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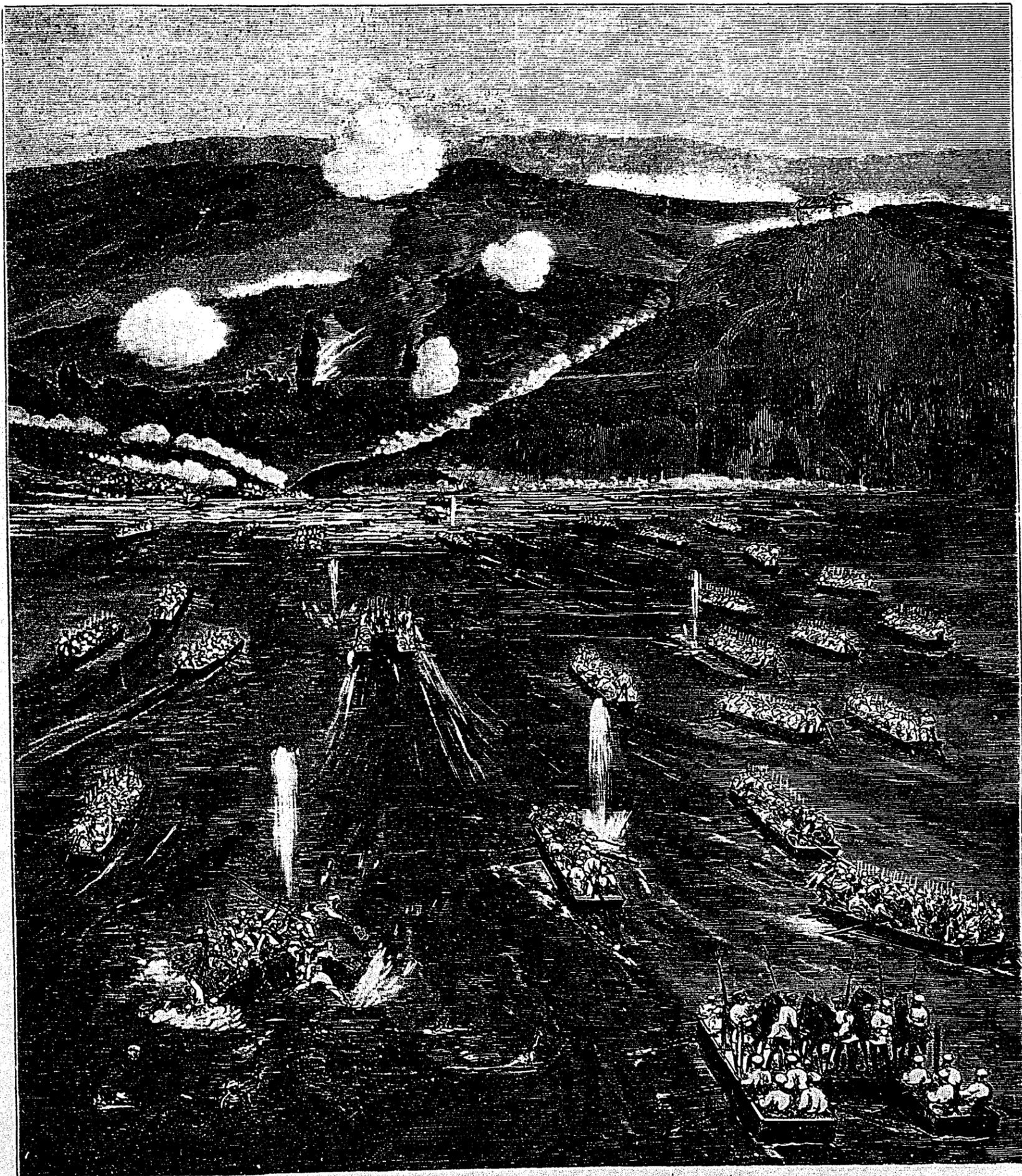
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# THE WEST-COAST NEWS

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### CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

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### CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, August 4th, 1877.

#### THE FIRST GREAT BATTLE.

The first pitched battle of the Eastern war has been fought, and has resulted in an overwhelming Turkish victory. The event is a notable one in a twofold point of view—as bearing upon the protraction of the campaign, and as exhibiting the relative merits of the conflicting armies. The Russians were very dilatory after crossing the Pruth, delaying several months in Roumania, before attempting the passage of the Danube, but after accomplishing that feat, with little or no resistance, their movements were marked with the qualities of dash and celerity. Rutschuk on the left wing was vigorously besieged by the Czarowitch; Nikopolis on the right was vigorously bombarded and finally captured, while the centre pushed forward under the Grand Duke NICHOLAS himself, who established his headquarters at Tirnova, the ancient Bulgarian capital, under the shadow of the Balkans. The advance guard under General Gourko drove forward through the mountain passes and occupied several important points within sixty miles of Adrianople. Meantime the Turks remained so quiescent that the suspicion of their inability to check the Russian advance was loudly expressed in several of the leading European journals, and the

conclusion was drawn that the Muscovites would end the war in a single campaign by a triumphant march on Constantinople. But suddenly a change took place in the Ottoman tactics. The supreme command was withdrawn from ABDUL KERIM and confided to MEHEMET ALI, and a difference was at once made manifest. A number of strategical and tactical movements along the whole line shewed that the new Turkish Commander-in-Chief was developing a regular plan of operations which, beginning with a repulse of the CZAROWITCH on his right, a stubborn resistance by SULEIMAN PASHA, at Karabunar, at his centre, culminated on the left with the great victory of Plevna, under the immediate direction of OSMAN PASHA. The effect seems to be that the hopes of a Russian triumph in a single summer campaign are effectively thwarted, and that, unless they immediately recover their losses by a stunning defeat of OSMAN PASHA, they cannot expect to operate south of the Balkans before autumn, when the impassable condition of the roads will render their movements very difficult.

The battle of Plevna likewise gives us a glimpse of the true condition of the Turkish army. It has been generally allowed that the men are thoroughly reliable, especially when fighting on the defensive, but it was not supposed that the officers were effective. The contrary is now shown to be the fact, and it would appear that, except in numbers, the army of the Sultan is not inferior to that of the Czar. It is of course too early to lay down opinions or institute comparisons, but up to the present the Pashas MOUKHTAR, SULEIMAN, OSMAN and MEHEMET have given proof of such generalship as has not been surpassed by their adversaries.

The next week or two will be marked by stirring events. The Russians are hurrying forward reinforcements, even the Imperial Guard being ordered to the front, and every effort will be made to retrieve their disasters and rehabilitate their prestige. On the other hand, the Turks have just warmed to their work, are flushed with success and seem to be acting with a systematic purpose. While both armies are still comparatively fresh, the onset will be terrible and the result dubious. Later on, if Turkey remains unaided, she may have to succumb to the force of overwhelming numbers, as other and better nations, in both hemispheres, have done before her.

#### THE LACROSSE CONVENTION.

The annual meeting of the National Lacrosse Association which took place in this city on the 3rd inst., was of unusual interest from the large number of delegates present and the important decisions arrived at. At no time has the national game of Canada been in so flourishing a condition as at present, numerous new clubs having been formed in all the Provinces, and thanks to the visit of the double teams to England last year, the sport having rapidly spread throughout Great Britain and even in India. The present meeting of the Association was therefore looked forward to with more than ordinary anxiety, as it was necessary to consolidate the game, systematize and simplify its essential rules, and lay down the basis of a code that would ensure harmony for all time to come. In many respects the labors of the Convention were successful, but we regret to notice that some ill-feeling was engendered by the question of championship. That was a point which had remained too long in abeyance, and it was imperative that it should be settled, before almost anything else could be accomplished. The award of that honor to the Shamrocks always appeared to us a foregone conclusion, and it is a source of gratification that the Convention did its duty in the premises, though there was not that unanimity which might prevent future recrimination. Indeed, from what took place, the question might arise whether it would not be wiser to abandon the practice of champion

matches to professionals exclusively, as is the case with the base ball clubs in the United States. Athletic sports in Canada have always been maintained in the English spirit of high gentility, and it would be a pity that a morbid rivalry should bring in the vulgarities of betting, umpire-challenging, quarrelling and general ill-feeling. If this were allowed, most of the older clubs and many of the newer ones would withdraw gradually from the field, and the result would be the decadence of our national game. We may furthermore express the hope that the dissatisfaction manifested last week at the action of the Convention may not lead to a schism, as is at present threatened. If one association cannot regulate the operations of Lacrosse, it is difficult to see how two could effect that object, and if the principle of rebellion to regularly delegated authority is once recognized, there is no telling where it may end. After reflection and consultation, we believe that all the recalcitrants will join in maintaining the homogeneity and influence of the National Association. This is essential to the existence of Lacrosse. Even if mistakes have been made, it is better to await patiently the remedial processes of time. Where a spirit of conciliation and unselfish devotion to the game is maintained, there is no reason to fear that substantial injustice will be done to any club, or to any member of any club, in the Dominion. Several of the new rules adopted by the Convention for the formation of clubs and the regulation of matches were very commendable. Punctuality in beginning games at the advertised hour, and a strict observance of the time-interval between the games, should perhaps have been more insisted upon. No later than last Saturday, the violation of these two rules on the Montreal Lacrosse grounds gave great dissatisfaction to the public. Hereafter, according to the new rule, a match shall be decided by the winning of the greatest number of goals in two full hours' play, goals to be changed at the end of each game and not more than five minutes being allowed during such game.

#### THE REFORMER PRESIDENT.

The course which is being pursued by the present incumbent of the White House is perhaps the wisest that he could have chosen, in view of the exceptional circumstances by which he was inducted into the Chief Magistracy of the United States. While it is generally allowed that he was elected according to a strictly legal interpretation of the law, it is still apparent to every body, and to perhaps none more than to Mr. HAYES himself, that a shadow of suspicion hangs over his administration which must stand in the way of that spontaneous and universal sympathy to which his well-meant conduct would otherwise entitle him. In other words, he has an immense prejudice to contend against, which even his most successful efforts at reform may be powerless to dissipate. It was politic as well as patriotic of him therefore to attempt to reduce this obstacle to a minimum, by endeavoring to break away altogether from the shackles of party tradition, and address himself to questions of mere administration, which soar high above all party, as affecting directly the good of the whole commonwealth. That he is freeing himself from party dictation was evidenced at the very outset by the highly satisfactory manner in which he dealt with the terrible problems of the South, enacting elementary justice, even at the risk of inconsistency to the very principles which won him the Presidency, and at the peril of disorganizing his own party in the Southern States. Similarly his mode of attacking the crucial question of Civil Service Reform is proof of his desire to replace partisanship by a broad national policy. Judging as outsiders, however, we have our fears that he will not be so successful here as in the case of the rival governments of Louisiana and South Carolina. Civil Service Reform, as understood and practiced in Great Britain, goes very much farther than the prohibi-

tion of active partisanship among the salaried officers of the State. Indeed, that is only a corollary to a system which, from its initial stages, and through all its subsequent grades, effectually removes such officers from all participation in elections, the only exception being the casting of the voter's ballot. We question very much, in the first place, whether it is in the power of the President to carry out his recent order, knowing, as we do, the temper of the American people and the peculiar "independence" of the ubiquitous class of office-holders, and, in the second place, it may be made a point of serious doubt how far he has the right to enforce such an order, if interpreted in its strictest sense and pushed to its furthest logical conclusions. It is best to leave time to decide these two points. If they turn in the President's favor, the effect will add largely to his prestige. If they prove against Mr. HAYES, his unpopularity, especially in his own party, will be so great that we should not be surprised to hear even Republicans throw out regretful hints that he was ever allowed into the White House. It is not, we opine, such amiable theorists as even Messrs. EVARTS and SCHURZ, having the ear of the President, who can give the death-blow to the admittedly widespread corruption of American official life; but the patient labors of Congress will be required to devise such a plan of careful training, competitive examination, regular promotion, adequate salaries and graduated pensions, as has made the Civil Services of England and France, for instance, a career to which the ablest and best men of those countries have been proud to attach themselves.

We have learned from the most reliable authority that the accident at the Quebec Skating Rink, to which we referred last week, was caused solely from the guys being slackened and the trusses of the roof standing without any protection. Not being built into walls, a light wind would blow them over. As to their solidity, they are much stronger than is absolutely necessary, so as to allow of wounding the timbers by bolt holes, &c. The roof, when completed, with the wind braces provided to be put in, will be perfectly secure, but in its present exposed state requires to be well guyed and stayed. The roof principals of a church in Montreal, similarly situated, blew down last summer during construction, but now all is completed, and is very strong and perfectly secure. The building is now going on according to the original plans, and with every attention to solidity and endurance. From the information we have received, there need not be the slightest apprehension as to its security, the character of the architect and of the gentlemen forming the directorate of the company, being sufficient guarantee that the public safety has, and will be made, the object of their constant care.

MR. BRIGHT is humiliated at the present condition of public affairs in the United States. He attributes all to the Tariff. It is either the Tariff or something else. But we should have thought Mr. BRIGHT was getting almost old enough to have begun to overhaul his democracies to look at the various men who compose them; also at the progressive history of the relations of Labour and Capital, the motives of demagogues, an exciting climate, and the absence of checks. And without discussing elementary forms, he will doubtless now see that the immense organized properties in railways have to be guarded by national and centralized justice and power—such as need moral sense, coolness, and knowledge to administer. He is a good man, and not ignorant of the gospel of peace and good will, without which society cannot be saved—and he is doubtless reconciled to the study of politics only by the improvements he still trusts to initiate or promote in them.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

**LUNENBURG.**—Lunenburg is named from the Duchy of Lunenburg, in Lower Saxony, whence most of the original settlers came, under the protection of the British Government. The harbour, which has an excellent anchorage, is sheltered by several headlands and by Cross Island, lying near its entrance. In the year 1782 Lunenburg was invaded by the Americans, who plundered the town and forced the native pilots to conduct them safely out of the harbour. During that year the inhabitants were subjected to a constant series of depredations committed by American privateers, until the arrival of a regiment of British troops, who took up their quarters there till peace was proclaimed. From that time an increasing prosperity marked their onward career, and at the present time they occupy the distinguished position of being the second in point of importance (next to Halifax) as a port of export in the Province of Nova Scotia. The principal trade consists in exporting lumber, fish, etc., to the West Indies and the United States, the return vessels bringing from the West Indies large quantities of molasses, sugar, etc. The religious education of the population is well attended to, there being no less than five churches of various denominations, with large congregations. The depression of trade has had very little effect there, and all the inhabitants rejoice in finding the means for a pleasant and agreeable existence. A railway is now in course of construction from this place to Victou, a distance of about seventy miles, which will most likely eventually be constructed to some port on the Windsor & Annapolis Railway. It will have the effect of developing the resources of the interior of the western part of the Province.

**MR. RINE.**—We present our readers to-day with a portrait of this celebrated temperance lecturer, who is doing for the Dominion what Murphy and others are accomplishing in the United States. The scene of his labors has hitherto been confined to Ontario, where the good he has effected is immense, and where, in consequence, his portrait will be particularly welcome. Mr. Rine is expected to visit the Province of Quebec during the autumn, at least so we have seen it announced in several papers.

**RIGHT HON. GEORGE WARD HUNT.**—We present our readers to-day with an excellent likeness of the Right Hon. George Ward Hunt, M.P., from a recent photograph by the London Stereoscopic and Photographic Company, and which has been furnished to us by Mr. William Smith, Deputy Minister of Marine. The right hon. gentleman died at Hamburg, on the 27th ultimo; and we also append the following record of his public life and services. The Right Hon. George Ward Hunt, M.P., only surviving son of the late Rev. George Hunt, of Buckhurst, Berkshire, and Wadenhoe House, Oundle, Northamptonshire, by Emma, daughter of Mr. Samuel Gardiner, of Coombs Lodge, Oxfordshire, was born at Buckhurst, July 30th, 1825, and educated at Eton, and at Christ Church, Oxford (B.A., 1848; M.A., 1851; Hon. D.C.L., 1870). Mr. Hunt was called to the Bar in 1851, and went the Oxford Circuit, but he relinquished practice before entering Parliament. In 1852 and 1857 he unsuccessfully contested the borough of Northampton in the Conservative interest, but in December, 1857, on the death of Mr. Augustus Stafford, he was returned for the Northern Division of the County of Northampton, which he has represented ever since. Always an active and business member of the House of Commons, Mr. Hunt took in 1866 a very prominent position by introducing a Bill for dealing with the cattle plague, and by pressing it on with indomitable energy, *pari passu* with the measure of the Government. On the accession of Lord Derby to power in June, 1866, Mr. Hunt was nominated Financial Secretary to the Treasury, and he was Chancellor of the Exchequer from February to December, 1868. He was sworn of the Privy Council on being appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer. In February, 1874, when Mr. Disraeli formed his Cabinet, Mr. Hunt was appointed First Lord of the Admiralty. Mr. Hunt was also a Magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant for Northamptonshire, and was elected Chairman of Quarter Sessions for that county in April, 1866. He married, in 1857, Alice, third daughter of the Right Rev. Robert Eden, Bishop of Moray and Ross.

**THE WHALE BOAT NEW BEDFORD.**—The arrival of Captain Crapo and his wife in the whale boat *New Bedford* at Penzance, after an Atlantic voyage of forty days, is worth chronicling. The boat is a little more than nineteen feet and a half long and six feet and a half wide, built generally after the whaleboat model, but with more "sheer" and broader and deeper than most boats of her class. Her foremast is eighteen feet from the deck, and her mainmast seventeen feet high. She has a foresail, a mainsail, and a squaresail, and staysail to take advantage of light winds. Of course the little vessel was made in the most substantial manner, so as to ride out the rough seas. There are no bulwarks, and only life-lines were rigged, and in the Atlantic voyage the water often came over the deck. Captain Crapo steered sitting in the after-hatchway, and was protected by a canvas boot in rough weather. Of course when the sea was very high the boat was allowed to lie to with a drag. Three heavy gales were experienced during the passage, and for fifteen days the two passengers were compelled to wait for the violence of the storm to subside. A good deal of their clothing was washed overboard and much discomfort was

endured, but the little craft outdrew the storms nobly. Several times the venturesome captain and his wife were spoken, and there was an agreeable addition to the provisions of the *New Bedford* at all such meetings. Captain Crapo kept his longitude regularly by dead reckoning, and did not go far out of the regular course of the transatlantic steamers. His wife was as enthusiastic as himself in carrying out the project, and in the latter part of the voyage did much to help the captain whose left hand had become almost useless by constant steering. At eleven o'clock Saturday night, June 21st, the coast of Cornwall was seen by the weary voyagers, and the adventuresome captain and his equally daring wife landed at Penzance Sunday morning.

**SCENES ON THE INTERCOLONIAL.**—We have accumulated a large number of views on the Intercolonial Railway, taken by Henderson, of this city, several of which we give to-day. Next week we shall publish the account of a tour along this popular and highly picturesque line.

**THE AMERICAN RAILWAY STRIKE.**—We publish two more scenes of this great outbreak, the particulars of which have already become familiar to all our readers.

## VARIETIES.

**THOMAS CARLYLE.**—It is said that no fewer than four gentlemen are at the present moment amassing materials for a biography of Mr. Carlyle, each of which four biographies will no doubt be based largely on the monologues that the Sage of Chelsea is delighted to pour forth to any attentive ear. It is perhaps unnecessary to point out how mistaken a picture the public is likely to get of Mr. Carlyle if these sketches of his declining years are alone to be depended on. Now that John Forster is gone, there is no one left who knew Mr. Carlyle in the prime of his manhood, and it will be a great pity if the garrulousness of old age is to be taken as representative either of the opinions or of the mental habits of one who in former years, and in the most friendly society, was as remarkable for his reticence as for his precision of judgment.

**KELLOGG.**—Clara Louise Kellogg has a pretty summer home at New Hartford, Connecticut, and, according to a correspondent of the *Tribune*, she is having a jolly time of it through the hot weather. When the itinerant organ-grinder agonizes with "Hold the Fort" on the sidewalk, she comes to the balcony, and with her clear, rich voice sings to his accompaniment, and eclipses him altogether. When the dancing bear makes his annual trip through the country she feeds him with cake, and chats French with the Canadian keeper. She patronizes the travelling circus and the amateur concert, and seems greatly to enjoy being auditor instead of being performer. On the evening of the Fourth, dressed in grotesque costume, and beating the drum as in "La Fille du Regiment," she headed a procession, disguised as ghosts, Turks, and odd figures of all sorts, and marched up and down the streets, while red and blue lights flashed illumination for the spectators.

**ESQUIRES.**—The term "Esquire" although in practice of very extensive application in Britain, really indicates a degree in the social scale next to that of knight. At one time it was a title which could be granted by the Sovereign, and even now, in spite of modern custom, it appears that only certain persons are actual esquires. In the form of squire the term still retains a trace of its ancient distinctiveness. The following are said to be truly called esquires:—The eldest sons of knights, and their eldest sons in succession; eldest sons of younger sons of peers, and their eldest sons in succession; esquires by creation, and their eldest sons; justices of the peace, while they remain in commission; sheriffs of counties, for life; officers of the royal household, while in office; mayors of towns; members of Parliament; counsellors-at-law; bachelors of divinity, law, or physic; esquires by office, as esquires of Knights of the Bath, &c. In law, foreign and Irish peers, and eldest sons of British peers, are only esquires.

**TEN THOUSAND A YEAR.**—When "Thousand a Year" first appeared, it was published anonymously, and Mr. Warren, the author, used to go about among his brethren at the bar, asking them if they had seen it and what they thought of it. The book soon became famous. One day Warren attacked a well-known judge with the usual question, "Have you seen 'Ten Thousand a Year?'" Suspecting the secret of the authorship, the judge said, "Oh, yes, of course I have." Something peculiar in the judge's manner prompted Warren to ask further questions. "I'll tell you a secret," said the judge, "if you give me your word of honor not to betray my confidence." Warren gave his word with great solemnity. "I am the author of 'Ten Thousand a Year,'" said the judge. The next day there appeared a paragraph in the papers announcing that Mr. Warren, an eminent member of the bar, was the author of the new novel which had attracted so much attention, and in the next edition of the work the name of the author appeared for the first time on the title-page.

**A JOURNALISTIC EDUCATION.**—Much has been written touching the practicability of a school for journalists—that is, a place where young men who wish to become newspaper writers may learn the art. There is a natural prejudice in newspaper offices against such in-

stitutions; like actors and business men, journalists think that the only place to learn the profession is in a newspaper office, the student having first obtained the requisite knowledge of the English language and learnt how to write correctly. There is a journalistic department in Cornell University and one in the College of Virginia, but they are merely intended to train young men in the art of writing without reference to the actual work of a newspaper office. In Packard's College, in New York, a little sheet is regularly published entitled the *Tell-tale*, in which the student is given a practical knowledge of the art of newspaper writing after the following schedule:

1. How to prepare manuscript for the press.
  2. How to read proofs.
  3. How to secure proper material to characterize the publication.
  4. How to classify matter for the "make up."
  5. How to condense matter for paragraphs.
- &c., &c., &c.

This does not seem very ambitious, and yet it is remarkable how many people write for newspapers who know nothing about the preparation of manuscript for the press. The training, such as the above programme would give, would be valuable to any one wishing to become a journalist. The *Tell-tale* is a lively little paper, and some of the young people who write for it give promise of future usefulness.

**THE STONEWALL BRIGADE.**—The general formed his brigade along the crest of the hill near the Henry House, the men lying down behind the brow of it, in support of the two pieces of artillery placed in position to play upon the advancing foe.

General Bee, his brigade being crushed and scattered, rode up to General Jackson, and, with the excitement and mortification of an untried but heroic soldier, reported that the enemy were beating him back.

"Very well, general, it can't be helped," replied Jackson.

"But how do you expect to stop them?"

"We'll give them the bayonet," was the answer, briefly.

General Bee wheeled his horse, and galloped back to his command. As he did so General Jackson said to Lieutenant Lee, of his staff:

"Tell the colonel of his brigade that the enemy are advancing; that when their heads are seen above the hill, let the whole line rise, move forward with a shout, and trust to the bayonet. I am tired of this long range work."

In the storm which followed Bee's return to his command he was soon on foot, his horse shot from under him. With the fury of despair he strode among his men, tried to rally and to hold them against the torrent which beat upon them; and finally, in a voice which rivalled the roar of battle, he cried out: "Oh, men, there are Jackson and his Virginians standing behind you like a stone wall!" Uttering these words of martial baptism, Bee fell dead upon the field, and left behind him a fame which will follow that of Jackson as a shadow.

**THE CAXTON MEMORIAL BIBLE, 1877.**—According to *The Printing Times and Lithographer* the Bible held up by Mr. Gladstone at the Caxton *déjeuner* as the "climax and consummation" of the art of printing was printed at Oxford, bound in London, and delivered at the South Kensington Exhibition Buildings literally within twelve consecutive hours. The book was printed, not from stereotype plates, as has been erroneously stated by some of the morning papers, but from moveable type set up a long time ago, and not used for years. The printers commenced to make their preparations soon after midnight, and the printing actually commenced at 2 a.m.; the sheets were artificially dried, forwarded to London, folded, rolled, collated, sewn, subjected to hydraulic pressure, gilded, bound, and taken to South Kensington before 2 p.m. The book consists of 1,052 pages 16mo., minion type, and is bound in Turkey morocco, bevelled boards, flexible back, gilt lettered on back and inside cover, with the arms of the Oxford University in gold on its obverse side; and is free from the "set-off" or blemish which its hasty production might well have excused. It contains an explanatory inscription and title: "In memoriam Gul. Caxton," the occasion and date of the edition printed at the bottom of each of its thirty-three sheets. The books are numbered 1 to 100, and copies are already allotted to the Queen, the Duke of Devonshire, the Marquis of Salisbury, the Earl of Beaconsfield, the Emperor of Brazil, Mrs. Gladstone, Earl Spencer, General and Mrs. Grant, Mr. James Lennox, of New York, Mrs. Pierpont, wife of the American Minister, Earl Jersey, Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte, the Library of the Académie Française, and several large public libraries at home and abroad, each book being inscribed with the name of the original presentee.

## BURLESQUE.

**MISS CORISAND** was born only two years earlier than her brother Tom. When Tom was ten years old she gloried because she was twelve. When Tom was known to be fourteen she confessed to sweet sixteen. When Tom proudly boasted of eighteen, she timidly acknowledged herself past nineteen. When he came home from college, with a mustache and a vote, and had a party in honour of his twenty-first birthday, she said to her friends, "What a boyish fellow he is; who would think he was only a year younger than I?" And when Tom declared he was twenty-five and old enough to

get married, she said to a gentleman friend, "Do you know, I feel savagely jealous to think of Tom getting married. But then I suppose twins are always more attached to each other than other brothers and sisters." And two years later, at Tom's wedding, she said with girlish vivacity, to the wedding guests, "Dear old Tom, to see him married to-night and then think how, when he was only five years old, they brought him in to see me, his baby sister; I wonder if he thinks of it to-night." You have met Miss Corisande, probably. She lives in your town.

**THERE WAS NO COMPLAINT.**—He was a singularly grave man, even as a sexton. For nearly half a century he had been a public functionary—had performed the conspicuous duties of a sexton; yet no one had ever seen him smile. Occasionally he joked, but he did it in such a funeral manner that no one could accuse him of levity.

One day he was standing on the church steps, wiping his features with a red bandana. A hearse stood near, and three or four carriages were drawn up behind it. The notes of the organ floated out of the open windows with solemn effect. A stranger came along and said:

"Funeral?"

And the old sexton gravely bowed his head—it was.

"Who's dead?"

The old man again wiped his brow and gave the name of the deceased.

"What complaint?" asked the inquisitive stranger.

Solemnly placing his bandana in his hat and covering his bald head, the old sexton made answer,

"There is no complaint; everybody is entirely satisfied."

**A BOY'S COMPOSITION ON BABIES.**—There are four or five different kinds of babies. There is the big baby, the little baby, the white baby, and the poodle dog, and there is the baby elephant.

Most of these babies was born in a boarding-house 'cept the baby elephant; I think he was born on a railroad train, 'cause he allus carries his trunk with him.

A white baby is pootier nor a elephant baby, but he can't eat so much hay.

All the babies what I have ever seen were born very young, 'specially the gal babies, and they can't none of them talk the United States language.

My Father had—I mean my mother had a baby once. It was not an elephant baby; it was a little white baby; it comed one day when there was nobody home; it was a funny looking fellow just like a lobster.

I asked my father was it a boy or a girl, and he say he dont know whether he was a father or a mother.

This little baby has got two legs, just like a monkey.

His name is Mariah.

He don't look like my father nor my mother, but he looks just like my Uncle Tom 'cause the little baby ain't got no hair on his head.

One day I asked my Uncle Tom what was the reason he ain't got no hair and the little baby ain't got no hair. He says he dont know, 'cept that the little baby was born so, and he was a married man.

One day I pulled a feather out of the old rooster's tail and I stuck it up the baby's nose and it tickled him so, he almost died. It was only a little bit of a feather, and I didn't see what he wanted to make such a fuss about it for.

My mother said I ought'er be ashamed of myself and I didn't get no bread on his butter for mor'n a week.

One day the Sheriff come in the house to collect a bill of \$9 for crockery. My father says he "cant pay the bill," and the Sheriff, he says, "then I take something," and he look around the room an' he see'd the baby and he say, "Ah, ha! I take this," an' he picked up the little baby, and he wrapped him up in a newspaper and he take him away to the station house.

Then my mother she commenced to cry, an' my father say, "Hush, Mary Ann, that was all right. Don't you see how we fooled that fellow? Don't you know the bill for crockery was for nine dollars, and the little baby was only worth two and a half."

I think I'd rather be a girl nor a boy, 'cause when a girl gets a whipping she gets it on her fingers, but when a boy gets a licking he gets it all over.

I don't like babies very much anyhow, 'cause they make so much noise. I never knew but one quiet baby, and he died.

## HUMOROUS.

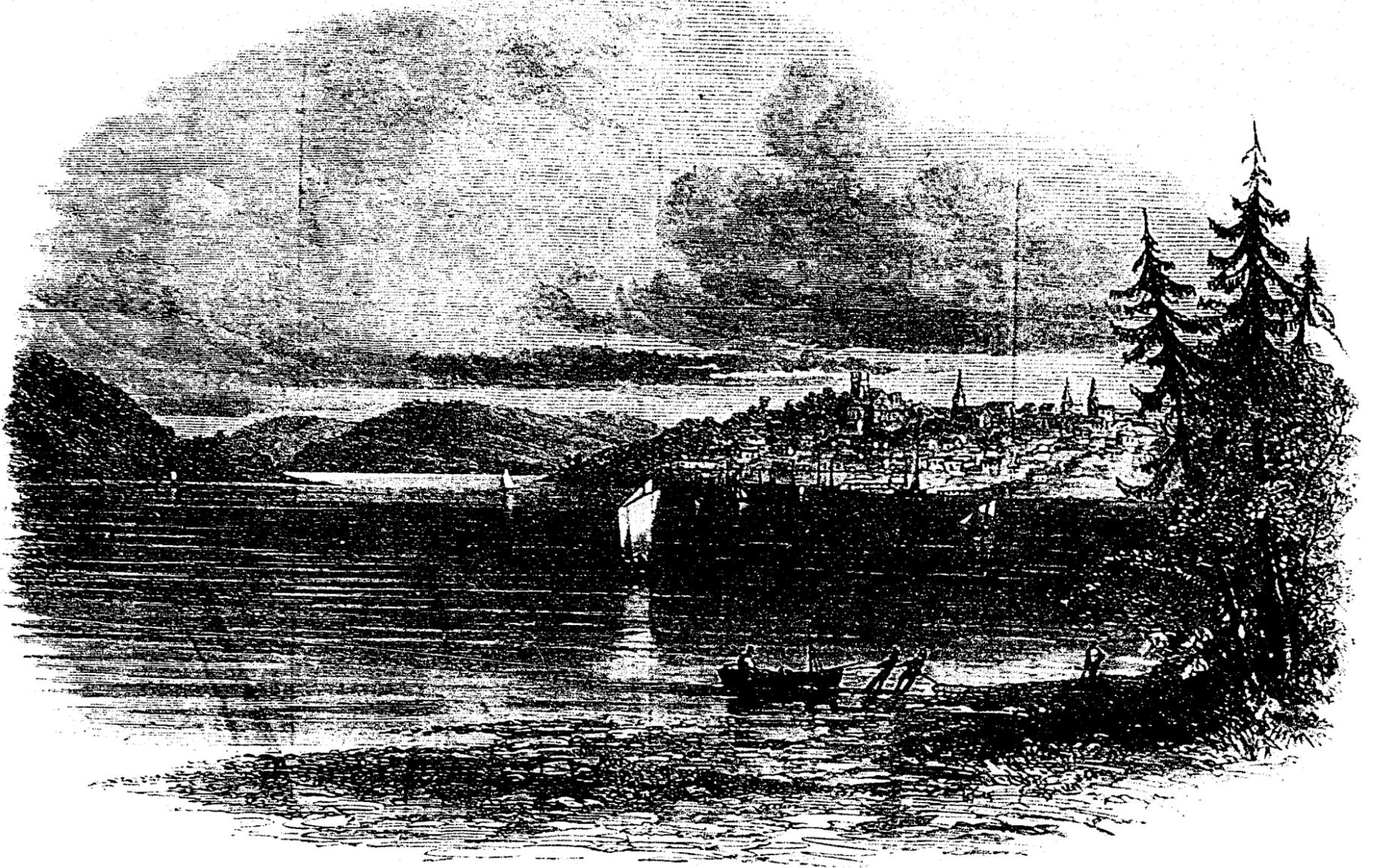
THE man who invents a velocipede with a side-saddle, will do away with a great obstacle to the progress of woman.

THE most exasperating thing about chasing one's hat over the cobbles, is that the appreciative public expect you to grin at every jump.

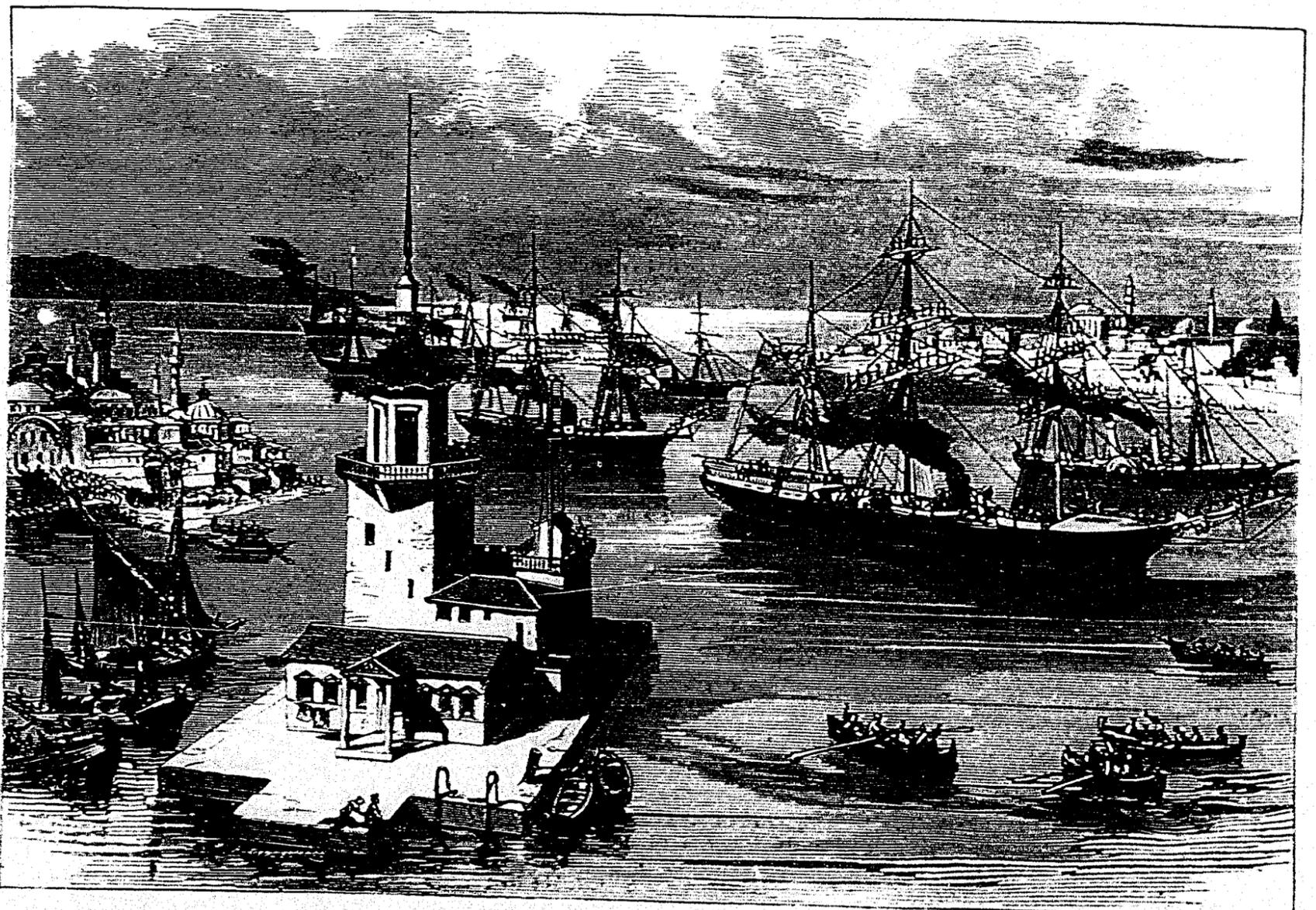
To look at a watermelon in all its glory of green and red, one would not suppose that it contained a concentrated devil in every square inch. But it does.

THE cucumber season has set in, and now a man is waked up at two o'clock in the morning, after dreaming that an elephant is sitting on his equator, to experience a violent regret that he has not attended church more regularly in his youth.

A GENTLEMAN who had lately built a house was showing it to a friend, and with great glee pointing out all its various accommodations. "My dear sir," interrupted the other, "have you made the staircase wide enough to bring down your own coffin?"



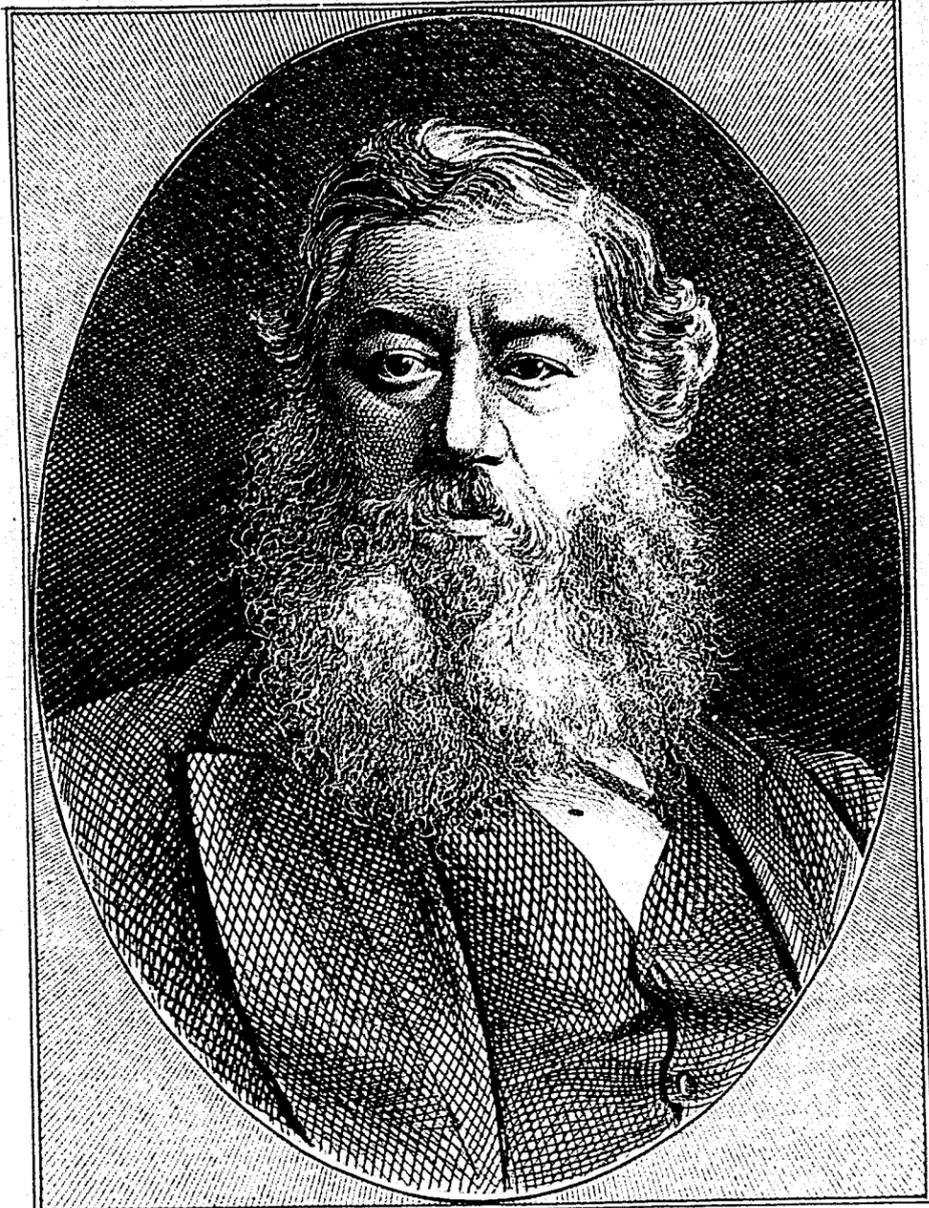
LUNENBURG, NOVA SCOTIA.



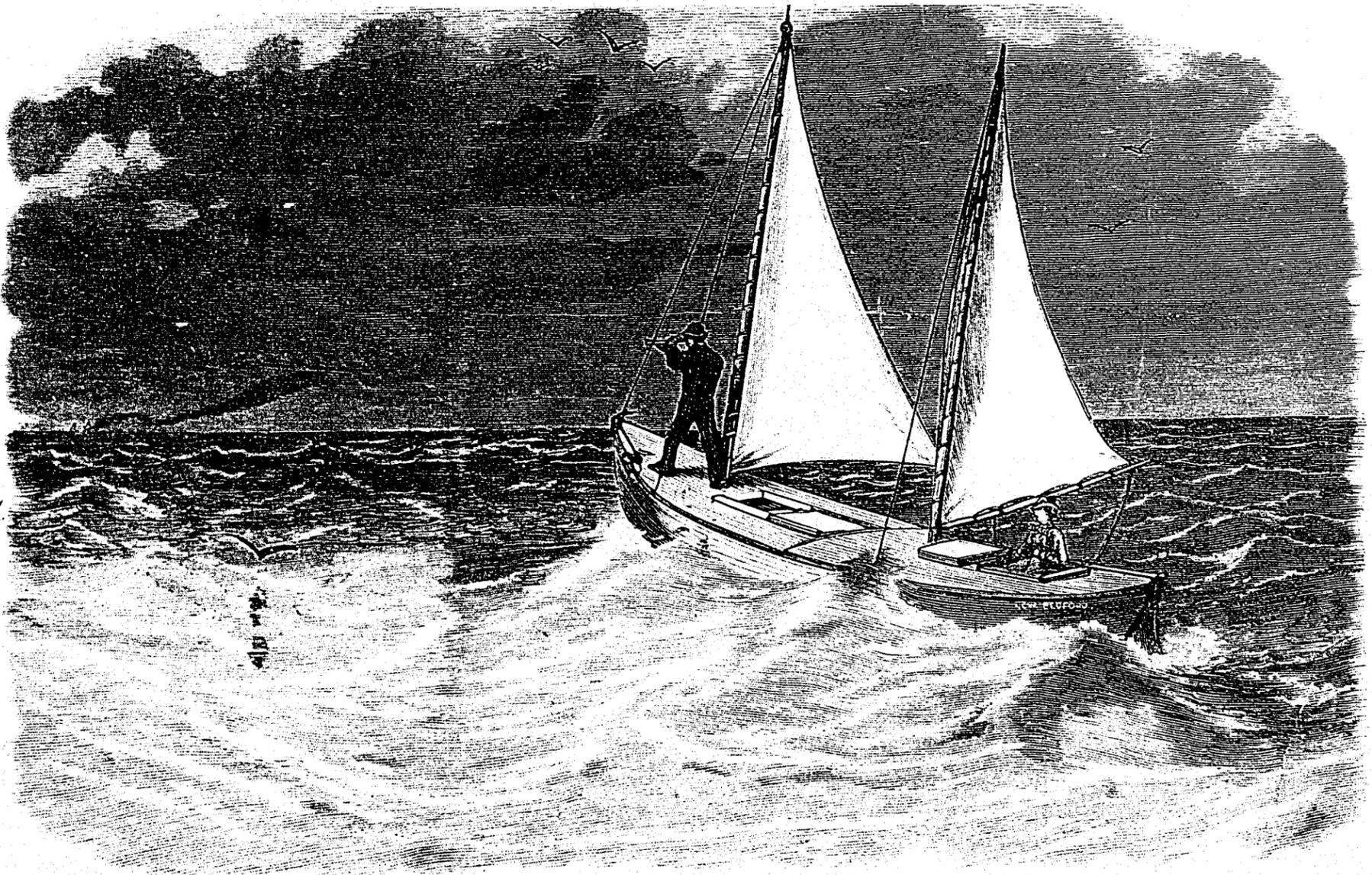
THE EASTERN WAR. THE TURKISH FLEET UNDER HOBART PASHA LEAVING CONSTANTINOPLE FOR THE BLACK SEA



MR. RINE, THE TEMPERANCE LECTURER  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HUNTER & CO., TORONTO.



THE LATE RT. HON. G. W. HUNT, FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.



THE SCHOONER *NEW BEDFORD*, CONTAINING ONLY THE CAPTAIN AND HIS WIFE, WHICH LATELY CROSSED THE ATLANTIC

## HISTORY OF THE WAR.

## VI.

## THE CAMPAIGN IN ASIA MINOR.

A week since we were in a position to announce that the Czar, disheartened by the results of the campaign in Asia Minor, had given orders for the withdrawal of the Russian forces from Armenia. Since then the fullest confirmation has been given to this intelligence. The siege of Kars has been completely raised, and the positions so recently held by the Russians on the east, or Russian side of the fortress, are now occupied by Turkish troops. In an official communication the Russian Government have declared that for strategic reasons they have thought it advisable to discontinue the bombardment of Kars, and to remove their siege train to Alexandropol. The left column, under General Tergukassoff, has been enabled by forced marches to regain the Russian frontier, with the loss of artillery and large quantities of munitions and provisions; and that section of the right column which besieged Batoum has been compelled by Dervish Pasha to seek shelter within Russian territory. With respect to Bayazid, which is situated on the southern slopes of Mount Ararat, and consequently close to the frontier, conflicting accounts have reached us. But assuming that the Russian garrison has been relieved and the town destroyed, the Government of the Czar must be thankful for very small mercies if they make that circumstance the occasion for special rejoicing. Those who have watched the progress of the campaign, and who hold the exceptional position of standing impartially between both parties, will rejoice if the gallant garrison has been at length relieved, and it must be confessed that the manner in which it held out constitutes at least one bright spot in the history of the campaign as conducted by the Russians. Never in the history of warfare was defeat more crushing than that which has been sustained by the invaders in Asia Minor. Even now it seems completely inexplicable that the Russian armies should, in little more than a fortnight's time, have come to such unutterable grief. We have always entertained the opinion that in such a country as Armenia the Russians, however well appointed, had before them a task which would test their endurance and their energy to the utmost, and we expressed the belief that, notwithstanding their superiority in numbers, they would ultimately fail. But we candidly confess we never thought that within a few weeks from the commencement of the war, and after having sustained no very extraordinary defeats, the Russian commander-in-chief would be compelled to desist from offensive operations, and to withdraw, however temporarily, behind his own frontier.

If we review the history of the campaign, there is nothing which has been brought to our knowledge to explain this wonderful *hasco*. The Russians advanced without resistance to Kars, and in the first week in May succeeded in investing that fortress and in establishing their siege batteries. In the Euphrates Valley the left column occupied Bayazid without much trouble, and with an uninterrupted line of communication pushed forward and, repelling the Turks, forced its way into the valley of the Araxes. To the north the right column was almost as successful, for although Batoum held out, Ardahan surrendered without firing a shot, and the road was opened to Erzeroum. On the 18th of June everything promised well for the Russians. Moukhtar Pasha had retired behind the Soghanli to avoid having his position turned. The left column of the Russians was on the southern bank of the Araxes. The centre, having left a sufficient force to mask Kars, was in front of Zewin, and the right column had the road open from Ardahan by way of Ardenutsh to any point between the Soghanli and Erzeroum, where it might be able to join the left column and centre. About this date two battles were fought, one with the left column on the Araxes, the other with the centre in front of Zewin. In both the Turks were victorious, but the losses inflicted on the enemy, though severe, were not in excess of what a commander-in-chief would have taken into his calculations. But, nevertheless, strange though it may seem, these battles decided the result of the campaign. No sooner were the Russians beaten than the centre and left commenced to retire, and the campaign in Asia came virtually to an end.

## VII.

## THE RUSSIAN MARCH TO THE BALKANS.

We shall not recall the passage of the Danube, which was fully described both pictorially and otherwise in the NEWS, but shall proceed at once with the advance to the Balkans. The Grand Duke Nicholas has firmly established his headquarters at Tirnova. From this town—the ancient Bulgarian capital—there are roads leading to several of the chief passes of the Balkans, and notably those known as the Shipka, the Travna, the Hain Boghaz, the Elena, and the Demir Kapou or Iron Gate passes. The first accounts of the crossing of the Balkans by the Russians were somewhat confusing, for at first they were reported to have mastered the Shipka Pass to the extreme right of Tirnova—a highly important position—and then to have forced the Iron Gate Pass to the extreme left of Tirnova. Where the Russians really crossed was at Hain Boghaz, a small pass, merely a mule track, some 4,000 feet high, between the Travna and Elena passes, and a little to the south-east of Tirnova. There General Gourko, with an advance guard of Cossacks and dragoons, appears, on Saturday, the 14th inst., to have surprised the small Turk-

ish force which was posted there, and to have gained possession of the pass. Next day General Gourko advanced still further, and fought another engagement near Arzazere, during which Raouf Pasha, coming up with a strong reinforcement, compelled him to retire with loss, not, however, before a detachment of Cossacks had appeared at Yeni Zagra—a station on the Jamboli-Adrianople railway—and had created a terrible panic amongst the inhabitants and officials of the district. According, however, to later and more independent accounts, General Gourko, by a clever manœuvre, circumvented the Turks, passed the Balkans, and then marched upon Kazanlik, a town at the Roumelian end of the Shipka Pass, in order to take that important position in the rear. Raouf Pasha, however, was soon strongly reinforced by Suleiman Pasha with 20,000 men from Montenegro, so that an important battle may be shortly expected, in which the Russians, unless heavily reinforced, will be, numerically speaking, at a great disadvantage.

The news that the Russians had so easily succeeded in crossing the Balkans had a very dispiriting effect upon the Turks, more especially as the troops seemed nowhere to be opposing any really efficient resistance to the Russian advance. Various reasons are stated for this inactivity, ranging from the supposition that it is part of a deeply-laid plan by which the Russians will be cut off in the rear by and by, to rumours that Russian gold is blinding the eyes of the Turkish commanders, and that the Turks, while holding their troops in important positions, allow the Russians to advance in order to induce some other European power to come to their assistance. Be this as it may, the Russians are leaving troops to watch each fortified place, but are pushing forward towards the capital with their main body with a boldness and audacity which would cost them dear did the Turkish commanders possess any average military skill or energy. As it is, the Russians are making good their advance throughout the line of the Dobrudschas as well as in Bulgaria, and it is stated that Kustendjie, abandoned by the Turks, is now in Russian occupation. As the Russians occupy each place they replace the Mussulman officials by Christians, though as a rule they find but few Mussulmans to replace, so great is the dread of the Muscovite inspired by the reports of the terrible cruelties committed by the Cossacks and the armed Bulgarians. The Turkish Government have published circumstantial accounts of the most sickening atrocities and massacres of women and children committed by the Russians, and one, the complete massacre of a long train of some 300 fugitives from the village of Heibeli, is corroborated by a correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, who testifies to have seen twenty-one of the victims who had escaped, women with lance thrusts and sword cuts, and children of both sexes wounded in the most frightful manner. According to the accounts he heard, the Cossacks, becoming tired of hacking the fugitives, brought up some field guns and literally mowed the poor wretches down.

## VIII.

## THE BATTLE OF PLEVNA.

On the last page of the present issue will be found a small map on which is indicated the site of the town of Plevna, where the first pitched battle of the war was fought on Monday, the 30th ult., resulting in a great victory for the Turks. The Turkish force was estimated at 50,000. They occupied a series of positions, which are naturally strong, and also artificially fortified in every available spot, forming a horseshoe in front of Plevna, with both flanks resting on the river side. The Russian forces consisted of the 9th Army Corps, under General Krudener, the 30th Division, and the 30th Brigade of the 2nd Division, under Prince Schackosky, with three brigades of cavalry and 16 guns. It was arranged that General Krudener should attack the Turkish centre at Grivica and the northern flank of the entrenched position over Rahora, while Schackosky attacked Radizwo, and Gen. Skoledeff held in check the strong Turkish force at Laoca, which was the extremity of the Turkish line. Krudener began the battle at about 9.30. After a strong bombardment, he succeeded in silencing the Turkish cannon at Grivica, but could never expel the infantry from the earthworks. He spent the whole afternoon unavailingly endeavouring to force the northern flank of the Turkish position, desisting after dark without having gained anything material, and having himself suffered considerable loss. Schackosky about noon carried Radizevo, and planting four batteries on the ridge beyond, bombarded the nearest Turkish position, which was an earthwork armed with cannon in front of an entrenched village. After an hour's cannonade, he silenced the Turkish guns, and his infantry, after a long and bloody contest, carried the earthwork and village. The second Turkish position, consisting of a redoubt and a series of entrenched vineyards strongly held, was then attacked, and ultimately carried, but with a terrible effort and very severe loss, owing to the heavy Turkish artillery fire. The Russians, moreover, were unable to utilize the captured position. About 4 o'clock a reserve brigade was brought up and an attack made on positions immediately covering Plevna. The attack continued till near sunset. The Turkish infantry was in great force in a continuous line under shelter of trenches. Despite the most stubborn efforts, no impression could be made upon the line. Two companies of Russian infantry did work round to the right of the Turkish trenches, and entered Plevna, but it was impossible to

hold it. The Russian batteries pushed boldly forward into the position first taken, to attempt to keep down the Turkish cannonade, which was crashing into the infantry in open field, but they were compelled soon to evacuate the hazardous spot. At sundown the Turks made a continuous forward movement, and reoccupied their second position. The Russian infantry made a succession of desperate stands, and died like heroes. The Turks gradually retook everything they had lost. The fighting lasted long after nightfall. With darkness the Bashi-Bazouks took possession of the battle field, and slew all the wounded. The Russians held the heights about Radizevo, but the Bashi-Bazouks worked around to their rear, and fell on the wounded collected in Radizevo. Retreat was compelled in the direction of Bulgarena, and the contingencies resulting from this untoward battle are of ominous significance.

## BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

THE girl who said she would not marry the best man living compromised by marrying one of the worst.

AN urchin, not quite three years old, said to his sister, while munching a piece of gingerbread, "Sis, take half ob dis cake to keep till arternoon, when I get cross."

"The dearest object to me on earth is my wife," said Jones.—"Well, I'm pretty close to you," said Smith, "for the dearest thing to me is my wife's wardrobe."

A SCHOOL-MISTRESS, about to marry a widower with a number of children, sent in her resignation to the committee, because she "had engaged, for an indefinite period of time, as an assistant in a private family."

THE surest sign in the world that they are married is when they enter some public place and she reaches up and pulls down his coat collar, instead of leaning back and picking out soft smiles to throw at him.

THIS is the season when newly-married couples make their appearance at the watering-place hotels, languish on a four-dollar-a-day diet for a week precisely, and then go home to the realities of corn beef and cabbage for the balance of their natural lives.

"A DISTRESSED mother" writes to a country newspaper for advice, which she gets thusly: "The only way to cure your son of staying out 'late o' nights' is to break his legs, or to get the girl he runs after to do your housework."

"CHARLIE, my dear," said a loving mother to her hopeful son, just budding into breeches, "Charlie, my dear, come here and get some candy.—'I guess I won't mind it now, mother," replied Charles; "I've got in some tobacco."

To sit on a sofa between two pretty girls, one with black eyes, jet ringlets and rosy cheeks, the other with soft blue eyes, sunny ringlets, and red cheeks and lips, and both laughing at you at the same time. We know of nothing more trying.

He waltzed out of the front door, followed by a washing-board and two bars of soap; and as he straightened himself, and walked firmly down the street, he remarked, "A man must draw the line somewhere, or he can't be boss of the house; and I'll be hanged if I'll pump more than one tub of water for no washing, and there ain't a woman can make me do it, unless she locks me in."

SHE is a shrewd old woman. A young sprig of a lawyer stepped up one day and said to her, "You seem to have some fine apples; are they sweet or sour?" The old lady tried to take the measure of her customer, and find out whether his taste was for sweet or sour apples. "Why, sir," said she, "they are rather acid; a sort of low tart, inclined to be very sweet."

## THE GLEANER.

THE marriage of the King of Spain with the daughter of the Duke de Montpensier, according to common and even official report, is to be solemnized in October.

A POPULAR minister recently gave a lecture on "Fools." The tickets of admission were inscribed "Lecture on Fools." "Admit one." There was a large audience.

MARRIED men live longer than single ones. Ninety-nine persons in a hundred marry. More marriages occur in June and December than in any other months.

AMONGST the novelties of the day is a billiard table with an iron bed. It is said that slate is much affected by atmosphere, and iron is not, and besides offers the most perfect surface possible. The whole frame work of this new table is also of iron, which, perforated and ornamented, allows of places for cues, balls, and chalk. Upon the iron bed is a slight coating of some nonabsorbent material, offering so fine a surface that the green cloth may almost be dispensed with.

DR. ERASMUS WILSON has been engaged in an investigation of the number of hairs contained in a square inch of the surface of the human head. He estimates that each square inch contains 744 hair follicles, and that as a large number of these give passage to two hairs, the number on a square inch may probably be estimated at about 1,066, and the superficial area of the head being about 120 square inches, this equals about 133,920 hairs for the entire head.

## WHAT EVERYBODY SAYS MUST BE TRUE.

The incontrovertible testimony offered by those who have used Dr. Pierce's Favourite Prescription induced the doctor to sell it under a positive guarantee. Many ladies have refrained from using it on account of a general feeling of prejudice against advertised medicines. Let me ask a question. Are you prejudiced against sewing machines because you have seen them advertised? or can you doubt the ingenuity and skill required in their invention? Again, would you refuse to insure your house because the company advertised that it had paid millions in losses, and yet had a capital of several millions? Do such advertisements shake your confidence, and create prejudices? Then, why refuse to credit the testimony of those who have found the Favourite Prescription to be all that is claimed for it in overcoming those ailments peculiar to your sex? Why submit to the use of harsh, and perhaps caustic treatment, thus aggravating your malady, when relief is guaranteed, and a positive, perfect, and permanent cure has been effected in thousands of cases?

WABASH STATION, Ill., October 24th, 1876.  
R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir—Allow me to extend my most sincere thanks to you for the great benefit my wife has received from the use of your Favourite Prescription. She suffered almost intolerably before using your medicine, and I had tried the skill of several physicians, but to no purpose. Finally I thought I would give the Favourite Prescription a trial, and she is now sound and well.

Very gratefully yours, D. A. HUNTER.

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

LONDON has had 800 nights of "Our Boys."

THE left side of Vieuxtemps is completely paralyzed.

RUBINSTEIN has received the decoration of the Legion of Honour.

MAX MARETZEK is composing an opera for Misses Kellogg and Cary.

M. GOUNOD's "Cinq Mars" will be produced in Italian next winter at the Scala in Milan.

THE revival of "La Reine de Chypre" at the Grand Opéra is said to have cost 250,000fr.

FLOTOW, the composer of "Martha," is putting the finishing touches to his new opera "Les Musiciens."

THE King of Spain, it is understood, intends to establish a permanent French theatre at the Court of Madrid.

ADELINA PATTI has lost much of her arch vivacity and gaiety. She has grown thinner, and her face is worn. She has evidently suffered intensely.

M. OFFENBACH is completing, at Saint Germain, the score of a serious opera, "Contes d'Hoffman," which is to be represented at the Théâtre Lyrique, Paris, during the Exhibition.

PATTI's divorce suit has demonstrated that some of the magnificent royal presents made her in the glowing paragraphs of the European press, were bought and paid for by the vocalist herself.

M. DUMAS has consented to a lyric drama being founded upon one of his father's stories, "Le Bâton de Mauléon." The music will be from the pen of M. Paul Puget, who carried off the Prix de Rome in 1873.

WAGNER's "Flying Dutchman" was performed at the London Covent Garden Opera before an empty house. With the exception of Albani and Marelli, the performance was, according to the English press, "slipshod."

M. MASSENET, the author of *Le Roi de Lahore*, is busy with the composition of an opera in five acts. The subject is taken from the history of King Robert the Pious, whose marriage with his cousin led to his excommunication.

MR. LECOCQ, the composer of "La Fille de Madame Angot," and a dozen other opera bouffes, a man who in originality of genius is even more than the rival of Offenbach, will personally instruct Alice Oates this summer, in Paris, in four of his new works.

ETHELKA GERSTER (who was to have outshone Albani and Patti, judging by the preliminary puffs,) turns out to have made but an average success. Her voice is weak in the lower and middle registers, and she does best in passages which employ the higher notes of the voice.

SANTLEY, the singer, lives in a pleasant house in St. John's Wood, London, and amuses himself with chemistry, mathematics and the culture of choice fowls. He married a daughter of John Mitchell Kemble, the son of Charles Kemble, and delights in filling his house with memorials of the theatre.

MR. E. L. DAVENPORT is engaged upon a historical play, by the late George H. Miles, of Baltimore, entitled "Oliver Cromwell," and also an entire new three act play, purchased from him by J. S. Clark, in London, where it has been most successful, entitled "Manmon," both of which will be given to the public early in the season.

A LONDON correspondent notes that the best talent has mostly quit writing for the stage. And this notwithstanding the larger prices that are given to successful new compositions than formerly. The reason assigned is that authors find elsewhere a more tempting employment for their pens, especially in periodical literature and journalism.

BEETHOVEN's "Adieu to the Pianoforte," was written years after the composer was dead; and the "Dream of St. Jerome," so pathetically alluded to by Thackeray, had no more to do with Beethoven than the piece already mentioned. Weber's "Last Waltz" is by that composer, by an English music-seller, forty years ago. The air known as the "Harmonious Blacksmith," is not by Handel, and no blacksmith was in the slightest degree mixed up with it. Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata," "Sonata Pastorale," and "Sonata Appassionata," had no such sensational prefixes in the composer's manuscript; and the mere mention of the ridiculous titles which have been given to Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*—the "Bees' Wedding" being one of the most truly absurd examples—would have driven their sensitive author distracted.

**JOTTINGS FROM THE KINGDOM OF GOD.**

BY THE AUTHOR OF "QUEBEC PAST AND PRESENT."  
VII.

The graphic account—legendary though it be—of the origin of the Paspjacks, by our much esteemed friend, Mr. J. Oldbuck, embodied in our last, having whetted our appetite—dare we presume—that of our many readers—for the marvellous, it has occurred to us that we, too, might from our own store of literary treasures, contribute something in the same line. At our very first leisure, we have accordingly dived in the recesses of a venerable portfolio, our constant friend, during innumerable rambles by land and by sea, and lo! to our eager gaze, appeared, *inter alia*, a high seasoned, and no doubt, veracious history of a mysterious phenomenon, *The Moving Light of Baie des Chaleurs*, as contained in some of the leading journals of the New Brunswick side of the Bay, for which we shall now find room, cautioning at the same time our readers against the idea of a monopoly of this identical light, which the settlement of Maria, in the County of Bonaventure, wishes to set up.

THE MOVING LIGHT IN THE BAY DES CHALEURS.  
(From the Chatham (Miramichi) Colonial Times, of 12th Nov. 1861.)

"A phenomenon of a strange nature has been visible in the Bay des Chaleurs for the last fifty years, and although every inhabitant along that extensive coast is accustomed to witness it from time to time, yet we do not remember having seen anything about it in print, or hearing of it from any individual up to the time of our late visit to that quarter about three weeks ago. On the night of Monday, the 17th ult., while in Caraquette, a fine settlement about forty miles below Bathurst, in the County of Gloucester, we saw this famous light, apparently a short distance below Point Mizzenet but far out in the Bay. It appeared as if the hull of some little craft was on fire and the devouring element was sweeping through the rigging and consuming everything within its reach. Such of course were the first efforts of the imagination in endeavoring to give outline or shape to an indefinite something that was far beyond the powers of closer investigation. It was pointed out to us by John McIntosh, Esq., of that place, in whose company we were at the time of its appearance. This gentleman gave us a short sketch of its history, which was corroborated by the statements of many others from different localities along this extensive sea coast.

The light in its appearance and movements is totally different from the *Ignis fatuus* or "Will o' the Wisp." It precedes a north-westerly storm, and is a sure forerunner of it. It is not confined to one locality, but is seen from time to time at different places by the inhabitants of Caraquette, Granance, New Bandon, Salmon Beach, in fact by the whole population between Miscou and Bathurst. It is not confined to summer nor to the open water, but is as frequently seen on the ice during the frost of winter. In the summer season parties have gone out to examine it in boats, but as they approach it, it disappears, and after they have passed the place where it had been, to some distance, it re-appears behind them, giving the curious but little chance of a close investigation. What it really is, few pretend to say, but that it is the result of natural causes not many intelligent persons doubt; yet like all other strange sights and circumstances, it has its tradition, which is not only current among the illiterate but is firmly believed by many of the more intelligent inhabitants of the Bay des Chaleurs."

THE TRADITION.

"We have listened to many inhabitants of the Bay des Chaleurs, accounting for this strange and remarkable phenomenon; and also those who believe in the supernatural, while they differ in some minor points agree in this one, that the light originated in a bloody tragedy committed in the Bay about ten years before it made its appearance. It is said to be in the remembrance of many persons now living that about sixty years ago a small craft was cast away in the Bay—the parties in charge were supposed to be drowned, and the goods on board lost, and buried in the water. Shortly afterwards the bodies of the unfortunate men were driven ashore, and from certain marks and appearances pointed out by individuals, it was supposed that foul play had been used, and that instead of the parties having been drowned, they had been murdered, their boat plundered and set adrift, wherever the tossing billows were disposed to carry it. After some time suspicion was aroused, and rested upon certain individuals who had been out in the bay at the time of the sad occurrence, and were found to be in possession of articles belonging to the other boat. No legal steps, however, were taken in the matter, and time passed on, the circumstances being forgotten by many, when the bay was visited by a dreadful northwest gale, such as had not occurred in the memory of the oldest inhabitants. In the morning after the gale, the boat belonging to the supposed murderers was found dashed to pieces at —, and the individuals themselves so broken upon the rocks by the wild dashing surges that they could hardly be recog-

\* The writer has had this latter fact corroborated by an old *navigateur*, Capt. N. Aillard, of St. Paul Street, Quebec, who states having seen it in the depth of winter. It blazed furiously on the ice, and seemed of the size of a ball of merchandise.

nized. Thus it is supposed vengeance followed them, and the guilty party received a signal retribution. Since this wreck, and on the eve of every northwesterly gale, such as the supposed murderers were wrecked in, the light is visible in one part of the bay or another; and at times approaches the shore so closely, coming into the very cove, that certain individuals whom we can name are prepared not only to assert, but also to attest upon oath, that they have seen this light, or rather this blazing craft (which it is supposed to be) so distinctly that they could recognize the individuals moving and passing through the flames! Such are the outlines of the tradition connected with this strange phenomenon."

I am not one of the fortunate visitors to whom was vouchsafed a sight of the moving light. In explaining natural causes, I know of no class of people more prone to accept the marvellous and supernatural than the hardy and storm-beaten fishermen of every country, and of no portion of the Dominion before the era of lighthouses and beacons more famed for marine disasters than the shores and islands of the Lower St. Lawrence. On some spots, the minds of the people seem quite inured with tales of death, starvation, cannibalism. The Cornish wrecker hanging at nightfall, during the storm, his perfidious lantern on some jutting headland, to decoy to a horrible death the unsuspecting mariner, had at once representatives and types on the Gaspé coast. Thanks to Commander Fortin, T. Robitaille, Hon. P. Mitchell, and other M.P.'s, the lighthouse, the beacon, the alarm gun, and the telegraph, have been enlisted in the cause of suffering humanity, and the loss of life or of valuable merchandise rarely happens at present. There is one memorable marine disaster often alluded to, but we think only described fully in the "Transactions of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec for 1830," page 187. We mean the melancholy shipwreck of the *Granicus* at Anticosti, in 1828.

"On the 29th October, 1828, the barque *Granicus* cleared from the port of Quebec, on her homeward-bound passage to the Cove of Cork, and being wrecked on the coast of Anticosti, not far from the East Point, the crew and passengers are supposed (for their conduct subsequently, up to the period of their dissolution, is only probable surmise, founded on strong presumptive evidence, there being no living witness to the transaction) to have met, in their search along the shore, with one of the direction boards, under the guidance of which they proceeded to the north-westward, as far as Fox Cove, where a provision depot formerly existed, and where the board alluded to above taught them to expect one still. This board, according to Godin, was brought by one of the unfortunate wretches to the place where it was afterwards found. Upon arriving at this post, they found it deserted, the provisions removed, and nothing but an empty log house and store to receive them. Into these they entered, and yielding to deplorable necessity, they appear to have submitted themselves, gradually but deeply, to all the horrors of cannibalism; for, what other inference could be drawn from finding the beams of their dwelling-places shambled with human subjects, half carcass, half skeleton, from which the flesh had undoubtedly been removed, to a pot which was found resting upon the ashes of the extinct fire, the whole of its disgusting contents not quite demolished—from the discovery of a pile of 'well picked bones' and 'putrid flesh'—from the circumstance that money, watches, and gold rings, &c., were found upon the premises, together with a pencilled note, signed B. Harrington, desiring that forty-eight sovereigns in his hammock (which were found), should be sent home to Mary Harrington (probably his poor mother) Barrack Street, Cove, 'as they are the property of her son.' This man, the only un-mutilated form among them, was found dead in his hammock, being the last to survive the cold and the poisonous effects of this infernal feast. Some fishermen from the Magdalen Islands, probably searching after wrecks, were the witnesses to these closing sorrows, and, collecting them together, they were buried in a small piece of ground adjoining, now enclosed by a wooden fence. It was thought that the remains of three children, two women and eight men, could be distinguished. The skeletons of two men were also found in the woods, to which they are supposed to have retreated with the view of avoiding such a scene, and flattered by the hope of reaching a place of safety. It is said the boat of the *Granicus* was found on the shore of Fox Cove, when visited by the Magdalen fishermen, about the middle of May, 1829, and hence it has been considered a subject for surprise that, when the crew and passengers found the post deserted, they did not return on their course and seek another, situated at the East Point, not far from the spot where they appear to have suffered shipwreck."

(To be continued.)

FORMER PASSAGES OF THE DANUBE.

Nineteen times within the last hundred years the Russian forces crossed the Danube with hostile intent, without including the present passage of the river; three times the passage was effected at Turtukai, three times at Hirsova, and other three times at Ismaila. Twice the river was crossed at Kladova, twice at Ibraila, while once only were troops brought across at Gosobal, once at Tiernavoda, once at Silistria, and once at Satunovo. In its last number the *Militar-Wochenblatt* gives some details of these several enterprises. The first occasion on which

the Russian forces crossed to the right bank of the Danube was during the campaign of 1773. An armistice had been arranged in 1772, but peace could not be concluded. Accordingly at the express idea of the Empress Catherine, it was determined to lead the Russian army across the river. The Turks had the strongly garrisoned fortresses of Rustchuk, Silistria, and Schumla, had posted troops in observation at every point of passage, and held strong reserves in readiness in rear. Nevertheless, General Suvaroff succeeded in transporting 700 men across the river at Turtakai during the night between the 9th and 10th of May, 1773, defeating and putting to flight 4,000 irregular Turkish troops stationed there. On the 27th of the same month Suvaroff was followed by General Weismann; while, at the same time, General Potemkin succeeded in capturing Hirsova, and in establishing there a second passage across the river. Screened by these detachments the main Russian army, under General Rumanzoff, crossed over the Danube at Gosobal, about twenty miles below Silistria, and advanced to the attack of the latter fortress. Every effort to take it was, however, in vain; and disheartened by his want of success, the Russian general fell back again across the river. In the autumn however, at the earnest instance of the Empress, he recrossed to the right bank and penetrated into Bulgaria, as far as the Balkans. In the following year, 1774, the Danube was again crossed by Russian forces, this time early in April, by Kamienski at Ismaila. During the same month General Suvaroff effected a passage at Tiernavoda, and Glaboff crossed over in the vicinity of Silistria. The next attempt to carry Russian forces across the Danube was made by Miloradovitch, who sought to capture Giurgevo by storm in March, 1809. The attack failed, as did also a like enterprise undertaken by Prosorovski against Ibraila. Still the Emperor Alexander insisted that the river should be crossed, and, accordingly, General Isajeff passed over to the right bank at Kladova to assist the Servians. This latter place was stormed. Again the assault was unsuccessful, and again the Russians were fain to fall back to their own side of the stream. In the meanwhile Prosorovski had been superseded in his command on the Lower Danube by Prince Bagration; and this latter succeeded in August, 1809, in crossing the river near Galatz, and, the Turks offering no resistance, possessed himself of Isaktcha, Tul-tsea, Matchin, Hirsova, and finally also of Ismaila. Silistria, on the other hand, withstood every attempt to capture it until, owing to the difficulty of providing subsistence for the besieging forces, it became necessary, late in the year, once more to withdraw the Russian army across the Danube. At the opening of the campaign in the following year, 1810, the new commander-in-chief of the Russian force, Count Kamienski II., conveyed his army of 25,000 men and seventy-two guns across the river at Hirsova between the 10th and 14th of May. On the 25th of the same month General Sass crossed in boats at Turtukai, and seized that town; and on the 30th Count Zukatto also passed over the river to the north of Widdin. In the two following years, 1811 and 1812, the Russian armies constantly crossed and recrossed the river. Hirsova, strongly fortified and garrisoned by the Russians, served them as a *lede-pont* on the Turkish side of the river, and a bridge was also established and maintained at Turtukai. At the outset of the campaign of 1828-29 the Russians, crossing the Pruth in three columns on the 7th of May, reached the Danube on the 8th of June. The 3d Corps was to cross the river at Satunovo to the eastward of Isaktcha; the 7th Corps was to pass over at Ibraila; while the 6th, traversing Wallachia, was to cross the Danube in the neighborhood of Turtukai. The 6th Corps arrived at the river without having encountered any serious opposition in its passage through Wallachia; but every effort made by it to effect a passage across the Danube at Turtukai was in vain. The 3rd Corps was more successful at Satunovo, and on the 8th of June a bridge was established there; while the 7th Corps having been delayed by the necessity of besieging and capturing Ibraila, did not succeed in crossing the river until after the capitulation of that place on the 17th of June. The history of the passage of the Danube during the Russo-Turkish war of 1853-55 is well known. On the 20th of March, 1854, 12,000 Russian troops were assembled at Ibraila under the command of Gortschakoff himself; 21,000 more were at Galatz, under Luders; and 14,000 were at Ismaila, under Utschakoff—all in readiness to cross the river. On the 21st of March the last-named general succeeded, despite unfavorable weather, in crossing the Kilia arm of the Danube in boats from Ismaila. On the 23rd General Luders' troops were transported to the right bank from Galatz, while Gortschakoff, having established a bridge of boats, moved his force across on the 26th of March.

FASHION NOTES

A NEW IDEA.—Last season, parasols were almost uniformly of one color; they are now made in plaid taffetas, or even in several colors. Some ladies of fashion have their parasols made in the same colors as the coat of arms and livery. This novel idea is considered rather a success.

HAT TRIMMING.—A new trimming for hats is of rose pink feathers and flowers. The hat is trimmed at one side only; the brim turned inward and lined to correspond on one side; on the other, raised and ornamented with flowers

which conceal the end of the feathers. In flowers the leaning is somewhat towards wild-flowers, such as coquelicots, bluets, wheat, daisies, marguerites, butter-cups, artemisias, &c.

SEASIDE MATERIALS.—Bunting more closely resembles a new class of material for seaside and travelling wear than anything else, only it is softer and more clinging; and another material goes by the name of seaside barege—a white woolen stuff, as cool as muslin, which is made up with handsome silk trimmings and with large square collars; a silk plastron in front, the bodice plaited below this, and worn with a Josephine belt.

COSTUMES.—The Princess costume, still steadily gaining favor, seems likely to continue greatly in vogue during our short summer months. Polonaises, very long, and caught up considerably at the back, will, with the Princess shape, prove (as far as we can judge) prevailing fashions. The *haute nouveauté* of the season consists in the new cambrics and lawns in fancy open-work pattern, to make tunics, which are worn with long trained skirts of faille, trimmed with ruches, plisses, or quillings.

LACE TRIMMING.—Lace is once more the most fashionable, as it is always the most beautiful of trimmings. While all silk mantles are trimmed with borders, ruchings, and quillings of Chantilly lace, a new kind of very fine and beautiful black woolen guipure is used for trimming the pretty little mantles of black cashmere, which are worn loosely tied in front. It is very simple, and the vastment most generally adopted this summer by young ladies, married and unmarried, unless they wear the small paletots of the same materials as the dress.

DINNER DRESSES.—For dinner dresses during the present warm weather there is nothing prettier than white muslin, trimmed with colored embroideries. Red is generally selected for the embroidery, which is arranged in bands down the polonaise, and in the front there is a cascade of Louis XIV. lace, studded with claret-red bows. The back is more difficult to describe, as it is a mysterious combination of lace, muslin, and embroidery; but on one side there is a large red bow. The white muslin shirt is trimmed with a plaiting of the same, barred longitudinally at regular intervals with strips of embroidery, the plaitings being partially concealed with lace.

PARASOLS.—The combinations brought about by ingenuity are endless, but in matters relating to dress these do not always commend themselves to judgement. Of new parasols, one intended to supersede all others has imbedded in the handle a minute Geneva watch. The button which contains the watch is lifted on a hinge by touching a catch spring, and really serves as the mount of a scent bottle. But this is not a tithe of what the handle is made to contain, and which it would be in vain to enumerate. The interior of the covers of these parasols is variously ornamented with a map of Europe, a symbolical view of the constellations, &c., which certainly appear attractive as beheld through the semi-transparent surface.

LITERARY.

MR. TENNYSON'S annual income from his works is about \$30,000.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY is editing a novel entitled "Marley Castle," which will shortly be published.

DR. J. G. HOLLAND has bought an island in the St. Lawrence River, and christened it "Bonny Castle."

M. ERNEST RENAN has published the fifth volume of his great work, "Histoire des Origines du Christianisme." It treats of the period between A.D. 74 and A.D. 117.

FRIEDRICH WILHELM HACKLANDER, the well-known German novelist, probably the most popular author of the present day in Germany, is dead. His writings published at present fill no less than sixty volumes.

MR. LONGFELLOW has the most complete private poetical library, it is said, which is to be found in the country. Scarcely any public library could be found which so fully represents this department of literature.

LEVY, of Paris, has just published a volume entitled "Mes Souvenirs," which gives a most curious and interesting picture of private life and life in the salons among the royalist aristocracy at the time of the Restoration.

DR. SAMUEL WARREN, the author of "Ten Thousand a Year," "Passages in the Diary of a late Physician," &c., is dead. His writings enjoyed great popularity. He was Queen's Counsel, and was twice elected to Parliament.

AN autobiography of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe is talked of for the next publishing season. It is said that the hoped-for work will prove the *Great Eltch* and his not less great cousin George Canning to have been in complete accord on the subject of Turkey.

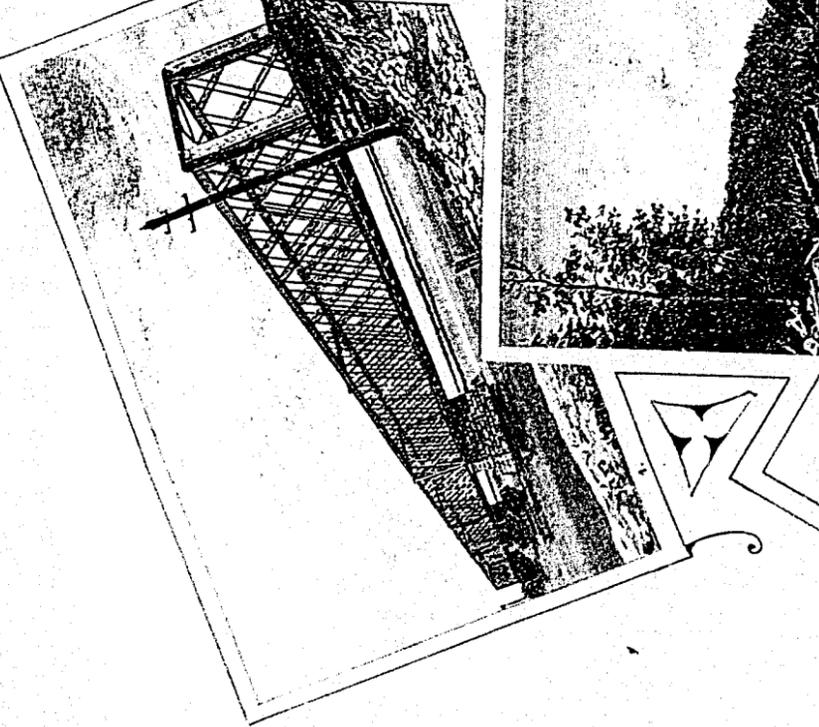
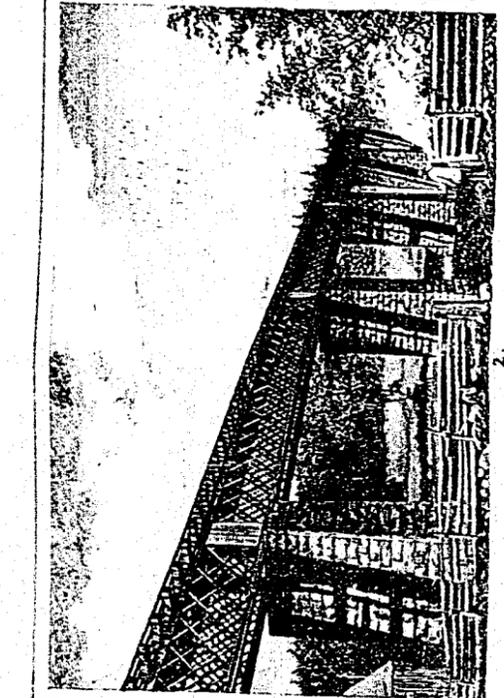
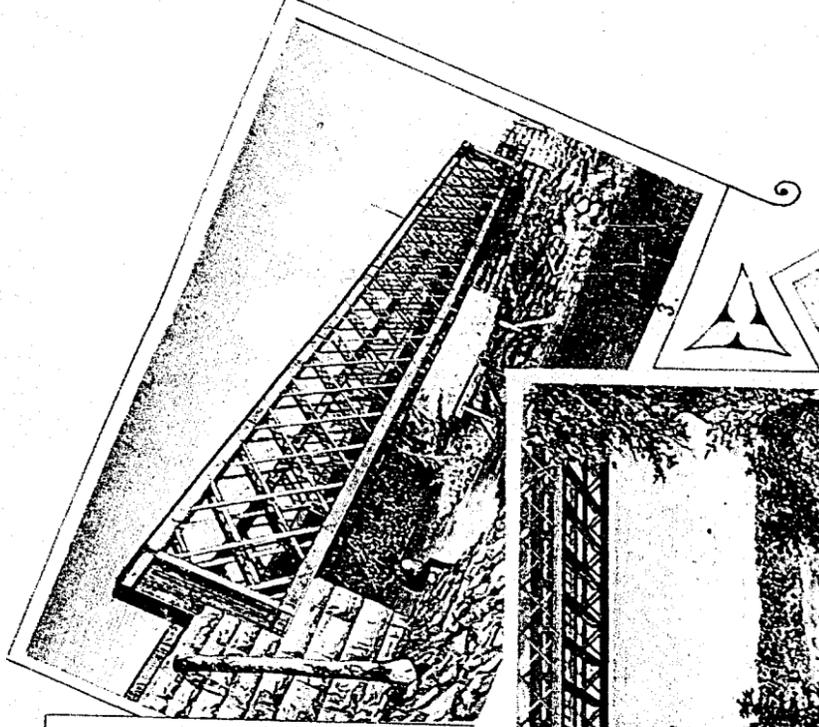
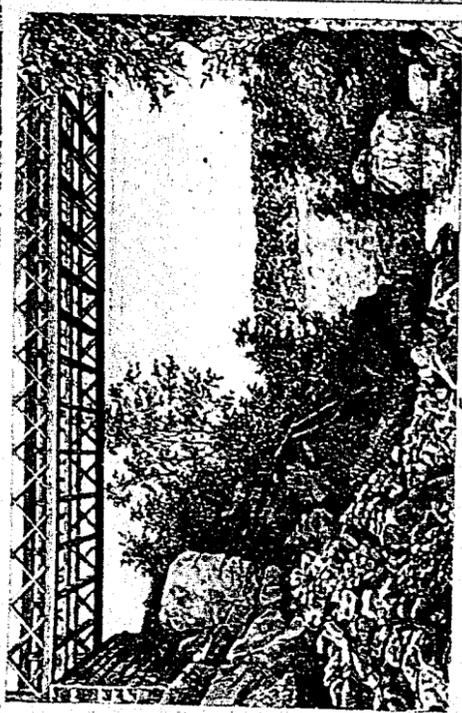
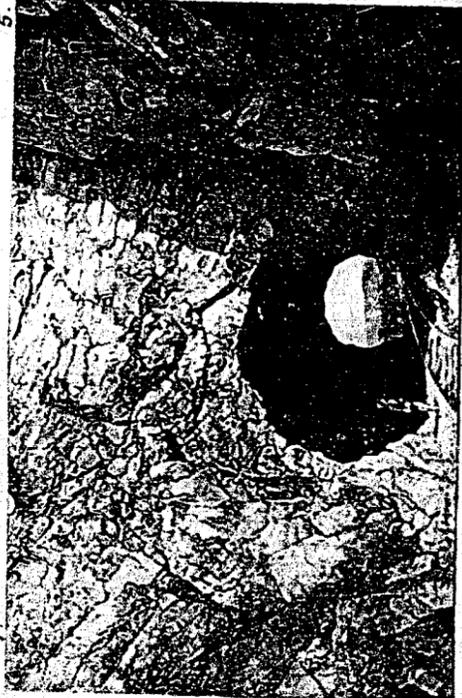
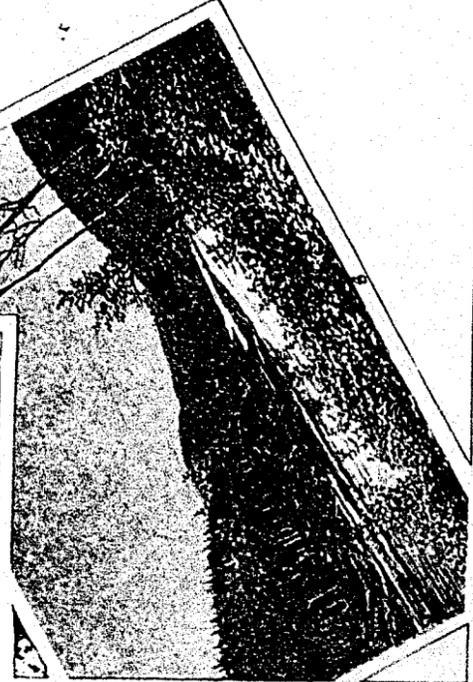
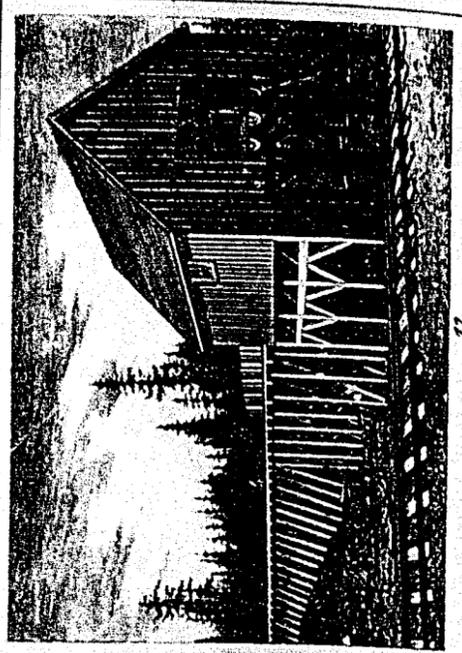
MR. GLADSTONE, in an article contributed to the July number of the *Nineteenth Century*, quotes the well known words "the bubbling cry of some strong swimmer in his agony," and in a footnote intimates that they are to be found in "Childe Harold." He should have known that they compose the end of the 53rd stanza of the 2nd canto of "Don Juan."

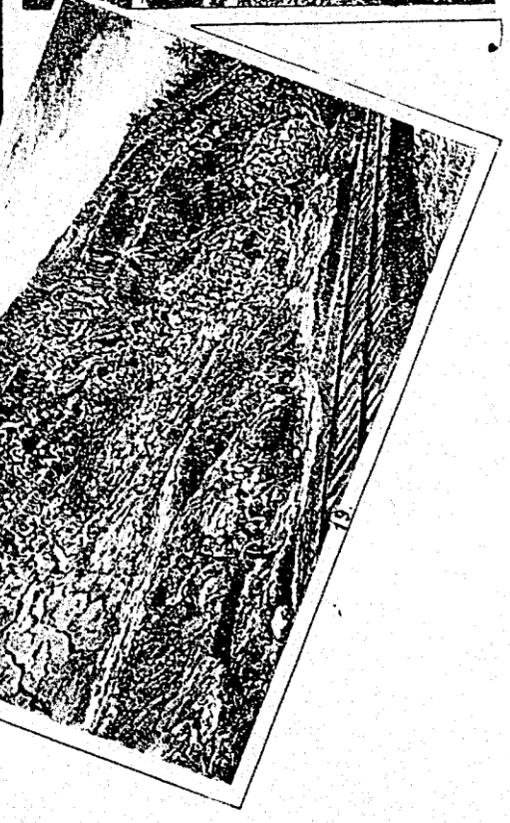
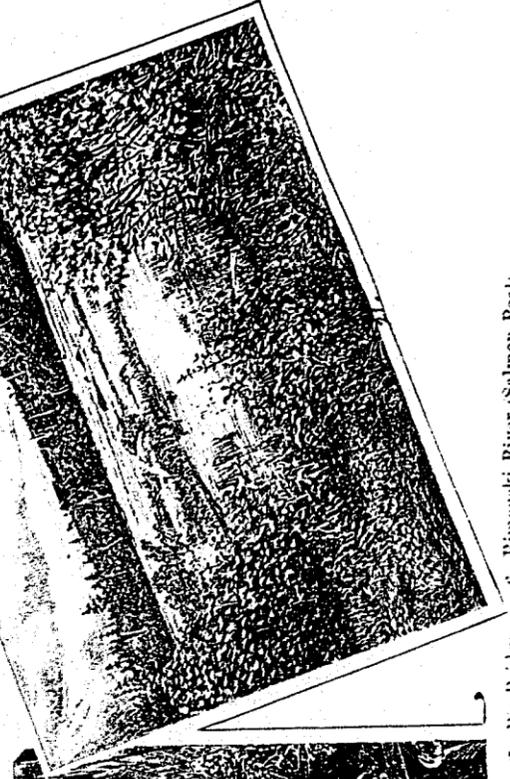
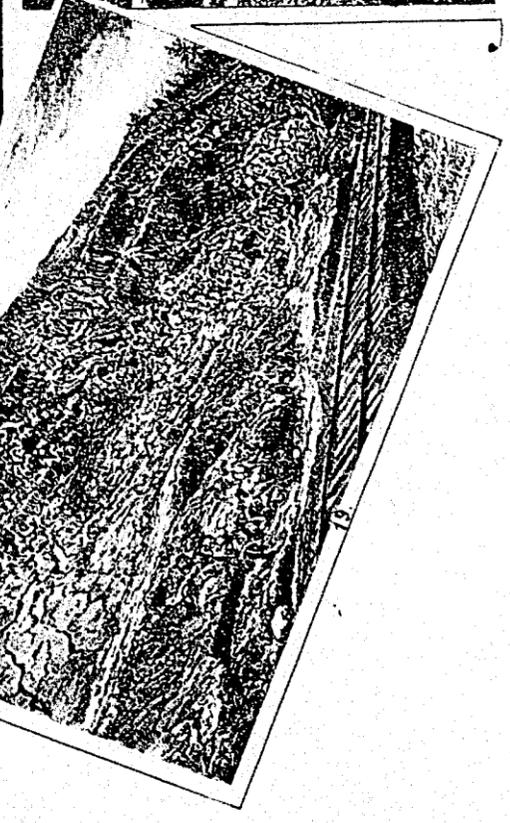
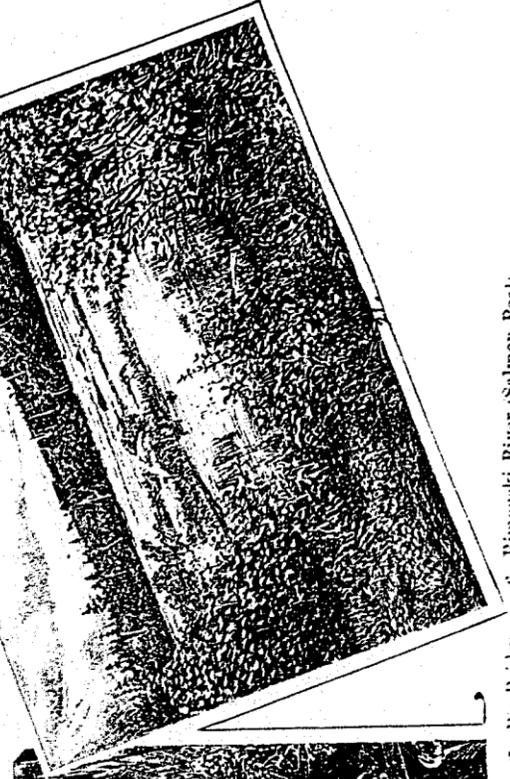
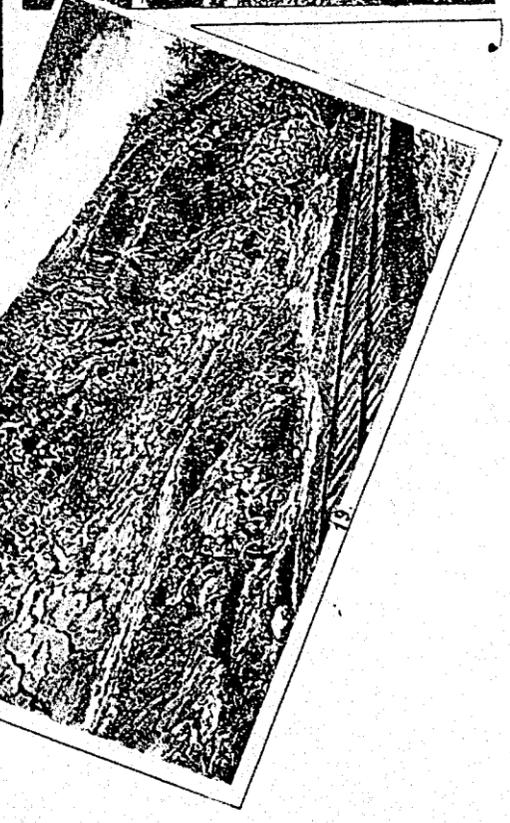
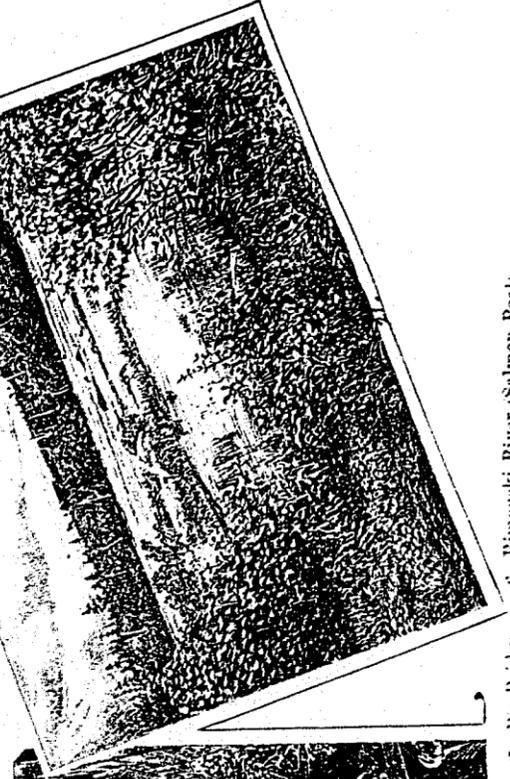
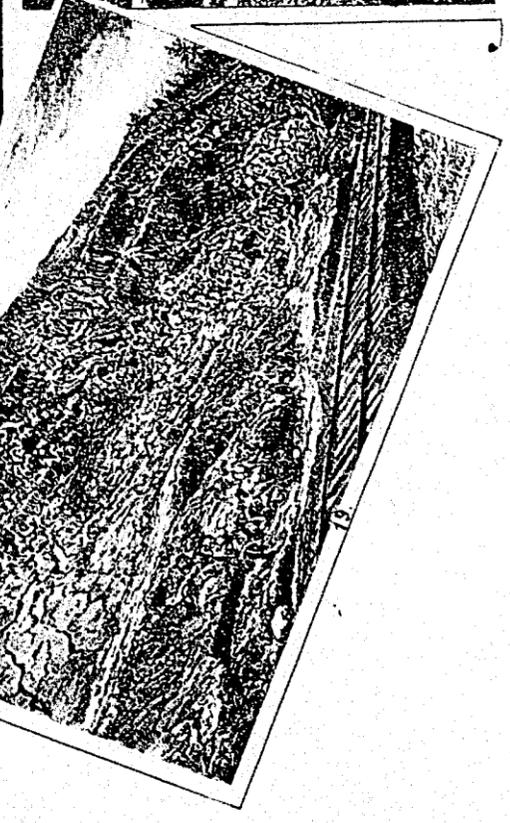
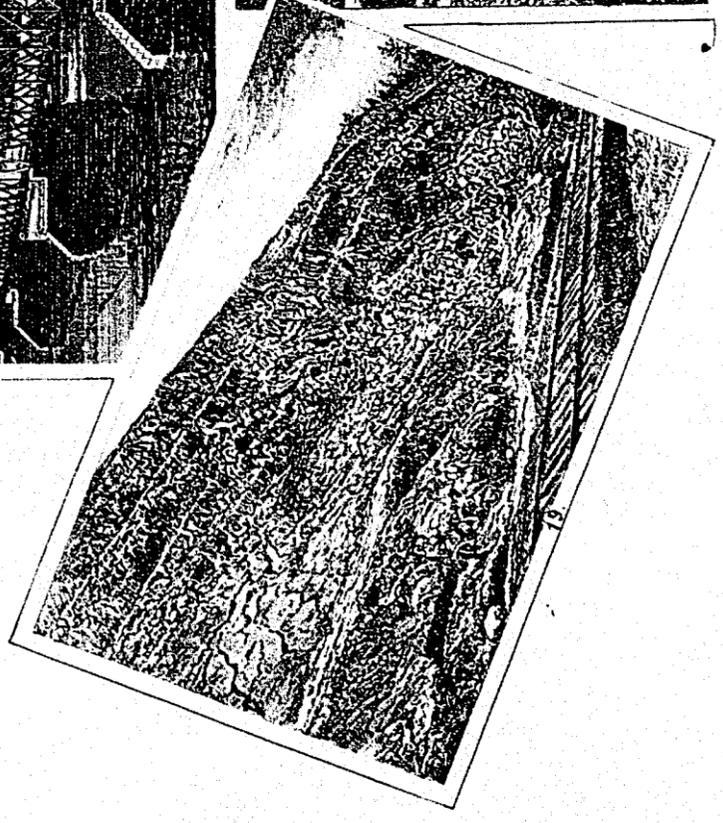
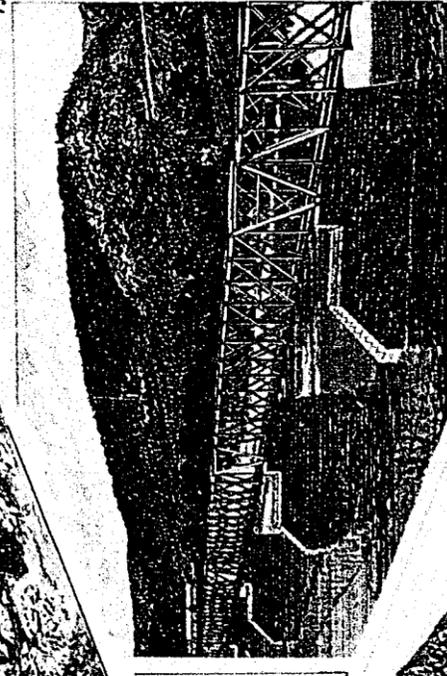
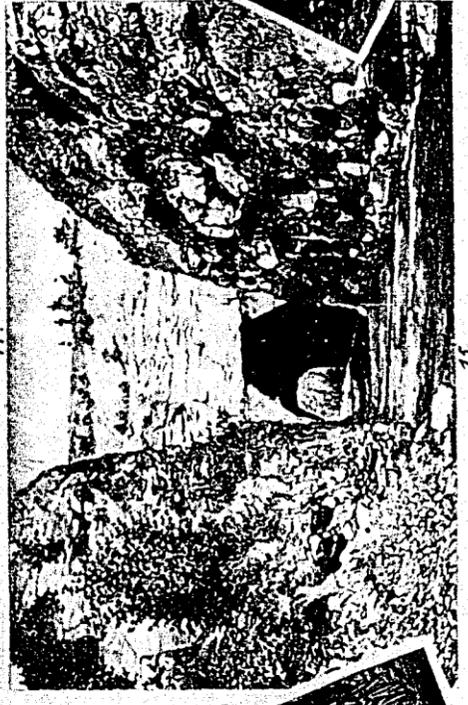
THE Caxton Exhibition in London contained one curiosity there which seemed to attract the attention of visitors, and that is the famous "Wicked Bible." The "Wicked Bible" is so called from the fact that the *not* is omitted from the seventh commandment. It is said that only four of these "Wicked Bibles" are extant.

PHOSFOZONE.

Contains the most valuable compounds of Phosphorus and Ozone. Certificates received daily from all quarters.

The PHOSFOZONE sells well. It is a favourite tonic with the ladies. JAMES HAWKES, Place d'Armes Drug Store, Montreal. Pamphlet sent postage free on application to EVANS, MERCER & CO., Montreal.





1. Sackville Bridge. 2. Tête-à-Gauche Bridge. 3. Amqui Bridge. 4. Hellgate, Matapedia River. 5. Be Bridge. 6. Rimouski River (Salmon Pool).  
 7. Only Rail Tunnel (Morrissey Rock). 8. Assanetquagan Metapedia. 9. Rock Cutting (Bic). 10. Camp at Pleasant Beach. 11. Falls near Truro.  
 12. Trestle Work and Coal Dump. 13. Folly Viaduct (N. S.). 14. Tunnel near Folly Lake (N. S.). 15. Diversion Tunnel. 16. At Little Métis. 17. Restigouche Bridge.  
 18. S. Coal Branch Bridge. 19. Clay Cutting, Trois-Pistoles. 20. At Little Métis (Falls). 21. On Nepisiguit River (N. B.)

# SCENES AND VIEWS ON 'THE INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENDERSON, MONTREAL.

AUGUST.

SONNET—BY HENRY PRINCE.

What stir is this on summer's broad highway? Why ring the fields with peans loud and long? That rise and fall like oceanic song On rock-bound coasts when storms have died away? Why thus in homage droop the warrior plumes Of full-ear'd corn in vales that wave like seas? Why blush lascivious on teenfult trees The luscious fruits beneath long glowing noons? Why broods the air,—inbravathed with one vast sigh Of incense sweet,—like an expectant host, Who waits, in longing, for the guest lov'd most. Nor bids the feast begin till he draws nigh? The song is man's,—the homage nature's voice, 'Tis AUGUST, Harvest King, that now bids both rejoice.

THE

GOLD OF CHICKAREE.

BY

SUSAN and ANNA WARNER.

AUTHORS OF

"WIDE, WIDE WORLD," and "DOLLARS AND CENTS," "WYCH HAZEL," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

Hazel glanced at the gray chair,—no, she could not disturb that. She begged a shawl of Gyda, and was off, out of the door without more ado. But not to find Primrose. It rather suited the young lady's mood to be by herself; and so, noiselessly, Hazel flitted along through the starlight, without however being able to reach a point which looked straight down into the Hollow beyond the bend. The uneven ground, the unknown distances, baffled her. Standing still, she heard nothing. The starry sky overhead was not more calmly quiet than this portion of the darksome earth appeared to be. A little frosty, the air did not stir enough to rustle the leaves on the trees. Crickets and some other fall insects had it all their own way. Wych Hazel went over to the ground on the other side of the road and tried that. Frosty, and still, and starlight, it was on the other side of the road; in the bright gloom even her point of view did not seem to be changed. Her next move was back to the cottage. There she stood still upon the steps. Presently the door opened behind her. "My little lady—" said Gyda. "I am here, all safe." "Won't you come in!" "But I cannot hear anything!" said Hazel. "I might go a little bit down the road—" "No," said Gyda. "He wouldn't have you, nor forgive me if I let you. There'll be no great trouble, my lady; my lad's men will do what he bids them; and if there's trouble, he'll get it over." "Do you think so?"—She drew a long breath, stepping down off the stone again and listening. The old woman's hand came softly to hers to draw her in, for the watch had already lasted long; but just then a faint reddish light arose in the dark sky above the Hollow. "What's that?" "It's fire, my lady." "There!" Hazel exclaimed. "O don't stay here—you will get cold; but just leave me." Gyda would not leave her, however, nor lose sight of her. Their words drew Prim to the door, who had earlier returned to the cottage. They all stood looking. There was a glow of light certainly; it brightened and spread for a while; yet it was rather like the glare from a good-sized bonfire than the token of any more serious conflagration. Nevertheless they watched it, the younger woman painfully; until they saw that the light was stationary, did not increase, then certainly was less, then evidently fading. "It's all getting over," said Gyda; "and it's no great thing at all. Come in before the master gets back. It's your wisest." "I never was famed for being wise," said Hazel, her spirits taking a little spring as the fire went down. But she turned and went in, and stood before the peaceful fire on the hearth, looking into its red depths. Primrose sat down, but with a different face, sober and meditative in another way. Gyda went out to her kitchen. Perhaps Hazel was tired of standing, for she presently knelt down on the hearth stone, holding out her fingers to the blaze, covered with the red light from head to foot. She looked rather pale, through it all. "Prim," she said suddenly, "did you ever stay all night up here?" "No. Never." "Then of course you do not know where we are to make believe sleep." "I suppose it will be in that room where our things were laid. Mrs. Boërresen will tell us. Hazel, will you mind, if I say something I want to say?" "I cannot tell whether I shall mind or not?" "Shall I say it?" "Yes, if you want to," said Hazel, devoting herself to the tongs and the fallen brands. "It is only just this.—What are you going to do about dress?" If ever anybody was astonished, it was perhaps Miss Kennedy just then. "Dress!" she echoed, looking at Primrose and then down at the trim, invisible brown riding-habit, which, looped up and fastened out of the way, had been perforce retained through the evening. Very stylish, no doubt, as all her dresses were; though in this case the best style

happening to be simplicity, the brown habit with its deep white linen frills was almost severely plain. "Prim,—I have not the faintest idea what you mean!" "I don't mean now, to-night, of course." "Any time. What do you mean by 'do'?" "Manage—" She looked as if she were searching into the subject, with a doubtful mood upon her. She went on. "Do you suppose Dane would like you to dress as you have been accustomed to do?" Wych Hazel rose to her feet. Whatever Mr. Rollo's own right to comment upon her or her dress might be, she was not in the least disposed to take the comments at second hand. "I should think your recollection might tell you," she said, "that Mr. Rollo feels quite free to find fault with me whenever he sees occasion." "But, Hazel," said Prim meekly,—"don't be angry.—Do you want to wait for that?" Hazel gave a half laugh. "People always think I am angry," she said.—"I wonder if I am such a tempest?" "You are not a tempest at all," said Prim still meekly; "not now, certainly; but I know you can feel things, and I don't want you to feel anything I say, except pleasantly. Indeed I don't, Hazel." "I am glad you think I can feel things, but I suppose my comprehension is less lively. I do not even know what 'managing' about my dress would be. I never 'manage'" said Hazel, with a fierce onset upon the brands. "I know you haven't. But don't you think—perhaps—you will have to? Don't you think it will be best?" "I don't know how, and I never do it, and I do not know what you mean," Miss Wych answered, sending a column of sparks up the chimney and shewing a few in her own eyes. Primrose eyed the sparks which flew up the chimney, with an unrecognizing face. "You know, Hazel," she began again, "your dress is always so beautiful." "Well? If my guardians ever find it out, they never object." "But you know, Hazel! you know!" exclaimed Primrose in some distress. "How shall I speak to you? Your guardians would not meddle, I suppose, either of them; but don't you think, now, that Dane will want you to do a little as he does? Do you think he will like to dress expensively? and you know you do, Hazel. And he gave up his cigars, long ago." If Prim could have known all the minute thorns she was sticking into her friend! Hazel was vexed enough to laugh, or to cry, or to do anything, almost. "I am glad he has,"—she said, "but really I have nothing answering to cigars in all my list of expenses." "O Hazel! don't you think so?" "No. I suppose you like them better than I do." "What, cigars?" "Yes. I should think any man would be thankful to get rid of them. Mr. Falkirk never smokes." "I don't like them. But men do. And Dane always smoked such delicious cigars—I used to catch the sweet scent of them often in summer time, when windows were open, and then I knew he was lingering about somewhere near; in the garden or in the meadow." Prim gave the least little unconscious sigh as she spoke. Hazel glanced at her, and her own face grew very thoughtful. The subject of dress was left quite in the distance. "And he has given up all that," Prim went on; "and I thought, perhaps, you had not thought about it. All this about dress, I mean." "No, I have not," said Hazel. "Especially as I do not know what 'all this' is. What to do with cigars seems clear; but my dresses hang in the dark. Never mind,—a girl with two guardians is not likely to go very far in any direction." And Hazel carefully set the tongs in place, and swept up the hearth; and then suddenly caught up her shawl again and wrapped it round her. "What can have become of that fire?" she said. "It is an age since we came in. Let's go and see." But opening the door revealed only the quiet, clear, starry sky and the still air. No glare of fire; no sound of voices; the crickets seemed to be going on comfortably and much as usual. The air was a trifle more chill, too; and after a few minutes of fruitless watching the two girls came indoors again; but they would not accept Gyda's proposition and go to bed. It was not very late they said; and once more the three women sat down round the fire to wait. After a time, however, Primrose gave it up and went off. Hazel sat still, pondering. Not in her great chair now, but down at the corner of the hearth; with a disturbed mind going over Prim's enigmas. Something about her was sure to displease,—that seemed to be as near as she could come to it; and a restless, uneasy sort of pain crept into her heart and over her face. But the minute returning steps were heard outside the door, Hazel darted away to where Prim was already asleep. Could Prim have been set to talk to her? she thought as she looked. Nevertheless the question lifted its own head now and then,—that, and one other sorrowful thought which the evening had left; she was ready to join him in singing anything—except just what he loved best! And Hazel went to sleep with a sigh upon her lips.

CHAPTER XII.

COFFEE AND BUNS.

Wych Hazel sat watching her friend at her toilet. "Prim," she said, "will you be angry?" "Me? Angry? No. About what?" "Because," said Hazel, "your dress is not looped right. And I want to alter it." Primrose laughed a little. "What's the use?" she said. "Next time it will be wrong again. I can't reach the mystery of your loopings. They are loopings, but your dress is never in a bunch anywhere—only falls into place in a lovely manner. I can't be like that, Hazel." Hazel's busy fingers were making changes. "There!"—she said. "Now it is a great deal more 'beautiful.' Do you feel demoralized?" "Hazel!" said Prim facing round,—"did you suppose I meant that? When Dane likes everything to be as beautiful, and as right, every way, as it can be? Look at his horses; and look at his own dress." "Ask him to look at yours,"—Hazel said with a laugh, and pushing Prim gently before her into the next room. Breakfast was well seasoned with talk, and the talkers lingered over their meal, until Dr. Arthur declared that if the rest could stay there all day, he could not; and so broke up the sitting. "Miss Kennedy," he said as they left the table, "will you come to the door a moment, before you put on your hat, and let me see your eyes?" "See my eyes!"—Hazel followed him doubtfully. "Yes, I want to know how they look now they are open. How nearly do you feel like yourself again?" he said, in the midst of a somewhat close and earnest examination. "I am perfectly well, thank you." "Perfectly well."—For instance did you thoroughly enjoy riding on horseback yesterday?" In spite of the evident good faith of the doctor's question, Wych Hazel's cheeks gave such instant swift answer, that he was fain to turn his eyes away. "Not the October air," he went on gravely, "nor the coloured leaves, nor the sunshine; nor even the exhilaration; but the exercise. How is that, compared with a year ago?" "I am not quite so strong for it, I think," Hazel answered unwillingly. "Imperfectly well," said Dr. Arthur. "And for what you are most inclined when the ride is over?"—but again the tell-tale face warned him of dangerous ground. "I have not been riding much,"—she said deprecatingly. "I am all out of practice." "That goes for something. Always supposing that it always used to be so when you happened to be 'out of practice.'" Hazel was silent. "These guardians!" said Dr. Arthur with some emphasis. "I cannot imagine what Mr. Falkirk was thinking of, when he kept you away all summer, letting you wear yourself out!" "He did not keep me. I kept myself," said Wych Hazel. "Did you! Suppose Mr. Falkirk had kept himself here?" Rollo came to the conference at this point. He knew the reason of his friend's care, for he questioned him with relation to his professional curiosity the evening before. But he had a clue to Wych Hazel's three days' sleep, which Dr. Arthur could not have. "Dr. Maryland, I thought you had more sense!" said the girl impatiently. "The last time you saw me, you said the only thing was to let me have my own way." "Depends a little upon what direction the 'way' takes," said Dr. Arthur. "You don't want another sleep, do you?" "Thank you,—I have had one." "Had one!" Dr. Arthur exclaimed. "Not like that?" "Not precisely like that," said Hazel demurely. "I have had several different ones." Dr. Arthur laughed, and gave up his research. "I begin to comprehend Mr. Falkirk!" he said. "Dane, if you can brave this lady's displeasure, I wish you would see that she does not overtax herself for three months to come. Nor then, without my permission." "But it is miles and miles from here to Chickaree!" said Miss Wych as she ran in. The inconvenience of having two guardians is, that when you have got rid of one you have to face the other. And that other had to be faced at the dinner table to-day. It was well that the twelve miles' ride had not taken down Hazel's strength below the mischief point. Rollo, it must be remarked, had been obliged to gallop back again after very slight tarrying. "Good evening, Miss Hazel," said her elder guardian as he met her in the dining room. "I think I have not seen you since this time yesterday." "A little later than this, sir. It was after dinner when we parted." "Quite so. Why did we not meet at breakfast? I was here. You were not." "No, sir. That seems to have been the reason." "Why were you not at home?" "Well, sir, I was in charge of my other authority, and could not get home till he said the word." Mr. Falkirk surveyed his ward.

"Miss Hazel, your notions are usually determined by your own will, and by nothing else,—in my experience." "My dear sir, if you remember your experience so imperfectly, it cannot do you much good. Have I ever been allowed to go anywhere alone?" "Why did not Rollo bring you home in proper time?"—very shortly. "First there was a man in trouble, and then a mill," said Miss Wych, composedly pouring water from her carafe. "And so of course such small affairs as women had to wait." "What was the matter?" "The man met with an accident. The mill was set on fire. But both were cared for satisfactorily—you need not be uneasy, Mr. Falkirk. Two such energetics as Mr. Rollo and Dr. Arthur suffice for all the common events of life." "And you—where were you?" "Miss Maryland and I, sir, were summarily bestowed at Mrs. Boërresen's for safe keeping." "Who is Mrs. Boërresen?" "My dear Mr. Falkirk!—if you only would stir about a little you would learn so much!" said Wych Hazel. "Mrs. Boërresen is a quite remarkable person of foreign birth who lives near Morton Hollow." "Rollo's old nurse!" said Mr. Falkirk. Wych Hazel bowed her head with extreme sedateness and went on with her dinner. Mr. Falkirk made a gesture of extreme impatience. "It seems to me, Miss Hazel, that your other guardian had time to see you safe home, before allowing himself to be claimed by his own affairs. If you had not discretion enough to come, he should have had enough to bring you." "It needs valour as well as discretion to run away from one's guardians," said Miss Kennedy lifting her brows. "I should have been quite happy, sir, I am sure, to ride home alone." "Why didn't he bring you?" growled the elder guardian. "Or why didn't you make him bring you?" "Yes, sir. Did you ever try to make Mr. Rollo do anything?" "Quite out of order!" grumbled Mr. Falkirk; "quite out of order! Miss Hazel, it may need valour and discretion both, as you seem to intimate, but I must beg that you will not have the like thing happen again. If you cannot get home in proper time, I prefer that you should not ride with him. I thought the fellow knew better!" A glance, lightning-swift, from under the dark lashes fell upon Mr. Falkirk's unconscious face. The girl waited a little before she made reply. "How am I to know beforehand, Mr. Falkirk? Mills are uncertain things. And men. You are really sure of nothing but women in this world." "What do you mean about a mill burning?" came very deep out of Mr. Falkirk's throat. "Some of the Charteris men set it on fire. The mill was not burned, because watch had been kept; and at the first sign of fire all hands went to work taking out cotton bales till the fire was reached. There was something of a bonfire outside." "Hem. How much loss?" "Not much. A thousand or two." Mr. Falkirk went no further into the subject, or into any other, till the desert had been taken away and he was fingering the nuts. Mr. Falkirk took no desert. And in the midst of cracking a hard nut, effort availed to crack something else. "Do we go to town this winter, Miss Hazel?" "I have taken no thought whatever about the winter, sir." "Do you intend to stay here?" "I thought we agreed, sir, to let the winter question wait?" "I made no such agreement, Miss Hazel. On the contrary, if we let the question wait, there will be no house to receive you when you make up your mind to go." "Then we will wait." "No, Miss Hazel, if you please I will have your decision. If it makes no difference to you, it makes some to me. Either here or New York—but you must say which." "O, if you put me in a corner, Mr. Falkirk, I shall stay here," said Wych Hazel. "I suppose so. And now, Miss Hazel, will you kindly go a little further and give me your reasons?" "My dear Mr. Falkirk, you know we agreed long ago, that between you and me reasons should be left to take care of themselves. Do let the winter question rest!" "I thought we agreed long ago that between you and me there should be confidence," said her guardian somewhat bitterly. Now Mr. Falkirk was unreasonable, but it is not in the nature of men to know when they are unreasonable. So making a great and ill-adjusted effort with his nut-cracker, it slipped and did Mr. Falkirk's some harm, instead of the nut. Mr. Falkirk dipped his finger into cold water, wrapped it in his handkerchief, and went off, disgusted with the world generally. "We never did!" thought Hazel to herself. "I plainly told him it could not be." But for all that she felt just a little bit troubled and hurt. Four days of storms, during which Mr. Falkirk passed himself off for sugar and salt, and even Mr. Rollo was somewhat hindered of his pleasure, ended at last in a brilliant Saturday afternoon. But though Wych Hazel did send

some wistful glances out of the window, she knew perfectly well there could be no coming from Morton Hollow that night. Still, the feminine mind is good at devices; and Miss Kennedy was not the first girl who (for the nonce) has enacted the part of Mahomet. The mountain could not stir,—therefore—

She thought it all out, sitting opposite to Mr. Falkirk at dinner; and when that gentleman had taken his departure, the young mistress of the house fell into a sudden state of activity her last move being to smother herself in a huge dingy cloak, akin to those worn by the mill people in their improved condition.

"Look at me, Byo," she said, pulling the rough hood up over her silky curls.

"My dear," began Mrs. Bywank,— "Miss Wych,—if Mr. Rollo should see you!"

"He would see nothing but my cloak."

"My dear, I'm not so sure. He has wonderful sharp eyes. And you don't wear your cloak like a mill girl."

"Don't I look like a new hand?" said Hazel laughing.

"And if he should find out, what would he think?" said Mrs. Bywank.

"He would think you had a cold and could not come," said Wych. "There's the gig!"—and down she ran, slipping out unseen to join Reo in the darkness.

Riding in an old gig was rather a new experience. The way was still, starlight, and lonely, until they came out in the neighbourhood of the mills. When the lights were visible, and a certain confused buzz of still distant voices gave token of the lively state of the population in the Hollow, Hazel and her faithful attendant left the gig and went forward on foot.

The Charteris mills were silent and dark; the stir was ahead, where a cluster of lights shewed brilliantly through the darkness; and soon Wych Hazel and Reo found themselves in the midst of a moving throng. A large shed, it was hardly better, open to the street and to all comers, was the place of illumination, and the centre of savoury odours which diffused themselves refreshingly over the whole neighbourhood. Coffee, yes certainly Mr. Rollo's coffee and hot buns were on hand there; and truly they began to be on hand more literally among the crowd. Wych Hazel loitered and looked and kept herself out of the lamp shine as well as she could. Men and women were going in and coming out, eating and drinking, talking and jesting; there was a pleasant let-up to business in the Hollow; it looked like a fair, except that there was no buying and selling other than of the viands. There were long deal tables in the shed, besieged by the applicants for buns and coffee, and served by women stationed behind the tables. The crowd was orderly, though very lively. Reo's curiosity and admiration were immense; I think he would have tried the buns for himself, if he had not been in close attendance upon his mistress. Women came out from the shed guarding a pile of the hot buns in their hands; others stood by the tables taking their supper; men came out and lounged about talking and eating, with a mug in one hand and a bun in the other. To anybody that knew Mill Hollow it was a pleasant sight. It spoke of a pause from grinding care and imbruting toil; a gleam of hope in the work-a-day routine. The men were all more or less washed and brushed up; for changing their dress there had been no time.

Hazel was afraid to linger too long or scan too closely; she passed on to the mill with the throng, waited near the door until the reader went in, passing so close that Hazel could have touched him. Then she followed and took her place at the end of a form near the door. That was policy.

The reading room was the huge bare apartment where the fire had been laid, and tracked, a few nights before. The rafters still shewed some smoke, and there was a less number of bales piled up at the end of the room than Hazel had seen it the first time. Lamps hung now from the beams overhead, enough of them to give a fair illumination; for as Rollo explained to her afterwards, he wanted to have a view of his hearers. Their view of him was secured by a well arranged group of burners in that quarter. The audience room was as rough as the audience.

It was a strange experience for the little lady of Chickaree. In the midst of all that crowd of mill hands, with their coarse dresses and unkempt heads and head gear, she was in a part of the world very far from her own. A still, respectful crowd they were, however. Looking beyond and over them, to the circle of lights at the end of the cotton bales, she could just see Dane's head, where he was standing and speaking to some one; then presently he mounted upon his rude nostrum and the light illumined his whole figure.

"He ain't keerful about shewin' hisself," said a drawing native voice in Wych Hazel's neighbourhood. "Hain't no objection to folks' reckonin' his inches."

"He's baulder'n I'd loike to be—" said another voice, Wych Hazel could not guess of what nationality.

"A can bear it," answered a woman. "I'd loike to see you a standin' up for your picter, Jim!"

"He don't mind it" said a brisk lass. "You bet, he knows all about it. Don't he though!"

"Is he a married man?"

"Na, he's got noby to look arter him."

"He don't mind that, ayther."

"He's mighty onconsarned, anyhow," said

the first speaker. "Lawk, I never could be a orator."

"Don't, then," said the girl. "You hush, or he'll hear."

Rollo did them justice, as far as not minding anything went. His first action, after taking his stand, was to fold his arms and take a somewhat prolonged survey of the company. The quick gray eyes came everywhere; did they know Hazel? It appeared not; for after a few minutes of this silent survey, Rollo bade his audience "good evening," and began his work.

He gave them in the first place the principal items of the week's news out of several papers which he had at hand. This, it was plain, was an extremely popular part of the entertainment. He read and talked, explaining where it was necessary, sometimes responding to a question from some one in the crowd. The papers were both English and German, American and foreign; the bits of intelligence carefully chosen to interest and to stimulate interest. This part of the programme took up something over a half hour. The next thing was the story of the "Chimes." And here also the reading was exceedingly successful. Knowing his hearers more thoroughly than is the privilege of most readers, Rollo could give them a word of help just where it was necessary to make them understand the author; briefly, and only as it was needed; for the rest, he made the story speak to their hearts. Perhaps the simplicity of his aim, which had no regard whatever to his own prominence in the performance, gave him an advantage over most people who read in public; perhaps Rollo was uncommonly gifted; but Wych Hazel certainly thought, when she had time to think about it, that it was no wonder Miss Powder or anybody else should make parties to come and hear him, and rather wondered the whole countryside were not there. And as for the rough audience who were present, they were entranced. They forgot themselves. They forgot everything in the world but Tiny Tim and his father and all the humble experiences of the family; and tears and laughter alternately testified to what a degree the reader had them all in his hand. Hazel for her part laughed and cried when the rest did,—and when they did not.

Just as this part of the reading was finished, there came a slight disturbance down near the door; but all that appeared to the reader was that one of the mill girls got up and went out.

"Where's the master?" a small frightened child had said, peering in. "I wants him."

"Well you can't have him," answered the rough cloak imperiously. "Don't you see he's busy?"

Whereupon the small girl lifted up her voice in lamentation, and was instantly smothered in the cloak and swept out of the mill; neither one appearing on those boards again that night. But the reading went on, and the hours too; and it was eleven o'clock, all told, before the audience were dismissed. Coming out at last into the starlight darkness, Mr. Rollo ran full up against Dr. Arthur Maryland.

"Arthur!—What now?"

"Dane, you can tell me—Where is the Patrick who has no wife? I've been to six and they're all happy men."

"Patrick?—who has lost his wife? It is Rafferty. What do you want him for?"

"Something the matter there."

"What?—Come, I'll shew you the way. What is it?"

"A child hurt. The father away drinking, the young ones at home fighting—as near as I can make it out. This one got a fall."

Rollo had used his voice a good deal that evening, namely, for two and a half consecutive hours. He said scarcely a word more until they got to the house in question; but as he went he thought what he would do with the gin shops whenever he should get control in the Hollow. The cabin of the wireless Patrick was high up the valley and high up on the bank, a short walk after all. A little stream of light came out to meet them from the open door; and once in line with this, Dr. Arthur stopped short with a suppressed exclamation, and Rollo looked up.

The door had probably been left open of intent for air; for on some low seat in the middle of the floor sat Wych Hazel, still muffled partly in the cloak, which she had not taken time to throw off. The hood had fallen back, and the cloak fell away on either side from her silken folds and white laces; Hazel's attention was wholly absorbed by the child on her lap. A little tattered figure lay with its head on the young lady's breast; while both Wych Hazel's hands, the one passed round the child as well as the other, were clasped tight around one little arm. So they sat, quite still,—the child's eyes upon her face; while a small circle of great admiration stood around; fingers in mouth, hands behind back, wholly absorbed in the vision or spell-bound with the voice. For she was softly singing.

"You'll never be in Adam's case of destitution,—that's one thing!" was Dr. Arthur's comment, as his friend sprang past him into the cabin. Then, however, like a wise man, postponing other things to business, Rollo only demanded calmly what the matter was? Hazel had not expected him, and there was a look of surprise and a minute's flush; then her thoughts, too, went back to business.

"I think her arm is broken. I have been holding it in place."

"And she let you?" queried Dr. Arthur.

tents of the others would not have touched it at all! Now let me see."

But first a change was made. Rollo took the child into his own arms. It was done too swiftly and skilfully for the poor little creature to make any objection, but its dismay and displeasure were immediately proclaimed. The new hands that held it were, however, both kind and strong, and the master's voice was already known, even by these little ones. So the worst was soon over, thanks to the firmness that had kept the arm quiet till the doctor came. It was true; she "had the fight in her," as Dane had once said; though now the woman was taking her revenge, and Hazel sat behind the others with blanched cheeks. Dr. Arthur glanced at her once or twice.

"Ever so far away to Chickaree!" he said,—"I should think it was! Dane, can you find a substitute to watch this child to-night?"

"I'll see to that," said his friend briefly; and laying the child out of his arms as soon as its arm was made secure, he went to Wych Hazel, pulled her hood on again, and drawing her hand through his arm, took her out of the cabin. Then asked her "how she expected to get home?"

"O Reo is here, somewhere."

"With the carriage?"

"With an incognito gig."

Rollo put her into a chair, stationed Dr. Arthur to keep ward over her, and went to look for Reo. It seems that in the interest of the reading Reo had missed the episode of his mistress' leaving the assembly room, and had thereafter been wholly without a clue by which to seek her. Near the mill Rollo found him, and presently brought up the gig to Patrick Rafferty's cottage. Unsuspectingly Wych Hazel allowed herself to be put into it. Then, standing with the reins in his hand, Dane spoke to the doctor.

"It is late, Arthur; come up to my house and I'll take care of you. Reo, take the road straight up to Mrs. Boerresen's."

With which he jumped into the gig and put the horse in motion; with such good will that before Dr. Arthur could get to the foot of the hill the gig had climbed to Gyda's door, and Rollo had lifted Wych Hazel out.

"But I did not mean to come here!" she said dismayfully. "I was thinking of something else! Mr. Rollo—what made you do so?"

"The obvious necessity of the case."

"But I must go home."

"To-morrow."

He staid no further question. He opened the gate and led the little lady across the few steps to the door.

"Gyda," said he as they went in, "let us have some coffee and anything else that can be had quickly. Three people wanting it." And with that he went into the next room for the cushions.

"I shall stand for an upholsterer one o. these days," he remarked, as he arranged and prepared Wych Hazel's easy chair. "There! Now!"

He unfastened and threw off the rough cloak, much as if he did not like it; took Wych Hazel's hands and put her in her place.

"You came into my dominions with my livery. There's no help for you now."

"Well," said Hazel, "the only drawback to the pleasure of my drive over from Chickaree, was the state of mind in which I had left Mrs. Bywank."

"Well?" said Rollo, proceeding to take care of the doctor's cup. "Go on. Arthur and I are very curious."

"After that, I wanted a bun, and saw no invitation to strangers."

"You were there, were you! Isn't it a good institution?"

"Very—for people who are not strangers. Reo and I devoured things with our eyes for some time. Then I—When the reading began, I was in my place."

"I should say, you were in somebody else's place. Never mind! If it was not so late, I'd send down and get a bun for you."

"What came in between the 'Then' and the 'When'?" said Dr. Arthur. "If one may inquire. Mere blank space?"

"Not quite," said Hazel laughing and colouring. "Just private, scientific business. I was testing theories."

"We are both interested in that, the doctor and I," said Dane. "Theories, and scientific business. Pray explain, Hazel."

"I once heard a short lecture on magnetism," said Miss Wych, all grave except the gleam in her eyes; "and it occurred to me to put it to the proof. So I stood by the door and saw the people go in."

Dr. Arthur laughed, but asked no further questions.

"Your true lovers of science are always ready to venture a good deal in the pursuit of it," observed Dane dryly.

Wych Hazel's lips curled with mischief. "When I got in," she said, "before the reading, I heard a good deal about the reader. Most of it striking, and some of it new."

"That at least all may hear," remarked Dr. Arthur. "Science may have its reserves; but public news about Dane!"

"It's very old indeed," said the person concerned. "Only new to this witness. May be safely passed over."

(To be continued.)

ARTISTIC.

A STATUE of Shakespeare, ten feet high, and modelled by Herr Von Muller, has just been cast at Munich, for erection in a park at St. Louis.

QUEEN VICTORIA is making a collection of oil paintings of distinguished men and of personal friends. A fine one of Lord Beaconsfield has just been finished.

ART has sustained a severe loss by the death of Mr. John Samuel Raven. It is rarely of late years that the walls of Burlington House have been without some work of his.

IMPORTANT works for the "restoration" of the Chapel of the Palace at Versailles are proceeding, including reparation and replacing of the sculptures, and other decorations of the building.

MRS. BUTLER (the late Miss Thompson) has started for Adrianople, with the intention of crossing the Balkans to the seat of war; but her husband, Major Butler, C.B., was unable to procure leave from the Horse Guards to accompany her.

MEISSONIER'S picture of Napoleon III. in the Luxembourg, which suffered last year, it will be remembered, from an act of political vandalism, has been restored by the painter in such a manner that no one could tell that any injury had ever been done to it.

A CATALOGUE of the artistic treasures of France has been in preparation for three years, under Government direction, and the first instalment has now appeared. Not only are important historical monuments to be indicated, but even the minutest object in every private and public collection and in the most obscure village will be carefully described. The present volume is devoted to ecclesiastical art in Paris, and two volumes will be brought out every year until the work is completed.

M. THIERS' Art Collection has been entirely reconstituted, and is now nearly equal to its original condition before the Communists devastated the house in the Rue St. Georges. The library was easily re-arranged, as M. Thiers does not care for rare and beautifully bound editions, but regards books solely as means of gaining information, and as aids to his work, and thus prefers them in common binding, the pages being scribbled over with marginal remarks. His artistic treasures gave him more trouble, and although nearly all the Florentine bronzes and old Italian paintings were recovered, in many cases the ex-President has been obliged to put up with copies of the originals he formerly possessed. The china and porcelain Madame Thiers herself has superintended, and she has succeeded in collecting all the scattered pieces of an old Sevres dinner service, each plate worth £2 or £3, and the set was used at the dinner given to celebrate M. Thiers' eightieth birthday.

"No need of having a gray hair in your head," as those who use *Luby's Parisian Hair-Renewer* say, for it is without doubt the most appropriate hair dressing that can be used, and an indispensable article for the toilet table. When using this preparation you require neither oil nor pomatum, and from the Balsamic properties it contains, it strengthens the growth of the hair, removes all dandruff and leaves the scalp clean and healthy. It can be had at the Medical Hall and from all chemists in large bottles 50 cents each. DEVINS & BOLTON, Druggists, Montreal, have been appointed sole agents for Canada.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

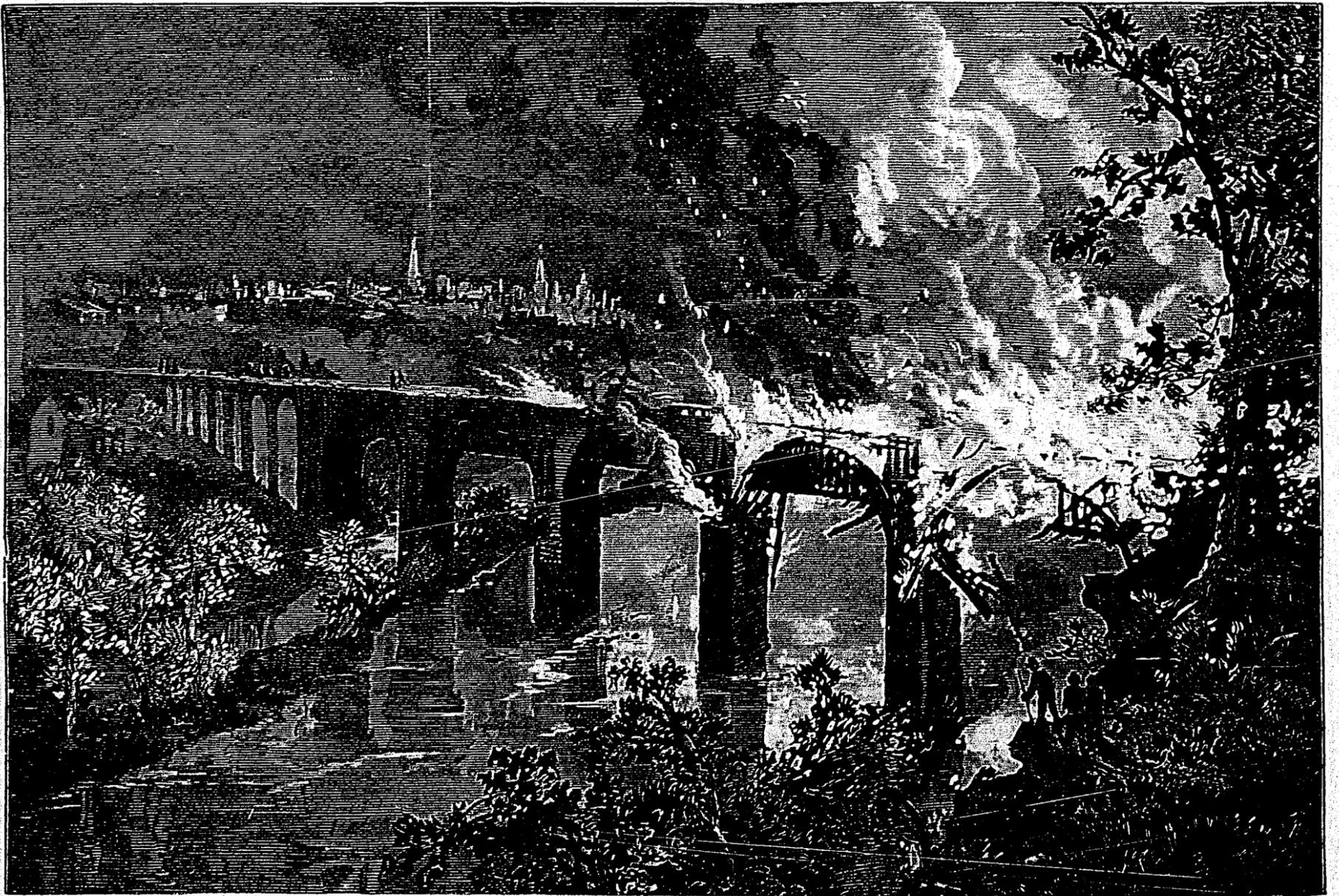
The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the Ladies of the city and country that they will find at his retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers dyed as per sample on shortest delay. Gloves cleaned and dyed black only.

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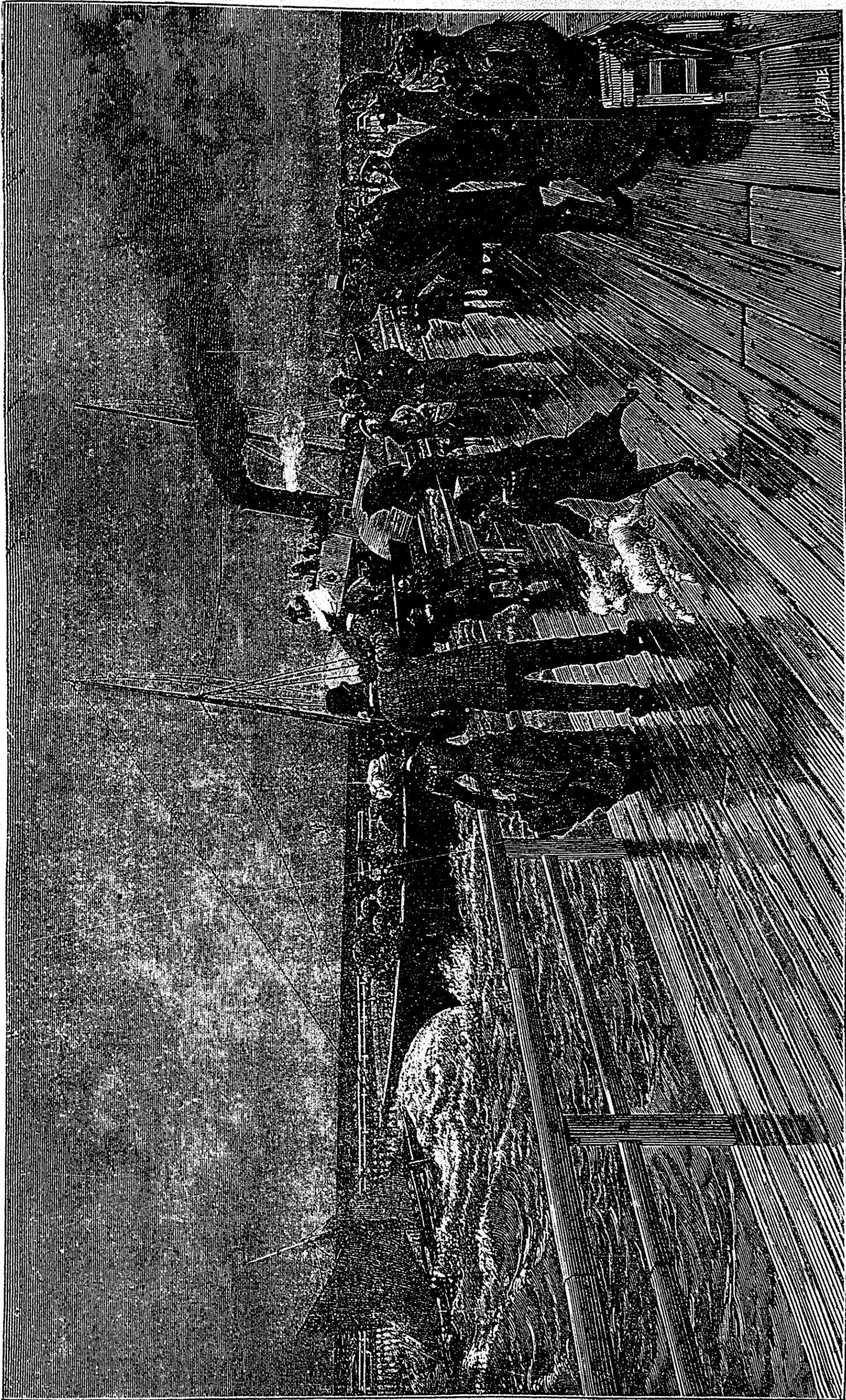
THE AMERICAN RAILWAY STRIKE.



BLOCKADE OF ENGINES AT MARTINSBURG.



DESTRUCTION OF THE PLYMOUTH VALLEY RAILWAY BRIDGE.



AT THE SEA-SIDE.

## SLAVE TRADING.

Proudly on Cressy's tented wold,  
The lion flag of England flew;  
As proudly gleamed its crimson fold  
O'er the dim heights of Waterloo;  
But other eyes shall greet the brave,  
Sing now, that we have freed the slave.

Having met an old naval friend, Captain Douglas Stupart, R. N., and chatting of the coast of Africa, where we had both served, I received from him the following narrative, which has a special interest as giving some faint idea of the dangers and privations endured by British seamen whilst endeavouring to suppress the slave trade, in 1845. It also describes the horrors to which the wretched negroes were exposed when cooped up in the *Hell* ships, of which they formed the cargo. "It was" (said the Captain) "on the 27th of February, 1845, when serving as a Lieutenant on board H. M. S. *Wasp*, and when off Lagos, in the bights of Benin, on the west coast of Africa, I was awakened by the midshipman of the morning watch, who informed me that I was wanted to go away on duty in the pinnace. A strange sail had been reported, and I was to give her chase; putting on a few clothes, with five minutes for breakfast, did not allow the vessel much chance of increasing its distance.

On reaching the deck, one glance through a telescope revealed an old acquaintance, and a competitor in trials of speed. On a like occasion we had started after her in our boats in the morning, and followed her till dark; next morning we had neither friend or foe in sight, nothing to eat or drink, and thirty miles to traverse ere we could obtain food, so that we were pretty well used up when we returned to the ship from our unsuccessful expedition. We hoped for better luck this time. Our chase was a beautiful clipper of about 200 tons, with tall raking masts; she was fitted with eight sweeps (large oars), and her crew was sufficiently numerous to man them well, and to allow of two spells of rowers. She had about four miles start, the wind light, and she was standing towards the land. We followed in pursuit, using both sails and oars. At noon the wind had freshened, with a passing shower, which, clearing off, we perceived the chase to be on the opposite tack. The boat's sails and masts were speedily down, and the oars bending, the men using all their strength, in order to cut the fugitive off, and with good effect. Our manoeuvre caused the slaver to resume her original course. At sunset it was quite calm, the vessel about one mile ahead, sweeping almost as fast as our tired crew could row. We were close together at eight, and appearances indicated a freshening breeze. I sent a musket ball in the direction of her helm; their upper sails were presently lowered; we gradually gained on her, and on reaching her quarter, hooked on, and all, save the bowman, were soon on board. She proved to be so thoroughly equipped for carrying slaves, that no excuses or protestations were attempted; her name we knew to be the *Felicidade*. Two guns had been thrown overboard, and two remained, charged to their muzzles with musket balls; these might have caused considerable damage had we boarded at the gangway. At midnight the *Wasp* joined us, took on board most of the captured crew, and directed me to keep company in the prize. I breakfasted on board the *Wasp* next morning, and remained till the afternoon, when I had orders to take the prize to Lagos, distant about forty miles. Shortly after I got on board, Captain N. hailed, desiring me to steer N.W. by W., in chase of a vessel seen from his mast-head; he would steer N.W. by N. All sail was made, and the men were ordered to get their arms ready, when it was found that the arm-chest only contained two cutlasses and two pistols, the former having been used for cutlass dirk were blunt and notched. Soon after dark a sail was reported, and we steered in the direction indicated, but not seeing anything, we resumed our course to Lagos at midnight. At daylight we observed a brigantine about eight miles distant. It was nearly calm till about three p.m., when a light breeze sprang up. By superior sailing we neared the stranger; at dusk she was about four miles distant. We continued our course for about fourteen miles, and thinking that here our tracks would cross, we lay by. At '10:30' the stranger approached, and when hailed, shortened sail and hove to. Taking the boat, I proceeded to board; but her suspicions being aroused as we approached, off she started, with a fine strong breeze. The men in the *Felicidade*, thinking we had boarded, and were carried off, followed in pursuit, till by firing a pistol we attracted their attention, and were picked up; but by the time we were on board the brigantine was out of sight. We went about four miles in the direction she had taken, under all sail, and then changed our course in the direction she had been originally steering. At daylight the stranger was discovered (about six miles distant) in the act of putting herself before the wind. With the wind right aft we gained less on her. However, at six in the evening we fired a gun to prove that we were within range, and at eight went close past the brigantine, and ordered them to lower their sails. On seeing all sail shortened, I placed the *Felicidade* close alongside, and sent the boat with eight men to board her, keeping in such a position that should resistance be offered, I could quickly render assistance. The captured vessel proved to be the *Echo*, with four hundred and thirty-five slaves on board, and a crew of twenty-two men. I took their officers and twelve men, and left the

remainder in the brigantine, two sentinels guarding the hatch. The boat was sent back to the *Echo*, with directions to place the prisoners in the said boat, and to tow them astern. Turning attention to our position, we sounded, and found only eleven fathoms. I called to the officer in charge of the *Echo* to get her anchors clear; I was sadly disquieted with the reply, 'there are none.' Most likely they had been cut away, when chased, to lighten the vessel. The soundings indicated that we were drifting towards the shore. The brigantine steered badly, she having two feet of water in the hold. This was a very unpleasant state of affairs, and our prospects not very cheering. Our Brazilian prisoners (who were a most cut-throat looking set of rascals) were double our number, so that having to keep a constant watch over them left us little strength for pumping. We were aware what the consequences were if the vessels had to be beached, having, a few days previously, been close to the *San Domingo*, a slave schooner, when she ran ashore to avoid capture; she stranded herself under the most favorable circumstances, having a nice breeze to help her, and a gentle slope to the beach. We were distant about two hundred yards when she entered the surf. At the moment, a piteous cry was heard from the slaves on deck, but, almost immediately, as the waves dashed over their heads, the scream became a splutter, with occasional shrieks. The vessel was driven up high enough for those who understood the business to land safely. It afterwards transpired (for, as I have mentioned, I could not get close) that the Brazilians and several slaves had been drowned. On landing, the slaves surviving were ironed and marched off to the barracks. The vessel became a perfect wreck in a few hours. Towards morning the breeze freshened, and we were saved from a like dilemma. After breakfast I hailed the *Echo* to send the boat, leaving strict injunctions with the young officer in charge to keep a watchful eye over the prisoners, and to keep his men on the alert (a difficult task, as they had been up three nights and were nearly exhausted). Alas! the result showed how necessary were these precautions. When on board the *Echo* I found that the state of things in general was not encouraging; wine and spirits were abundant, and the inducements to partake of them much intensified by the fatigue and excitement the men had undergone during the past three days. My first act was to collect all the arms of the vessel and put them under charge; next, to throw overboard all wine and spirits; the water in the hold had increased to three feet, and the slaves had to be fed, so that we had our hands full of work.

"Whilst still busy, my attention was called to the *Felicidade* which, with Brazilian colors flying, was hailing us; the flag she carried, and the fact that none of the ten men belonging to my party were visible on deck, told too plainly that a deception had been effected, and it was not difficult to conjecture what the fate of our shipmates had been. Nor did those on board the *Felicidade* keep us long in suspense as to what they would do with us; in coming aboard she fired into us, passed ahead and raked us with a stern gun. The discharges missed the men, but did much damage to the sails as well as the pumps, not irreparably, for then our case would have been hopeless, as the water gained fast on the vessel. The opposing party mustered about thirty, and the incessant jibbering of the blacks rendered hearing impossible, but instinctive habit of discipline brought my five men together. I kept the *Echo* with the wind abeam, ready to run the *Felicidade* on board if possible. She carefully avoided close quarters, and, finally, made all sail to the southward. It seems extraordinary that with a force of three to one, such a fast sailer, and in such working trim, should so soon have relinquished her attempt at our capture, knowing, as they did, what a valuable freight we carried. I followed, with the vain hope that some of my shipmates had survived and would be cast adrift in a boat. By dark the fast-sailing *Felicidade* was out of sight. On the following morning things were still in a state of great confusion, and the slaves were hungry and parched with thirst. All at once I noticed ten or twelve of them jump overboard. The men of certain tribes when suffering hardship occasionally take to drowning as an end to their troubles; by this bloodless death they expect to enter some unknown yet happy region; but, if wounded on their passage from life, it is not expected that these pleasurable anticipations will be realized. Slave-dealers generally shoot one or two when these freaks occur, in order to save the remainder of their property. I merely pointed a pistol at the head of one, which had the desired effect; all returned to the vessel but three. To prevent a recurrence of this scene it was imperative that the negroes should be fed, and to understand the difficulty there was of supplying that famishing crowd, it will be necessary to give some description of the vessel and of our supplies. She (the *Echo*) was a leaky brigantine, of less than eighty tons burden, packed with four hundred and fifty souls; water casks formed a foundation in the hold, the hollows and crevices being levelled with bags of farine flour; a few casks of salt beef and pork, some salt fish, with the addition of some palm oil, was the total of our commissariat. On the top of these provisions was a platform of loose planks; on the planks were two hundred negro men, hungry, miserable, and clamorous. On the deck two hundred and thirty-five women and children wailed and lamented. Water was the first need, and many of the strong doubtlessly received more than

their share. My crew worked indefatigably, without murmur or complaint, though nearly worn out. They were amply rewarded by unmistakable expressions of gratitude. Our management gradually improved, yet the slaves suffered intensely, till our ship joined us, when we were relieved by an officer and twenty men. We hurried on board to enjoy a wash, a shave, and a long sleep. The officer and six men were recalled to the *Wasp*, and with the remaining fourteen I was ordered to take the prize to Sierra Leone. My unenviable voyage commenced at 2 p.m. on March 13th, and the passage to Sierra Leone was expected to occupy three weeks, as it was necessary to go south of the equator. The arrangements on board were as follows: A strong, double bulk-head separated the main from the after-hold; the former was filled with men, the latter with women and children. At night the women and children were ranged artistically, for two people sleeping back to back require considerably more room than when facing in the same direction. By selecting children of the proper shape and size, and placing them in the vacant corners, scarcely a bit of deck was visible, though not a man, woman or child had one scrap of clothing. During the day some of those below took it in turns to come on deck for air. The usual meal consisted of corn meal, mixed with a small quantity of palm oil; scraps of salt meat or fish were occasionally added as a *bonne bouche*. At feeding time the negroes were divided into tens, and from each ten one individual was chosen in authority over the rest, furnished with a whip, and made answerable for the good behavior of his or her subordinates. Good management was occasionally rewarded with a spoonful of palm oil, or, perhaps, with a small scrap of salt meat. The women occasionally amused themselves with "cat's cradle," sometimes the chorus songs sounded pleasantly, if not harmoniously, as manifesting a revival of their capabilities of enjoyment. Every morning awnings were spread before the sea became powerful, and ablutions were performed by one party seating themselves in a row, whilst others deluged them with salt water, a most necessary operation, for in hot weather the aroma of our live cargo was almost too much for the olfactory nerves of Europeans. My residence, which had a strong resemblance to a large dog kennel, was bolted to the deck, near the helm; it had sliding doors, and answered for bedroom and sitting-room, as well as study, when working the reckoning or writing the log, which latter operation I performed every second hour during the night.

(To be continued.)

## HEARTH AND HOME.

STUDY OF MANKIND.—There seems something intuitive in the science which teaches us the knowledge of our race. Some men emerge from their seclusion, and find, all at once, a power to dart into the minds and drag forth the motives of those they see; it is a sort of second sight, born with them, not acquired.

HAPPINESS.—No man can judge of the happiness of another. As the moon plays upon the waves, and seems to our eyes to favour with a peculiar beam one long track amidst the waters, leaving the rest in comparative obscurity; yet all the while she is no niggard in her lustre—for the rays that meet not our eyes seem to us as though they were not, yet she, with an equal and unfavouring loveliness, mirrors herself on every wave; even so, perhaps, happiness falls with the same brightness and power over the whole expanse of life, though to our limited eyes she seems only to rest on the billows from which the ray is reflected back upon our sight.

FAMILY TIES.—Probably few of us realize how strong on a man is the influence of family ties, and what a check it is, even on the bravest, to have given hostages to fortune. A Scotsman would hardly be worthy of his birth if, being alone in the world, he would not at any moment risk his life in the attempt to save the lives of others. It is another thing, however, when before a man's eyes the picture comes up of his wife at home and of his little ones around her knee, waiting together for his return. The greatest of all the Roman poets long ago pointed out how, for the man who has wife and children at home, a fresh sting is added to the terror of death. Rather, we should say, it is the only terror which death has for a man who is worthy of the name.

CHILDREN'S RIGHTS.—Why should not a child's fancy in the way of food—we refer to its intense dislike of certain things—be regarded, as well as the repugnance of an adult? We consider it a great piece of cruelty to force a child to eat things that are repulsive to it, because somebody once wrote a wise saw to the effect "that children should eat whatever is set before them." We have often seen the poor little victims shudder and choke at the sight of a bit of fat meat, or a little scum of cream on boiled milk, toothsome enough to those who like them, but in their place a purgatorial infliction. Whenever there is this decided antipathy, nature should be respected, even in the person of the smallest child; and he who would act otherwise is himself smaller than the child over whom he would so unjustifiably tyrannise.

ADVICE TO LADIES.—Have your feet well protected; then pay the next attention to the chest. The chest is the repository of the vital organs. There abide the heart and lungs. It

is from the impression made upon these organs, through the skin, that the shiver comes. It is nature's quake—the alarm bell at the onset of danger. A woman never shivers from the effect of cold upon her limbs, or hands, or head; but let the cold strike through her clothes on her chest, and off go her teeth into a chatter, and the whole organism is in a commotion. One sudden and severe impression of cold upon the chest has slain its tens of thousands. Therefore, while the feet are well looked after, never forget the chest. These points attend to, the natural connection of the dress will supply the rest, and the lady is ready for the air. Now let her visit her neighbours, go shopping, call upon the poor, and walk for exercise.

WANT OF PUNCTUALITY.—It is astonishing how many people there are who neglect punctuality. Thousands have failed in life from this cause alone. It is not only a serious vice in itself, but it is the fruitful parent of numerous other vices, so that he who becomes the victim of it, gets involved in toils from which it is almost impossible to escape. It makes the merchant waste his time; it saps the business and reputation of the lawyer, and it injures the prospects of the mechanic. In a word, there is not a profession, nor a station in life, which is not liable to the canker of the destructive habit. Many and many a time has the failure of one man to meet his obligations brought on the ruin of a score of others. Thousands remain poor all their lives, who, if they were more faithful to their word, would secure a large run of custom, and so make their fortunes. Be punctual if you would succeed.

PERSONAL BEAUTY.—How eagerly men are engaged in the pursuit of beautiful women, and how little do they dream of its brief existence. This is undoubtedly in obedience to a supreme law growing out of our organization, for who does not love order, harmony, symmetry, and perfection in all things? But in this eager pursuit it would be well to remember that there are qualities of far more importance than mere personal charms. True, we may be fascinated with a dark, lustrous, and beautiful eye, the crimson blush on the cheek, a graceful, symmetrical form; but, after all, the inquiry should be, "Is there a soul within? Is there elevation of thought, generous principles, noble purposes, a cultivated intellect?" If not, what else would a woman of beautiful personal appearance be but as a doll or gilded toy? How long could a man of genius be induced to worship at such a shrine? How long before his affections would assume the form of hatred or contempt? Powerful passions and strong affection invariably accompany the man of genius. Hence it is clear that unless personal charms envelope a cultivated mind as well as the sterling qualities of virtue, the noblest impulses of affection in such a man will soon be extinguished, and his fondest hopes blasted, in the selection of a partner for life. Nothing is more desirable to a man of genius in this life than the ardent affections of a good, sensible woman; and, on the other hand, no offering on earth is so acceptable to a woman as the sincerest affection of a man of genius and truth.

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## OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

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

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H.A.C.F., Montreal.—Postal received. Would have answered before, but have not your address.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Solutions of Problems No. 130 and 131 received. Correct. Many thanks for several valuable Chess communications.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 131 received.

W.G., Montreal.—The Programme of the Canadian Chess Association Congress is now published.

We are indebted to our correspondent J. W. S., of Montreal, for further kindness in furnishing us with the annexed lists of the British and American players who have already given in their names as antagonists in the approaching correspondence match between the Chess players of Great Britain and the United States. Twenty-eight names are entered on the British side, and only sixteen, as yet, on the American side.

## BRITISH PLAYERS.

Mr. J. Allen	Belfast
" H. Brewer	Bournemouth
" Wm. Coates	Cheltenham
" J. T. C. Chatto	Canbridge
" J. Coppinger	St. Neots
" J. Crake	Hull
" G. N. Farrow	Hull
" G. H. D. Gossip (Chess Author)	East Bergholt
" John H. Hood	Bursall, Coventry
" E. H. Heath	Ewell, Surrey
" D. Latta	Leith
" M. W. Molson	Belfast
" H. Monck	Dublin
" W. T. Morton	Ayr
Sergt.-Major McArthur	Chichester
Mr. Wm. Nash	St. Neots
" James O'Brien	Renfrew
" J. Parker	Grimsby
" R. H. Philip	Hull
" J. T. Palmer	Hull
" Edwin Palmer	Collingwood
Rev. C. E. Ranken (Ed. Chess Pl. Chron.)	Malvern
Mr. G. W. Stevens	Coventry
Colour-Sergt. J. Scott	Chichester
Mr. R. J. Stranger	Norton Malloft
Henry Wright	Halifax
Colour-Sergt. Woods	Chichester
Mr. H. Williams	Wrexham

AMERICAN PLAYERS.

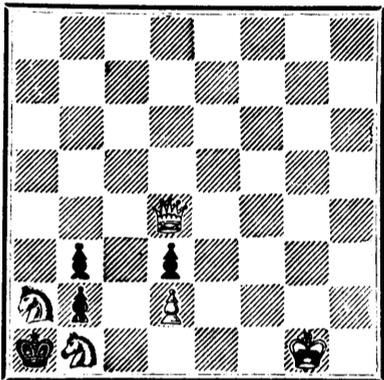
Atkinson, L. S. Tilton, N. H.
Berry, William. Beverly, Mass.
Blood, C. H. Biddeford, Me.
Brown, L. T. Cranbury, N. J.
Davis, L. W. Oconomowock, Wis.
Freck, J. Washington, D. C.
Gilbert, Mrs. J. W. Hartford, Conn.
Hine, Edward. New Orleans, La.
Holmes H. Bay City, Mich.
Jager, Daniel. New York
Kunkel, E. A. Wolcottville, Conn.
Oloott, William. Hartford, Conn.
Orchard, J. S. Columbia, S. C.
Pieler, M. H. Hartford, Conn.
Rogers, D. C. Detroit, Mich.
Romeyn, John C. Rondout, N. Y.

After another game having been played in the Blackburne-Zukertort match, the match is indefinitely postponed, owing to some irregularity in the depositing of Mr. Blackburne's stakes. Such a termination is disappointing, and is much to be regretted.

PROBLEM No. 134.

By MR. W. A. SHINKMAN.

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 192ND.

Played on the 23rd June, 1877, between Messrs. Shaw and G. Barry, at the Montreal Chess Club.

(From the Illustrated New Yorker.)

(Scotch Gambit.)

WHITE.—(Mr. J. H. Shaw.) BLACK.—(Mr. G. Barry.)

- 1. P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3
3. P to Q 4
4. B to Q B 4
5. B to K Kt 5 (a)
6. B to R 4
7. P to B 3
8. Kt takes P
9. Castles
10. Kt takes Kt
11. Kt to K B 5 (d)

And White mated in five moves (e)

NOTES.

- (a) A departure from the usual manner of carrying on the attack, and not so good as the ordinary continuations; to this move we think Black should have replied (5) B to K 2
(b) To R 3 would be better.
(c) Black's play throughout is feeble; indeed the game principally serves to show how easily the Scotch Gambit wins against a weak defence.
(d) A capital stroke. The result of Black's capturing the Kt is shown in the game, and if Black play (11) Kt to K 4, to guard against the threatening move Q to Q 5, the following would be likely to result:
11. Kt to K 4
12. Kt to Kt 7 (ch)
13. Kt to K 6 (ch) and wins.
If Black play (12) K to K 2, White can check at Q 5, and gains some advantage.
(11) P to Q 3 seems the best resource, though even that is not satisfactory.
(e) as follows:
12. Q to R 5 (ch)
13. Q to B 7 (ch)
14. Kt to Kt 5 (ch)
15. Q to Q 5 (ch)
16. Q takes P mate

GAME 193RD.

Being one of twenty simultaneous games played by Mr. Bird at the City of London Chess Club in July, 1875.

(Scotch Gambit.)

WHITE.—(Mr. Bird.) BLACK.—(Mr. Bussy.)

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

NOTES.

- (a) B to K 2 is the better move.
(b) The last three or four moves of Black are very hazardous against a player of Mr. Bird's skill. Black's position, however, is very promising.

- (c) White should have castled here.
(d) Black refuses here to win the Queen, thinking it will cost too much.
(e) Putting the Queen out of play.
(f) The latter part of the game is excellently played by Black.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 132.

WHITE. BLACK.

- 1. B to Q R 8 f. Any move
2. Mate accordingly

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 130.

WHITE. BLACK.

- 1. K B P moves becoming a Kt 1. Anything.
2. Kt mates

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 131.

WHITE. BLACK.

- K at Q 7 K at Q R 2
R at Q Kt 8 Kt at Q B 3
B at Q B sq Pawns at Q 3
Kt at Q 4 Q R 3 and Q Kt 2
Pawns at Q 5
and Q R 5

White to play and mate in four moves.

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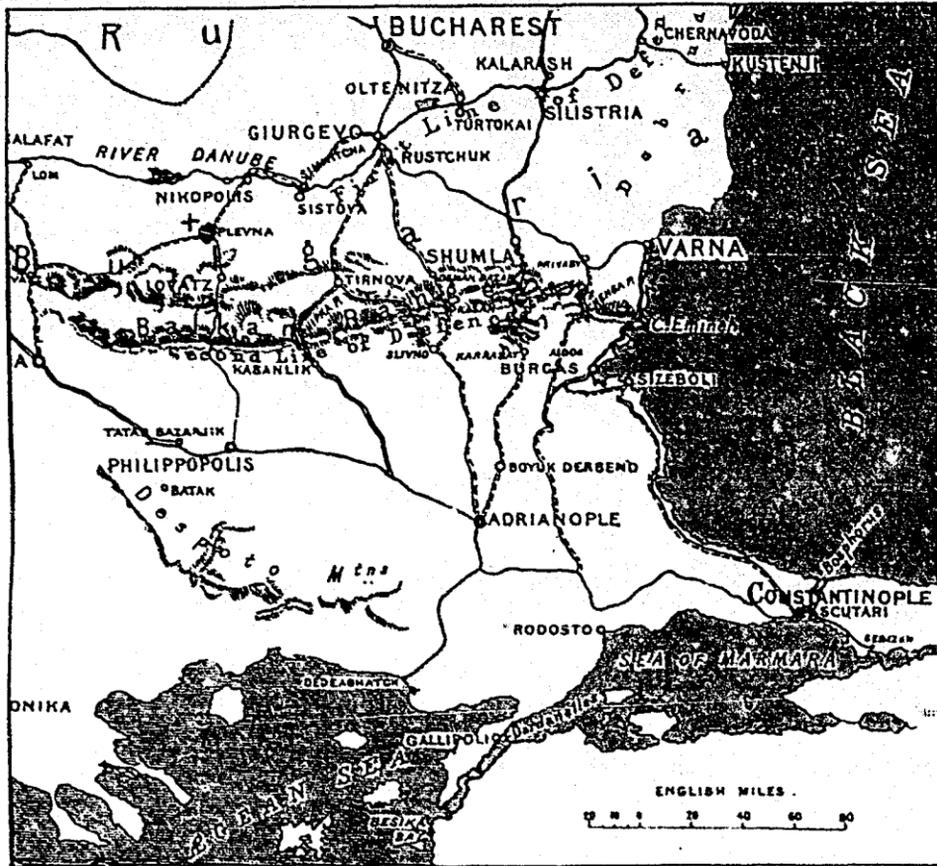
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