is no good reason why such a condition of things should not continue. Take again the Postal Telegraph system in England. There was a great outcry at first that the Government could not manage the telegraphs as well as the Joint Stock Companies. It is true that for the first two years there was a moderate loss on the operations, but this arose from the Government extending the wires to remote places, to which Joint Stock corporations, in their greed to make money, would never have gone; but the result now is that the telegraph system in England is thoroughly well managed; that the public are better accommodated than ever before; and, lastly, that it *pays*. Hereby another blow is given to the popular English delusion of the superiority of Joint Stock to Government management of an enterprise of this nature.

**UNDUE EFFORTS.**

Mr. LANGEVIN made a curious statement in his speech at Three Rivers, to the effect that almost at the moment of his departure from England, a copy of the Manchester *Examiner and Times*, of July 3rd, was put into his hands containing a letter headed "Canadian Politics—Free Trade Reaction," with these introductory words:—"The following letter will be read with interest. It comes from a leading member of the Opposition in the Dominion Parliament." Mr. LANGEVIN further said there was also a leading article of two columns, alluding to the letter, containing this statement: "The communication which we publish in another column, and which would possess a much enhanced importance if we could publish the name of the writer, informs us that the colonists are already beginning to discover that Protection is only a delusion and a snare, which has only increased the distress from which it had promised to relieve them." Mr. LANGEVIN went behind this veil and plainly stated that the name of the "prominent member of the Opposition" was that of no less a person than Mr. MACKENZIE, the late Premier. This was certainly going very far for a Minister of the Crown; and we, therefore, suppose that he had reasons to justify him. He did trace resemblances between the letter and a speech delivered by Mr. MACKENZIE during the late session of Parliament, and he denounced in very severe terms Mr. MACKENZIE as having endeavoured to destroy the credit of Canada in England, and ruin, if possible, its prospects of borrowing through the endorsement of the Imperial Government. If Mr. MACKENZIE were the author of such a letter, it would be carrying party feeling pretty far. There certainly is no evidence that the country has repented its decision of September last as respects the National Policy. We have already shown that the Ontario elections did not afford any such test; and with regard to the by-elections won by the Liberals in the Province of Quebec, there is reason to believe that the great bulk of that party in this Province is itself Protectionist, although it is true that under the five years of Mr. MACKENZIE'S rule it was held under the Free Trade

flag by his iron will. But there is now no use of any recrimination of this kind. The country has decided, and the Parliament has enacted, by a very large majority, a law establishing a protective policy. It is, therefore, the duty of every one to assist in carrying it out at least to the extent of a fair trial, instead of attempting to produce uncertainty by hampering it, and so prolonging and extending the industrial depression under which the country has so long suffered.

Among our illustrations this week two pages are devoted to the late great fire in Hamilton, a full description of which will be found in a separate column of the present number.—An account of the public career of the Hon. THOMAS HEATH HAVILAND, the newly-appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Prince Edward Island, will also be found in connection with his portrait.—Another portrait is that of Lieutenant-Colonel GZOWSKI, who, on the occasion of the last celebration of the Queen's Birthday, was raised to the rank of an Aide-de-Camp to Her Majesty. Col. GZOWSKI is one of our leading Canadians, particularly well known throughout Ontario, and holding the highest position in Toronto, where he resides. No man has done more than he to encourage the volunteer movement and to foster the development of rifle practice. He is at present in London with the Canadian Wimbledon Team.—Pursuing our illustrations of Toronto, to which several of our previous numbers were devoted, we give to-day a group of the principal churches of the Queen City.—The Ossuary at Custozzi represents the magnificent monument lately inaugurated to the memory of the Austrian and Italian soldiers who fell on that great field of blood.—We add a picture of a boat accident at Clayton, N. Y., opposite Kingston, in which several persons were drowned from the steamer *Josephine*, which capsized and foundered. Our sketch is from a photograph by A. C. McINTYRE, Clayton—Lovers of the curious and antique will be pleased to find a sketch of the old log cabin of Governor SIMCOE, which our artist took on the spot the very day of its removal from its primitive site on the Don to the Exhibition grounds. This relic is full of historic interest, and is intended as a future museum for remains and remnants of the early pioneer days of York.

MR. LANGEVIN made a statement in his speech at Three Rivers to the effect that the Customs revenue during the first five months of 1879 was \$5,741,354, against \$4,849,688 during the corresponding five months of the previous year. And, further, as respected excise, the revenue in the same five months of 1879 was \$2,721,208, against \$1,970,340 in the corresponding months of 1878. The increase, therefore, is: From Customs, \$891,666, and from Excise, \$750,868. It is true, however, that the increases both in Excise and Customs arose during the first three months of the year, doubtless in anticipation of Tariff action, while there is decline in April and May. All this, however, is natural, while we have the satisfactory fact of decided increase in the revenue; and there is no reason whatever to suppose, as has been contended by some of our contemporaries, that Sir LEONARD TILLEY'S Tariff will not produce the revenue which he estimated.

We have received the following from a gentleman in Stirling, Ont.:—"In your issue of the 9th inst., is an article headed "As Others See Us," in which quotations are made from a communication in the *Nineteenth Century*, from the pen of a Mr. T. T. VERNON SMITH. Some years ago a gentleman of the same name was connected with the Marmora Iron Works in this country; he left here upwards of 20 years ago, and for the last 15 years I have tried in vain to get his post office. Perhaps you can assist me in my researches; if so, you will greatly oblige." If any of our readers can supply the in-

formation we should be glad to receive it, as the Mr. VERNON SMITH in question is an able writer and a true friend of Canada.

We had intended to have an article on the recent bank panic in this city, but as we purpose to publish sketches of the "run" on the City and District Savings Bank in our next issue, we shall postpone our remarks till then. We may only here observe that the event has proven that the old City and District is as solid as the towers of Notre Dame.

FROM THE ANCIENT CAPITAL.

DEFEAT OF THE GOVERNMENT - CAUCUSES - NOTE OF CONFIDENCE - THE PROGRESS OF MEASURES - VISIT TO THE FRENCH IRONCLAD.

The Government is defeated—will they resign? were the exclamations repeated over and over again on Tuesday night after the House had adjourned. The Ministry were assembled in council in the Speaker's room, the Government supporters were in caucus in the House, the Opposition were in caucus in their committee-room down stairs. All was uncertainty, except the fact that the Government were defeated.

What led to their defeat? Well, all was going on quietly; the Treasurer was replying to an able financial speech made by the Hon. Mr. Robertson; the House was half empty, when, in the course of his remarks, he commented on the various expenses under the head of Administration of Justice, and referring to the expense of the last criminal term at Montreal, he stated the accounts had not yet been sent in.

Mr. Chapleau here interrupted him, and said it was to his knowledge that the accounts had been sent in to the Treasury Department prior to the 1st July, and added it was very evident the Treasurer did not know the business that went on in this Department.

Mr. Langlois contradicted Mr. Chapleau, and said the leader of the Opposition had himself acknowledged in the House his ignorance of the affairs in his Department when he was a Minister. He further charged Mr. Chapleau with having acted dishonestly by obtaining information from the officers of his Department.

Mr. Chapleau denied the imputation with great warmth, and said he had already twice convicted the hon. Treasurer of lying.

Mr. Marchand immediately rose to order, and asked that the words be taken down. On that being done,

Mr. Chapleau said the words he had used were unparliamentary, for that reason he withdrew them, but he adhered to his original statement, which was true.

A hot discussion followed, in which many Government members claimed that the apology was not satisfactory, and as Mr. Chapleau refused to alter his explanation, Mr. Joly moved that, as Mr. Chapleau had not entirely retracted his words and the House was not satisfied, Mr. Chapleau be reprimanded.

Mr. Chapleau immediately rose and stated he entirely withdrew the expressions he made use of.

The Prime Minister insisted on the vote being taken, and the result was that the House, by a vote of 27 to 25, refused to censure Mr. Chapleau.

The scene throughout was an exciting one; the news soon spread through the House, and even into the streets, and the House and gallery filled immediately. The reporters, the majority of whom were quietly sitting in their room, rushed into their galleries and commenced to report the proceedings with great haste. As the proceedings went on the excitement increased, the four members in the Speaker's corner, of whom particular mention has been previously made, were more noisy than ever, and, indeed, the Government have mainly to thank their shouts and jeers for their defeat, as they exasperated the House to such a pitch that at one time it seemed as though more unparliamentary language would have been used.

During the excitement, Mr. Joly, as usual, took counsel with Mr. Irvine, and, as it is well known that gentleman bears Mr. Chapleau little or no love, the fact that Mr. Joly shortly afterwards moved his motion of censure, it was suspected he was acting under the advice of that gentleman, and that suspicion had something to do with the result of the vote. Whatever was the true reason, the result was the same; when the vote was taken it was found that the House refused to censure Mr. Chapleau.

The vote being taken during a motion to go into supply was, in the true Parliamentary sense, a vote of want of confidence, and Mr. Joly treated it as such by immediately proposing the adjournment of the House without first moving the adjournment of the debate, and this gave rise to the excitement in the lobbies after the adjournment.

Nothing was known that night of what course the Government intended to pursue; but early the following morning it was learned that, at the Cabinet meeting the night previous, it had been resolved not to accept the vote as one of want of confidence, but to ask for a straight vote of confidence. Accordingly, on Wednesday afternoon, Mr. Irvine proposed a motion of confidence in the Government, which was carried after a long debate by a majority of 4 on a straight party vote.

Yesterday a quiet, hard day's work was done; no trouble whatever; everybody in good humor. To-day M. Chapleau has moved a vote of want of confidence in the Government on their proposal in the Speech from the Throne to lease the railway. This will not pass, because Mr. Joly announced on Wednesday that the Government did not intend to bring down that measure, and, indeed, it is very doubtful as matters are now if the Government will pass a single measure mentioned in the Speech from the Throne.

To-morrow is to be given up to pleasure, as the members are going to picnic at Three Rivers; and on the St. Maurice River, of which you will hear next week.

This afternoon the members of the Reporter's Gallery visited the French iron-clad frigate *La Galissonnière*, now in this port. In the absence of Vice-Admiral Peyron, they were received by the Captain, to whom they were introduced by Hon. Senator Fabre. The Captain was most courteous to his visitors, and showed them the noble ship in every detail. The monster guns, throwing 288 lbs. shells, were first visited, as also the mitrailleuses and torpedoes, chasse-pots, boarding cutlasses, revolvers, and other weapons invented by civilization for the maiming and destruction of humanity, attracted much attention. Thence to the Admiral's quarters, at the entrance to which stands a sailor armed with the medieval halberd, and over which are the arms of the Marquis de La Galissonnière with its proud device, "Honneur et Patrie." The apartments are plainly, yet artistically furnished, and ornamented with a few portraits and curiosities gathered in the occupant's travels. Prominent is a magnificent lithograph of the Duke of Magenta. Through the apartments the visitors pass into the school-room, where the tars are practising the three R's., the carpenter's shop and the engine-room, the Captain kindly answering the numerous questions put to him by inquisitive reporters. Once on deck again, a friendly shake-hands was indulged in, and the *Dolphin* landed her passengers safely at the Queen's wharf.

SIR BARTLE FRERE.

Sir Bartle Frere may be regarded as the chief of the three most prominent figures that have recently appeared in the disturbed parts of South Africa, the other two being the General in command of the English troops, and King Cetewayo, the blood thirsty, but at the same time heroic, barbarian who directs and controls the savage forces of Zululand.

Sir Bartle was born in 1815 and received his early education at King Edward the Sixth's Grammar School, at Bath, and later at Haileybury College, where cadets for service in India are usually sent to be specially instructed and trained. At the age of nineteen he entered the India civil service where we may assume that he gave early promise of those high qualities which have marked his career. For after filling some minor situations he was appointed in 1842 to the office of Secretary to His Excellency Sir George Arthur, then Governor of Bombay. In 1856 he was selected to fill the responsible duties of British Resident in Scinde, and in 1860 was promoted to the higher office of Chief Commissioner. He rendered distinguished services during the Indian mutiny which Her Majesty recognized by creating him a K. C. B. and which the Imperial Parliament acknowledged by twice thanking him. In 1862 he succeeded to the important office of Governor of Bombay. He returned to England in 1867, where he was created a Knight Grand Cross of the Star of India, accompanied with nomination as a member of Her Majesty's Indian Council in England. In the same year he had the further honour of receiving the D. C. L. degree from the University of Oxford, and his keen taste for geographical research was recognized and rewarded, for he was chosen Vice-President of the Royal Geographical Society.

Later, Sir Bartle Frere was requested to discharge the important mission of suppressing the slave trade on the coast of East Africa. Two months after leaving England he obtained the signature of the Sultan of Zanzibar to a treaty whose terms were designed to put an end to the traffic in slaves. On his return to England he was sworn a member of the Queen's Privy Council. He was also created an honorary LL. D. of the University of Cambridge, and in 1874 was presented with the freedom of the City of London in acknowledgment of his successful services in Eastern Africa. Subsequently he revisited India in the suite of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

In 1876, Sir Bartle Frere was created a G. C. B., and in January, 1877, he had the distinguished honour of being appointed Governor of the Cape of Good Hope and High Commissioner for Great Britain, of South Africa.

The various offices which Sir Bartle Frere has been called upon to fill very plainly show the respect that is entertained for his abilities, and the weight which British statesmen, irrespective of party, attach to his opinions and judgment. The paper which he prepared for the information of the India Office on the subject of the Russian power in Central Asia and the danger to Great Britain of the ascendancy of Russian influence at Cabul, led those who were responsible for the security of our Indian Empire to look at the map of Afghanistan and substitute a "scientific" for a "hap hazard" frontier, even though the process should include an actual war with the Ameer of Cabul and a possible one with the Emperor of Russia. That war of precaution was

signally successful and ended brilliantly, for the end was gained for which it had been made.

The line of thought which seemed to control Sir Bartle Frere's recommendations with respect to Afghanistan apparently guided his policy in South Africa. He thoroughly made up his mind as to the character of King Cetewayo and the line of conduct he might be expected to pursue. The power of the African despot was in the highest degree formidable, for he possessed an unusual degree of intelligence accompanied with an amount of courage not commonly found in barbarous races. Moreover, Cetewayo represented a congenial tradition, for one of his predecessors had regarded himself as the Bonaparte of the "Dark Continent," whose mission it was to drive all the "white folk" out of Africa. Sir Bartle Frere evidently believed that such an effort would be made. The people of Natal, he has said, were in imminent danger. They were "sleeping on a volcano," and were exposed to being annihilated by one who was thirsting for the opportunity of "washing his spears" in the blood of "the whites." War was, no doubt, precipitated, and Cetewayo was put on the defensive. The danger Sir Bartle Frere dreaded was thus averted. The cost no doubt was terrible and the mistakes appalling. The massacre, however, dreadful as it was, was confined to the soldiers. It did not extend to the women and children resident at Natal. No doubt the policy of the Governor as well as the conduct of the war will be severely criticised. One fact, however, seems tolerably apparent, and it is this: that Cetewayo and his allies were intent on a war that should emancipate Africa from the yoke of Europe. As in India, it was a meeting of native against foreign rule, so in Africa, it was a meeting of the black against the white races.

F. T.

HIS HONOR LIEUT.-GOVERNOR HAVILAND.

This distinguished gentleman is a son of the late Hon. Thomas Heath Haviland, formerly of Gloucestershire, Eng., who was for many years before the introduction of Responsible Government, 1851, a member of the Executive and Legislative Councils, and Colonial Secretary of P. E. I. He was born at Charlottetown, 13th Nov., 1822, and educated at Brussels, in the kingdom of Belgium. In 1847, he married Annie Elizabeth, daughter of John Grubb, late of Horsedon House, Bucks, Eng. He was called to the Bar of P. E. I. in 1846, and created a Q. C. in 1865. He is a director of the Bank of P. E. I.; a Master in Chancery; a Notary Public; and a Colonel in the Volunteer Militia. He was a member of the Executive Council of P. E. I., from April, 1859, till Nov., 1862; for a short period, 1865; from 1866 to 1867; and from Sept., 1870, until April, 1872, during which several periods he held the office of Colonial Secretary almost constantly, except in 1865, when he was Solicitor-General. He was Speaker of the Provincial Assembly from 1863 to 1864, and leader of the Opposition in that Chamber from 1867 until the general election of 1870. He entered the Local Cabinet again on 18th April, 1873, and held the office of Provincial Secretary until dual representation was abolished in 1876. He was a delegate to the Quebec Union Conference in 1864; and to Ottawa, with Hon. Messrs. Pope and Howland, in May, 1873, to arrange the financial terms upon which Prince Edward Island was admitted as a Province of the Dominion. He sat for Georgetown in the Provincial Assembly from 1846 until 1870; was elected a member of the Legislative Council of P. E. I. in 1870, and sat therein until March, 1872. He was called to the Senate on P. E. I. entering the Union, 18th October, 1873. He is a Liberal Conservative in politics.

RELATIONSHIP OF THE PRESENT HEAD OF THE BONAPARTE FAMILY WITH THE ROYAL FAMILY OF ENGLAND.

Extracts from memoirs of Her Late Royal Highness Charlotte Augusta, Princess of Wales, &c., and Saxe Cobourg, showing the actual state of succession to the throne of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, year 1818. By Thomas Green, Esq.

The following is taken from a list of the descendants living at the death of the Princess Charlotte of Wales, November 6th, 1817. Her Royal Highness was the only child of the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV. The other children of George III., and of his brother, the Duke of Gloucester, with the exception of Charlotte of England, Dowager Queen of Wurtemberg, were unmarried and advancing in years, the daughters all above forty years of age.

The first list contains the names of the descendants of George III., eldest son of Frederick, Prince of Wales, great grandson of the Electress, Sophia of Hanover.

The second list contains the names of the descendants of William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, younger son of Frederick, Prince of Wales.

The third list contains the names of the descendants of Augusta of England, Duchess of Brunswick, eldest daughter of Frederick, Prince of Wales. She died in the year 1813.

From this third list the following names are taken:—

Frederick, King of Wurtemberg, grandson of Augusta of England; Duchess of Brunswick, aged 36 in 1818.

Paul of Wurtemberg, another grandson of the same, aged 32 in 1818.

Frederica Catherina of Wurtemberg, granddaughter of the same, aged 34 in 1818, wife of Jérôme Bonaparte.

Jérôme Napoleon (Plon-Plon), great-grandson of the same, aged 3 in 1818.

From the foregoing account it will be seen that the three persons nearest the throne, being married and having children, were (in 1818) the King of Wurtemberg, Prince Paul his brother, and the Princess Frederica Catharina, their sister, wife of Jérôme Bonaparte.

The attention of the public was much directed to the state of the succession to the throne. A curious calculation was made on this subject. There were fourteen English Princes and Princesses who stood in order of succession. Mr. Green gives the table and remarks:

From this table it appears that, on the common probability of life, as applied to each individual, supposing none of them have issue, there would have been in the next twenty-one years (from 1810) nine reigns, two of them females, and that after the first there would have been no reign longer than twenty-one months, and two as short as five months. This, however, was mere speculation, for admitting the table to be correct, and that all the English Princes and Princesses had died without having issue, it is not probable that the British people and Parliament would have permitted any of the family of Bonaparte to ascend the throne of these realms, even if there were no young Princes of the illustrious House of Brunswick, to whom they could look in such extreme pity.

These extracts from Mr. Green's work show the remarkable fact that, while three of the pall-bearers at the funeral of the late Prince Imperial, viz., the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Duke of Connaught, were grand-grandsons of George III., the three chief mourners were Prince Jérôme Napoleon, a great-grand-nephew of George III., Princes Victor Napoleon and Louis Napoleon, sons of Prince Jérôme Napoleon, great-grand-nephew of Augusta of England, eldest sister of George III.

Thus, the death of the Prince Imperial has brought to the head of the House of Bonaparte, Princes in whose veins runs the blood of not only the royal family of England, but of all the royal families of Europe, as well as that of the modern Imperial dynasty of Bonaparte. D.

Montreal, August, 1879.

ALLEGED CHINESE INSCRIPTION FROM TROY.

The *Norddeutsche Zeitung* says that the Chinese Ambassador at Berlin, Li Fangpao, well known in his own country as a great scholar, has lately read as Chinese the inscription on a vase found by Dr. Schliemann in the lowest stratum of his excavations at Hissarlik, and figured on p. 50 of the introduction to his "Troy and its Remains." The learned Ambassador has thus confirmed the identification of the language of the inscription made six years ago by the eminent Orientalist Emile Burnouf, which was greatly ridiculed at the time. Li Fangpao is quite confident that the unknown characters, which recur again and again on the Trojan antiquities, especially on the terra-cotta whorls, are those of his native tongue, and gives as the purport of the inscription, that about B.C. 1200 three pieces of linen gauze were packed in the vase for inspection. Burnouf's French version (l. c. p. 51) also contained the words "pièces d'étoffes." "This vase," adds the *Norddeutsche Zeitung*, "seems consequently to furnish a fresh proof of the active commercial intercourse which the people of the 'Hyperboreans,' the Chinese, carried on with Greece and Asia Minor, a commercial intercourse as to whose route the Geographical Society has just listened to a most interesting lecture."

THE GLEANER.

It is stated that Miss Thompson's new picture, upon which she is now engaged, will deal with an incident of the Zulu war.

The authorities of Paris propose to form a gallery to contain all the available views of the city, ancient and modern.

The sons of the Prince of Wales are to start on their foreign voyage about the middle of September. They will sail westwards.

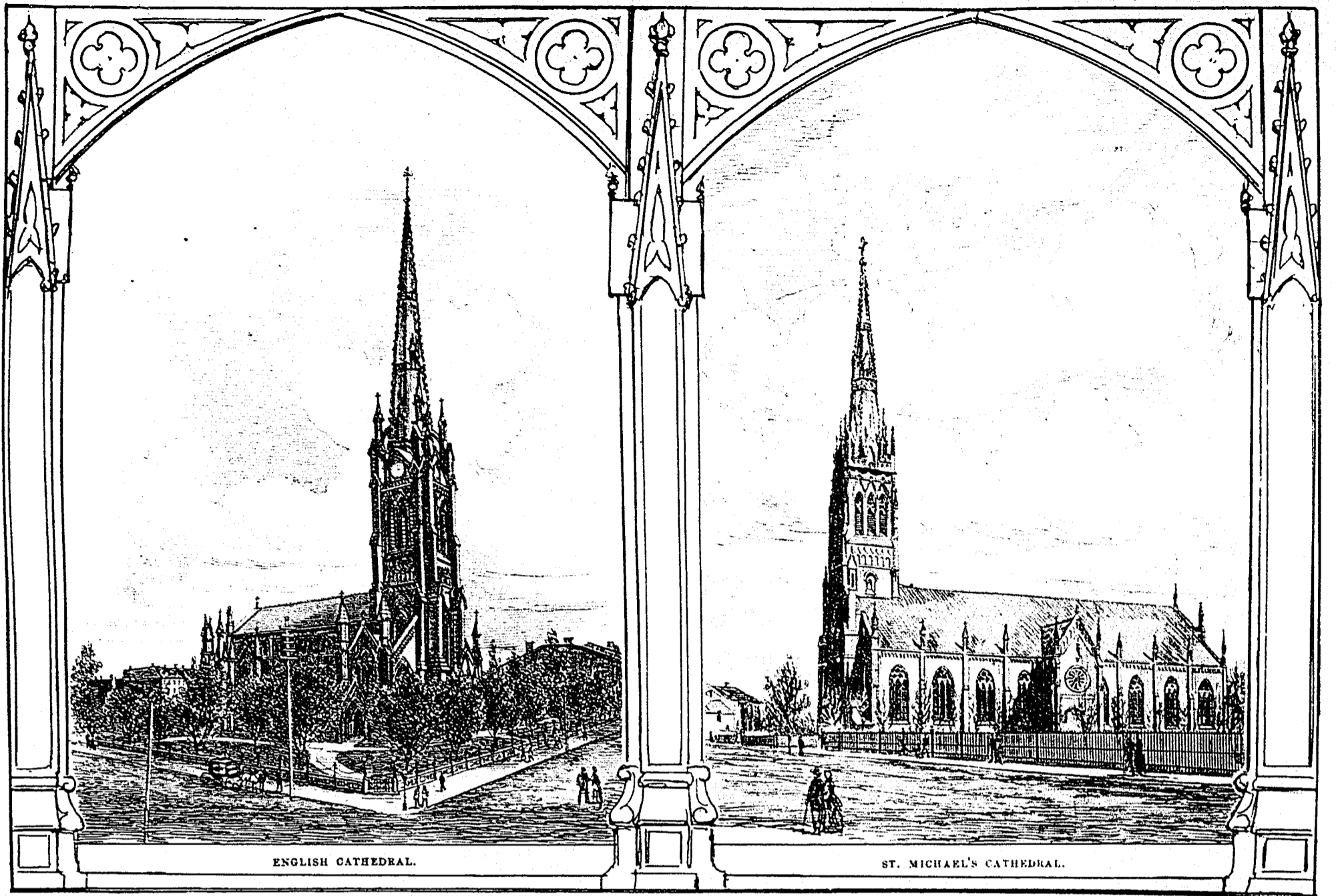
The Emperor of Germany is said to be suffering from ossification of the brain. His memory is entirely gone, and he cannot much longer remain at the head of affairs.

M. GAMBETTA'S FÊTE COST £6,000, which was defrayed by "An anonymous friend of the Republic." M. Gambetta's salary as President of the Chamber is only about £2,000 a year.

An alteration in the size and shape of photographs has now been made and a consequent revolution in the photographic album trade may be looked for. The new pictures are of similar width to the carte-de-visites, but are greatly elongated, and as pictures are very effective. They are becoming very fashionable.

A new journal will be started this month, printed in four editions—French, Spanish, English, and German—and having a special correspondent at Panama (an engineer). The object of the journal is to give information about the great enterprise of the construction of a canal through the Isthmus of Panama.

A NEW TRICK OF PARIS ROGUES is being practiced by a young girl about ten years of age. She ran up to an elderly lady the other day, in the Garden of the Tuilleries, embraced her affectionately and clung for some moments to the lady's neck, who found great difficulty in getting rid of her. The child called the lady her "dear aunt," but when convinced of her mistake consented to leave, not empty-handed, however, since she took with her the lady's watch and portmanteau, the loss of which was only discovered by the victim some half-hour later.



ENGLISH CATHEDRAL.

ST. MICHAEL'S CATHEDRAL.



METROPOLITAN.

PRIMITIVE METHODIST.

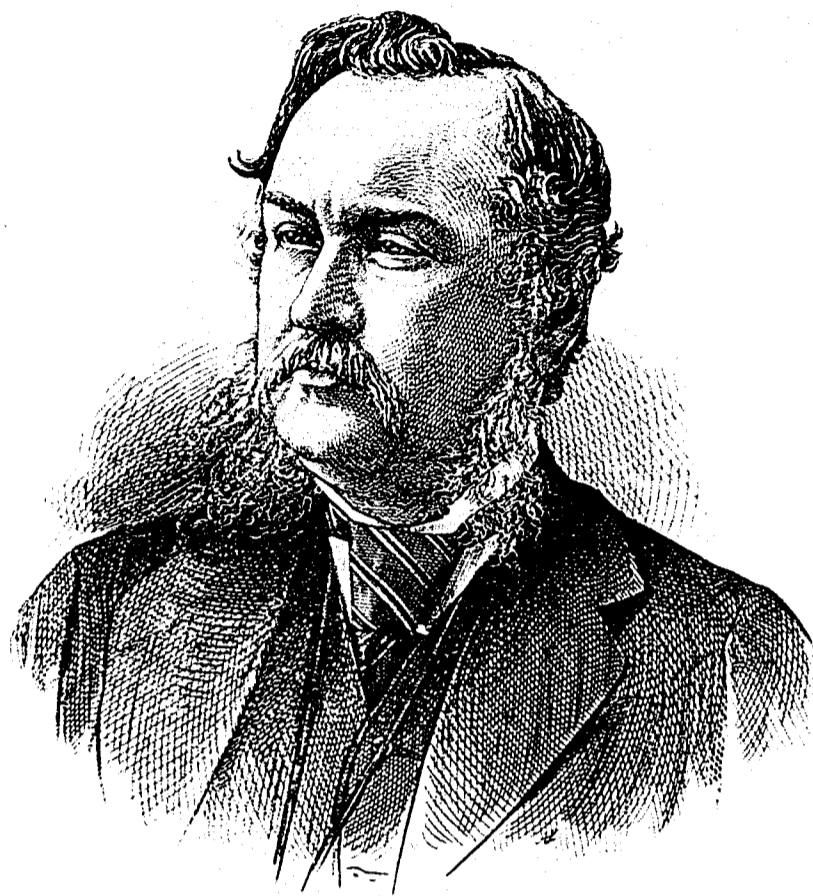
TORONTO.—GROUP OF CHURCHES.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY NOTMAN & FRASER.

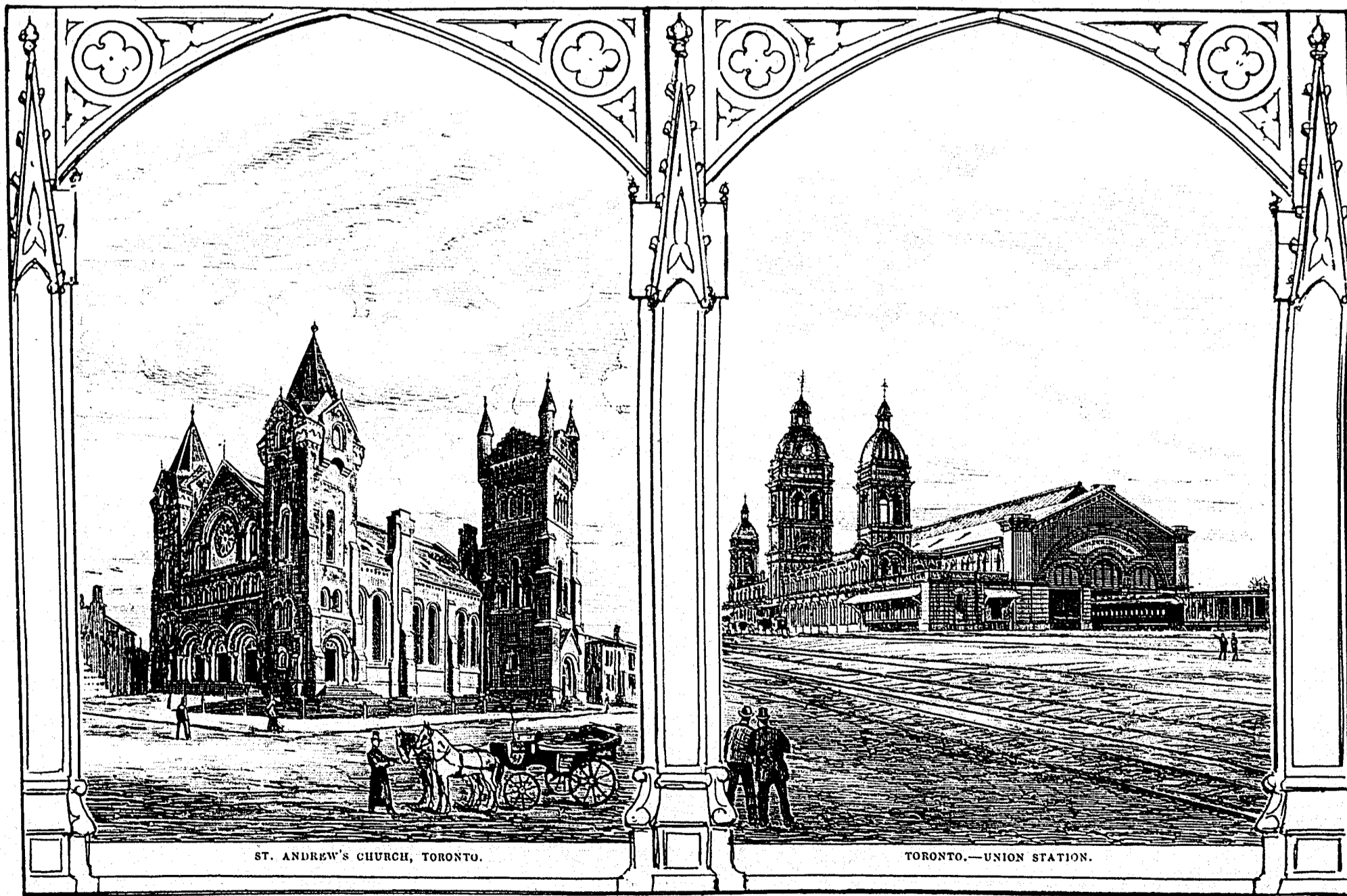
OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 315.—HON. THOMAS HEATH HAVILAND,  
LIEUT.-GOVERNOR OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.



No. 316.—LT.-COL. GZOWSKI, A.D.C. TO THE QUEEN.



ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, TORONTO.

TORONTO.—UNION STATION.

THE CHIEF OF THE OTTAWA.

(AIR: "BELIEVE ME IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.")

The Chief of the Ottawa stood on the height, As the red sun of autumn was low, 'Twas the spot where he met his dread foe in the fight, Where the waves of the Ottawa flow, And the lance of his eye, as he gazed on the sky, Was as dark as the cloud in the West, For he stood by the wave that does silently lave The spot where his forefathers rest!

He gazed for a time on the home of his youth, On the scene of his long-vanish'd joy— But he wept not a tear, for the "stole of truth" Could not stoop to the grief of a boy. But his heart did not swell as his longing eyes dwell Where his camp fire was burning before, And he thought of his home, where he freely did roam Long the rocks of the Ottawa shore.

The camp-fire is dead on the side of the hill, The wigwam no longer is seen,— Yet the Chief of the Ottawa's lingering still, Round the spot where his wigwam has been. He tells all his woes to the God of his foes, Er he turns from the scene of his pride: One last loving look at his homestead he took, His home by the Ottawa tide.

The Chief of the Ottawa long since has gone, To seek from his troubles a rest, He has left for the region where brilliantly shone At evening the sun in the West. He stay'd not to weep where his forefathers sleep, He did not grieve for their grave, But sadly he fled from the honor'd and dead, That lie by the Ottawa's wave.

The Chief of the Ottawa now is no more, Where the council-fire blazed on the height, To-day towards the heavens so dimly soar The signals of Canada's might! When the evening is still, on the old Barrack-hill Towers a structure majestic and grand, And a bright golden ray from the god-of-the-day Gilds the mountaintop of the land!

JOSEPH E. FORAN. Green Park, Aylmer, July 25, 1879.

GROWING OLD.

My friend Schwackheimer came to see me the other day, apparently in very low spirits. I thought at first the source of his troubles would be found in that pathological scape-goat, the liver, and was about to waste upon him some valuable advice of an anti-bilious nature. He stopped me, however, with the assurance that I was mistaken: liver all right; stomach attending to its business "with punctuality and despatch;" his baker and butcher quite satisfied. But "one sally solemn thought" had been stealing over him of late. There was a growing impression on his mind that old age and he were about to make each other's acquaintance; seemed to get tired easier than he used to; couldn't see quite as distinctly as he once did; sometimes had to ask people to speak a little louder. Then he noticed that there were some lines on his forehead becoming very marked; and his hair was growing noticeably gray. In fact, these last indications of approaching senescence seemed to trouble him most of all; which, considering that he belonged to that sex supposed to be indifferent to personal charms, struck me as rather a dangerous symptom. And then, after some hypochondriacal lamentations, he followed the example of the celebrated Mr. Wegg by dropping into poetry, and commenced quoting something, he said, somebody growing old had written once upon a time, wherein it was stated that—

"Time hath woven through locks once black as night Full many a silvery thread; And clearer before me, day after day, Is the land of the twilight spread."

Evidently I had a case on my hands in which drugs were not needed. Schwackheimer wanted consolation rather than physic. And so I proceeded to pet him gently; the way we have to do with children of a larger as well as a smaller growth. I did not point out to him that his poetry would not fit very well, inasmuch as his hair never had been "black as night," but rather of a yellowish cast. In cases of this kind it is not well to make suggestive references to personalities of any but the most agreeable kind. But, instead, I catechised him a little as to the date of his birth, and I found that he first saw the light of the sun—or, I believe, he made out that it was lamplight he first saw—in the year 15—? I came pretty near letting out the exact date there, which would have been very indiscreet on my part, especially as Schwackheimer, who is a jingle gentleman, has been holding frequent scientific discussions with a certain lady of late, and might not care to have her attention diverted to such trifles as birthdays and birth-years.

Whatever the date of my friend's birth might be, however, it was not so very far back. Indeed, it fell short of my own by several months. And being still young myself (my gray hair is hereditary and has nothing to do with age), of course I could not possibly admit the idea that he was growing old. After all, age is largely a matter of comparison. The child thinks that if he ever reaches fifty he will be a very old man; but when he gets to forty-nine he looks on fifty as the very prime of life.

So I pointed out to Schwackheimer how absurd it was to suppose that anybody could be called old at his age. I did not undertake to

show him that he was a long way short of the age of Methuselah, and of Methuselah's "sisters and his cousins and his aunts," because he has about the average share of intelligence and I could not persuade him that he was good for two or three centuries more. But I told him about some latter day people, compared with whom he was only a full-grown infant. I told him of some centenarians among the people I had met; and, of course, I did not forget a few historical characters.

For example, there was the old Countess Desmond, who outlived all the British sovereigns of the Houses of York and Tudor, from Edward IV. to Elizabeth—dying after 140 years, only because with the freshness of youth she would go climbing a cherry tree. Then there was Henry Jenkins, who died in 1670, and who claimed to have been at the battle of Flodden, nearly 160 years before. And, of course, I had to talk about that noted character, Thomas Parr, who lived to be 150. Only he did not really begin to live till more than half of his years were gone, for he married his first wife when he was 50. But he might have kept on living for an indefinite age if he had not been invited to Court, and petted, and led into luxurious habits, and persuaded to eat things that disagreed with him.

And I was going on to tell about the traveller who found a gray-haired old man weeping violently on the roadside because his father had given him a threshing for throwing stones at his grandfather, who was doing the fall ploughing; but I saw indications on Schwackheimer's face that he had taken a big enough dose of anecdote, and so stopped.

That was all very well, he said, and perhaps these yarns were all true, and perhaps not. But if they were true, they were rare ones all these people, and held out no promise that he should be an oddity like them. What did I really think was the natural limit of a man's age under favourable circumstances?

That was a point, I said, on which the doctors differed.

Oh, I yes, no doubt; they were always differing.

But, I went on—not noticing his interruption, for I knew his failing—differences are allowable on a subject like this. Messes put the limit at three score and ten, with an occasional exception for four score. But he exceeded his own limit, and lived on to 120. And then, "his eye was not dim, nor his natural strength abated;" so that the reason for his dying at that age could only have been that he lived long enough, and, as they say in Canada when they decapitate an official, "his usefulness had ceased." A great Prussian doctor, Hufeland, who is considered an authority on this subject—at least he wrote a book about it—thought people might reach 200 if they only took care of themselves. As he died at 74, the inference would be that, if his doctrine was true, he was not as careful of his own health as he should have been. Buffon and other naturalists fix the duration of life at one hundred.

This, and much more like it, I said; and Schwackheimer listened patiently. When I got through, he intimated that his stock of knowledge had not increased materially, as it appeared nobody was absolutely certain how long a man ought to live, while most people tried to live as long as they could—and sometimes longer than was agreeable to their heirs. And he supposed there was just as much difference of opinion in regard to what would make a man live long as to how long he ought to live?

I admitted that Schwackheimer was about correct in his surmise; and as he seemed in a suitable mood for listening, I undertook to give him some ideas on the subject.

In the first place, I carried him back to the days of classical story, and reminded him how Medea, a young lady of a scientific turn of mind, rejuvenated her father-in-law by bleeding him freely, and then injecting vegetable juices into his veins. But he only turned up his nose at this, and said he had seen that plan tried when he was a boy by old Dr. Rip Van Winkle, who bled his patients every spring, and gave them a course of bitters afterwards.

Then I told him of the Egyptian treatment with sudorifics and emetics; of Friar Bacon's nostrums, and other specifics, at all of which he only made a wry face. He was more interested in the diet of an old French physician, who recommended a dinner of pullets that had been fattened on vipers, said vipers having been previously whipped to death and stewed in fennel and rosemary. The best part of the dinner, however, was the dessert, which was to consist of jewelry à la Cleopatra—emeralds, rubies and other precious stones dissolved. Schwackheimer thought this treatment very good, only, he said, he would prefer the dessert raw, instead of cooked.

But he was highly delighted with the prescription of the old Roman schoolmaster, Hermippus, who advised people "to expose themselves every day to the breath of young innocent maids." He said he would take a dose of that medicine at once; but I told him it was an obsolete prescription, and could not be made up by any modern apothecary—the article not being kept for sale in these days.

Coming down, however, to the practical, I gave him Hufeland's idea that matrimony was essential to longevity; that married people lived longer than the unmarried, and that the more a man was married the longer he lived—as in the case of one De Longueville, who lived 110 years, and had ten wives, marrying the last in his 99th year; and, finally, I held up before him Hufeland's solemn warning to bachelors, wherein he

says: "There is not one instance of a bachelor having attained a great age."

This rather startled Schwackheimer, who, as I said before, has hitherto lived in single blessedness. But his natural spirit of contradiction would not allow him to acknowledge his danger from neglect of matrimony, and to show that Hufeland was mistaken, he instanced old bachelors like Kent who lived to the age of 80, Swedenborg to 84, Alexander Von Humboldt to 90, and Hobbes to 91. As to De Longueville, he put him down as a mythical Blue Beard, maintaining that, while a man might have ten wives or more, if he took them close together, it was unreasonable to expect that he would live 110 years with the vast amount of mother-in-laws involved in the operation. All the same, I know the matrimonial remedy made an impression on his mind; for, when he left me some time later, he turned his steps in the direction of the residence of the lady before mentioned, to whom he has been giving gratuitous lessons in science.

Of course I did not confine myself to these rather fanciful prescriptions, but gave my patient a lecture of respectable length—not to mention depth—with the advice of Hippocrates for a text: "Pure air, cleanliness, exercise, temperance." In this latter division of my sermon I had what I considered a good illustration in the case of a Venetian gentleman, Cornaro by name, who wrote an autobiographical "Treatise on Temperance" more than two centuries ago. Signor Cornaro was placed in good circumstances for taking life easy. He had all the money he wanted; he had plenty of friends and admirers, as rich men usually have; he had no domestic cares, for he was lord of his own house; he had no public cares, for he took no part in public life; he had an abundant supply of self-conceit, which no one ventured to offend; he had nothing to do, and he did nothing. In ease and comfort he dawdled through a century of life—temperate in his diet, temperate in his habits, temperate in his pleasures, and, above all, so temperate in the exercise of his emotions that the death of the most intimate friends and relations gave him no trouble whatever—according to his own confession.

Here, I said, was, in my opinion, the secret of longevity. Given a fair degree of health to start with, and comfortable surroundings, the absence of care, and temperance in the indulgence of appetites and emotions will enable a man to grow old easily and reach a patriarchal age. In every person's life there is an element of intensity, as well as extensity; the one referring to the rate of living, the other to the duration of life. If we live hard and fast we cannot live long. Moderate activity induces longevity; but if our activity is intense, life is shortened. If the candle burns at both ends it burns out all the sooner. Work night and day, as some people do, whether with body or brain, muscles or nerves, and we crowd many years into one—dying centenarians, though our actual years fall short of the half-century.

So, then, quoth Schwackheimer, the best way to be sure of living long is not to live at all, but simply to vegetate, to

"Hearken what the inner spirit sings: There is no joy but calm In the hollow Lotus land to live and be refined On the hills, like gods together, Careless of mankind."

Not quite so lazily as that, I said. The creed of the lotus-eater is that "slumber is more sweet than toil." But the man whose great aim is to prolong his life will not sleep all the day, though he certainly will not rise with the lark. He will do something, but he will do no more than is absolutely necessary. He will need a large amount of self-honesty in his composition; for the great rule of life which him will be to regard his own ease and comfort as of prime importance. He cannot be a very great philanthropist, because his charity will not only begin at home, but in all probability stay there. His patriotism will be of the passive type; for when others declaim about the sweetness of dying for one's country, he lets you know that he prefers living for his country, or, better still, living on it. He can never become a statesman, for the extent of his statecraft will be to secure for himself a fat office. He will never be a great merchant, for he will not exert himself to push his business, and, as soon as times get bad, he will pay his debts with an assignee's cheque, and then take life easy on the property that was secured in his wife's name.

Enough, Mephistopheles! cried Schwackheimer; would you try to convince me that a man cannot be old unless he is a lazy leafer, or an easy-going swindler?

Not at all! The world is blessed with as many good old men as good young men. All I wanted to emphasize was the course to be pursued by those who would make longevity their main desire; who would live simply for the purpose of living as long as they possibly could. But there is something better than this. It is to live soberly, cleanly, and, at the same time, actively; avoiding causes of disease and harmful habits, and keeping out of the way of accidents, as far as possible, and yet attending to life's duties with all the energy we have; taking care of our bodies, but not making our bodies a care; regarding our physical health, yet not making that the sole object of our regard.

It is not well to be burdened with a desire to live long, nor yet should the approach of old age be dreaded. He is happiest in this life, blessing and being blessed, who troubles not himself about how long he shall live, nor when he shall die, but only cares to be prepared for death when

it comes; who spares not mind and body for fear their power shall soon be exhausted and life become extinct before its natural limit is reached; but with some useful purpose ever before him, works as long as he has strength to work, ready whenever his strength shall fail to cease from labour and enter into rest, "where beyond these voices there is peace." He asks not "how much longer shall I live?" but, "how much more can I do?" When wearied with work he cries not "when shall my rest come?" he only says:

"Still must I labour on, All the day through; Striving with earnest will, Patient my place to fill, My work to do."

Then, as the evening shades begin to gather about his life, as the implements of labour fall from his nerveless grasp, he utters no complaint; he has lived his life; he has finished his work, the end has come.

"Longer the shadows fall, Night cometh on; Low voices softly call, Come! there is rest for all! Labour is done!"

Schwackheimer woke up as I finished, and, gently clapping his hands, murmured: "Yes; quite so; I remember it very well; extract from one of your old lectures; I paid twenty-five cents to hear it at the time; hardly fair to inflict it on me again. But I suppose it is all correct; and the moral I am to draw is, to attend to my business and not trouble myself about whitening hairs and deepening wrinkles!"

Exactly, not forgetting Hufeland's theory that he who would live long should get married, once, at least; oftener, if necessary.

London, Ont. C. T. C.

HUMOROUS.

YOUNG man, if every other way of making yourself conspicuous fails, eat peanuts in a railroad car.

A SOCIABLE man is one who, when he has ten minutes to spare, goes and bothers somebody who hasn't.

A YOUNG man in this city described a taxidermist to a boy of young girls as one who out of upholstered animals.

BANKS ought to be comfortable places in hot weather. You can always find a draft there, but do not check the perspiration on too suddenly.

No matter how bad and destructive a boy may be, he never becomes a degraded or loses his self-respect sufficiently to throw mud on a circus poster.

MATTER-OF-FACT hair-dresser: "How will you have it—short?" Customer ("frizzling"): "Well, not as if it had just come out, you know. As if it had been out a fortnight."

A DOCTOR should know whether his patient is poor or rich before he writes a prescription. In one case a cure of consumption will do in another a trip abroad and German baths must be recommended.

A MAN may know all the sciences and have thirty languages at command, but when he disrobes and goes swimming in a country pond, the small boy can give him points and beat him without half trying.

An old bachelor was recently heard saying to a young lady: "There is more beauty worn now a-days than when I was young, but there's one place I always admired, which I don't often see now." "What is that?" asked the miss. "A thumbnail," was the reply.

It was a rich widow who wondered that the handsomest young man had fallen in love with her. "Yes, it is wonderful," said Mr. Spruce, "but I do love you to distraction. Why, I even love the ground you walk on." "I thought so," observed the widow, "but I'm not in want of any husband at present."

A YOUNG man, dressed in the height of fashion and with a pocket full of gold, was driving along a country road, and upon getting to the pond which skirted the highway said: "Oh, how I would like to have my heated head in those cold waters!" An Irish man overhearing the exclamation immediately replied: "Bea! you might have it there and it would not sink."

The boy stowed on the burning deck, He wished that he were dead; Till all of a sudden into the river He dashed his head overboard. The steamer steamed upon its way, The boy, oh! where was he? He was kicking his heels in the tumbling surf As jolly as he could be.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

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

CONSUMPTION CURED.

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

**GREAT FIRE IN HAMILTON.**

**FOUR MEN KILLED—LOSS FROM \$300,000 TO \$1,000,000.**

The two full-page illustrations will give a very good idea of the great conflagration which took place in Hamilton, on the 1st instant. At about 5.30 p. m., on the day mentioned, a large volume of flames was seen bursting through the roof of "McInnes' Block," which was situated on the corner of John and Kingstreets, and was, undoubtedly, the finest block in the city. Many of your readers, who are in any way acquainted with Hamilton, will remember the handsome structure, for it has long been the most prominent specimen of ornamental architecture in the city. The main portion of the building was erected for Messrs. D. McInnes & Co., by an American architect, in 1856, at an enormous cost, and an extension of the King street front was made in 1866. The fronts consisted of what is known as Ohio freestone, and the walls were of brick. A portion of the King street front was occupied by the Bank of Hamilton, and another portion on the same street by the Hamilton Provident and Loan Society. Immediately above the bank were the extensive premises of Furner, Livingston & Co., who are engaged in the fancy dry goods trade. The whole of the remainder of the building was occupied by the widely known firm of D. McInnes & Co., wholesale dry goods merchants. Mr. D. McInnes is largely interested in the Cornwall Cotton Factory, is President of the Bank of Hamilton, and has long been one of the most prominent merchants in Western Canada.

The fire appears to have originated in the packing-room of Furner, Livingston & Co., and spread with alarming rapidity. Mr. McInnes himself was the first to notice the fire, and immediately gave orders to have all the iron doors closed which led from one building to the other. Some of these doors must have been left open, however, for in a very few minutes dense clouds of smoke rolled out of all the windows on the fourth flat. There were two elevators in the premises which undoubtedly greatly accelerated the draft. As the alarm rang out, the fire brigade was quickly on the spot, but some minutes elapsed before the hose was properly attached to the hydrants. Hamiltonians have boasted of their magnificent system of water works—which were constructed at an enormous cost—but the citizens were, in this instance, doomed to a horrible disappointment, for no sooner was the water turned on than it was discovered that the stream could not be forced into the second story windows. Meantime the devouring element was spreading throughout the whole building, and came bursting out of the windows in all directions.

**A STRONG WIND**

was blowing at the time and great showers of burning embers went floating out upon the air and were continually falling upon neighbouring roofs. Fortunately the fire occurred before the merchants had left their stores for the night, and they were, therefore, on hand with buckets and rubber hose, and thus saved their premises. It is reported that there were some eight or ten buildings ignited at one time, but all were put out without much damage being done to any except the

**COLOURED CHURCH**

which is two blocks off, and which was unfortunately burned to the ground. The extensive premises of

**MESSES. SANFORD, VAIL & BICKLY,**

on the adjoining corner of King and John streets, were soon in flames, and the fire brigade was powerless through the lack of water pressure. Thousands of people had assembled about the burning buildings and, for a time, the excitement was terrible. Many were convinced that Hamilton was doomed to share the fate which befell Chicago.

Towards night, however, the wind went down and the danger of further destruction was over.

**THE LOSSES**

of Messrs. D. McInnes & Co. on stock are estimated at \$400,000; on building about \$185,000. Insured on stock, \$150,000; on building, \$86,000. Messrs. Sanford, Vail & Bickly, manufacturers of ready-made clothing, are insured for \$293,500. Nearly all the best Insurance Companies are interested. The Bank of Hamilton loses comparatively nothing, and the same may be said of the Hamilton Provident and Loan Society, for the vaults protected their contents from the fire. The Merchants' Bank, which occupied the corner of Sanford, Vail & Bickly Block, succeeded in removing everything. Furner, Livingston & Co. were insured for \$35,000. Messrs. Dixon Bros., dealers in fruit and fireworks, were insured for \$1,000.

**THE MOST APPALLING**

part of the terrible calamity took place about 8 a. m., on Saturday 2nd, when three worthy and industrious citizens were killed. They were employees of the Gas Company and were sent to the ruins for the purpose of going into the cellar to cut off the gas supply. While they were at work at the metre the whole of the John street wall of the McInnes block fell inwards and buried the poor fellows beneath hundreds of tons of stone and brick. Their names were James J. Ivory, John Nibbs, and Robert Seymour; all leave widows and the latter man

leaves seven children. Owing to the dangerous state of the remaining walls Mayor O'Reilly could not give orders for, or sanction any efforts to be made by hundreds of willing hands, for the recovery of the bodies until the walls were all torn down—a work of infinite difficulty. The Captain of the Field Battery offered to level them with his 9-pounder guns, but owing to apprehended danger the offer was not accepted. The work of demolition was then placed in the hands of some of the leading builders, and a staff of workmen under the direction of Mr. Wm. Hancock, immediately went to work. At an early hour on Sunday morning, while endeavouring to put a derrick in position, Mr. James Hancock, brother of the contractor, was accidentally

**FITCHED HEAD FOREMOST**

into a pile of stones and died soon after. The work of demolition continued till Tuesday morning and the most dangerous walls were levelled to the ground. A number of men, directed by Mr. Littlehales, removed tons of the debris, and about noon on Tuesday, the 5th inst., the bodies of the three unfortunate men were recovered. They were found close together and had evidently run for safety into the archway under the sidewalk, but as the immense weight broke this through they must have met an instantaneous death.

**AN INQUEST**

was held upon the body of Mr. Hancock and a verdict of accidental death returned. An inquest was also held upon the three bodies and after certain progress had been made, was adjourned until Wednesday.

**THE FUNERAL**

of the four victims took place on the afternoon of Tuesday, the 5th inst., and was largely attended. Altogether, this great fire is considered to be the greatest calamity that ever visited Hamilton. The wholesale trade will receive a heavy blow through the loss of the McInnes business, and it is not yet known whether the place will be rebuilt or not.

Rumours are afloat as to the cause of the fire, but as a searching investigation is likely to take place at an early day, it is idle to speculate on any of them. Messrs. Sanford, Vail & Bickly, who directly and indirectly give employment to upwards of a thousand hands, will proceed at once to rebuild and their business is now proceeding as well as could be expected.

The Bank of Hamilton, under the able management of Mr. H. C. Hammond, was ready for business at 10 o'clock next day in the Bank of Montreal premises. The Merchants' Bank immediately proceeded to the old premises of the late Consolidated Bank, and the Hamilton Provident and Loan Society found premises in Mr. A. Harvey's block on James street south.

The excitement amongst the citizens has, for a week back, been most intense. Hundreds of incidents of local interest were occurring from hour to hour, and crowds of people continually surrounded the ruins.

The fire brigade, under Chief Atchison, has worked nobly throughout the whole time.

At the time of writing, the walls have nearly all been levelled to the ground, and the place where McInnes' magnificent block stood is now but a vast heap of smouldering ruins. The sketches are by Messrs. J. G. Mackay and F. Bell Smith, of this city, and show the large building enwrapped in flames, and also the ruins before all the walls had been torn down.

Hamilton. W. F. McM.

**THE DISCOVERY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.**

**THE HONOUR DUE TO LA SALLE, NOT TO JOLIET AND MARQUETTE.**

The discovery of the Mississippi is an interesting question to Canadians—first, because the several rival claimants to the honour made Quebec their point of departure, and, secondly, because Joliet, one of the claimants, was long a resident, if not a native, of Canada.

The latest light thrown upon the problem of the discovery of the Father of Waters comes from M. Pierre Margry, the eminent French geographer, who has for many years devoted his attention to the antiquities of America. He is the author of half a dozen volumes regarding the French in North America, and within the last few years has put forth, under the auspices of the U. S. Government, three octaves of memoirs and documents relating to events in New France prior to 1754. These volumes are printed from original manuscripts, and Mr. Margry has material gathered for three more. Does the library at Ottawa possess these works? Are they to be had at Quebec?

The latest of all Mr. Margry's contributions to our early history is a letter addressed from Paris to the Secretary of the Wisconsin Historical Society, in which he claims the discovery of the Mississippi for the great Cavalier De La Salle. He holds that the latter accomplished the feat by way of the lakes—by Chicago and the Illinois river, as far south as the 36th parallel, and all this before 1673, the date of Marquette's discovery. M. Margry bases his statement on the following grounds, to which I beg

to call the attention of our antiquarians and other literary men:

I. On La Salle's own narrative to the Abbé Renaudot.

This narrative describes an expedition in which La Salle was engaged southwest of Lake Ontario, for a distance of four hundred leagues, and down a river that must have been the Ohio. This was in 1669.

The narrative proceeds: Some time thereafter he made a second expedition on the same river which he quitted below Lake Erie—made a portage of six or seven leagues to embark on that lake, traversed it toward the north, ascended the river out of which it flows, passed the Lake of Dirty Water (St. Claire), entered the Freshwater Sea (Mer Douce,) doubled the point of land that cuts this sea in two (Lakes Huron and Michigan), and descending from north to south, leaving on the west the Bay of the Puans (Green Bay), discovered a bay infinitely larger—at the bottom of which, toward the west, he found a very beautiful harbour (Chicago. Is there any earlier mention or description of that site?) And at the bottom of this river, which runs from the east to the west, he followed this river, and having arrived at about the 230th (sic) degree of longitude and the 39th of latitude, he came to another river, which, uniting with the first, flowed from the northwest to the southeast. This he followed as far as the 36th degree of latitude, where he found it advisable to stop, contenting himself with the almost certain hope of some day passing by way of this river even to the Gulf of Mexico. Having but a handful of followers, he dared not risk a further expedition, in the course of which he was likely to meet with obstacles too great for his strength.

II. On a letter of La Salle's niece. This letter, dated 1756, says the writer possessed maps which in 1675 were possessed by La Salle, and which proved that he had already made two voyages of discovery. Among the places set down on these maps, the river Colbert, the place where La Salle had landed near the Mississippi, and the spot where he planted a cross and took possession of the country in the name of the king, are mentioned. The Mississippi and the River Colbert are one and the same.

III. On a letter of the Count de Frontenac. In this letter, which was written in 1677 to the French premier, Colbert, Frontenac says that "the Jesuits having learned that M. De La Salle thought of asking (from the French crown) a grant of the Illinois lake (Lake Michigan), had resolved to seek this grant themselves for Messieurs Joliet and LeBeuf, men wholly in their interest, and the first of whom they have so highly extolled beforehand, although he did not voyage until after the Sieur De La Salle, who himself will testify to you that the relation of the Sieur Joliet is in many things false."

IV. In fine, M. Margry founds his opinion on the total antagonism between the Jesuits and the merchants, as well as all those who represented interest, or only a legitimate ambition. In opposition to the Jesuits Cavalier De La Salle always associated with the Sulpicians or Recollets whom Colbert had raised up against the Jesuits, in order to lessen their influence.

JOHN LESPERANCE.

**AN OLD CANADIAN LANDMARK GONE.**

The following very interesting memoir which we clip from the *Scottish American Journal* deserves to be kept in our columns as an account of its local history. The venerable General Donald McLeod died at Cleveland, Ohio, on July 25th, at the extraordinary age of 100 years 6 months and 22 days.

He was born at Aberdeen, Scotland, on January 1st, 1779. He received his early education in his native city, was a graduate of the Aberdeen University, and was primarily intended for the ministry of the church. In 1803, however, he entered the British navy, and after serving for five years he transferred himself to the army. It was his fate to see much active service. He was present with Sir John Moore at the battle of Corunna, 1809, and assisted at the funeral of that illustrious general; and passing over a number of intermediate actions engaged in the battle of Waterloo, at which he received two wounds. After that engagement he retired from the army and returned home. In 1812 he was ordered to Canada, and was present at the battle of Queenstown, on October 13th. At the battle of Chrysler's Farm, November 11th, 1813, he was wounded; and again at the battle of Lundy's Lane, July 25th, 1814.

Having thus acquired some familiarity with the country he resolved to emigrate to Canada after his retirement from the army. In 1816 he was engaged by the Government in the survey of the townships of Bathurst and Drummond. He subsequently purchased a farm at Augusta, near Prescott, and not succeeding as a farmer he removed to Prescott, and opened a classical school, in which a number of eminent men received their rudimentary education. Shortly afterwards he purchased a printing establishment, and commenced the publication of a paper at Prescott called the *Greenville Gazette*, taking a decided stand against the "Tory Compact" Administration. He continued a zealous advocate of reform until the rebellion broke out in 1837. In that disturbance he took an active part, was created Major-

General of the insurgents, and was ultimately compelled to flee the country. Large rewards were offered for his arrest on each side of the line—on the Canadian side for rebellion against the Government, and on the United States side for an alleged violation of the neutrality laws in being the supposed leader of the party of men who captured and burned the Canadian steamer *Sir Robert Peel* at Well's Island. After eluding his pursuers for some time he at length surrendered himself at Detroit to one of General Scott's marshals, and was then tried and honourably acquitted. In the meantime his family had removed to Cleveland in quite destitute circumstances, their entire property having been taken from them before leaving Canada.

A pardon was afterwards extended to him by Queen Victoria, and he was not only permitted to, but several times did, visit Canada. The last of these visits was paid in the spring of 1864, since which time he has resided quietly in the midst of his friends at Cleveland. By these the comfort of himself and his wife were assiduously promoted; and to these, with the numerous visitors who often called to see him, the General would narrate very graphically many of the incidents and scenes connected with his stormy career in Canada. His memory retained a surprising tenacity up to within a few months of his death.

**AWARD FOR SANITARY INVENTION.**

Mr. Thomas Griffiths, F.C.S., of the Silicate Paint Co., London and Liverpool, has carried off the Gold Richardson Medal of the Sanitary Institute of Great Britain for the best sanitary invention by his "Patent Zinc White," a substitute for carbonate of lead.

The Duke of Northumberland, President of the Institute, in presenting the medal to Mr. Griffiths at the meeting held at the Loudon Royal Institution, stated "that he had great pleasure in so doing, as it was the most beneficial discovery ever made for preventing the dreadful suffering caused by the use of lead paints."

**MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.**

M. VIEUXTEMPS is in failing health, and has consequently resigned his Professorship in the Berlin Conservatory of Music.

DURING the coming season of the Vienna Opera it is proposed to produce, in a consecutive series, all the operas of Mozart, to be presented in chronological order.

MR. MAPLESON has not yet perfected the arrangements for his American season. He has, however, decided to increase his American orchestra to ninety players, and his chorus to seventy voices.

MR. SIMS REEVES will commence an opera tour in September at Manchester. He will give "The Waterman," "Guy Mannering"—a new opera—"A Guy Cavalier," by Ernest Cuthbert and A. Nicholson, as well as other works.

DR. BELOW has left London for Hanover; from Hanover he goes to Vienna; from Vienna he swings back to Bayreuth, to play in aid of a fund to raise a statue to Wagner. Everywhere he will quarrel.

THE Aimée troupe meet great approval in San Francisco. Specially is the Italian complimented on her personal graces and puffed for her clever acting. She has not a great voice, but is altogether a charming actress and vocalist.

THE London opera season is almost ended, and the opera nightingales are preparing to fly to more congenial climes. Patti goes to Naples, Nilsson to Mont Carlo, Campanini and Puccini to Italy, Marie Rose to Monte Carlo and Miss Kollogg to Paris. Albani will probably remain in England.

DURING a recent performance of Jules Claretie's "Les Muscadins" a hiss was heard when the actors cried "Vive le République." The Republicans began to cheer, and a regular fight ensued, which was only terminated by the interference of the police.

HENRY IRVING has at last decided to visit America next year. Nothing will induce him to accept a certainty. "If I am not successful in the United States," he still says, "I don't want any manager to bear the loss; but if I am, I want a fair share of the money results."

THE manager of a London theatre has just been ordered to pay \$5 for damage done to a lady's dress by wet paint on one of the orchestra stalls in his theatre. It is not altogether an uncommon thing for gentlemen to barter away upon their dress coats an exact impress in paint of the design upon the back of the seat in which they have been sitting in the theatre at the beginning of a new season.

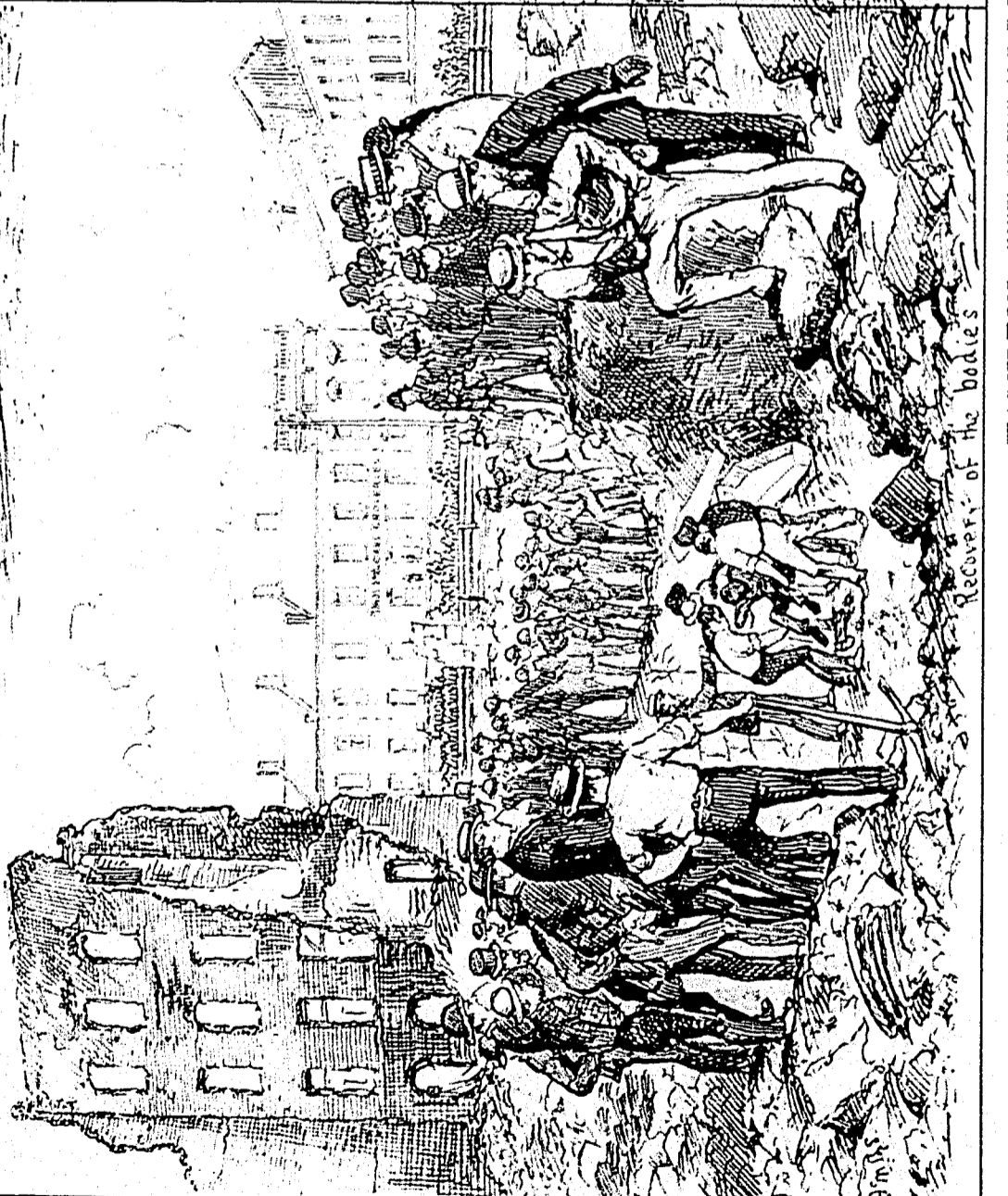
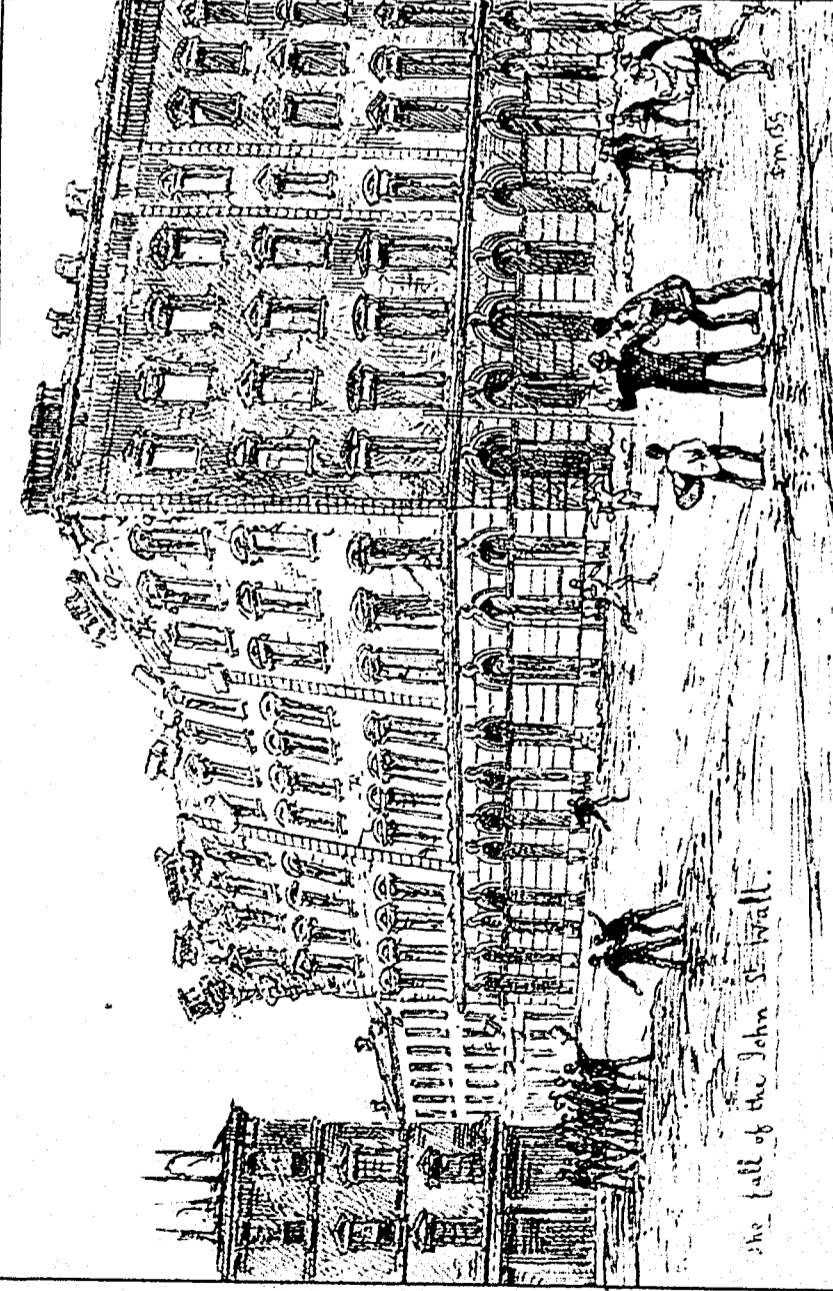
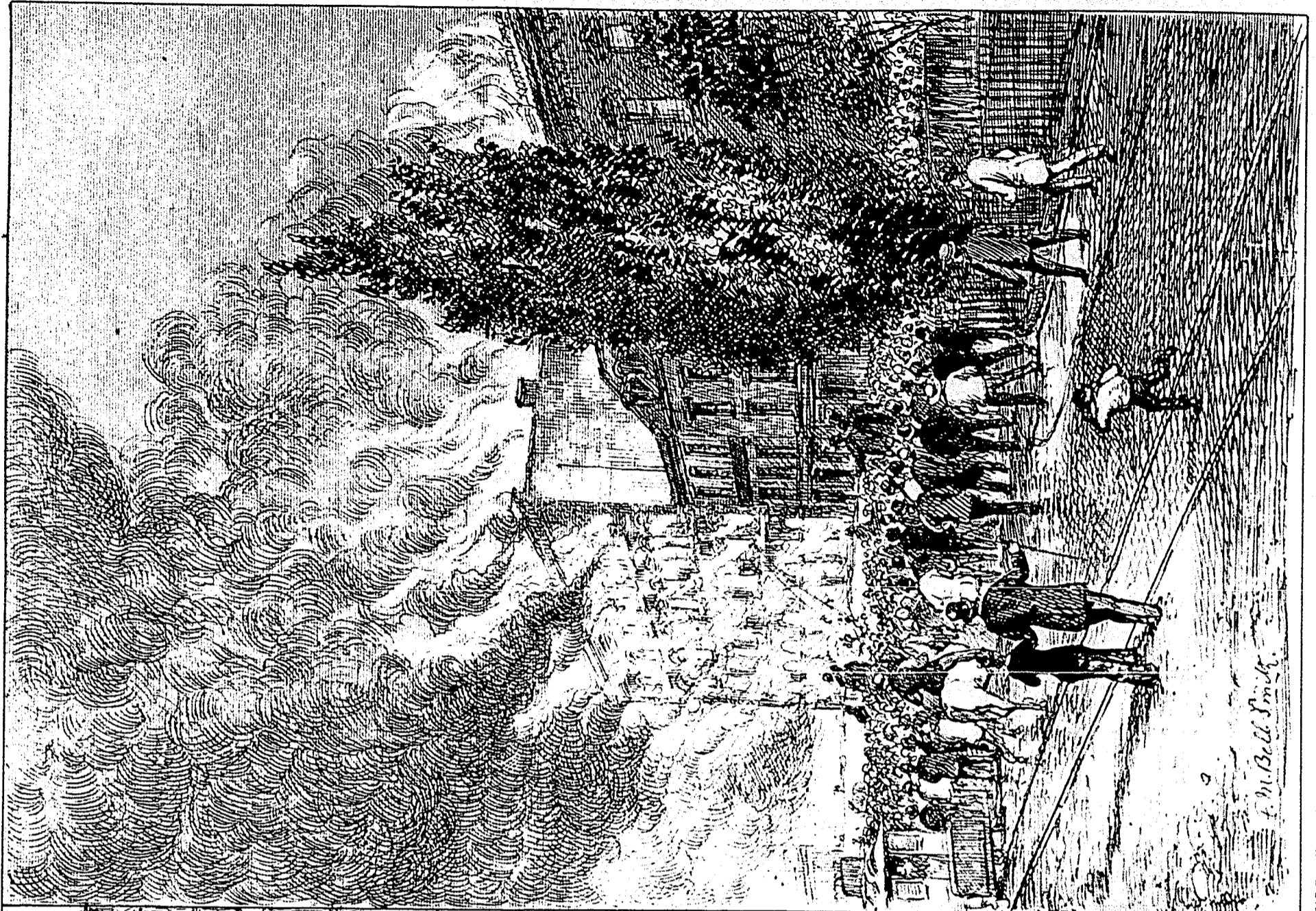
THE London *World* tells of a London lady who does not admire Sarah Bernhardt. She says she doesn't care for a woman "whose eyes are only an inch from the top of her head, and who has an ironed-out upper lip." Another paper says Miss Bernhardt always faces an audience in the stage "because she cannot be seen edgewise." Still another remarks that her "articulation" is excellent, as a glance at her figure will show.

MME. PATTI, in addition to her operatic successes, has appeared in a number of concerts in London, and it is evident that her hold on the popular favour is stronger than ever, while it is certain that her voice is at its best. At a recent concert at Albert Hall, in the presence of an immense audience, including several members of the royal family, she sang, among other selections, Gounod's "Ave Maria," the violin obligato being performed by twenty two violins in unison.

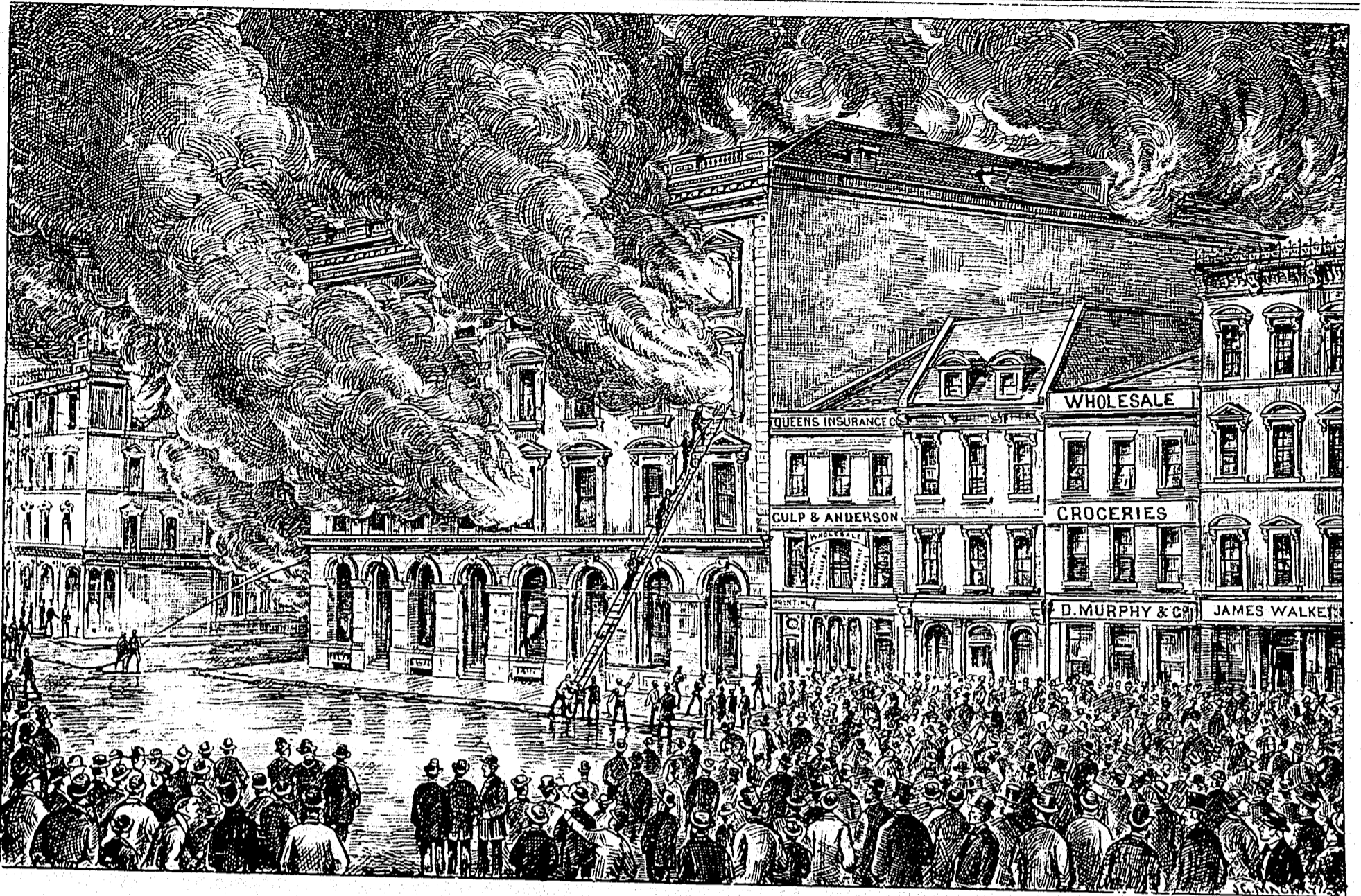
**A CARD.**

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

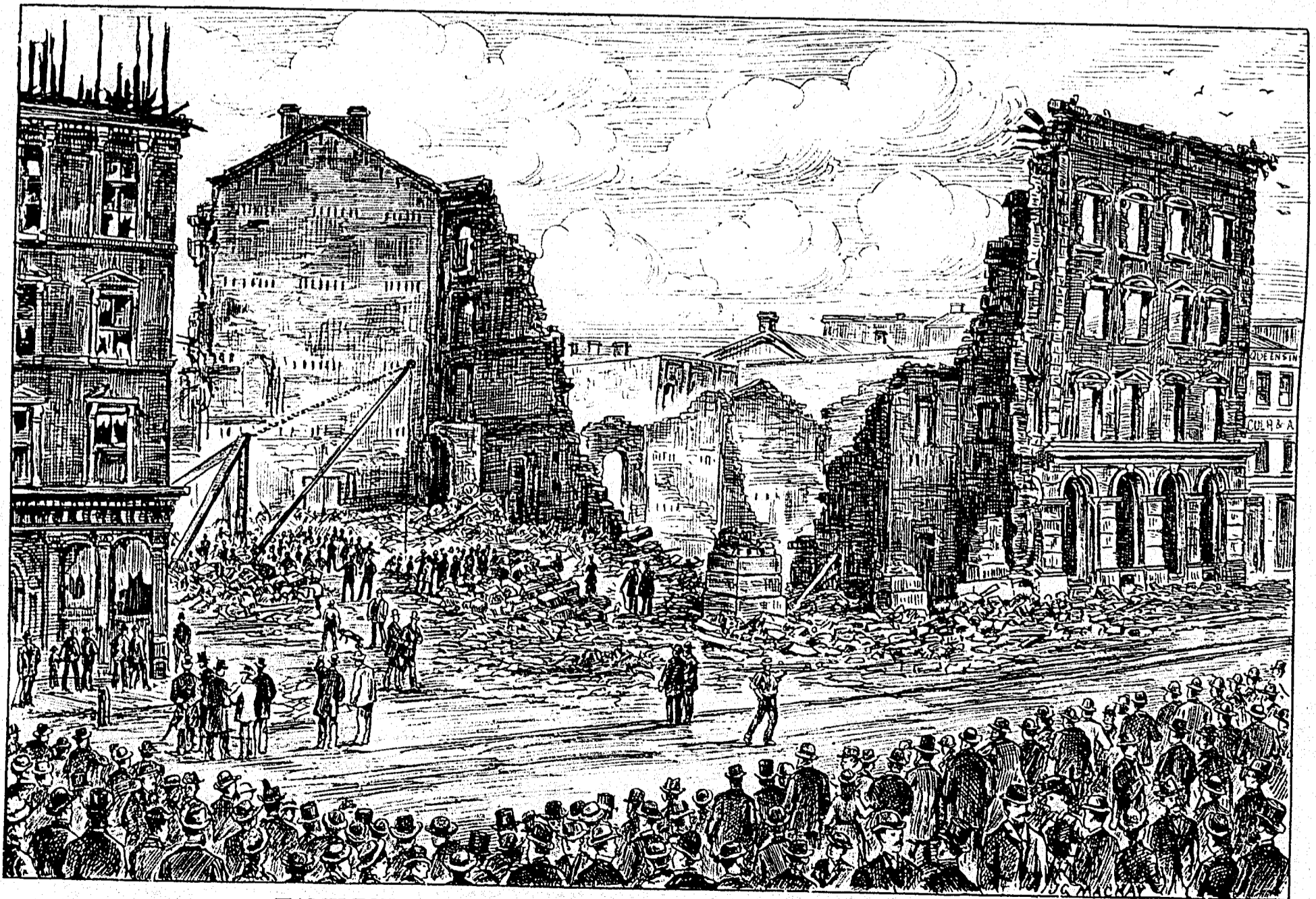




HAMILTON—VIEW OF THE GREAT FIRE.—FROM SKETCHES BY F. BELL SMITH.



HAMILTON.—THE LATE GREAT FIRE.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. MACKAY.



HAMILTON—AFTER THE FIRE. SEARCHING FOR BODIES.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. MACKAY.

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# MY CREOLES:

A MEMOIR OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

By JOHN LESPERANCE,

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

Book II.

VOUDOUS AND VOUDOUISM.

VII.

AN ABRUPT PAUSE.

The girl was a thoroughbred Congo. Her face was as black and shiny as a lump of Lackawanna coal. Her teeth were two large ranks of sparkling ivory. Her hair was as tufted as leeland moss; no comb could possibly go through it, and it was propped up on the back of her head in pyramidal shape. She had, however, two exceptions to the original type, and these were redeeming features. Her lips were heavy and thick, but not blubbery, and the under one did not protrude. Her nose, instead of being bridgeless and outspread at the nostrils, was a saucy little pug, very provocative, no doubt, to sable swains. There was a devil in her eye, too, which explained all the slaughter she had made among the young bucks of her condition, and how it was she had completely conquered the poor son of Hiacinte.

From my examination, I concluded that the girl could be best dealt with by coaxing. Intimidation would have only the effect of hardening her.

"See here, Toinette," said I, approaching my chair an inch or two, while Hiacinte, with a yearning, anxious look, did the same, "I told you I wanted to do something for you and Gaston, if I could; but I can do nothing, unless you tell me the whole story. I don't wish to force you to speak, mind, but if you can't or won't tell me more, say so at once, and I will go."

I spoke this very gently and without the least intimation of resentment.

Hiacinte followed me up in a strain of the most pitiful entreaty. It was a low, meaning whine, full of a peculiar pathos.

The girl looked at me wildly and said: "Ef I told on my brudder, he'd choke me dead."

"But he never need know, Toinette."

"He'd be sure to know, sah. The devil tells him everything. I never seed such a man for finding out everything."

"Bah! bah!" said I, laughing, "don't mind that. You have only Hiacinte and myself to hear and we would never tell, not if we were torn to pieces for it; would we, Hiacinte?"

Hiacinte arose and swore a terrible oath.

"There now; what do you say?"

"And ef I told you, what would you do to Nain?"

"Nothing."

"Nothin'! Nothin'! And you want to know all dis for nothin'?"

"I told you before that I came here to try and help Gaston. For that I must know the whole truth. Ah! Toinette, I am afraid that, after all, you don't care much for the poor fellow, who by this time must be suffering in the cane brakes of Louisiana."

"Oh! sah, don't say so. I will tell you all."

I had risen from my seat and taken up my hat, feigning to go away.

The girl, wrought to the highest pitch of emotion, and fearing my departure, sprang from her chair and threw herself at my feet. I moved backward a few steps, but she followed, creeping on the floor. Then she flung her arms around my knees and looked up imploringly into my face. No female countenance can be declared ugly when lit up with intellect or love. De Stael had a beauty of her own when animated with literary converse, and this slave-girl, spite of her colour, was partially transformed in the love-light which streamed from her eyes.

I tried to make her rise, but she would not.

"You will bring Gaston back," she said, "ef I tell you all."

"I can't promise that, Toinette, but I will try."

"Oh! If you try, you will succeed; I know you will."

"I will first go to his master and explain matters to him. The master liked Gaston and may be led to forgive him. He knows the man he sold him to, and though the boy is gone, he may find a way of getting him back again. I will try this first, and if I can't succeed, I'll go about it in some other way. If nothing else will do, though I have little money of my own, I will work for or borrow the sum necessary to buy him back. Gaston will then be free, and I know he will make enough with his wages to repay me."

"That he will, sah," exclaimed Toinette. "That he will," echoed Hiacinte, who though she remained seated, was transported beside herself.

"Yes, and we all 'ell help him," added the girl. "Old mas'r allows us a little purse. I'll give wat I got or kin make, and so I knows 'ell

Paul and Suse and Marthe. And our young missus Ory, who 'es all the money she wants, will do wat she kin for us. O, sah, save poor Gaston; bring him back, let me only see him once more."

Toinette rose and stood in front of me. I thought I could read in her face that her mind was decided. Hiacinte rose, too, and advanced toward us.

"Now, sah," said the girl in a low voice, "you kin tell Gaston's mas'r how it all happened. Wen Gaston made up to me, he got to be a great friend of my brudder. Arter talking to me awile, he'd go and 'ev long talks with Nain. I liked dat well 'nough, for brudder bosses over all of us, old folks and young folks, and ef he liked Gaston, he'd let me 'ev him for beau. Things went on dat way fur a good piece. One night Gaston had jst come and was talkin' to me, when brudder called him out. Dey boaf staid away a long time. Then, at last, Gaston come back and said he must go. 'Whar to?' I says. 'Oh,' says he, 'way up town.' 'How fur?' says I. 'As fur up as de college,' he says. Dat looked funny, and he looked funny, and I told him so. He only laughed. Den I axed him wen he'd be back. He said I'd be in bed wen he got back, but dat I'd see him agin in de mornin'. Somehow I didn't like all dis, and was gwine to talk him out of it, when brudder comes up and says: 'Don't mind, Toinette; he's goin' for me.' I didn't say no more, and Gaston walked off."

At this point, a noise as of steps was heard outside, and a gust of wind rumbled down the chimney. The girl stopped, listened, and looked around with a frightened face.

"The debil allays comes down the chimbley, sab," said she, "go and look."

I was aware of this superstition, and, to reassure her, pretended to make an examination of the large fire-place.

"It's nothing, Toinette," said I, "only a little blow. Don't fear."

She still hesitated a moment, but as all relapsed into deep silence again, she took heart and continued:

"As I was sayin', sah, Gaston went away, but next mornin' I seed him agin, and he looked down in the mouf. I axed him wat was de matter, but he only shook his head. Arter a while, tho', he said he'd ben away from home all night and was afraid to go back. His mas'r would scold him, shore. Wile he was a talkin' to me, a boy comes runnin' up and he says to Gaston: 'I knowed I'd find you here. Whar you ben? Old mas'r's ragin' mad. He'll lick the hide off o' you. A young gemmen jst come down to see mas'r and he talked 'bout you, 'cause mas'r called for you, and wen Nance told him you'd ben out all night and hadn't got back, he took it awful. Now you'd best hurry back right 'way, for mas'r's went off in his buggy widge young gemman and ef he don't find you at de house wen he gets back, it'll be terrible.' Den poor Gaston he hit his forehead so—(imitating the gesture)—and he said: 'Dare's somethin' wrong about dat darned letter, and he ran off widout eber kissin' me. I ain't neber seen him sence.'"

Here Toinette gave way a moment to her tears.

"I sot down," she continued, "and begun to cry. Somethin' told me dat Gaston had got into a bad scrape. Brudder Nain seed me and axed me wat I was cryin' 'bout. I told him. Oh, how he did flash out. He stamped on the ground and he tore his hair, and he cussed like the debil. My! how he did carry on. 'De infernal fool and jackass,' he said, meaning Gaston, 'wat made him let 'em find him out. I ought er ev know'd better than send such a confounded goose.' At first I was gwine to talk up to him, but I didn't. I put in a good word fur Gaston, and axed him wat was wrong wid dat letter dat Gaston talked 'bout. But Nain was afared that Gaston had blabbed some, and so he took me round de neck and hugged me. 'Toinette,' says he, 'you must hush up 'bout dis. It will be best for all of us.' Den I axed him ef it was him ed wrote dat letter. He looked at me very cross and said—"

"Well, what did he say, Toinette?"

She glanced around the room and bending to my ear:

"He said dat—"

"If you didn't hold your saucy tongue, he'd burst your brains out," thundered a voice at the open door.

The girl gave a shriek and fell senseless at my feet.

She had recognized her brother Nain.

VIII.

NAIN KNOCKS UNDER.

I, too, had recognized the negro who had jostled me in the wood-path. He stood in the door-way cool, stern, drawn up to his full height, ready for anything, but unarmed. He did not

look at me, his eyes being fixed on the fallen girl. After a moment's pause, he advanced into the room, and was about stooping over his sister, when Hiacinte rushed at him.

"Stand off, old woman," said he, in excellent French, "this is no business of yours. I know you. You are Gaston's mother. I pity you, but you must not interfere."

Hiacinte drew back, seemingly more frightened at these quiet words than she would have been at a volley of threats.

I felt that it was my turn to speak.

"Leave that girl alone," said I, "she is here under my protection. I will take care of her."

The fellow stood up and made me a most elegant French bow.

"I have the honour to salute Monsieur Carey Gilbert," said he. "I would not take the liberty to address him first, but now that Monsieur has done me the honour of speaking to me, I will answer him. Monsieur is very kind to take care of my sister. If Mademoiselle Ory knew it, she would be very grateful to him."

"Hush, you villain," I exclaimed, overwhelmed at the sargasm of this allusion; "how can you dare pronounce that name here?"

I approached him threateningly. He did not budge from his place.

"Ah! Monsieur is excited. Very well. It is time to stop this comedy. You know me, sir, and I know you. You are a gentleman; I am a miserable slave, but we have important matters to settle between us, nevertheless. Not to-night, however. At least, not if I can help it. I know the object of your visit here. I have heard everything. It is very honourable. No one regrets the misfortune of Gaston more than I do. I would give myself up to redeem him. But that is no reason why Toinette should betray her promises and expose herself to the most terrible of punishments for treachery. She is now recovering from her fright, and I will take her home."

Considering the social difference existing between us, and considering, especially, the deadly enmity which I knew the negro harbored against me, it would only have been natural that I should have stopped his mouth before he had time to utter all this impertinent nonsense. But, to my own surprise, I not only listened to him, but while he spoke found myself half lost in admiration of his cunning and audacity. My anger had so far subsided that I appreciated a little the comic of the situation.

When he had ceased speaking, Nain held out his hand to Toinette, who was now sufficiently recovered from her terror and surprise to be able to stand up. She kept her eyes down, however, and I noticed on her face that absence of glossiness which in the negro is a substitute for paleness.

"Come home with me now," said Nain, in a sharp voice. "We'll settle the rest there."

"Not so," I exclaimed, interposing my hand; "Toinette will return, as she came, with Hiacinte. I will remain here till Hiacinte comes back and reports that she is safe."

A flash shot from the negro's eye and he set his teeth, but I was roused now. I was determined on carrying my point.

"I will follow them," said he.

"If you do, I will follow you and bring you further than you care to go to-night. I will bring you into the presence of your master, even if I have to call him up from his bed."

At these words the fellow started. His countenance fell, and all his assurance deserted him.

"I will remain here," said he.

"Very well. Now, Hiacinte and Toinette, be off as quick as you can."

Not more than a quarter of an hour after, Hiacinte returned with the announcement that they were met at the outer gate of The Quarries by Miss Ory and another lady, and that Toinette was immediately taken in by them. I noticed that the statement made a powerful impression on Nain, who glanced furtively at me, and, meeting my eye, averted a guilty look.

Did Ory know of my meeting with Toinette, or did she only suspect? In either case I was comforted, for I felt that she would help me.

I was about leaving the room when "Auntie" came in precipitately to tell us that two policemen had just passed down the common.

"That's ben some bad c'racters about here of late, at nights, en de p'lice is a smellin' 'em out," said the old dame.

Nain tumbled nervously into his pockets, but his search must have been futile, for he dropped his arms on each side of him. He then looked up appealingly to me.

"Come, Hiacinte, let us go."

"Very well, Mas'r Carey," and turning to the negro, she said:

"Ain't you gwine, too, Nain?"

"I can't."

"Why not?"

"I've lost or forgot my pass."

The law at that time was that no negro, old or young, male or female, slave or free, might be out after nine at night without a written pass, signed by some responsible white person. The penalty for infraction of this law was the imprisonment of the culprit in the calaboose, his trial next morning, and a fine for release mulcted on the owner.

"It won't do for you to remain here," said I. "I'll give you a pass and you will leave at once."

"Thank you, sir," said Nain, very humbly.

Tearing out a leaf from my pocket-book, I wrote in pencil:

"Pass Nain, one of the servants at The Quarries. CAREY GILBERT."

"Here," said I, "now go."

He took the paper with a respectful bow, put it in his pocket, silled toward the door, and the moment he reached it, made a leap forward into the darkness.

"Dat nigger is a debil, Massa Carey," said Hiacinte, as we walked away together.

IX.

HAD I LOST MY TIME?

I had had two distinct objects in my interview with Toinette. The first was to make her tell me, in so many words, that Nain had written the letter to Father Wye; the second, to learn from her whether or not Gaston was a Voodoo. I had not directly succeeded in either object, though I was on the point of it, but I had learned enough to make me sure of both facts. Nain had sent the letter. That much was confessed, and, on a stretch, it was enough. He could read and write. Of his exceptional mental culture I could judge for myself, from the purity of his accent, his choice of language and the artificial self-possession of which he had given me such provoking proofs. An ignorant slave, no matter how cunning, could never have borne himself thus. With regard to Gaston, I could not be quite so positive. But his sudden and intimate relations with Nain; their long, secret talks together; his consent to carry the letter; the mystery he made about it; his braving the punishment for remaining out all night; his own remark when his master's anger was told him; the words of Nain to Toinette when he heard that Gaston had been caught—all these were so many points of presumption that Gaston was more or less under the influence of Voodooism. That is, he was hardly a free agent in the whole transaction.

I may be asked why I did not interrogate Nain himself, when I had him in my power, in the cabin? Surely I might have drawn some answer from him, or there might have been circumstances attending his very silence which could have gone far to confirm my suspicions. The thought did occur to me, but one glance at the fellow sufficed to dissuade me. Either he would have refused point blank, assuming a stony silence, or he would have beaten about the bush—a trick of which he appeared to be a master—and by driving me thus to lose my temper, bring on a scene which would have humiliated me, if it had not led to more deplorable results. My patience had already been almost worn by Toinette, and I was not prepared to strain it further. Besides, there was that about the fellow—I cannot precisely say what—which showed that he had come there thoroughly armed for just such an encounter. Another circumstance was that it was late when he made his appearance and I was not willing to assume the responsibility, rather a grave one for a youngster like me, of keeping slaves out of their master's houses at an undue hour.

If I had had positive proof of Nain's guilt, my intention was to have denounced him at once to his owner. As it was, I could not go so far. Regarding Gaston, I had learned quite enough to be able to make out a plausible case for him and I resolved to see Mr. Parley, as soon as possible, with that view. Whether I succeeded or not, I would not lose sight of the fellow, for I had pledged myself to that effect. And I felt that his fate was more or less bound up with the solution of my trouble.

Altogether, I was not dissatisfied with what had happened. I had seen my enemy between the two eyes. I had read his character in all its phases. I had shown him that I was now wise afraid of him. Furthermore, I had done him a service. This service, of course, would only add fuel to his revenge. But it was something to be prepared for such increase of hatred.

By the time I had got home my course of action was fully decided. I determined to follow up the negro and bring the whole matter to a prompt and decisive issue.

X.

AN UNEXPECTED PERMISSION.

It will be remembered that I had hitherto studiously avoided revealing my connection with the Paladines to any of my family. Even when I explained to my foster-mother the cause of my difficulty with Father Wye, I had mentioned the anonymous letter without giving the names of the persons who were implicated. Singularly enough, too, my mamma had put no questions, and seemed satisfied with what I had told her. But, now that I was about to take an important and perhaps a final step, I thought it my duty to inform her of my acquaintance with M. Paladine and all the circumstances of my visits to her. I should even have liked to speak to her of Ory, but my promise of secrecy concerning our interview put that out of my power. The moment I uttered M. Paladine's name, my mamma shuddered and turned deadly pale, but she did not interrupt me, and as I went on with my story, gradually resumed her usual placidity. When I detailed the events of my first meeting, especially the scene at the garden gate, she laughed very heartily, nodding her head in a playful manner, as if she meant to say, "Just like him; just like him." At different parts of my narrative, I noticed that she was more or less affected, but she suffered me to go on to the end, without offering any observation.

When I had done, she said:

"It is many years, my son—I can't remember how many—since I have breathed M. Paladine's name. But I will not say one word against him now."

Of whom was she ever heard to say an unkind word?

"I could have wished that all this had not happened. But your meeting was fortuitous and—who knows!—perhaps it was; providential. As we grow in years we feel that the feuds of our younger days ought to die out. Our children should not inherit our animosities. They might even repair them sometimes. I will not say that you must not see M. Paladine. I would not count his company, but neither would I shun it. You say he seems fond of you. I don't wonder at that. He was formerly an intimate friend of your father and your poor mother—alas! if she lived, I think would speak to you as I do. Then there is another thing. M. Paladine has a daughter."

My mother looked at me when she said this, and she must have noticed my agitation. "Ory is an angel, Carey. I have not seen her these several years, but I have watched over her, nevertheless. How could I do otherwise? She is my god-child."

"Your god-child!" I exclaimed, instinctively feeling the immense importance of this fact to me.

"My god-child. Yes. And I don't know how it is, but Ory has been in my mind often and often within the past few weeks. The thought even struck me that if you, Carey, could make her acquaintance, the bringing together of you two might, perhaps, heal much of the old mischief which has so long divided our families. How I would like to hold that dear girl on my heart and speak to her of her mother once more. Like you, Carey, she never knew her mother."

The speaker was very much affected. She paused and reflected for a long time, then suddenly resumed:

"Yes, my son. I do believe there is a providence in this. I go further than I did just now. You have my full permission to visit at The Quarries, and if you there meet Ory, as I hope you may, cultivate her acquaintance. Nothing but good can come of it."

What more could I demand? It was far beyond what I had expected. Instead of the condemnation, or, at least, the disapproval which I had anticipated, I was encouraged, nay bidden to proceed on my course. I was not tempted to press my mother with further questions concerning the Paladines. Her manner all along had not invited them, and I had a vague fear that such inquisitiveness might spoil the effect of the point which I had gained. Besides, mysteries of this kind are best allowed to evolve gradually, according as events present themselves, one after one.

That same evening I took the direction of The Quarries, notwithstanding the warning which I had received from Ory.

XI.

IN THE DEEP WOOD.

Before knowing it I found myself at the negro quarters. This consisted of a square, bounded on the four sides by white cabins. In the centre was an open space, set with trees and affording a yard for the families, as well as a playground for the children. Here on holidays, or on Sabbath afternoons, the blacks being gathered in their showiest array, indulged in their various noisy games. There, too, their feet clattered in the dance to the sound of the merriest music. Beyond the breakdown, in which they are immutable, I have known few negroes who excel in graceful dancing, but in every plantation there are girls who have voices of splendid ring and rhythm, and there is at least one fiddler, self-taught, who is almost a perfect master of his instrument. With such resources, it is no wonder that balls are among the chief of plantation amusements.

In the middle of the small side of the parlor-rogam was the house of the oldest couples, the parents and grandparents of nearly all the slaves. They there have all their children under their eye, although the children themselves pay small heed to the tutelage. Among negroes there is no patriarchy. Old age is tolerated, but not surrounded with the attentions of filial respect.

Behind each cabin was a small kitchen garden; in front and facing the common yard, a clean-swept, little plot, shaded in most cases by persimmon and papaw trees.

The Paladine negroes were a happy set. The proof was the tidiness of their habitations and the good order that reigned among them. From my position, where I could see all without being myself observed, I noticed the old folks smoking together in groups; the young women going in and out on household work; the children playing together at the cabin doors. There was the usual hum that floats around homes at evening, but no wild noises, no shrieks, no laughter. My esteem for M. Paladine increased a hundred fold at this view of his peaceful slaves.

I saw few young men in the little village. The big-hipped girls waddled about, seemingly oblivious of their sweethearts. I made no account of this, for it was a week-day, and probably the boys were not yet in from work.

Skirting the cabins from a distance, I advanced deeper into the wood. Twilight was fading fast, and I had not wandered far when I was wrapped in profound darkness. There was one greyish glimmer in a distant clearing, but around me the trees disappeared one by one, being replaced by massive columns of gloom. I stopped to enjoy the solitude. It suits one's

mood sometimes to yield entirely to physical influences; to feel hemmed in and gently overborne by the great forces of nature. At such moments the brown sky lowers on you; the warm, tufted grass buoys you up; the trees slant over you; the air punts and thickens; the rippling of the neighboring river sounds like the thud of small waves creeping up to your feet, and you, gradually narrowing within yourself, experience at every point of your being the subtle thrills of a delicious something for which I know no name but rejuvenescence. Alas! these sensations are only fleeting. A moment after and the sky soars up; the trees straighten their fronts; the wind sings in the leaves; the water gurgles back into its channel and you stand once more in the isolation of your natural littleness, painfully conscious of the narrow space you occupy in the universe.

Returning to myself again, I was considering where I should go next, when my ear was struck by a singular sound. I could not be mistaken. It was the sad, strange music of the tam-tam. Now low, then swelling on the night wind, it came to me like a dread boding of ill. I listened with acute attention. The sound was stationary and proceeded from the interior of the woods to my right. I immediately went forward in that direction, impelled by curiosity and a singular force of misgiving. As I approached I distinguished the sounds of voices in the intervals of the drum-beats. I knew them at once to be negro voices. They were attempts at whispers, but the negro, especially the male, owing to the thickness of his lips, cannot whisper, and his lowest tones are necessarily articulated with a certain rough distinctness.

"Why didn't they all come?" said one voice.

"It will be too late," said a second.

And the tam-tam sounded another call.

"Put it off," exclaimed a voice.

"No. It must be to-night," answered another.

The tam-tam sounded again.

Approaching nearer and nearer, I found myself on the edge of a deep natural hollow. From its depth the sounds came to me hoarser and clearer, reverberated by the sloping sides.

I threw myself behind a tree and looked down.

XII.

A VOUDOU CONCLAVE.

The hollow was alive with dark forms. One black object, set beside another only a shadeless black than itself, presents this singular effect, that it becomes almost luminous by the juxtaposition. Thus the dark figures in the hollow, being darker than their surroundings, showed almost light and could be easily distinguished as they moved. There were some twenty negroes assembled before me.

"The last round," said a voice in a tone of authority.

The tam-tam rattled. This time, the clang of that unearthly instrument being so near me, I gave a start, and my whole body trembled. I heard the rustling of the grass at different points and several dusk figures glided rapidly into the hollow.

At first there was a confusion of voices, apparently discussing something. I understood nothing, but I observed that one voice predominated. Doubtless it was that of the master. Then, at a signal, torches were lighted, which being set in sockets prepared for them, cast a ghastly glare upon the scene. The negroes fell back to the sides of the hollow, but not fast enough to escape my observation. Their faces were streaked with red bars. They wore black shirts, low in the neck and short-sleeved; black trousers, too, fitting tight at the ankle. They were barefooted and bareheaded. In the extreme background, under a jutting rock, which served as a canopy, stood a splendid fellow, disguised like the rest, but holding in his right hand a rod, around which a flexible object was loosely entwined. This object at once brought to mind the caduceus of Hermes in the mythological prints. Looking around the crouching figures of his comrades, the master—for I judged this individual to be such—raised his brows three times, making all the ugly lines on his face move together and flash in the torch-light. Then in a deep chest voice he muttered some form of prayer or incantation, of which I could make nothing, but which seemed to impress the audience deeply, for at intervals they all joined in a low, rumbling chorus which to me sounded like a savage growl.

When this was concluded two fellows ran out, each with an armful of split wood, and of these they made a heap in the centre of the open area. After their disappearance, the master, stepping forward, poured the contents of three different bottles on the pile. He then returned to his place and waved his wand. I heard the hiss of a rocket, though I saw nothing. The next moment a small ball of fire, after describing a parabolic curve, fell upon the heap of wood and ignited it. The flames were not violent, but rather burned low and smouldering. Then the whole band of negroes, forming into a ring, began walking around the pyre with the lock-step. This part of the ceremony interested me very much. When the first round was completed, somebody threw a paper into the flames, which rose fitfully in yellow shaves, emitting an odor of sulphur. At the second round a few grains of powder must have been cast, as I recognized the smell, and a few pieces of wood

were scattered about, with a whirr. At the third round, a libation of some or other aromatic oil was made, for the air was filled with perfume, while little blue flames played over the surface of the fire. As these things were being done, I caught the following words, muttered by several voices:

"And I saw a beast rising from the sea \* \* \* having ten horns and seven heads \* \* \* and on each of his horns ten crowns \* \* \* and on his heads the name of blasphemy \* \* \*"

"And the beast that I saw was like to a pard \* \* \* and his feet like those of a bear \* \* \* and his mouth was as the mouth of a lion \* \* \* and the dragon showed him his might \* \* \* and his throne \* \* \* and his great power \* \* \*"

Here was a puzzle. What did these fellows know about the Apocalypse? If the words had been spoken by the chief, I should have wondered less, but repeated as they were by several of the band, a meaning must be attached to them, and these negroes must have been taught that meaning, along with the correct rendering of the passage.

I was not relieved from my perplexity by what followed.

The procession being stopped, the men stood in a circle around the fire. Then the master raised his wand above his head seven times, and seven times the whole party bowed profoundly. After this the master held his wand horizontally over the dying flames. He had scarcely done so, when the thing that was wound around it wriggled and squirmed till it unfastened itself, all but the head. Then there were loud exclamations of joy. But above these cries I heard the hisses and the well-known terrible noise of the deadliest of our serpents. It was a rattlesnake. I shuddered. I felt like running away. Truly these were devils, not men. And what would become of me if I were caught spying their orgies? But, notwithstanding my terror, I stopped to see the end.

The master withdrew his wand from above the fire, where he had evidently placed it, not to scorch the serpent but to win him into activity, and after caressing the reptile with his hand, gently re-placed him in his original spiral condition. After this the wand passed slowly from hand to hand, each negro taking it reverently and without the slightest trace of fear, and gazing attentively into the eyes of the snake. When this horrible portion of the dumb-show was over, the master, displaying his wand again, said these words:

"All men, little and great, rich and poor, free and slave—remember the words, Voudou brothers—"

"FREE AND SLAVE!"

All assented with a loud exclamation.

"Free and slave must have a mark on their right hand!"

Here every one raised his right arm high above his head, then dropped it violently on his thigh.

"And on their forehead. So that no one can be allowed to buy or sell who has not the mark or the name of the beast or the number of his name. Mind, he cannot buy or sell, that is, he cannot go into any contract. Marriage is a contract. He cannot marry. He, of all others, cannot marry. You understand me?"

"We understand you."

"And you will work with me?"

"We will."

"The bite of the dragon on every traitor!"

"Amen!"

A loud crackling noise was heard outside the hollow. All the negroes turned about. The chief looked up in my direction.

It was Nain.

XIII.

THE TERRIBLE FLOGGING.

"Let the sentinels be on the look out," he cried in an angry voice. "Woe to any prowler around this hollow."

I took this as addressed to me, though, of course, I was not seen. To make myself more secure I crouched among the abundant shoots around my tree. Come what might, I was thoroughly resolved on seeing the whole thing out, especially now that I had reason to suspect that my case was brought up before the council of limps.

An outrunner returned to the hollow with the announcement that nothing was stirring about, and that the sentinels were all at their posts.

Then the chief resumed:

"This is the nineteenth of July, our yearly festival. It recalls the fall of woman through the serpent. Since that event man has feared the serpent. Who would not fear him?"

Here the snake on the wand rattled.

"But we, O Voudous, we have learned to worship him, and our worship, though tempered by fear, is strong and salutary. In fact, it comes to this—we serve him and he serves us. That is only fair. I don't know that he often needs us, but we sometimes need him. We need him now. Do you understand me?"

"We understand you."

"It is well. Now, something else. You know that it is already several years since we have been allowed to meet in this hollow. Indeed, it was reserved for us."

All agreed to this.

"Being in private grounds, our meetings have always remained secret, because never disturbed."

"That is true."

"And we owe this to my old master?"

"We do."

"He has been our friend."

"Yes."

"It is thanks to him if we can meet here again to-night."

"Vive M. Paladine!"

"But we can meet here no more."

"Ah! ah!"

"My old master is forced to forbid us."

"Why? why?"

"Ah! why? That is just the question."

"Forced? By whom?"

"What! Are you blind? Are you deaf?"

"Are you crazy? Have you no eyes to see, no ears to hear, no sense to understand that the great day of vengeance has come at last? Have you forgotten your gun?"

"Oh! our queen! Gai-so! Our beauty!"

"Four years since the crime was committed."

"Four years!"

"And she and we have suffered in silence."

All bowed their heads and groaned.

"But my old master is not to blame. It is his own daughter, my young mistress, who has urged our removal, and he could not refuse her."

These words were received in silence.

"No blame, mark me, to my young mistress either. She acted so not because she hates us, but because she fears for him."

And as he said this, why did the fellow look up toward me? I was horror-struck. The half moon, just breaking from a bank of clouds, lit up his hideous face which beamed with a reflection of demoniacal intelligence and ferocity. He was the chosen personation of some fell act of vengeance. I was the predestined victim. He had all the influences of superstition to steel his mind, sanctify his purpose and direct the keenness of his aim. I had to defend me, only my sense of innocence, a little stock of self-possession, and a stern determination to fight out to the last. And—I had almost forgotten it—had I not Ory's amulet! This was of itself enough to reassure me, and, indeed, I did feel wonderfully reassured.

There was a storm brewing in the sky. Grey clouds drove by in masses, tumbling into all kinds of shapes and revealing a series of strange gleams and flashes. A cold wind from the south swept the tree-tops, making a wild moan as it struck against the side of the air-current that floated on the Mississippi. It was just the night for a catastrophe.

"To-morrow evening," said the chief, "if we meet at all, it will be in the third quarry, under the cavern, facing the river."

He had scarcely said this when a terrible commotion arose in the hollow. A violent gust of wind blew out all the torches. The negroes ran backward and forward. Some rushed up the sides of the hollow, looked about them a moment, then rushed back to confer with their chief. There were loud talking, occasional bursts of laughter, angry words and threats.

If these devils had taken to quarrelling among themselves and devoured each other, I should not have been surprised much, but delighted exceedingly. Thus this drama would have turned to a laughable comedy, after all. But no; the powerful voice of Nain thundered over the din; and his cry of "Silence!" reduced the hollow to the stillness of the grave.

I arose from my covert and walked a few steps away from the tree.

"The tempest is about to rage," said the Voudou chief. "It is the echo of our own wrath. Let the wind blow, the thunderbolt fall, the rain pour in torrents. The trees of the forest will stand, but one must fall. Listen! There is a crash in the sky yonder. It comes, and woe—"

A great clap of thunder drowned his voice; a few large drops fell gently on the leaves.

But louder, and more terrible than the roar of the elements, came a new cry from the hollow.

"The snake! The snake!"

The negroes all fell forward in a heap; then as suddenly turned and fled backward, exclaiming:

"The snake! The snake!"

"Yes, he is gone! Broken from the wand. Where is he?" shouted Nain.

"Where is he! Where is he?" echoed a score of voices.

"Listen!" cried Nain.

The rattle of the serpent was distinctly heard in the silence.

"There he is. There he goes."

"Where?"

"Up that side of the hollow."

And the whole of the crew scampered up the side opposite to me.

"This way," cried Nain.

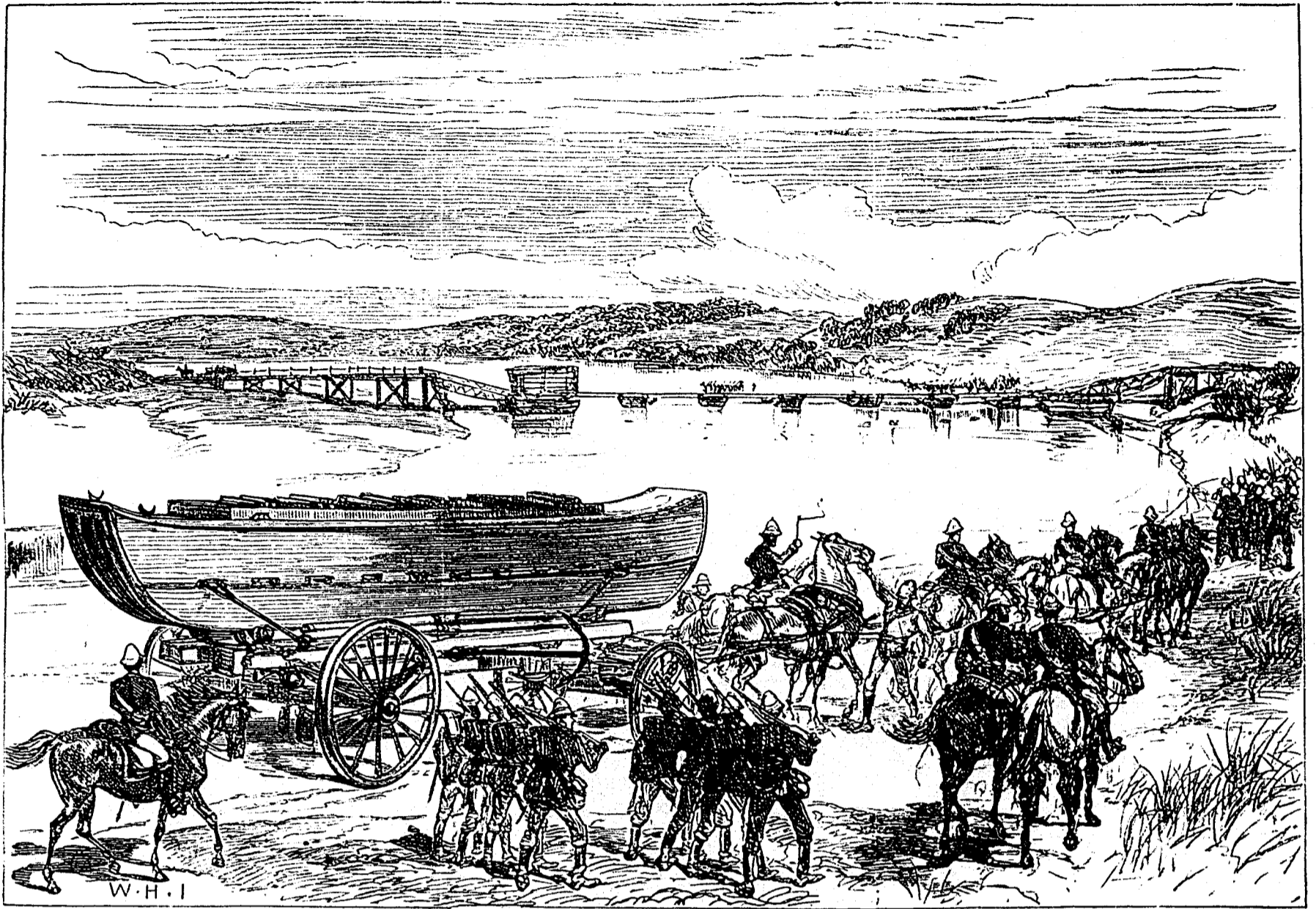
But still they fled in terror, heedless of his call.

"Fools, traitors, cowards," yelled the infuriated chief, "I will run after and capture him alone."

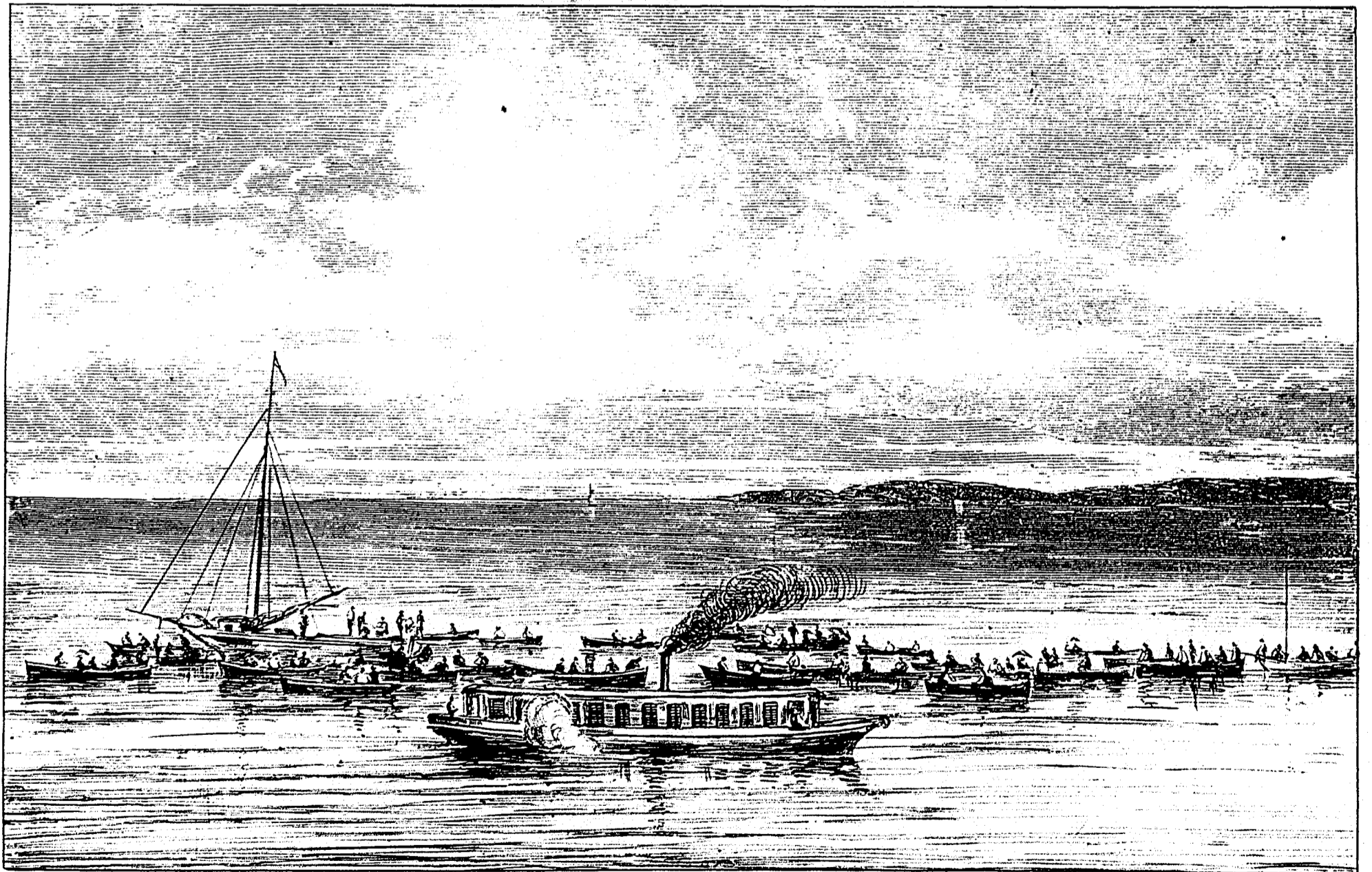
So saying he turned toward my side of the hollow.

I held my breath. It would be madness to remain where I was. I might face the negro, but I could not dare to confront the goaded reptile. Mine was the foremost tree on the edge of the hollow and he would make direct for that to secure a retreat from his pursuer. I turned to fly.

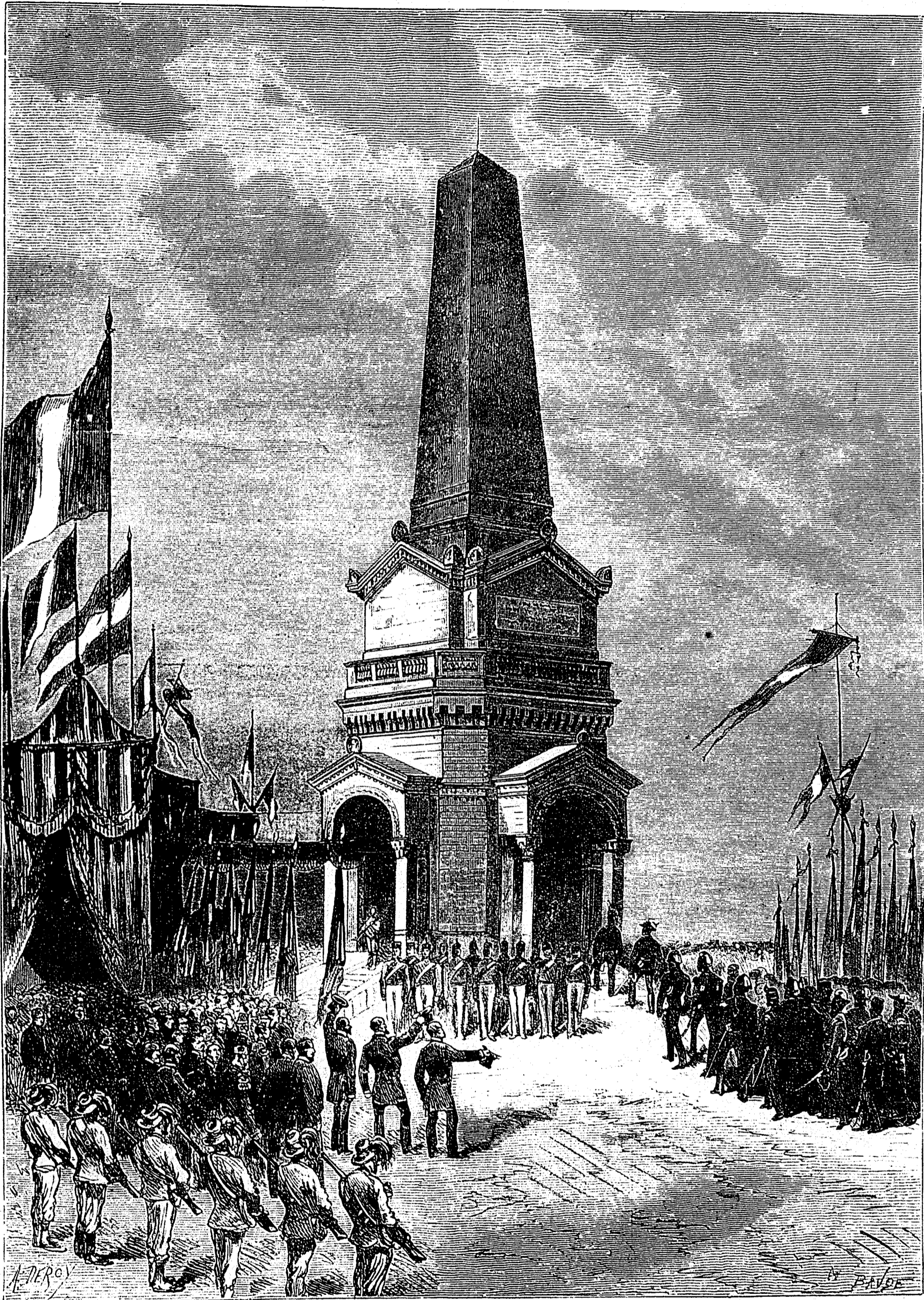
Who can explain man's instantaneous revolutions of purpose in the very teeth of deadly danger? How often are our best acts of heroism the offspring of sudden caprice, unwarranted by any law, human or divine; nay, condemned even by the elementary instincts of self-preservation! Cold, calculating courage is rare. Pride is the origin of spasmodic bravery. I



THE ZULU WAR.—NEW TRESTLE AND PONTOON BRIDGE OVER THE TUGELA RIVER.



BOATING ACCIDENT AT CLAYTON, N.Y.



THE OSSUARY ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF CUSTOZZA.

turned to fly, but as I did so I heard the panting of the negro struggling up the hill. If I fled he was near enough to hear me; perhaps to see me. In that case he would be sure to pursue me in order to ascertain who I was. And if he overtook me! What disgrace for me; what a triumph for him! To be thought to have run away from my enemy! Never. I remained to meet both the snake and the slave.

The serpent came first. As I anticipated, his objective point was my tree. When he came within three feet of its base, he wound himself in several folds, raised his neck, opened his jaw, pointed his tongue and glared at the lowest fork of the walnut. All this was done in a twinkling, but I noticed every one of his movements as distinctly as if they had been made with the slowest leisure. And I was fascinated. What grace, what symmetry, what suppleness! What beauty in those keen, luminous eyes!

If I had let the creature alone, it would have sprung into the tree for refuge and repose. It had not seen me and would therefore not molest me. But I was not master of myself at that critical moment. The fury that possessed me against Nain was directed also against this symbol of his superstition and his worship. Recklessly exposing myself to almost certain death, I made a terrible spring forward, and, just as the serpent was about to make his leap, I lighted full upon him, the pointed heel of my boot crushing his head deep into the ground. I heard his dreadful hiss and his tail furiously lashed the lower part of my leg.

"Great God! who is this?" shouted a voice just in front of me.

"It is I, you black devil, and here is your idol dead at my feet."

"What! you here? You have spied us and killed my serpent. Ah! this is then the hour of revenge."

And, saying this, he threw himself upon me with such violence that I lost my balance and fell sideways on my hands. Swift as thought, he bent forward, looked at the serpent, picked it up, brandished it aloft, and rushed upon me. I was now paralyzed with horror, and would have fled outright, but it was too late. The fiend was at me, grown in his passion to almost twice his natural size, his eyes distended and flashing fire, and in all the might of his arm scourging my head and shoulders with the scorpion lash. I dodged right and left; I made plunges at him, but to no purpose. He still continued his atrocious flogging. Driven at length to frenzy, I ran in upon him, seized his uplifted arm, wound both mine around it, and, after superhuman exertions, succeeded in breaking his strength and forcing him to let go his hold of the loathsome thing. This struggle exhausted me completely. I immediately found myself seized in the iron embrace of the negro, who, after casting me about rudely for a while, brought me down with a stunning fall. He held me on the ground with his left hand around my throat and his left knee planted on my chest. I felt that my last hour had come. A mist passed before my eyes; a cold faintness crept over me.

"Gai-so . . . . . Boqair . . . . . 'Twill teach these white folks . . . . . Ory . . . . . Oh! I had not expected it for to-night . . . . . but he himself willed it

These were the confused words which I heard, spoken in the gasping breath of my overblown and angry conqueror.

Then suddenly an icy thrill flashed through my whole frame. There was a sting at my left shoulder. This awoke me convulsively. I was endowed with new strength; I struggled, and freeing my right arm, I plunged it into my bosom. It was all done in a moment, and I do not remember that I was distinctly conscious of what I was doing.

Oh! blessing of a merciful Providence! At that supreme moment, the moon passed between two storm-clouds, lighting up the place where I lay. The negro had retained his position, but his eyes glared more fiercely, and I knew that he was aiming the death-blow, for his dagger gleamed on high. I made one last effort and held up the Egyptian cross in the moonlight. The fellow saw it; his features became contorted with ten-fold fury, mingled with fear; his uplifted arm fell, and he fled from me, sending forth a yell of horror that must have startled the very trees.

What passed immediately afterward I know not. When I returned to consciousness the tempest was over, and the moon sailing quietly in the blue heaven. I was lying on the side, drenched to the bone, with blood on my clothes and the dead snake near me.

Turning, I saw Ory kneeling at my head.

(To be continued.)

STRANGE DREAMS.

HOW THE FUTURE WAS REVEALED IN VISIONS IN SLEEP.

Gustavus Brooke, the day before he left London to embark in the ill-fated steamer upon which he was to have sailed to Australia, met his friend Greeves at a favorite resort in the Strand.

"So you are really off to-morrow? but not for long, I imagine?"

"Yes," said the tragedian, in an unusually grave tone; "yes, I'm afraid I may never return."

"Nonsense. What makes you have such a gloomy idea as that?"

"I'll tell you, Greeves. I had a strange dream last night. It was this. I dreamed

that some fellow—an author—came to me with the manuscript of a play, and wanted to sell it to me. I saw in great letters upon the cover of the first act the title. It was "The Wreck." I turned over a few pages and came to a sketch in ink of the closing tableau, intended to illustrate the way in which the stage should be set. Standing upon the deck of a sinking vessel was a man clinging to the rigging. The despairing face of the man was a perfect reproduction of my own features. The sight of that agonized face, so perfect a picture of myself, frightened me out of my sleep. Greeves, I tell you that my dream means something serious."

"Pshaw!" said Greeves. "It means too late hours and too late dinners."

Brooke went his way, and met the verification of the vision of his slumber.

S. B. CLARKE'S THREE LIGHTS.

"I am going, my boy," said N. B. Clarke to a brother professional, who entered the dying man's apartments just as the physician departed; "I am going."

"Nonsense!" was the reply. "You're good for many years yet."

"Am I? You think so, do you? Last night my wife had three lights burning in this room—three lights," he repeated faintly, "and that means—death."

A few hours after that, surely enough, Death rang down his life curtain upon the last scene of all.

EDMUND KEAN'S DREAM.

Edmund Kean once wrote from London to a friend in Dublin: "—I am glad you do not believe in such omens. For my part I hardly know whether I should or not, were I the victim of such nightmares. I never had but one such dream, and that was on the night poor B. died. It seemed not unnatural that he should come to me in my sleep attired in his grave-clothes, the more readily when you know that I had been thinking of his deplorable condition an hour before I slept. I had fallen asleep at 11 of the clock on my mantel shelf—and I awoke half an hour after. In that brief space I had the dream, and in that hour almost to the moment B., as I next day learned, died. Was that his spirit—this shrouded form—or my imagination? I leave you to solve the question."

MACREADY AND THE TOAD.

To Macready the sight of the toad in his dreams gave him a more nervous anxiety for hours after than could "the substance of 10,000 men armed in proof and led by shallow Richmond." One day, at a Drury Lane rehearsal, Mr. Ryder said to the great tragedian:

"Mr. Macready, I had a queer dream last night—very queer; I saw sitting on a huge rock a—"

"Great God!—ah—a toad!" exclaimed Macready, paling at the very thought of it.

"Toad—no, a pair of gigantic bufffrogs doing the fencing scene in Hamlet."

The great interpreter of Lear turned away in disgust at this overstepping of his toad omen. David Garrick regarded the appearance of a sword or knives in a dream as an omen of impending danger.

COOKE'S DREAM.

A week or two before his death George Frederick Cooke had a "distempered vision" of a scene in Richard III—the scene in which the coffin of the dead king is brought on. He thought, as he in the dream uttered the lines, "Stay you that bear the corpse," etc., that there suddenly appeared upon the black velvet pall, in white letters, his own name. It is possible, however, that Cooke's vision may have been the result of an over-reasting and a superfluity of "great draughts of Rhenish" or other equally potent spirit at the old Shades, in Thames street, which, in his time, was the resort of all "good fellows and true" of the town. Poor Cooke! He lies quiet enough now in the old churchyard on Vesey street and Broadway.

LUCILLE WESTERN'S DREAM OF HER SISTER'S DEATH.

Lucille Western had something of faith in the weird signs and forerunners that come when least expected "from the vague and boundless Dreamland." She once informed an intimate friend that she knew a month before the sad event occurred that her sister Helen, when playing in Philadelphia, was soon to die, or meet with some fearful accident.

"I saw the whole scene of her death—the room, the persons at the bedside, the very color of the walls, the position of the windows, and her face as she lifted up her head for the last time—I saw it all, and I shall never forget that dream and its fearful realization as long as I live."

"If you ever stumble the first time you enter a theatre in which you are engaged, you can make up your mind either your stay will be short or you'll have trouble," said a veteran comedian, the other evening. "You may laugh as much as you like at it, but it's so; and a trip on the carpet while you're on the stage means—well, it means more than a fall or a bruised knee in trying to save yourself. You remember Amy Fawcett? She stumbled on her first entrance the first night she played at the Fifth Avenue, and in three months she died almost friendless and forsaken. Call these things—these trivial happenings—accident, or what you like, they have a meaning to those who have the gift of reading the language of omens and forerunners!"

Perhaps the old comedian is half right after all. Who can tell!

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS. J. W. S., Montreal.—Post card received. Will reply in a day or two.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 231.

R. F. M., Sherbrooke, P.Q.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 232; also, of Problem for Young Players No. 229.

E. H., Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 231.

We have not yet received the programme of the Eighth Congress of the Canadian Chess Association, but we have been informed, on the best of authority, that it has been decided to hold the Annual Meeting at Ottawa, about the middle of September next. We have also learned that several important subjects are to be brought forward for consideration at this meeting.

We would suggest that the rules for the carrying on of correspondence games should, by all means, be included in the number, as contests of this nature are becoming much more common than they used to be, and we are inclined to believe that they will receive in the future considerable attention from the lovers of our noble game.

We presume that special rules will be submitted for the management of the Annual Tourney connected with the Association.

That something of this is necessary is evident from the manner in which the last Tourney of this Association was managed.

Bearing upon this are three points which will immediately present themselves to those who have taken part in Tourneys of the Association in past years. The first is the length of time to be allowed for the duration of the Tourney; the second, the time limit with reference to moves made during play; and the third, and most important, the means to be adopted when players who enter and take part in the contest are unable, through unavoidable circumstances, to finish the whole of the games. The latter difficulty is one which may always be, to a great extent, obviated by care and forethought on the part of each contestant, who ought to feel bound in honor to complete his engagement; but, still, among a large number of players, circumstances may arise in connection with one or more which may lead to an unexpected withdrawal from the contest, and this should be provided for in such a way as not to allow it to be detrimental to the interests of the rest of the players.

There are other subjects, no doubt, which might be alluded to but those we have spoken of are among the most important, and, if not, we may safely leave the whole matter to the large meeting which we may confidently expect will be the result of the energetic measures taken by the officers of the Association.

In fact, we may look upon the members of this Society when assembled, as constituting a Canadian Chess-players' Parliament which will take into consideration all subjects relating to Chess play, and the formation of such regulations and laws as regards carrying it on in its different forms as may, as far as possible, prevent in the future all disputes during the progress of a contest.

The match between Messrs. Mason and Potter, according to the last intelligence, had reached the 5th game, which was won by Mr. Mason.

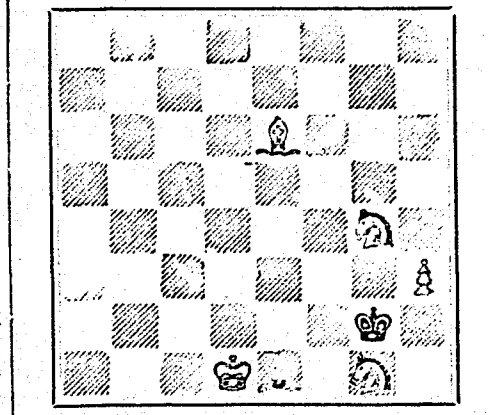
The score at the end of this game, therefore, stood Mason, 2; Potter, 2. Drawn 5.

The equality of Chess power on the part of these contestants makes this contest very interesting.

The score in the match by correspondence between a number of amateurs representing England and the United States of America now stands—England, 22; America, 24; drawn games, 7. Mrs. Gilbert, of Hartford, Conn., has scored one game in very brilliant style against Mr. Gossip, of Colchester, but there are, we believe, three others pending between the same players, in which the event has yet to name the winner.—Illustrated London News.

A rivalry has existed for some time between Messrs. Ryan and Delmar, both prominent members of the Manhattan Chess Club. Mr. Delmar proposes to have the question settled and has published a card, challenging Mr. Ryan to play a match with him for one hundred dollars a side. Mr. Delmar giving the odds of three games in seven. He likewise offers to play a match with Mr. Ryan for the same amount and give the odds of a pawn and move.—Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

PROBLEM No. 227. By J. PAUL TAYLOR. BLACK.



WHITE. White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 320TH. (From Land and Water.) CHESS IN LONDON.

Seventh game in the match between Messrs. Mason and Potter. (French Defence.)

- WHITE.—(Mr. Mason.) 1. P to K 4, 2. P to Q 4, 3. Kt to Q B 3, 4. P takes P, 5. B to Q 3, 6. Kt to B 3, 7. Castles, 8. Kt to K 2, 9. Kt to Kt 3, 10. B to K Kt 5 (b), 11. Q to Q 2 (c), 12. B to R 4 (d).
- BLACK.—(Mr. Potter.) 1. P to K 4, 2. P to Q 4, 3. Kt to K B 3, 4. P takes P, 5. B to Q 3, 6. Castles, 7. P to B 3, 8. Q to B 2, 9. P to R Kt 3 (a), 10. Kt to Kt 5, 11. P to B 3, 12. Kt takes R.

- 13. Q takes Kt, 14. Q to R 4, 15. Q R to K sq, 16. R to K 2, 17. K R to K sq, 18. P to Q R 3 (f), 19. Kt to Q 2, 20. P to Q B 4, 21. R to K 3, 22. R to K 7 (g), 23. Q takes Kt, 24. P takes P, 25. Kt to B 3, 26. Q to Q 2, 27. R P takes B, 28. Kt to B 2, 29. Kt to B sq, 30. Kt to K 3, 31. Q to Kt 4, 32. R to K B sq, 33. Q to Q 2, 34. B to Kt sq, 35. Q to Q 3, 36. Q to Q sq (f), 37. P to K Kt 4, 38. R to K sq, 39. Kt to B sq, 40. Kt to K 3, 41. B to B 5, 42. Q takes R, 43. R takes R, 44. B to B 8, 45. R to Kt 6, 46. B to B 5 (k).
- 13. B to B 5, 14. K to Kt 2, 15. B to Q 3, 16. Q to K B 2, 17. Kt to R 3 (e), 18. Kt to B 2, 19. Kt to K 3, 20. Kt to B 5, 21. P to K R 3, 22. B takes R, 23. B to Q sq, 24. P takes P, 25. B to B 2, 26. B takes Kt (h), 27. P to K Kt 4, 28. B to Q 2, 29. K R to K sq, 30. P to R 3, 31. B to K 3, 32. Q R to Q sq, 33. Q to Q 2, 34. K to R sq, 35. K to Kt 2, 36. R to K B sq, 37. R to K 2, 38. R to Q B 2, 39. B to Kt sq, 40. Q R to Q B sq, 41. R to B 8, 42. R takes Q, 43. Q to K 2, 44. Q to Q 3 (j), 45. Q to Q 2.

Drawn by consent. NOTES.

(a) This we believe to be Black's best move. We also consider that it very much attenuates, if indeed, it does not altogether nullify the attack which usually accrues from White's eighth and ninth moves.

(b) This, however natural, tends to the advantage of Black. B to R 6 is probably better, but we fail to see that White gets anything thereby.

(c) If P to K R 3, then, of course, Kt takes B P. (d) If now P to K R 3, then P takes B. B 13 P takes Kt, B to B 5, followed by B takes P.

(e) Black would like to play P to K R 4, but White would obtain an immense attack in that case by B takes P.

(f) He would but be conferring a favour upon the adversary by taking the Kt.

(g) The only resource left him.

(h) Being afraid of what the two Kt and B might do in co-operation, he plays too timidly. He should have kept the Bishop, and moved P to K Kt 4. This course might have involved him in danger, but the chances would seem to be in his favour.

(i) A very good move, and one calculated to embarrass the opponent considerably.

(j) Q to B 2 may be safer, but we imagine neither party can get more than a draw out of the position.

(k) White could here play K R to K 8, Kt to Kt 2, 47 Kt to B 5 (ch), K takes B, 48 R to K 7, but it does not appear that more than a draw should result. As the position stands, Black could and probably would have played the move indicated in last note, viz., Q to B 2.

SOLUTIONS. Solution of Problem No. 235.

- WHITE. 1. Q to K 8, 2. B to R 6 (ch), 3. Q or Kt mates.
- BLACK. 1. K to Kt 4 (a), 2. Anything, (a) P to Q 7, 2. Anything.

PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 234.

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

White to play and mate in three moves.

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REGULATIONS

Respecting the Disposal of Certain Dominion Lands for the Purposes of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,

OTTAWA, July 9th, 1879.

Public notice is hereby given that the following regulations are promulgated as governing the mode of disposing of the Dominion Lands situate within the one hundred and ten miles on each side of the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway:

1. "Until further and final survey of the said railway has been made west of the Red River, and for the purposes of these regulations, the line of the said railway shall be assumed to be on the fourth base westerly to the intersection of the said base by the line between ranges 21 and 22 west of the first principal meridian, and thence in a direct line to the confluence of the Shell River with the River Assiniboine.

2. "The country lying on each side of the line of railway shall be respectively divided into belts, as follows:

[1] A belt of five miles on either side of the railway, and immediately adjoining the same, to be called belt A;

[2] A belt of fifteen miles on either side of the railway, adjoining belt A, to be called belt B;

[3] A belt of twenty miles on either side of the railway, adjoining belt B, to be called belt C;

[4] A belt of twenty miles on either side of the railway, adjoining belt C, to be called belt D; and

[5] A belt of fifty miles on either side of the railway, adjoining belt D, to be called belt E.

3. "The Dominion lands in belt A shall be absolutely withdrawn from homestead entry, also from pre-emption, and shall be held exclusively for sale at six dollars per acre.

4. "The lands in belt B shall be disposed of as follows: The even-numbered sections within the belt shall be set apart for homesteads and pre-emptions, and the odd-numbered sections shall be regarded as railway lands proper. The lands situated on the even-numbered sections, to the extent of eight acres each, shall consist of the easterly halves of the easterly halves of such sections, and the pre-emptions on such even-numbered sections, also to the extent of eight acres each, adjoining such eight-acre homesteads, shall consist of the westerly halves of the easterly halves of such sections, and shall be sold at the rate of \$2.50 (two dollars and fifty cents) per acre. Railway lands proper being the odd-numbered sections within the belt, will be held for sale at five dollars per acre.

5. "The even-numbered sections in belt C will be set apart for homesteads and pre-emptions of 80 acres each, in number as above described; the price of pre-emptions shall be \$2.50 (two dollars and fifty cents) per acre; the railway lands to consist of the odd-numbered sections, and to be dealt with in the same manner as above provided in respect of lands in belt B, except that the price shall be \$4.00 (three dollars and fifty cents) per acre.

6. "The even-numbered sections in belt D shall also be set apart for homesteads and pre-emptions of eighty acres each, as provided for in respect of belts B and C, but the price of pre-emptions shall be at the rate of \$2 (two dollars) per acre. Railway lands to consist, as in the belts B and C, of the odd-numbered sections, and the price thereof to be at the uniform rate of \$2 (two dollars) per acre.

7. "In the belt E, the description and area of homesteads and pre-emptions, and railway lands respectively, to be as above, and the price of both pre-emption and railway lands to be at the uniform rate of \$1 (one dollar) per acre.

8. "The terms of sale of pre-emptions throughout the several belts B, C, D, and E, shall be as follows: Four-tenths of the purchase money, together with interest on the latter at the rate of ten per centum, to be paid at the end of three years from the date of entry; the remainder to be paid in six equal annual instalments from and after the said date, with interest at the rate of ten per centum, on each instalment. All payments either for pre-emptions or for railway lands proper, shall be in cash, and not in scrip or bounty warrants.

9. "The terms of sale of railway lands to be uniformly as follows: viz. One-tenth in cash at the time of purchase; the balance in nine equal annual instalments, with interest at the rate of six per centum per annum on the balance of purchase money from time to time remaining unpaid, to be paid with each instalment. All payments either for pre-emptions or for railway lands proper, shall be in cash, and not in scrip or bounty warrants.

10. "All entries of lands shall be subject to the following provisions respecting the right of way of the Canadian Pacific Railway or of any government colony or railway connected therewith, viz:

a. In the case of the railway crossing land entered as a homestead, the right of way thereon shall be free to the government.

b. Where the railway crosses a pre-emption or railway lands proper, the owner shall only be entitled to claim for the land required for right of way at the same rate per acre as he may have paid the government for the same.

11. "The above regulations shall come into force on and after the first day of August next, up to which time the provisions of the Dominion Lands Act shall continue to operate over the lands included in the several belts mentioned, excepting as relates to the belts A and B, in both of which, up to the said date, homesteads of 80 acres each, but no other entries, will, as at present, be permitted.

12. "Claims to Dominion lands arising from settlement, after the date hereof, in territory unsurveyed at the time of such settlement, and which may be embraced within the limits affected by the above policy, or by the extension thereof in the future, over additional territory, will be ultimately dealt with in accordance with the terms prescribed above for the lands in the particular belt in which such settlement may be found to be situated.

13. "All entries after the date hereof of unoccupied lands in the Saskatchewan Agency, will be considered as provisional until the railway line through that part of the territory has been located, after which the same will be finally disposed of in accordance with the above regulations, as the same may apply to the particular belt in which such lands may be found to be situated.

14. "The above regulations, it will, of course, be understood, will not affect sections 11 and 29, which are public school lands, or sections 8 and 26, Hudson's Bay Company lands.

"Any further information necessary may be obtained on application at the Dominion Lands Office, Ottawa, or from the agent of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, or from any of the local agents in Manitoba or the Territories, who are in possession of maps showing the limits of the several belts above provided for, a supply of which maps will, as soon as possible, be placed in the hands of the said agents for general distribution."

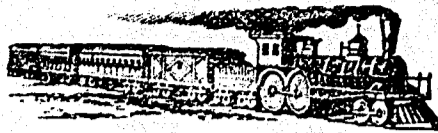
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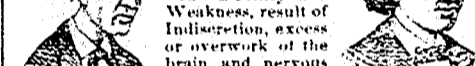
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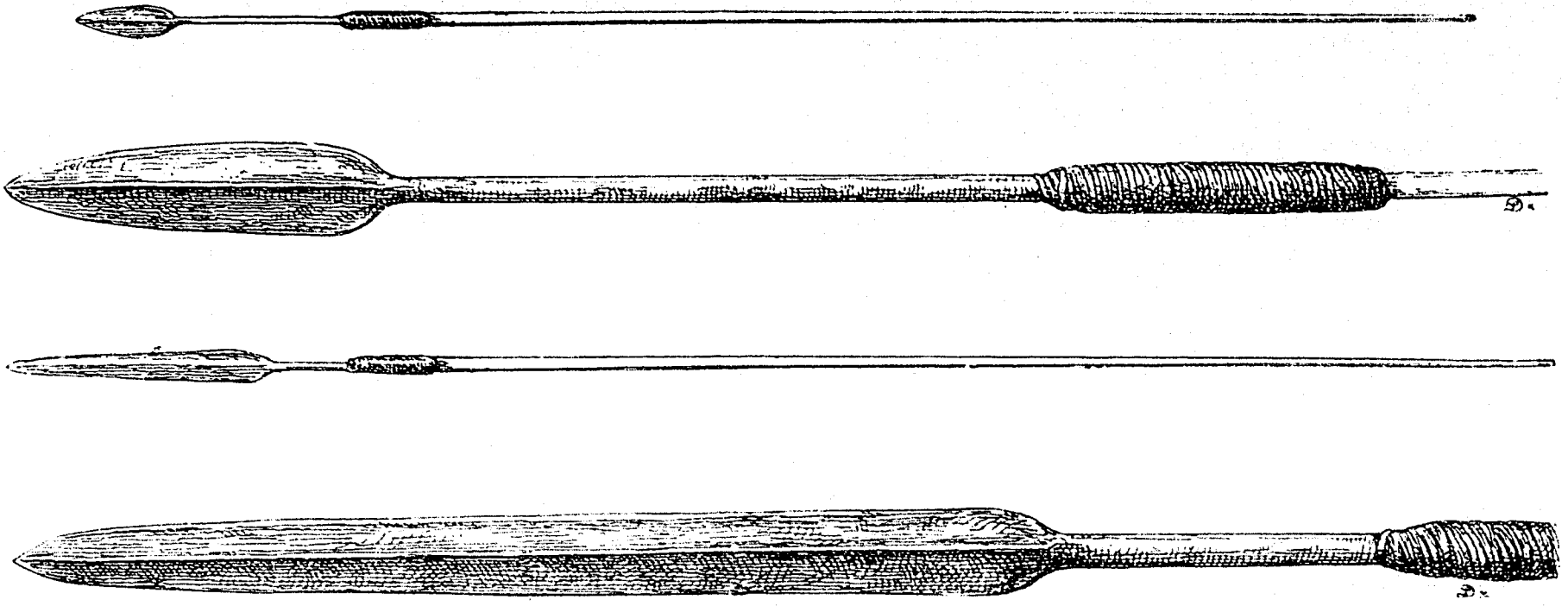
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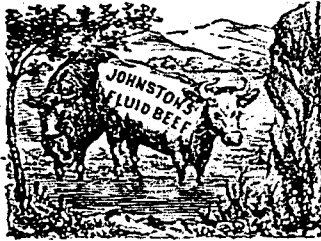


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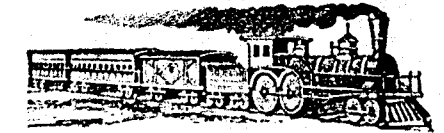
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Leave Hochelaga.....	4 00 p.m.	6 00 p.m.
Arrive Three Rivers.....	7 45 p.m.	11 30 p.m.
Leave Three Rivers.....	8 00 p.m.	4 30 a.m.
Arrive Quebec.....	10 45 p.m.	9 00 a.m.

	EXPRESS.	MIXED.
Leave Quebec.....	2 30 p.m.	6 15 p.m.
Arrive Three Rivers.....	5 10 p.m.	11 20 p.m.
Leave Three Rivers.....	5 25 p.m.	3 25 p.m.
Arrive Hochelaga.....	8 40 p.m.	8 30 p.m.

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