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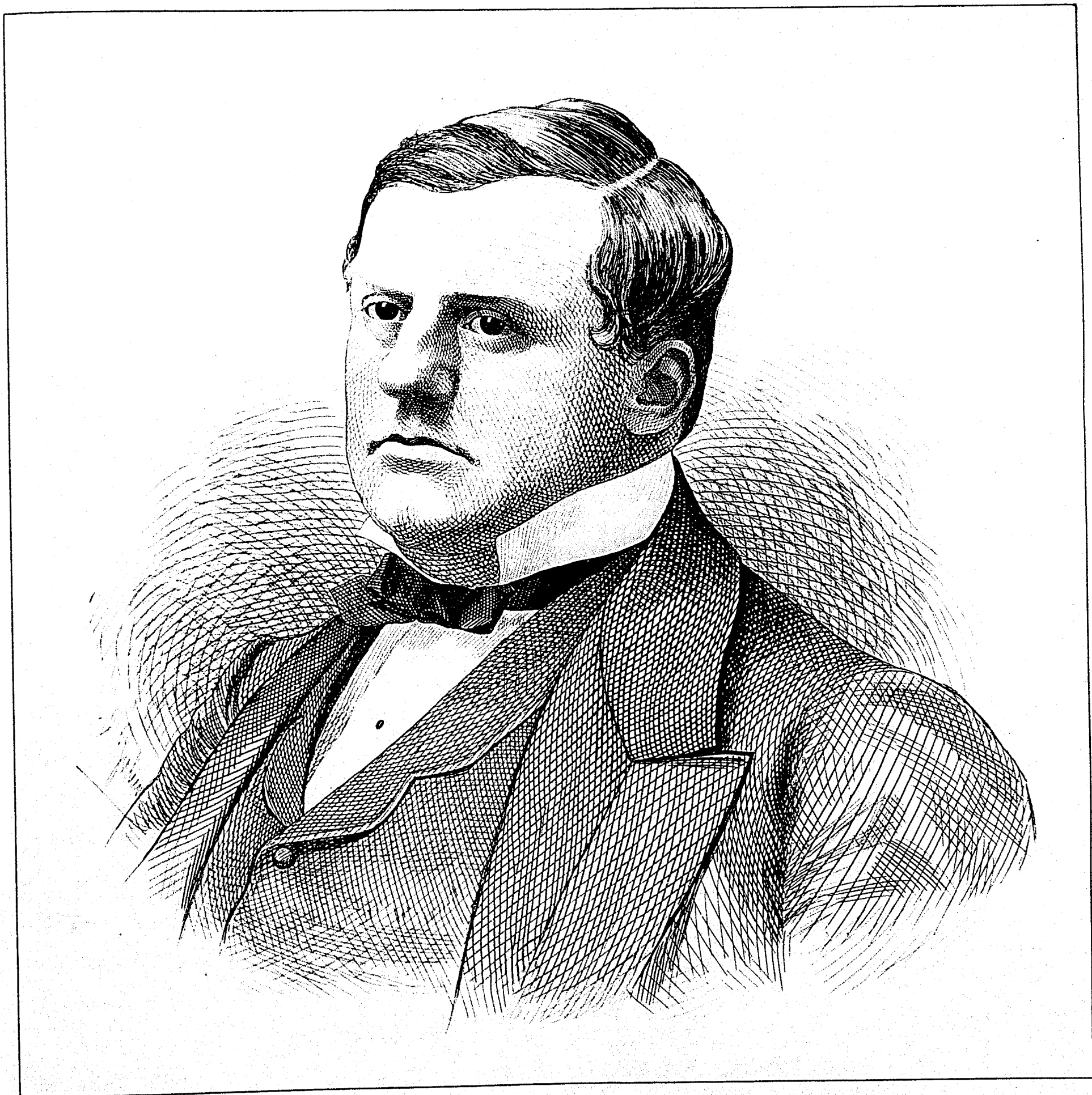
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C. J. BRYDGES, ESQ., SUPERINTENDENT OF GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Sept. 29th, 1877.

THE INDIAN RELIEF FUND.

The welcome rains which have arrived in the famine districts of India, are at last raising the hopes of the active and benevolent people who, in such great numbers and with so much liberality, are interesting themselves in the dire calamity that has befallen so large an area of the Empire to which we belong. Immediate relief cannot follow from this happy intervention, for it will be at least four months before harvests can be gathered as the fruit of the opening of the windows of Heaven. Even then the prostration of all industries and the generally weakened constitutions that will remain will need all that constant and persistent efforts can provide—and in this interval of four long months the battle with starvation has to be waged with unabated vigour. The officials of the Presidencies—few as they are in number—are personally most efficient and if animated by right economical principles and their hands strengthened by sufficient means, they will do all that can be expected of them. There is no need to put any check upon the outflow of private beneficence which will all be required, but there are practical views of general procedure fully looked into, which will, as we believe, be found worthy to be adopted by the authorities as the only means of really meeting the situation in which the Imperial Power finds itself placed. Humane considerations in some sense exclude mere material calculation. Feeling, in such case, is, and should be, often paramount in the breasts of those who claim the honorable title of man. Still there remains a material aspect of the question which it is not wrong to include when we are turning over the immense liability for a fair and dispassionate view of all its issues. We have often enough been told in Canada that the value of an average immigrant into our country is from 800 to 1000 dollars. The condition implied is, of course, that he be a worker and contributor to the general wealth of the community. In the estimate, the return expected is of course spread over a number of years. At his coming into the country he is only an expense to the government, however small that expense may be in comparison with his ultimate value. The population that is perishing at such a terrible rate in India is the one that does the work of the country and also largely makes up the revenue by personal contribution in ordinary years. The position we would advance is, that the expectation of revenue and production

ought to be capitalized in a business way. The revenue alone is counted by millions sterling in numbers not small even in comparison with the great Home Revenue of Britain. This revenue is not drawn upon for the general purposes of the Empire, but, with the help of a certain amount of borrowing for new public works, is made to sustain the government and the protection of the Indian portion of it. Now, in proportion as the people perish, this production and this revenue are lost—and in the exclusive and abstract view of profit and loss—which we have asked leave to put forward by itself—it must be better to make a required expenditure on capital account, however large the outlay required—than to lose the capital, in a large degree, that forms the accounts. The subsidies that will be required for the Indian Relief are a temporary claim. The gain is permanent and fructifying. The interest on subsidies is thus seen to be paid in a course of years out of the increased current returns of those years.

In the view of a business man, who will make an effort of imagination to put a great matter into a nutshell, these subsidies will be no more than will be required to put into the business in a case of unforeseen emergency. The sole difference is that the empire is not limited like a private firm. The claim accruing in any one or two years of a business, however severe it may be, is never so overwhelming as to need denial—if the business is sound, and there are funds to meet it. If the new capital is accessible to the man of enterprise, and it is his settled intention to continue the business from a clear conviction of ultimate success, the advance or increased investment will be certain to be made. The great Indian enterprise does not differ from other enterprises in this view of the conditions. It is worth working and therefore worth sustaining, and our financiers can with perfect ease figure out the result. In the case of the Imperial borrower, the market is open. In the sense of rates and negotiations he will not be hampered. The sum needed will be large. If then we be permitted to take this business view of the situation this great famine has imposed, there can be little hesitation about the course to pursue. The amount of the exigency, however large, will be furnished, and charged upon the returns of those future years which will more than compensate for the great outlay involved. This, we venture to declare, will not be reckless finance such as so many of the European governments have rushed into for useless armaments only inviting destruction and the retarding of human progress, but a conservative arrangement, and neither more nor less than a great but necessary and unavoidable insurance fund. There can be nothing better worth insuring than human life in the sense of sustaining that life with secured returns of payment. If necessary we will apologize over again for looking at this great tract of human history in the view of mere profit and loss, but we trust our reasons for doing so will be fully understood.

THE PROTECTION OF LIFE FROM BURNING BUILDINGS.

We cannot doubt that numbers of good citizens on this continent have found their intelligence and their human feelings much engaged about the mechanical means that are needed for protecting the lives of those employed or lodged in great buildings from a living agony and speedy incineration in the case of the almost general liability of great fires, but with all this there is little doubt that the chief difficulty is one of habit and moral neglect on the part of the population, the proprietors and the constructors, dating from the first institution of this style of building in North America. It will be useless to blink this view of this question. It cannot rest with a civilized man of the governing class to deny the claim that is undoubtedly implied in the contract he enters into with those who work for him or for whom he provides lodging, that he shall, so far as means

exist, protect their lives during the hours they remain under his charge, and under no other condition or lower consideration ought he to assume control or be able to engage their willing services, or to obtain their custom. Our American friends have a lively and in the main just sense of social relations, as is evidenced by the humour and the witty distinctions with which their literature overflows. And the clear conceptions of human life thus implied ought to lead them to a more practical sense of what is due to the great numbers daily congregated in the many storied buildings we speak of, known chiefly as factories, hotels, colleges and asylums. The very ground and starting plane of our modern politics, it will at once be admitted, is the welfare of the citizens without distinction of rank or position, and those politics are impliedly graduated to the urgency of the particular claims. They ought to be always adjusted to such urgencies as the needle to the pole. The urgency of a merely popular cry under free institutions is always more or less unequal and capricious. In the presence of these cries and movements of the crowd, there is nothing easier than for a constitutional government to forget that it is charged with the public health and safety. The warning of the Hotel at St. Louis did not prevent a repetition of the horror in New-York, and what is sadly more to the purpose, it has led to no general provision being made in buildings of the same construction and defects. The great need thus clearly becomes a case for constitutional action. Society must take care of itself as it always has done in the long run. The real statesman deals with living necessities, and shows his courage and his skill in legislating for the situation irrespective of clamour and false glosses of every sort. In this way and by such excellent human instruments, the rule of right can alone exert itself, but this rule will prevail for the brave and wise minister, through the wide support he is sure to obtain from the moral sense of the civilized people he rules over. These people, whether under the British or the American regime, need only to be led aright, and success with the distinction it brings will fully await the political leader. Such leadership of the really valuable kind has always originated in strong convictions of public rights and in honest purposes with perseverance in establishing those rights, and it will be valuable just in proportion as it continues true to the State, the people and its own sense of justice. We are not saying that much may be done to assist or to stimulate the action of the men who have charged themselves with saving the lives of the people. There is not a political or a religious man who would not help his fellow being in dire extremity if the need were made clear to his perceptions, and the means at the same time distinctly pointed out. No one has any doubt upon this point.

It is the question of responsibility and the neglect of eventualities alone that baffle us, and permit great wants in the construction of buildings and in civil appliances to go unsatisfied from one year's end to another. To bring this point of the responsibility, which clearly rests upon the entire body politic, home to the consciences of the individual men whose business it is to be the originators or the maintainers of the needed action, is the admitted difficulty of our politics. It is better to try to solve it than to be overcome by it. There are many ways of contributing to the great result. If they can do nothing more, our modern communities shew the goodness of their hearts frequently enough by the bitterness of their lamentings over acted catastrophes and completed misfortunes. But they can do more in supporting their political leaders to whom the initiative of action belongs. The press has a great mission here, and we are sure it will not deny it; and political men should endeavour to realize for each his own part in the most honorable work that can occupy the energies of a life in a modern and free community. The sentimentalist of the last

century could find his heart melted by the woes of his caged starling. The piteous cry of "I can't get out!"—"I can't get out!" was in his ear the language of the poor bird's plaint. In the times when the words were written there was excuse than now for a mere play of the affections. Now we like to look upon ourselves as full grown men, which will imply the feelings and intentions of men whose hearts are swayed by the truth. Now, we are in the habit of declaring that thought is incomplete if it is not followed by action—and though it be not easy for any one of us to say "I will deliver these poor caged ones in their frightful 8-storied prisons who see the pitiless flames raging all around them, and the living death coming nearer with every moment, it is still possible to determine that practically a hand shall be stretched out to these perishing men and women and children—in all the future"—that each will do what he can to put the method of society upon a better footing, whether it be by word or deed, by preparing opinion or by legislating. We all now know that fire escapes for lofty buildings are a necessity of modern life. Let us have the subject brought on at once and dwelt upon until accomplished. And one word more to those who have patiently followed us. In the interval of supplying more permanent constructions there is the plain expedient of obtaining one or more portable fire escapes for each great building.

The sculptures of FRANK VAN LAPPEN, of Montreal, in the Provincial Exhibition at Quebec, were works of the highest order—rather they possessed an intrinsic excellence that renders classification needless, appealing as they did to the intuitive perception of what is beautiful and good. They consisted of two busts—a girl and a boy in marble—and a pair of statues in plaster of a Lacrosse player and snow-shoer. This pair is published at a very moderate charge, and our young athletes will, we are convinced, be delighted to supply themselves. One of the marble busts was sold in the Exhibition, and we are afraid the Paris Exhibition of 1878 for which they were destined will thus be deprived of a noble specimen. Mr. VAN LAPPEN has only to make himself known to secure an assured fame in the delightful walk of art to which he has devoted himself—and has our best wishes for his future success.

A UNIQUE MEDAL.

Those who have given attention to "collecting" are frequently puzzled to obtain information about some rare object which falls in their way, and it is even at times impossible to gain the desired knowledge; another source of surprise is found in the disappearance, or almost entire disappearance of some coin or medal, or other object, which should be "freely remembered" by every one. We had a remarkable illustration of this lately in the extinction of a book by Charles Lamb and his sister, published recently as 1820. A copy was at length found in Australia, and it is about to be republished in England. We now place before our readers a copy of a medal the origin of which is apparently lost in oblivion.

Dr. J. Howard, of Baltimore, writes with reference to a silver medal presented to his grandfather, Col. John Eager Howard, the hero of the battle of Cowpens:

"I take the liberty of troubling you with regard to the history of a silver medal in my possession, impressions of which I send you. It has a loop by which it may be suspended, and through the loop is passed a piece of blue ribbon, edged with white, known as the Cincinnati ribbon.

"The following reference to it is taken from *Niles's Register* of October 16th, 1824, being an extract from a report of a dinner given by the Society of the Cincinnati of Maryland to Lafayette: "From the points where the swords crossed each other were suspended two precious revolutionary relics, the rewards of a grateful country to one of her bravest sons. These were two silver medals which had been presented to Colonel Howard; upon the first was there follows a description of the Cowpens Medal, well known to collectors. The other has the device of an officer pointing with his sword to a retreating enemy, and beckoning to his men to advance, whilst hovering in the air is the figure of Justice with her scales. The motto is, 'Virtute et Justitia Vahet.' On the reverse is the figure of an officer treading upon the British lion and flag, with one hand piercing him with a spear, and with the other holding the end of a chain pass-

ing around the body. The legend is "*Vinculis suis Vincetus*."

"My mother, a daughter of Col. Howard, died in 1821. Mrs. Read (my mother's sister) remembers distinctly the dinner given to Lafayette; she took her two nephews to the dinner, and whilst she remained in a private room, we were called into the dining room, and Col. Howard presented to each of us (my cousin and myself) one of his revolutionary medals, whilst the Society by acclamation admitted us to the privilege of honorary membership. I was but four years old in 1824, and therefore I have no personal recollection of the circumstances, but this establishes very clearly how the medal came into my possession.

"No member of the family has ever known more concerning it than is contained in the above statement. I have been unable to ascertain the name of the action in commemoration of which the medal was given, as there is no personal inscription on it; it is an *entaglio*, and there probably exists no model, die or duplicate of it. All the histories or biographies that I have had access to mention but one award by Congress of a medal to my grandfather, viz.: for the battle of Cowpens, and this is very different from the one I am now seeking information about."

We are glad of the opportunity of presenting to our readers such a *curiositas*, which is a very creditable specimen of the engraver's art, in addition to the interesting facts connected with it.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE WOODRUFF SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION STEAMER "ONTARIO." We present herewith an engraving of the steamer *Ontario* in which, we are informed, the Woodruff Scientific Expedition is to embark during October next, on a voyage around the world. The *Ontario* is 300 feet long, 16 feet wide, and 40 feet deep; and is to be provided with all the accessories necessary to secure the comfort of her passengers, and to adapt her for the special objects in view. Saloons, it is stated, are to be arranged for staterooms, &c., a library is to be furnished, improved ventilating apparatus will maintain a constant supply of fresh air between decks, and scientific instruments will be supplied for the investigation of all natural products and phenomena that may be deemed desirable. The promoters of the expedition, Messrs Woodruff & McAuley, also state that the ship will be navigated by Commandant J. W. Philip, U.S.N., aided by naval officers and a crew of picked men.

As we have already had occasion to state, the object of this expedition is to visit points of general and special interest on a route around the globe, to study the arts, archaeology, and present condition of the better known countries, and the geology, geography, fauna and flora, as well as the history and character of the people of those less known, and to make collections in the various departments of the science. The scientific work is, we are further informed, to be under the supervision of Professor Burt G. Wilder, Cornell University, aided by other scientific gentlemen now belonging to various colleges. From the itinerary in the prospectus, we learn that the route is to be along the Atlantic coast of North and South America, stopping at the West Indies and other important points, and reaching Magellan's Straits in December. Thence the journey will extend to Valparaiso, and from thence the course will lie to the islands of the Pacific—Japan, Shanghai, and Nankin. During this portion of the voyage, and while the ship is visiting China and Japan, a portion of the passengers are to explore the islands of Formosa, Hong Kong, Canton, Manila, Borneo, Java, and Ceylon will be visited, and thence the expedition will proceed in succession to Ceylon, Bombay, Babylon and Nineveh, Egypt, the Holy Land, Greece, Italy, and Spain. At all comparatively unknown stopping places, it is proposed to organize exploration parties, and facilities are to be afforded for visiting inland cities in civilized countries. The vessel is to leave Plymouth, England, in 1879, and to return thence to New York via the Azores Islands. The total cost of the trip is to be \$2,500.

CREEDEMOR. Creedmoo is in Queen's County, Long Island, upon the Long Island Central Railroad. These grounds are admirably adapted to the purpose for which they were selected. As level as a billiard table, they afford twenty separate ranges, each of which can be used at distances varying from a hundred to a thousand yards, without the use of elevated firing stands, found necessary upon most English and Canadian rifle ranges. The grounds forming a perfect plain, the Association, in order to insure safety, was compelled to construct a heavy embankment in the rear of the targets. This was originally twenty-five feet high and five hundred and seventy feet long. The height has been materially increased by a close fence of thick planking on the top of the embankment, running its whole length. The building in the middle of the foreground is the railway station. To the right is a structure which forms a general rendezvous for visitors, where a great deal of sport may be enjoyed in firing with shot-guns at glass balls thrown into the air. From the station a broad avenue, lined with trees, runs to the main entrance to the grounds. On the right are flag-poles indicating the several ranges at which the matches are shot. In the centre is seen a tall tripod surmounted by a vane, which is connected by rods with a large clock face, the hands

of which indicate the direction of the wind, and thus explain the frequent announcement upon published scores that the wind was from half-past six to seven. The pennant upon this tripod, as well as those upon the various flag-staffs down the range, serve to acquaint the riflemen with the varying force or value of the wind.

THE EASTERN WAR.—In our pictures of the war this week we give another view of the famous Shipka Pass, where such desperate fighting has been taking place for weeks past. There is a sketch also of a Russian ambulance at Tirnova.

THE DEATH OF ROBESPIERRE.—The horrible suicide of Robespierre on a table is depicted in the picture which we publish to-day. The original was one of those which attracted the most attention at the Paris *salon* of this year.

C. J. BRYDGES, ESQ.

Although the portrait of Mr. Brydges has already appeared in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, accompanied by a full biography, and although we have had occasion to illustrate several scenes in the official career of that gentleman, yet we take pleasure to-day in publishing a late portrait of his taken by Notman, as an acknowledgment, in the name of the press of Canada, for the favors extended to them during the present season, whereby the representatives of nearly all the papers have been enabled to go over the entire line of the Intercolonial Railway, and have been put in a position to convey to their readers full information not only of this important national work, but also of the promising country which it traverses. Charles John Brydges was born near London, England, in 1827. His family was descended from Sir Simon de Brugge, who accompanied William the Conqueror and fought at the battle of Hastings. At fifteen years of age young Brydges began life as clerk in a mercantile office, and one year later secured an appointment to a junior clerkship in the office of the London and South-Western Railway Company. During the ten years, or thereabouts, in which he was in the employment of this Company, he was promoted through several stages until he reached the office of Assistant Secretary. So fully were his talents appreciated that, in 1852, he was appointed Managing Director of the Great Western Railway of Canada, and on leaving for his new post, received the most flattering testimonial from the Directors of the Company which he had served so well, together with a handsome tea service as a "perpetual memento of the heartfelt regard with which they took him adieu." He received also many other tokens of friendship, among others, a silver inkstand from the London and South-Western Literary and Scientific Institution of which he had been Hon. Secretary, and one of the first promoters. Mr. Brydges arrived in Canada in 1853, and took up his residence at Hamilton, the headquarters of the Great Western Company. He immediately set about the work of organization, and for ten years devoted all his abilities and energies to its development. It is needless, however, to recount in detail his labors on the Great Western, or on the Grand Trunk, to the management of which he succeeded in 1863, as these may be said to belong to the history of the country and are thoroughly well known. As Managing Director of the Grand Trunk, especially amid difficulties of every kind, Mr. Brydges acquired the reputation of being one of the railway kings of this continent, a title to which his qualities of organization, administration and force of character gave him a right. In 1874, upon his retirement from the Grand Trunk, Mr. Brydges was the recipient of a most substantial testimonial from the citizens of Montreal, in the shape of a costly casket containing ten thousand dollars. This noteworthy presentation was illustrated in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS of September 26th, 1874. At the same epoch, Mr. Brydges was also presented with \$1,000 by some friends in Quebec, and subsequently with \$7,554 by the G. T. R. employees. When the construction of the Intercolonial Railway was decided upon, Mr. Brydges was appointed one of the four Commissioners to superintend the work, and the present Administration named him Superintendent not only of that line but of the other Government Railways. What he has accomplished in this new sphere is patent to the country, and it is to be hoped that he may be spared long to preside over the prosperous development of these important lines.

THE BAY OF QUINTE.

We propose giving our readers some sketches of the Bay of Quinte, Ontario. As every one acquainted with Canadian history knows, the Bay was first settled by those hardy United Empire Loyalists who fled to Canada to find that protection which was denied them in the then new Republic.

It is interesting for the traveller in these days, to visit the localities where our fathers of Ontario first subdued the forces of Nature, and opened the way for the enterprising and agricultural success which now characterises this section of the Dominion. The route from Kingston to Belleville is noted, not only for its public interest, but also for the beauty of its scenery, and many thousands of tourists annually avail themselves of the opportunities which Mr. Gildersleeves' magnificent steamer "Hastings" affords of visiting the localities where the U. E. Loyalists first went axe in hand to establish homes in the dense primeval forest.

From the deck of the steamer "Hastings," as it steers out into the lake, a magnificent view of Kingston harbor is obtained. The Penitentiary and Lunatic Asylum can then be seen to best advantage, as also the splendid fortifications and Military College. As you approach Amherst Island, celebrated for its pic-nic grounds, you come in sight of the "Three Brothers," which are small islands.

The village of Bath is the next place of interest. It is situated in the second township, called Ernestown, after Prince Ernest Augustus, eighth child of King George the Third. It was first settled in the early spring of 1784, by the soldier settlers; the 1st Battalion, called "Jessup's Corps." The township contains 68,644 acres, nearly all of which is excellent land.

It was not long after the settlers had been upon their lands, before the township became the best cultivated, and most wealthy—not alone around the Bay of Quinte, but in the whole of Western Canada.

The richness of the soil lying more immediately at the mouth of the Bay contributed to its prosperity, and a village, in course of time, sprang up, which rivalled even Kingston itself, in respect to rapid increase of inhabitants, the establishment of trade, building of ships, and for the presence of gentlemen of refinement and education, and in the foundation of a Library and a Seminary of higher education.

This village was for a long time known as "Ernestown," but in time, after the war of 1812, it acquired the name of Bath, probably after the English town of that name.

The distance from Bath to Kingston is eighteen miles, the road thereto being one of the first constructed in Upper Canada, and the country thereabouts was then considered the very centre of civilization in the Province. Bath was regarded as a city in embryo, its progress being onward until the war of 1812. Gourley says of it in 1811: "It promises to be a place of very considerable business."

The Kingston *Gazette* of 1816, remarks to the effect that the village is emerging from its depression, and that it ought to be made a post town and port of entry. In the summer of this year, Samuel Parly started a public conveyance between Kingston and Bath. The following year, the steamers "Frontenac" and "Charlotte" were commenced at Finkle's Point, which can be seen in the engraving, being the centre of the three projecting points.

The situation of Bath is delightful and salubrious, and well adapted for a watering place for invalids. The drives around are very beautiful; the fishing and sailing cannot be beaten in any part of the Dominion. The village has a very quaint look, the buildings being for the most part ancient. The Episcopal Church is one of the oldest in Ontario, having been built in 1793. Surrounding this old edifice is a graveyard, rich with historic names. Some of the monuments and tombs are very handsome and costly. About four miles from the village is the ruin of an old wind-mill—a relic of the U. E. Loyalists—and it is hoped it will be permitted to stand as a memento of the past. During the war of 1812, cannon frowned from the windows of this old mill.

It was the citizens of Bath who first saw the American fleet in 1813, approaching the shore. The early morning sun saw the inhabitants very shortly aroused to action. The veterans who, for so many years, had used the plough and axe anxiously inquired for their old weapons of warfare. Mrs. Perry distinctly remembered that the word came to her father's house while they were at breakfast, that the enemy was entering Bath. Her father, then fifty-eight, forsook his meal and sought his gun. But before he and his sons reached the village, the fleet had passed on towards Kingston. In like manner, all along the front, arose the men of '76 with their sons; and their arms flashed in the morning sunlight. The enemy had won at Bath a great victory. They had stolen in at the early dawn, when no foe was there, and actually had succeeded in taking and burning the schooner "Benjamin Davy." In 1809, a large brick building was erected to accommodate what was then the largest Free Mason lodge in the Province.

A stranger visiting Bath to-day, having read of its early history, will not unlikely feel a pang of disappointment. There is a tumble down look about the place significant of decaying enterprise. The quietness of the place reminds one of Goldsmith's "deserted village." Where ship-building was once carried on—where, indeed, the first steamboats in Upper Canada were built—there remains nothing but the unbroken beach.

There will, however, always be more or less business done at Bath. Something may turn up in the future that may start it into a city yet. In the mean time it is the very place for a retired officer or merchant desirous of ending his days in quiet retirement.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LADY Cardigan has presented a magnificent donation towards the expenses of the banquet to the survivors of the Balaklava Charge, to be held in London on the 25th of October. It has been ascertained that out of the gallant 600 there are 100 survivors, the majority of whom will be present at the banquet.

* The writer has drawn most of his information from Dr. Caniff's work on "The Settlement of Upper Canada."

REMOUR has it that nothing is finally settled as to the position his Royal Highness the Duke of Cornwall will occupy during the approaching winter, but it is thought he may go to India for the cold season, obtaining command of the 6th Dragoon Guards (Carbineers), who go out to India in December, if Lieutenant-Colonel Fryer would make no objection to a transfer to the command of another heavy cavalry regiment.

ONE of the curiosities of the hour is *Al-Nablah*, a newspaper printed in Arabic and English, and published every fortnight by Mr. Trubner. The title page, which, according to Eastern custom, stands at the end according to our mode of reckoning, is very Oriental indeed. The name of the paper means the Queen Bee, and that Royal insect is depicted as presenting the honeymoon to a male figure. All around are plants representing the different departments of human knowledge, from which the honey has been gathered by industrious bees, who fill every available corner. The paper is profusely illustrated, containing portraits of the Czar, the Sultan, and various magnates of the two nations. The autograph of the Sultan is a grand piece of penmanship.

In a speech at an agricultural dinner at Carlisle lately, Sir Willfrid Lawson said that in the House of Commons each party had a whip who called his hounds together when he wanted them. A little circular was sent in the morning for the political hounds to assemble. The circular was worded, "You are earnestly requested to attend in the House of Commons this evening, when business of such and such a nature comes on." If the circular came without a dash or stroke under the word "earnestly," it meant there was some business that might come on; if there were one dash or stroke under "earnestly"—it meant that the member ought to come; if two dashes—it meant that he should come; if three—that he must come; if four—it meant "stay away at your peril."

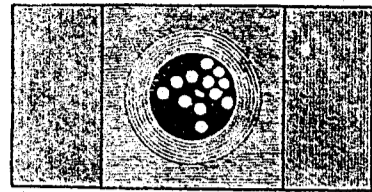
THE London papers have recently published a letter from Bishop Colenso, in which he expressed his belief that the time has come when the results of advanced criticism will be received "like those of modern astronomy and geology." The Bishop will be confirmed in that opinion when he gets a certain volume lately written by a clergyman of considerable standing. The writer is Dr. Edwin Abbott, head-master of the City of London School, of whom the Archbishop of Canterbury thinks so highly that he has conferred upon him the "Lauderh" degree of D.D. Dr. Abbott had a distinguished career at Cambridge, having come out senior classic, and seventh senior optime. He was elected a Fellow of St. John's College, and was Hulsean Lecturer in 1876. He has now published his Hulsean Lectures in a volume entitled "Through Nature to Christ; or, The Ascent of Worship through Illusion to the Truth."

SOME of the more important new buildings in London are making great progress. The enormous Natural History Patents Museum at South Kensington have now their roofs on, and the former will be a very handsome structure. One large section of the new Law Courts is all but finished externally, and towers aloft in very imposing fashion. King's College Hospital is being enlarged by an extension of the north wing. The City Liberal Club is just finished. The intended new hospital in Northumberland Avenue will be erected from the designs of the architect who built the Imperial Hotel on the Holborn Viaduct. One edifice, known for two or three generations to journalists as the office of the *Star* newspaper, and subsequently of the Central Press, is now in course of demolition, though it is but about five years since a large portion of them were rebuilt. The conversion of our pavements goes on slowly. The change from deafening roar to comparative quiet is so complete that the principal thoroughfares of London will, perhaps, be soon treated in the same way. The only question is that of slipperiness in a severe winter, or when the surface becomes "greasy" from dirt, &c.

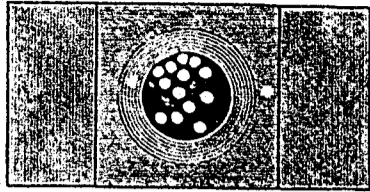
THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHO. CO. AT THE QUEBEC PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION.

We are happy to state that at the Provincial Exhibition, just closed at Quebec, the Burland-Desbarats Lithographic Company, publishers of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, received five first-class prizes, as follows:—

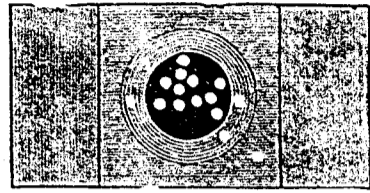
- 1st. Best specimens of monograms, crests, emblems, plain and illuminated.
 - 2nd. Best specimens of engraving on copper.
 - 3rd. Best specimens of engraving on stone.
 - 4th. Best specimens of lithographic printing in one colour.
 - 5th. Best specimens of chromo-lithography.
- They are likewise entitled to a diploma and medal for fine specimens of photo-lithographing, photo-electrotyping, etching on glass, &c., &c. Indeed, there is no other establishment in the country which does that kind of work, and hence all persons requiring it should call upon them. The Burland-Desbarats Company have the most extensive facilities for all kinds of engraving, lithographing, type printing, electrotyping, &c., and they have the sole right for Canada of the photo-electrotyping process. Their terms are moderate, and they use the utmost despatch consistent with artistic finish.



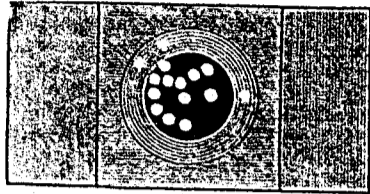
SIR HENRY HALFORD—1000 Yards.



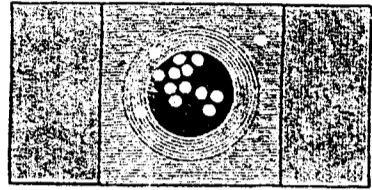
SIR HENRY HALFORD—800 Yards.



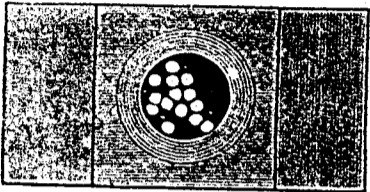
LIEUTENANT GEORGE FENTON—1000 Yards.



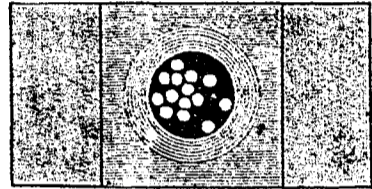
W. RIGBY—800 Yards.



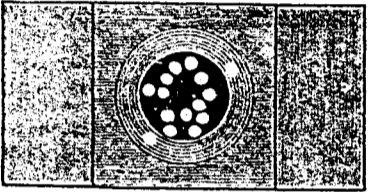
J. K. MILNER—900 Yards.



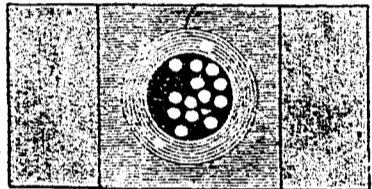
L. C. BRUCE—800 Yards.



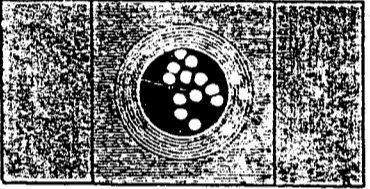
L. WESER—800 Yards.



H. S. JEWELL—1000 Yards.

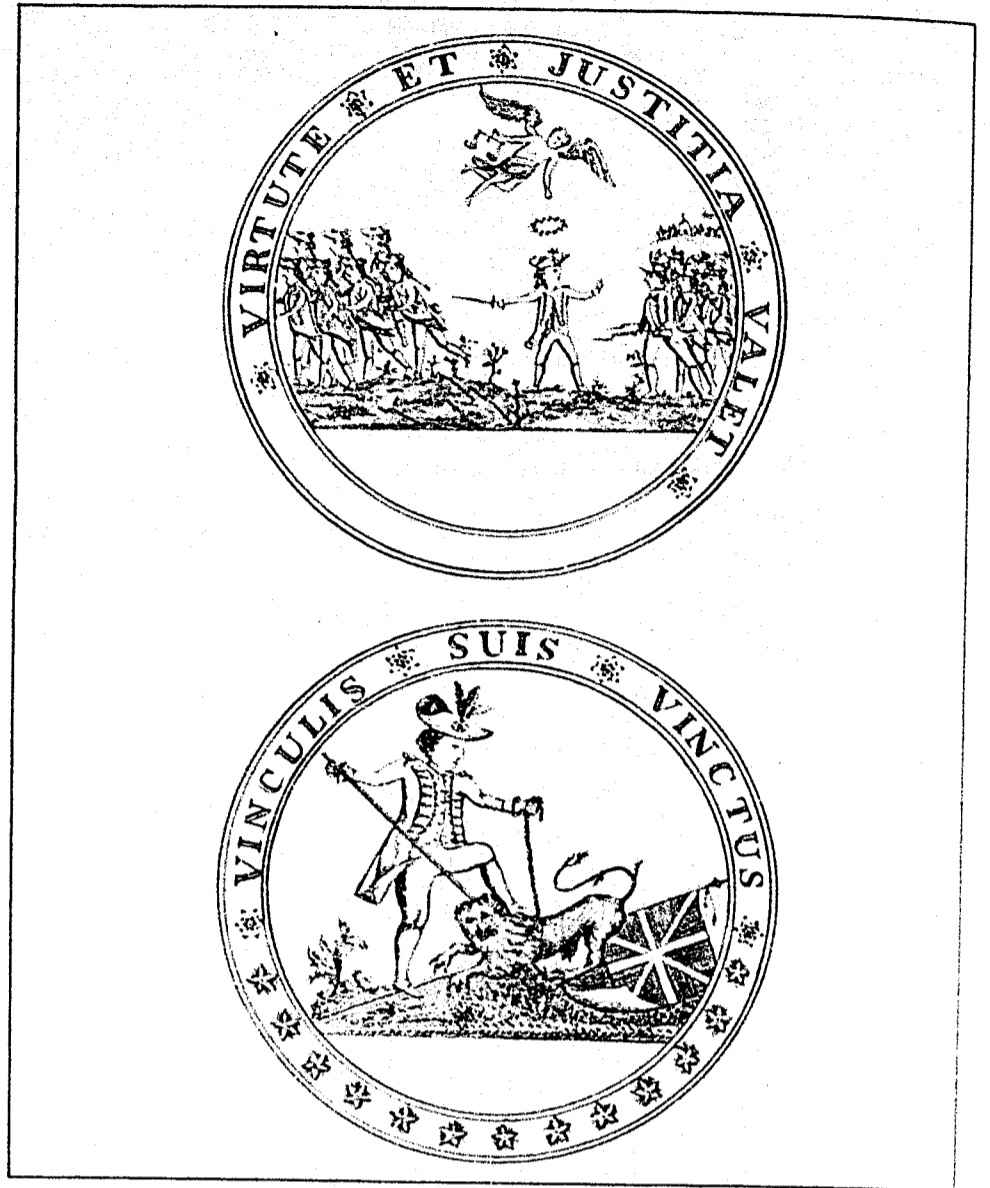


ISAAC L. ALLEN—900 Yards.

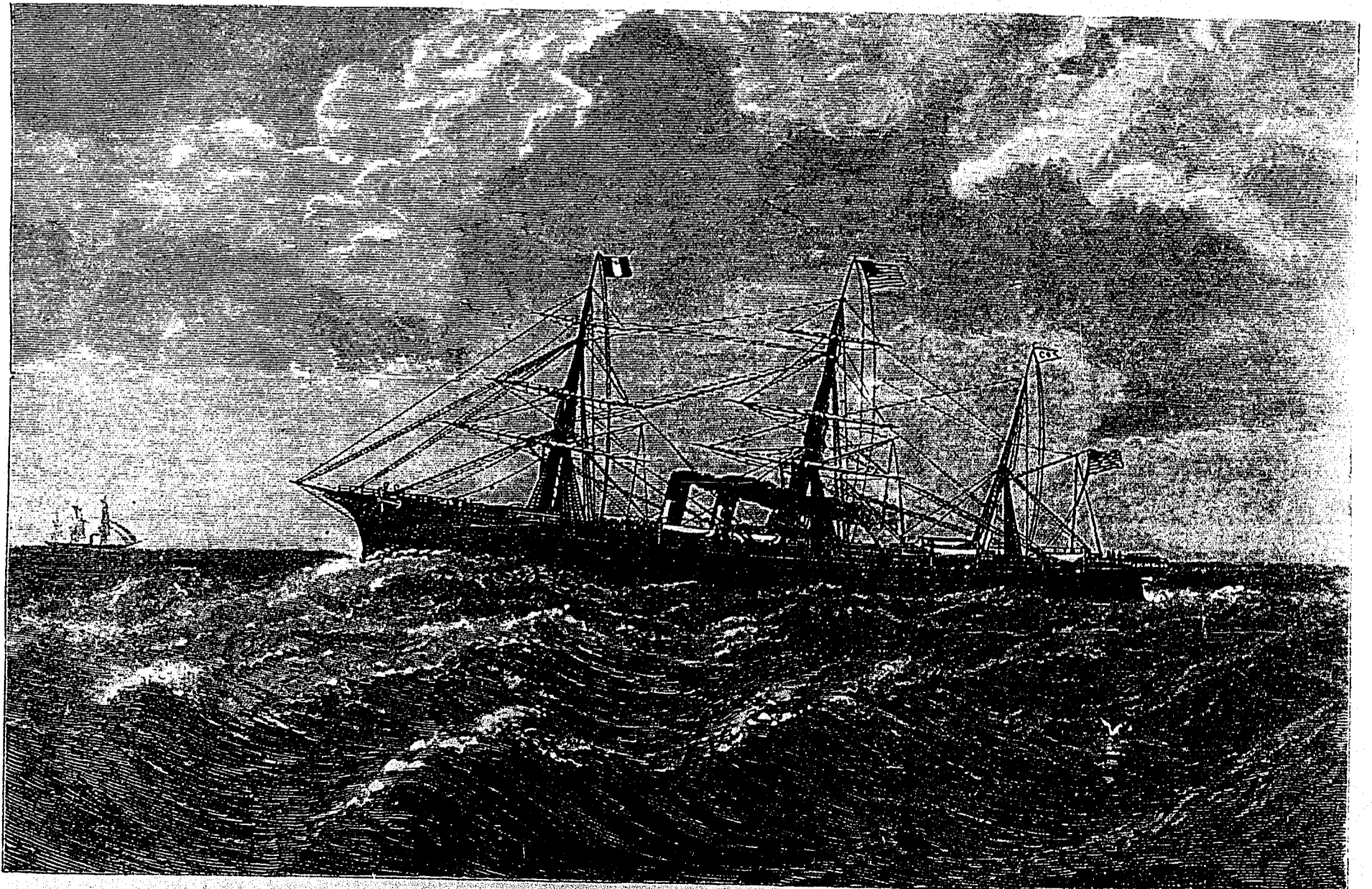


C. E. BLYDENBURGH—900 Yards.

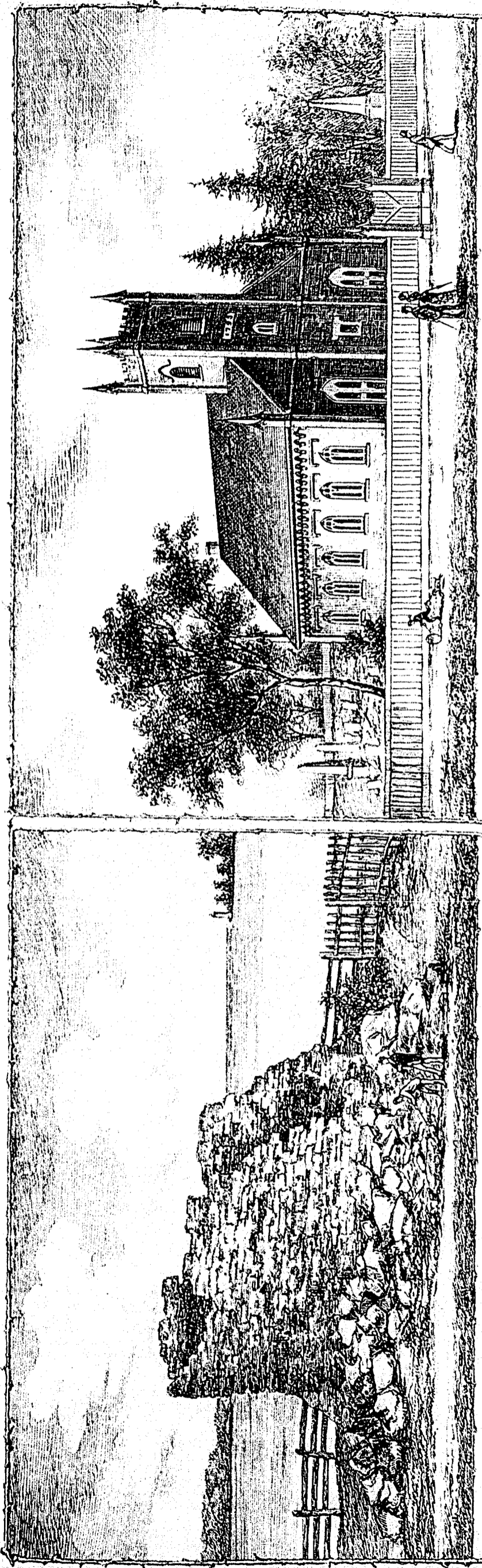
THE TARGETS OF THE AMERICAN TEAM AT CREEDMOOR.



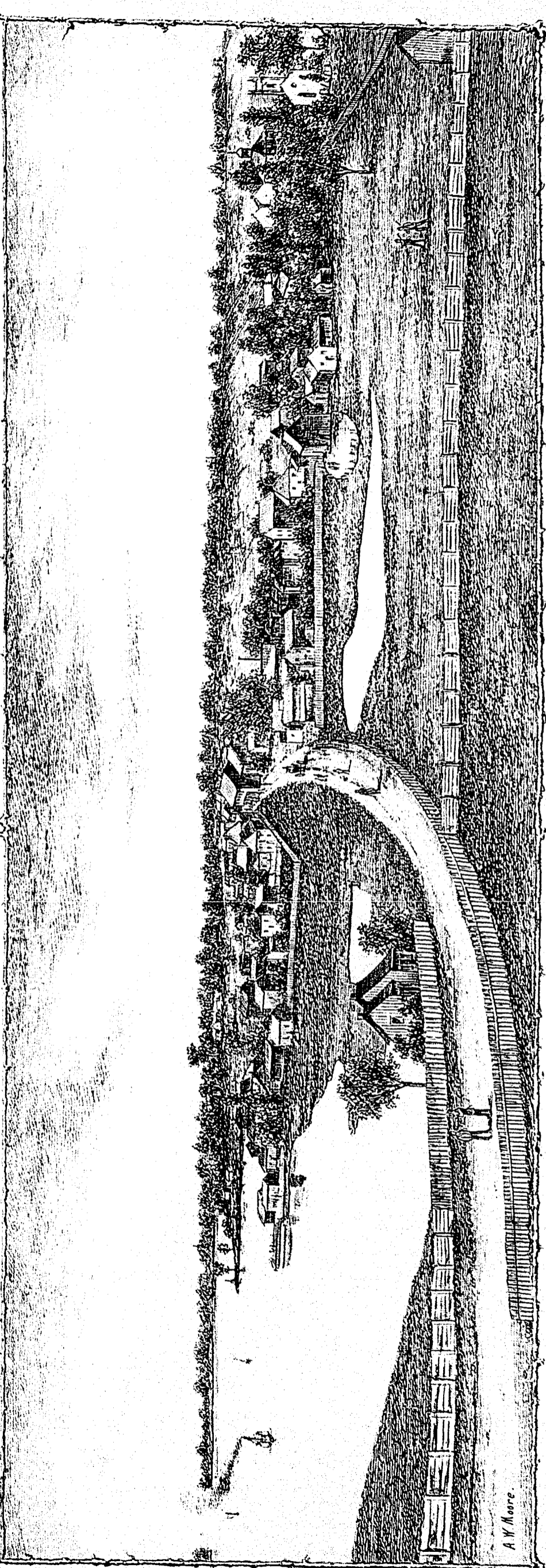
A UNIQUE MEDAL.



THE WOODRUFF SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION ON S.S. ONTARIO.



ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, BATH.



OLD MILL, NEAR BATH.

BATH, ONTARIO.
THE BAY OF QUINTE.—FROM SKETCHES BY ARTHUR W. MOORE.

A. W. Moore.

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BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.

A NOVEL.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE, AUTHORS OF "READY-MONEY MORITROY,"
"THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY," &c.

CHAPTER VII.

AUGUSTUS IN THE LEGAL.

I had one short experience of the way in which other people work for money. It lasted three months, and happened when Mr. Tyrrell, out of pure kindness, proposed that I should enter his office. He said many handsome things about me, in making this offer, especially in reference to his daughter, and pledged himself to give me my articles if I took to the work.

I accepted on the condition that I kept my afternoons free for Celia, and began the study of the law.

Well, suffice it to say that after three months the Captain became my ambassador to convey my resignation. And the only good thing I got out of my legal experience was the friendship of the Bramblers.

Augustus Brambler, the head of the family, was one of Mr. Tyrrell's clerks. Not the head clerk, who was a man of consideration, and had an office to himself, but one of half a dozen who sat in the room built for them at the side of the house, and drove the quill for very slender wage from nine in the morning to eight at night. Augustus was no longer young when I first met him, being then past forty years of age. And although the other clerks were little more than boys, Augustus sat among them with cheerful countenance and contented heart. He was short of stature, and his face was innocent of whisker, and as smooth as any woman's; his features were sketchy, his eyes were large and bright, but his expression, in office hours, was maintained at a high pressure of unrelenting zeal. Nature intended him to be stout, but with that curious disregard for her colleague which Fate often shows, his income prevented the carrying out of Nature's intention. So that he remained thin, and, perhaps, in consequence, preserved his physical activity, which was that of a schoolboy. I was placed under his charge, and received papers to copy, while the chief clerk gave me books to read. I did copy the papers, to my infinite disgust, and I tried to read the books, but here I failed.

Augustus Brambler, I soon discovered, did the best responsible work in the office, enjoying a certain consideration by reason of the enormous enthusiasm which he brought into the service. He magnified his humble office: saw in it something great and splendid; beheld in himself the spring of the whole machine; and identified himself with the success of the House. You would think, to listen to him, that he had achieved the highest ambition of his life in becoming a clerk to Mr. Tyrrell, and that his weekly stipend of thirty shillings was a large and magnificent income, and that the firm was maintained by his own personal exertions.

Certainly these were not wanting. He was in the office first in the morning, and left it the last in the evening. He kept the other clerks to their work, not only by example but by precept, admonishing them by scraps of proverbial philosophy, such as—in the case of one who longed to finish and be gone—

Hurry and haste are worse than waste.

or of one who was prone to scamp the work in order to talk,

Sure and slow is the way to go.

while in the case—too common among lawyers' clerks—of one who came too late to office, he had a verse as apt as if it had been a Shakespearean quotation, though I have never seen it in Shakespeare.

"What," he would say, "do we learn from the poet?"

Get up betimes, and at the dawn of day.

For health and strength to serve your Master pray.

Sharp at clock striking, at the point of eight,

Present yourself before the office gate.

"It should have been nine," he would add, "but for the sake of the rhyme."

His eagerness to work was partly counterbalanced by his inability to do anything. He knew nothing whatever, after years of law work, of the most ordinary legal procedure; he could not even be trusted to copy a document correctly. And yet he was never idle, never wasting his employer's time. Mostly he seemed to be ruling lines laboriously in red ink, and I often wondered what became of the many reams beautified by Augustus with such painful assiduity. At other times he would take down old office books, ledgers and so forth, and, after dusting them tenderly, would turn over the leaves, brows bent, pencil in hand, as if he was engaged in the research of the most vital importance. At all events, he did not allow the juniors to waste their time, and, as I afterwards found out, was only continued in the service of Mr. Tyrrell because he earned his weekly stipend by keeping the youngsters at their work, carrying with him wherever he went an atmosphere of zeal.

He had not been always in the present profession.

"I have been," he would say, grandly, "in the clerical, in the scholastic, and in the legal.

Noble professions all three. I began in the clerical—was a clerk at Grant and Gumption's, where we had—ah! a Royal business, and turned over cool thousands. Thought nothing of thousands in that wholesale house. Mr. Gumption, the junior partner—he was an affable and kind-spoken man—once took me aside, after I had been there two years or so, and spoke to me confidentially. 'Brambler,' he said, 'the fact is this work is not good enough for you. That's where it is; you're too good for the work we give you. I should say you ought to change it for something superior—say in the Commercial Academy line, where your abilities would have full scope—full scope.' I thought that advice was very kindly meant, and I took it, though it really was a blow to give up sharing in those enormous profits. However, he seemed to know best what was to my advantage, and so I retired from Grant & Gumption's with the best recommendations, and joined Mr. Hezekiah Ryler, B.A., in his select academy for young gentlemen. Perhaps the salary was not so good as might have been desired, but the work—there was the great advantage—the work was splendid. There you are, you know, that's what it is, in that line—there you are. Dozens of possible Shakespeares learning their Latin grammar under your direction; posterity safe to read about you. 'This great man,' the biographer says, 'was educated at the Select Academy of Mr. Hezekiah Ryler, B.A., one of whose assistants was the zealous Augustus Brambler.' That thought was enough to reconcile me to much that was disagreeable, for there are things about the work of an ush—I mean the assistant of a Commercial Academy, which some men might not like. I was with Mr. Ryler, B.A., for a year, I think, when he suggested, his manner was kindness itself—that perhaps I should find a more congenial sphere for my talents. I gave up the scholastic, and tried some other line. He was so good as to suggest the legal, and so I tried it. That was twenty years ago. Since then I've been going backwards and forwards between the scholastic, the legal, and the clerical. It's a very remarkable thing, if you come to think of it, to be born with a genius fit for all three professions."

He firmly believed himself endowed by Nature with exceptional qualities, which fitted him equally for the positions of commercial clerk, legal clerk, or schoolmaster, and regarded the numerous dismissals which rewarded his labours as so many compliments to his energy and worth. In the sense I have already explained he was invaluable: his honesty and enthusiasm were contagious, and he never, I am sure, understood that, owing to some strange fogging of his enthusiastic brain, he could do nothing at all in the way of it ought to be done. When he was in the employment of a merchant his figures always came out wrong; when he was a teacher the boys never learned anything, and when he was a lawyer's clerk he could only be trusted to rule lines in red ink, copy letters in the press, serve a writ, and make a show, with a pile of paper, of doing important work. Yet, because the man was well known in the town for his breezy enthusiasm, for his integrity, and for the honesty which characterized all he did, Augustus Brambler had never been long without a place. He was now, however, a fixture at Mr. Tyrrell's.

One evening, after I had been a month or so in the office, he invited me, in the finest manner, to take supper at his house. Had he bidden me to a lordly banquet, the invitation could not have been conveyed more grandly. I accepted, and walked home with him, presently finding myself in a back parlour lighted by a single candle, multiplied by two on our arrival. The cloth was laid for supper, and half-a-dozen children, from ten or twelve downwards, crowded round the bread-winner, and noisily welcomed him home. They were all absurdly like their father, their eyes were as twinkling, the faces as full of eager enthusiasm, their figures as stout. And there was exactly the same regularity of diminution in their size that may be remarked in a set of Pandian pipes.

The mother, on the other hand, was thin and anxious-looking. It was easy to see that this poor wan-cheeked and careworn creature shared none of her husband's golden joy in the present.

We sat down at once to the meal, Augustus Brambler saying grace in an impressive manner. It was a rich, and even unctuous grace, such a grace as might be pronounced before a city dinner, thanking the Lord for the many and various good things He had provided for His creatures. And then, the hearts of all attuned to the solemnity of the occasion, he seized the knife, and looked round him with the air of one who is about to commence an important work. "Bread, my children, bread and cheese. Your mother will carve the cheese. Mr. Pulaski—I should say, perhaps, Count Pulaski?—No. My dear, Mr. Pulaski takes supper with us incognito, like a foreign prince. It is not often that we receive a nobleman at our simple table. Pray assist Mr. Pulaski from the green corner,

which is more tasty. Crust, Mr. Pulaski! Forty-seven, your elbows are on the table. Forty-six, calm your impatience. That boy, Mr. Pulaski, will carry through life the effects of the fatal year in which he was born."

I ventured to ask if the children had no Christian names.

"It is only their father's way," said the mother. "They have names like any other Christians, but I don't think they know them, themselves."

Augustus—the children being now all helped—sat back in his chair and waved his hand with importance.

"My own theory," he explained; "formed even before I was married, while I was in the Clerical. Matured while in the Scholastic, where I had access to works of philosophy, including the first book of Euclid, and to works of biography, including Cornelius Nepos. Published, if I may use the expression, while in the Legal. It is this, Mr. Pulaski. Childhood catches measles and whooping-cough, and shakes them off; but a child never shakes off the influences—Forty-eight, if you do not obey your sister you shall go to bed—of the year in which it was born. My eldest," he said, pointing to the tallest of the family, a girl, "was born in '44. She is therefore predisposed to poetry."

I did not ask why, but the girl, a pretty child of twelve, blushed and looked pleased.

"Her brother, Forty-five," Augustus continued, "is restless and discontented. That is easily explained if you think of the events of that year. A tendency, my boy, which you will have to combat during life. Take asthma."

"When we come to Forty-six," he went on, "what can we expect? The famine year. The appetite of that boy would strain the finances of a Rothschild."

Forty-six, who was a healthy, rosy-cheeked boy, with no outward marks of the great famine upon his fat little figure, was working his way diligently through a great crust of bread and cheese. He looked up, laughed, and went on eating.

"Forty-seven,"—pointing to a little girl,— "the year of calm. The calm before the storm. The next boy is Forty-eight. Ah! the year of rebellion. He is a boy who questions authority. If that boy does not take care to struggle with his tendency, I should not be surprised, when he grows up, to find him throwing doubt upon the Thirty-Nine Article."

"Oh! Augustus," cried his wife.

"I should not, indeed, my dear. Forty-nine is gone to bed. So is Fifty. So is Fifty-two." I was afraid to ask after Fifty-one, for fear there had been a loss, but I suppose the question showed in my face, because the family faces instantly clouded over.

"We never had a Fifty-one," said Augustus, sorrowfully.

His wife sighed, and the little girls put their handkerchiefs to their eyes. Forty-six took advantage of the general emotion to help himself to another piece of bread.

"No Fifty-one," Augustus sighed. "It was our unlucky fate. What a boy that Fifty one would have been! All the wealth and genius of the world came to the front that year. I even wish, sometimes, that he had been twins."

We were all deeply touched, nor did it occur to me till afterwards that we were lamenting over a mere resolution in the chain of annual continuity.

"But talking is dry work," resumed Augustus, taking up a brown jug, one of those jolly jugs, with a hant upon them in relief, that are only now to be seen in the National Club, and bestowing an Anacreontic smile upon his family. "What have we here, boys and girls, eh? What have we?" as if there was an infinite choice of drinks in that house. He poured out a glass, holding it up to the light, turning it about, and critically catching the colour at the proper angle. "Clear as a bell—sparkling as champagne. Let us taste it. Toast and water, my children,—ah! Toast and water—and—the very best I ever tasted."

We had glasses round, and all snacked our lips over the nasty concoction, and he went on in his enthusiastic strain.

"It is a splendid business, the Legal. We are making, not to betray the confidence of the house, only we are here all friends, we are actually making more than two hundred pounds a month. Fifty pounds a week—eight pounds six shillings and eightpence every working day. Nearly fifteen shillings an hour—three-pence a minute."

All the children gave a great gasp. At the moment they firmly believed their father to be personally in receipt of this splendid income. Poor little shabby boys and girls, with their darned and patched clothes, their bread and cheese banquets, their toast and water. It was indeed, a splendid income that their father enjoyed.

Supper ended, the children went off to bed. Then we put out the candles, not to waste light and sat round the open window for half an hour, for it was a warm night, talking.

At least Augustus Brambler talked. And I began to see in what an atmosphere of imaginary ease the man lived and moved. His social position was, in his own eyes, an enviable one; his abilities were recognised; his future was one of steady advance; his children were well fed, well dressed and well educated; his poor wife as happy as himself.

From time to time I heard a footstep overhead.

"It is Herr Räumler. We allow him to occupy our first floor," Augustus explained grand-

ly. He was not by any means anxious to hide the fact that he had a lodger who paid the whole of the rent, only it was his way of putting it.

I knew Herr Räumler by sight, because he came a good deal to Mr. Tyrrell's office. He was a German—a very big man, tall and stout, with a white moustache—a great mass of perfectly white hair, of the creamy whiteness which does not convey the impression of age or decay, and had a tread like a cat for lightness. He walked upright as a soldier, wore blue spectacles, out of doors, and had a curious voice, very deep with a rasp in it. But as yet I had never spoken to him.

"He is our lodger," said Mrs. Brambler. "And he gives us a deal of trouble with his vocal cutlets."

"Eats them with prunes," said Augustus. "And complains of his tea. But he pays his bill every week, and what we should do without him I am sure I do not know. He is a very regular man. He has dinner at six, and smokes his pipe till half-past ten. Then he goes to bed. Where is Ferdinand, my dear?"

"At work in his room. But it is almost his time."

As he spoke, the door opened, and Ferdinand and Brambler came in. It was almost too dark to see him, but I knew his face, having seen it about the streets as long as I could remember. He was very much like his brother, being short, smooth-cheeked, and inclined to be stout, but he had not the same look of eager zeal. That was replaced by an expression of the most profound wisdom. And he had a habit of throwing his head backwards, and going into the sky, which I understood later on.

I rose to go, because it was past ten. As Augustus led me out of the room I heard Mrs. Brambler ask anxiously,

"What have you done to-day, Ferdinand?"

"A leg of mutton," he replied in a sepulchral voice. "And I think heeling and sewing for one of the children's boots besides."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE UNFORTUNATE YOUNG SCHOLAR.

I continued my acquaintance with Augustus Brambler after I left Mr. Tyrrell's office. The atmosphere of that place very soon, as I have explained, became unbearable to me. The tips of my fingers began to feel as if they were made of parchment, which, as I confessed, would be bad for playing. In those days, the pens always stuck their pens behind their ears, a practice to which I could never reconcile myself. The association of that beautiful and delicate organisation of the ear, the only system of the sixth sense, the appreciation of music, with quills and legal forms was revolting. Then what harmonies can be got out of the scripping of pens upon paper? The wind in the trees one can understand; and the waves by the shore; and the purring of a brook; but the scratching of steel, which you hardly perceive at first, but which makes itself heard with a strident noise which after a time becomes out of all proportion to the size of the instrument, who is to become reconciled to that? As an instrument of torture, I can conceive nothing worse than a room full of pens all at work together.

Old Wassielewski, who after nearly effacing himself during the schoolboy's was beginning to take a new interest in my proceedings, approved of my giving up the law. That a Pulaski should be a clerk in a lawyer's office was a blot on the scutcheon that he should become an actual practising lawyer was an abandonment of everything. When my destiny came to me in the shape of music-lessons, he was good enough to signify approval, on the ground that it would do for the short time I should want to work for money. I paid small attention to his purely theoretical way of looking at life: all the Poles lived in this kind of parenthesis, waiting for the downfall of Russia, carrying on their little occupations, which lasted them till death allowed their souls to return to Poland, under the belief that it was only for a time. The Captain, however, deserved more respectful attention. He had small admiration for writing in any form; was accustomed to confound the highest works of genius with the commonest quill-driving; quitted an old acquaintance of the work-room who once wrote a novel, and never held his head afterwards: "Sad business, Laddy. Half-pay at forty."

As for giving music lessons, the Captain was perplexed. To play on any instrument whatever seemed to him a waste of a man—at the same time there was no doubt in his own mind that I was only half a man. And when he clearly understood that I did not propose to lead a procession of drunken sailors like poor old Wassielewski, or to play the fiddle to a soldier's free-and-easy, he gave in.

"Have your own way, Laddy. Jingle the keys and make other people jingle. There's sense in a song like 'The Death of Nelson,' or 'Wapping Old Stairs'—and those you never care to play. But have your own way."

Gradually, the Captain came to see some of the advantages of the profession. "You give your lesson, take your money, and go. So much work and so much play. No obligation on either side. And your time to yourself."

It was evident to me, as soon as I began to give lessons, that I was engaging myself for the rest of my life to become a music-master. I became a music-master because there was really

nothing else for me at which I could earn my bread. Teaching of any other kind would have been intolerable, if only for the fact of my unlucky figure. Esop himself, the most philosophical of hunchbacks, would have trembled at the thought of facing a class of boys—that age which La Fontaine says is without pity. But to sit for an hour beside a girl playing exercises, while the mild-eyed governess played propriety, was different. So I gave up everything except the piano and organ, and started in practice as a teacher of the pianoforte. As Nature had given me a reasonably goop pipe, I engaged myself to teach singing.

I was eighteen then, perhaps too young to take upon myself the responsibility of teaching. But pupils came to me, and in a few months I was happily beyond the want of any further help from the Captain. People invited me to give lessons from different motives; some because they thought that a Pole would take their girls at half the price of ordinary professors—in the same way, after the Commune of 1871, the friends of the exiles got them pupils on the ground that they would teach French for a shilling an hour; some came to me because I was young, and they wanted to boast that they were encouraging rising genius; a few, no doubt, because they really thought I could play well and teach their daughters. One lady who had a select boarding and day school—she dressed in black cotton velvet, and bound her brows with a black ribbon, as if to compress and control the gigantic intellect beneath—engaged my services, as I afterwards learned, in order that she might announce on her cards that she had music taught at Cape St. Vincent House (established 1780) by the “young, unfortunate Polish nobleman, Count Ladislas Pulaski.” But as there is no possible romance about a lad of five feet nothing, with long arms, crooked back and round shoulders, parents who came from a distance, allured by the “unfortunate nobleman,” were not allowed to see me. I found out the thing after a time, and was foolish enough, being then quite young, to throw up the engagement in a rage quite befitting my illustrious descent. Afterwards I learned to behave with patience when I was received, as always happened, with a certain deference; but I really think that English people did not grovel before a title so abjectly twenty years ago as they do now—and I grew accustomed to overhear the familiar whisper,—

“A Count, my dear, in his own country, and here too, if he chooses to enjoy the title of a most distinguished Polish family.”

“Enjoy the title.” What a wonderful expression! Does a Duke awake in the morning and begin to smack his lips when a valet says “Your Grace?” Does he stand before his title as before a picture, catching it in different lights? Does he turn the name about as a jewel of many facets, pleasing his eyes with the lustre? I have tried to imagine all the sensual delights possible to be got out of an acknowledged Countship, were one independent enough to bear it openly, and I have always failed.

My lessons were given in the morning, so that I had the more time for Celia. Long before this I had become a son of the house at the Tyrrells. I came and went unnoticed; it was not thought necessary to improve the family tea or supper on my account; no cakes and muffins were provided, and the decanters were not produced in my honour. That was very pleasant. Also it was an understood thing that I was Celia's companion, guardian, duenna, watch-dog—anything. “It is a great comfort,” said her mother, “to feel that she is with Ladislas. He is so steady.”

In those days there were no choral societies, madrigal unions, or part singing in our town. Girls sang duets, but young men seldom took any trouble to cultivate their voices, and unless sometimes when, under pressure, they attempted ambitious things set for high tenor voices, like “Good-bye Sweetheart,” or “Ever of Thee,” wreaking a wicked will upon time and tune, they never sang at all. Musical young men, as they were called, were looked upon with a little disfavor as likely to turn out badly. Therefore it was a novelty in our small circle when Celia and I sang duets.

She learned to play, not brilliantly—perhaps from some defect in my teaching power—but softly and delicately, as if she loved what she played. She had the power of bringing out fresh sweetness, such as I had never felt in my own playing of the same piece. It is so always in the highest music. Play it a hundred times, exhaust, as you think, every chord of passion, yearning, faith, prayer, and hope, teach yourself to believe that it is a landscape which you have studied under a thousand effects of light and shade until you know its every possible aspect. Another plays it. Lo! on every side you discern hitherto undiscovered glades of sweet greenery arched by great cathedral aisles in which birds sing endless songs of praise, and clear before you, erewhile so dark and doubtful, lies the path which leads to the higher world, a sunny lane planted by loving hands with flowers, bordered with honeysuckle and meadowsweet, stretching broad and bright to the Gates of Emerald. The best thing about being a musician is that you can understand the music of others.

I encouraged Celia to play only from the best composers, because, while we have the best music to teach us, and the best poetry to speak our thoughts for us, it seems so great a sin to waste ourselves upon lower and ignoble things.

In course of time I began to essay little things of my own; feeble flights, imitations, echoes of

the masters. Celia played them, praised them, and then went back to the masters. This showed me what a mere apprentice I was. For that matter I am not out of my articles.

Sometimes, after playing one of my own studies, it would please us to see Mrs. Tyrrell waking up out of the doze in which she spent most of her afternoons, and nod her head placidly.

“That is a very pretty piece of Mozart, Celia. I always liked that movement.”

Or, “that has always been my favourite in Mendelssohn.”

Why is it that people should take shame to themselves for not understanding music, and cover themselves with ignominy by the pretence? No one is ashamed to say that he does not know Hebrew or mathematics. And yet, unless one goes through the regular mill, how can music be known any more than mathematics?

Mrs. Tyrrell reminded me of those fakeers or yogis, who attain to Heaven by perpetually gazing upon a particular toe. She spent her afternoons in a motionless contemplation of the work which she held in her hands. From time to time her eyes closed, but only for a few moments, when the lazy eyelid lifted and, and her fimpid eyes, which were like the eyes of fallow-deer for absence of care, rested again on the work. A gentle, easy, emotionless woman, who could not understand her bright and eager daughter. A good woman too, and a kind mother, careful that her Celia had the best.

We were at that age when the soul is charged with uncertain longings. Youth is the time when poetry has the greatest power over us. There are so many things we have to say; our thoughts fly here and there like a young bird in early summer, not aimlessly, but without control; the brain has not been forced into a single groove, and hardened by long continuance in that groove; the ways of the world are all open. There is no relief in speech, because, for such thoughts the tongue is powerless. Therefore one falls back on poetry. It makes me sad now to think of the days when our minds, saturated with the winged words of Keats, Byron, or Wordsworth, were as full of clouded visions, sunlit, mist-coloured, crossed with gleams of glory, as any picture by Turner. Where are they gone, the dreams of youth? “Où est la neige d'autan!” For if, in the after years, one such vision comes, evoked for a few moments by the breath of some mighty music, it is but a passing gleam. The fierce noontide light of midday soon disperses the clouds, and gathers up the mists. Perhaps, when evening falls upon us, they will come again, those glimpses of the better world.

We wandered hand-in-hand, a pair of dreaming children, or sat in Celia's Arbour, gazing out upon the broad bosom of the harbour. From the moat below us, which was the practice-ground of young buglers, trumpeters, and drummers, there came blown about by the breeze, the reveille, the call to retreat, the charge, and the eager rub-dub of the drum, which somehow acts so strongly upon the fighting nerves of the soldier. And every day in that busy port there was the firing of salutes, the solemn Dead March for a regimental funeral, with the quick rattle of muskets over his grave, the band of a regiment marching through the streets, and the booming of artillery practice, sounds to remind us of the world outside, to which we did not belong, but which fired our imagination.

And many kinds of life. At the end of the grassy meadow before our feet was a gate leading into the upper end of the Dockyard. Through the gate streamed the Liberty men, like schoolboys at play. And after them, going along as slowly as they possibly could, would be sometimes driven a file of wretched convicts, spade in hand, to dig and entrench in some of the Government works. There was a horrible fascination in looking at the convicts. What crimes had they committed? Why were they unhappy above other men who had sinned and not been found out? What miserable mothers and sisters mourned somewhere their degradation? How could they bear the grey uniform of disgrace, the horrible companionship of criminals, the wretched life on the hulks? Which were the men whose time was almost up, and how would they meet their release, and the return to a world which for ever afterwards would scorn them?

Sentiment all this, perhaps; it is the unhappy thing about us all when we pass into the work time, and youth's brief holiday is over that we have no more sentiment, which is often but another name for sympathy. Men try to crystallise themselves into critics, and therefore put themselves as much as they can outside the emotions. That is what makes poets, novelists, and painters hate and detest the *métier* of critic.

Meantime, no news of Leonard. We knew that there could be none, and yet we hoped. Leonard, of course, would keep his word. He would not write for five years; but yet, perhaps in some indirect way, there might come news about him.

“I wonder in what way, Laddy? Of course he will be successful. Sometimes I think he is in London, writing poetry. Suppose he is already a great poet, everybody buying his wonderful verses?”

This was an extreme view to take, but then we were quite ignorant of publishing, and thought, perhaps, that a poet sprang ready made into existence and popularity. However, on cooler thoughts the idea of Leonard taking to poetry did not commend itself to me.

“He may have gone to the Bar, Laddy, and be a great advocate.”

It certainly did occur to me that advocates are seldom great at one or two and twenty.

“Or perhaps he may have become a merchant prince. Not a small trader, you know, but a great man, with fleets of ships and armies of clerks.”

We breathed faster and looked at each other with flushed cheeks. What success was too great for our hero?

“Laddy,” Celia went on sagely, “we must not choose, because we might be disappointed. Then Leonard would see the disappointment in our faces, and that would hurt him. We must wait—and hope. Patience, Laddy.”

“Patience, Cis.” It was some proof of the strength of Leonard's character that everybody believed in his success. This young hero had gone forth to conquer the world. There would be no difficulties for him. Celia and I naturally looked upon him, our elder playfellow, with the respect of those who had been children with him, and younger than himself. This kind of feeling never dies out. The opinions of childhood throw out roots which spread all through the after years, and cling round the heart of eighty as much as round the heart of ten. And to this day I regard Leonard just as I used to, as a being quite superior to myself.

The Captain openly spoke of him as of one who had gone into the world to show what a man might do in it. Mr. Tyrrell, who was not naturally an enthusiastic man, would congratulate the Captain on the success of the boy. And Mrs. Tyrrell—how that good lady managed to be infected by the general enthusiasm I do not know—quoted Leonard as an example, when she felt inclined to moralise, of what religion and industry will effect for young people. What she thought they had done for Leonard I do not know. Perhaps she pictured him in a Bishop's apron. As for Mrs. Jeram, who also fell into the popular delusion, she openly thanked Providence for bringing such a boy into the world. She always knew, she said, by those infallible signs which only experienced persons can detect, that the baby—meaning Leonard—was going to be a great man.

There were others too. The Rev. Mr. Broughton, when he met the captain or myself, would invite us to go home with him and drink Leonard's health in a glass of curious brown sherry, adding that he always knew that boy would get on. And Mrs. Pontifex warned us solemnly against the pride that comes of worldly success.

All this was very delightful, and helped to keep us in a glow of pride and pleasure which made the long five years pass away quickly. There was only one discordant voice. It came from Herr Rumer, who lodged with the Bramblers, whose acquaintance I had now made.

“You think,” he said, in his German accent, “that this—what do you call him?—this boy has become a great man. What do you know about it? Nothing. What can a boy do without money and without friends? Nothing. He is some poor clerk in a merchant's office; he is a shopman behind a counter; he is an usher in a school; he has gone to Australia, and is a wretched shepherd. What else can a poor boy become? Great man! Bah! you are all fools together, Ladislas Pulaski. But go on, go on, if it will make you happy, go on till you find out the truth.”

(To be continued.)

THE GLEANER.

THE Colorado beetle has been made into scarf pins.

An English address of sympathy with M. Gambetta is in preparation.

THE standard of height for the German infantry is five feet one and a half inches.

IT is reported that the Marquis of Lorne will come to Nova Scotia next month to hunt moose.

A JEW townsman in Russia can never become mayor, however great his influence or unsullied his integrity.

MR. GORDON BENNETT will bring out his London daily paper after all; his arrangements are being made for that purpose.

GENERAL NOGUET, aide-de-camp of the late Emperor, has bequeathed his entire fortune to the Prince Imperial.

HER Majesty Queen Victoria has just set an example by forwarding a large number of bandages to Mrs. Layard for distribution among the wounded Turkish fugitives.

WE shall soon see another congress. The librarians of England are about to have a conference under the presidency of Mr. Winter Jones, of the British Museum.

MADAME THIERS, before the corpse of her husband was soldered down in a leaden coffin, cut off a lock of hair, entwined it with a lock of her own, and made a bracelet of it.

THE QUEEN sent a message of condolence to Madame Thiers. Madame Thiers was much affected by this unexpected mark of respect and consideration on the part of Her Majesty.

THE Prince Imperial, to whom the Pope had sent his congratulations on the occasion of the *fete* of the 15th of August, has forwarded to the Holy Father his portrait set in diamonds.

PROF. HICKS, Principal of the Montreal Normal College and chess champion of the Dominion,

says he looks upon chess as an excellent educating medium, and favors the teaching of it in schools.

DURING the winter season, the experiment of lighting a great London theatre with electric candles, in place of gas, will be made. It is believed that the new light will be better, cheaper, and safer than the old one.

THE condition of Marlborough House as respects its sanitary arrangements is anything but satisfactory. The report has been circulated that it will be pulled down and that a new Palace will be raised in its stead.

A SPECTACLE illustrative of the Russian and Turkish war is to be given at Agricultural Hall, London. One thousand men and horses are to take part in it, and thirteen elephants and twelve camels will assist in the representation.

IT is reported that the bishops of the Church of England have determined to refuse the rite of consecration to all candidates for holy orders who do not disclaim all belief in certain doctrines which have recently been brought into prominent notice by the Holy Cross Society.

M. THIERS leaves two wills. One exclusively relates to his fortune, the best part of which goes to Madame Thiers and her sister. The rest is devised in legacies to nephews and friends. The second testament is political and literary, and will be executed by Mr. Barthélemy St. Hilaire.

M. THIERS died in the little iron bed scarcely larger than a child's, which he had used for fifty years. It was wheeled into the small drawing-room where he had breakfasted. He took it with him on his tour through Europe in 1870. M. Thiers was only the day before his death with Meissonier to give him a sitting.

THE Parisians at the seaside have gone recklessly into colour whimsicalities. The men wear coloured ribbons round their hats, of the most astounding hues—and carry their fancy into their visiting cards, which are of red, green, blue, or black; the shirts, and stockings, and trousers, are of the same “colour loudness.”

A RETURN about pauperism and its cost, compiled by the Local Government Board, and recently published, involves in its final result the curious fact that the total cost of relieving the poor in England during the year 1875-76 could have been met by a weekly contribution from every man, woman, and child in the kingdom of 14d. apiece.

THERE is considerable truth in a satirical paragraph in the *Paris Figaro*. A young collegian asks his papa the difference between civilization and barbarism. “Very simple, my boy,” replies Paterfamilias. “Civilization kills an enemy with a cannon-ball at six thousand yards, barbarism cuts off his head with a swordstroke.” There is a good deal both of civilization and barbarism about just now.

THAT President MacMahon feels alarmed at the situation in France is evident from his last manifesto, in which he claims that since his accession to power he has endeavoured, by appealing to the moderate men of all parties, to insure order in the empire. He confesses that the outlook is threatening, but claims that elections adverse to his policy would only aggravate the danger. The fact that Mme. MacMahon is to leave Paris till after the election, shows that he fears for the worst.

THE repeated assertions that William Tell was a myth have awakened the ire of the Swiss people, and at the instance of the Uri Government, M. Leonard Muller, a distinguished Swiss historian, has prepared a work in which he shows that Tell actually achieved the various feats of strength and expertness associated with his name. There would be nothing in those physical feats nowadays; could Tell have fallen 130 feet into a net, and then jump up and make a graceful bow as if nothing particular had happened? Perhaps his political feats were his best.

ARTISTIC.

MEISSONIER was so fortunate as to secure a sketch of Thiers.

GUSTAVE DORÉ hopes to let us have for our *étrennes*, next New Year's Day, his illustrated edition of Ariosto.

COUTURE, the great French artist, is about sixty years old, of short stature, with a large head and a mobile face, a pair of piercing black eyes, a straight nose, with flexible nostrils which dilates as he speaks, a heavy moustache, and thick iron-gray hair. He has no regular studio, but paints in any room he fancies.

THE bronze gentleman who, by the aid of a dish-cover and a kitchen-knife, perpetuates the Great Duke's memory in Hyde Park, is falling into decay. There is a great hole in his right leg. Homer's Achilles was vulnerable only in the heel, but his counterfeit presentation has a bad leg of many years' standing.

A NEW museum of plaster casts of ancient works of architecture and sculpture has been opened this summer in Munich. It has been organized, under the direction of Dr. Brunn, as a sort of complement to the celebrated Glyptothek, and as affording an important means of art education. The models date from the earliest monuments of Greece and Asia Minor to those of late Rome, and include all the renowned works of ancient sculpture.

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PICNIC ON THE ISLAND.

THE EASTERN WAR.



RUSSIAN AMBULANCE AT TIRNOVA.



SHIPKA PASS.

OUR OWN.

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind
Would trouble my mind,
I said when I went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain:
But we vex "our own"
With look and tone
We may never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
I may give you the kiss of peace,
Yet it might be
That never for me
The pain at the heart should cease.
How many go forth in the morning
That never come home at night!
And hearts have been broken,
By harsh words spoken,
That sorrow can never set right.

We have careful thought for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest,
But oft for "our own"
The bitter tone,
Though we love "our own" the best,
Ah! lips, with curse impatient!
Ah! brow, with that look of scorn!
'T were a cruel fate,
Were the night too late
To undo the work of the morn.

JOTTINGS FROM THE KINGDOM
OF COP.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "QUEBEC PAST AND PRESENT."

LOSS OF THE FRENCH FRIGATE "LA RENOMMÉE"
ON ANTICOSTI, 14TH NOV., 1736—A WINTER
OF HOLEDS, STARVATION AND DEATH—A
MISSIONARY'S CAREER.

Of the many shipwrecks, which gave the lower St. Lawrence, in former days, an unenviable notoriety, there were none, we believe, more harrowing—none so fully described, and certainly none so little known, as that of His Most Christian Majesty's sloop-of-war *La Renommée*, of which the full account in English appears now for the first time, being a translation from a narrative written by Father Crespel, one of the few surviving passengers.

La Renommée, a French sloop-of-war, of 14 guns, commanded by Captain de Treneuse, was stranded on the 14th Nov., 1736, on a ledge of flat rocks, scarcely a mile from shore, about eight leagues from the south point of Anticosti, at the entrance of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. On the 3rd of Nov., 1736, *La Renommée*, bound for Rochelle, France, and consigned to the King's Treasurers, Messrs. Pacaud, sailed from the port of Quebec, with a complement of 54 men. All went well until eleven days later, when the vessel, whilst standing over under a stiff breeze from the south, towards Anticosti, and in the act of wearing, suddenly touched ground and commenced to ship heavy seas. All was confusion on board. The gunner's mate, alone, had the presence of mind to rush below to the store-room and remove some biscuit and provisions, together with fire-arms—a barrel of powder—cartridges: these things were stowed in the jolly boat. A heavy sea, having struck the vessel, wrenched off the rudder, when the commander ordered one of the masts to be cut, which, in its fall, made the ship careen over. Cool and collected, in the midst of danger, Captain de Treneuse quietly gave orders to have the long boat hung to the davits. Twenty persons jumped in: as the last was entering one of the blocks gave way. Half of the inmates were precipitated in the sea—the rest clung to the sides of the boat, dangling in mid-air. Without moving a muscle the intrepid commander ordered the rear tackle to be let go, but as the boat straightened and touched the water two seas struck her. At last she shoved off.

One of the officers steered with a bad oar, and with a drenching rain passengers and crew made for the shore, where the ominous roar of breakers fell dismally on their ears. The boat, carried onward on the crest of a billow, was soon capsized and dashed on the iron-bound coast. The foresight of a sailor who jumped ashore, holding the painter, afforded the rest the means of dragging the craft out of the retreating billow. The sea had disgorged its prey, but the position of the shipwrecked mariners was not much improved. They were huddled on a kind of small island, which the high tides evidently submerged. To reach the main island itself they had to cross the Pavillion stream; this was high costing them their life.

Some hours later the jolly-boat, manned by six persons, re-joined them. The crew reported that Captain de Treneuse was still on board of *La Renommée*, with seventeen men, and that he refused to quit the ship.

One can imagine the prospects of those who had reached the shore—on the dreary island of Anticosti without fire or shelter of any kind, whilst those that had persisted in remaining on the deck of the doomed ship expected her to break up every instant. At midnight, the storm was at its height, all hope of surviving had vanished for them. At dawn it was found that *La Renommée*, being a new and staunch frigate, still held together. Not a moment was lost in making preparations to leave. Provisions, carpenters' tools, tar, an axe, and some canvass were deposited in one of the remaining boats; and Captain de Treneuse, with a heavy heart, rolled up the flag of his good ship, took it in the boat with him, and quitted, the last of all his companions, the quarter deck of the noble frigate.

The second night passed on the island was still more dreadful than the first. Two feet of snow had fallen, and without the shelter of the canvass all would have succumbed to the inclemency of the weather. There was no time, however, to despond. All set to work. The

mizzen-mast of the ship had drifted on shore. It was cut up to make a keel for the boat; the latter was carefully caulked and made seaworthy. Whilst a supply of fuel was obtained by some of the crew, the others did their best to melt snow. Active occupation was thought would deaden sorrow, but on any interruption taking place despair would again reappear. Six months' captivity awaited the ill-fated mariners on a dismal isle, until navigation should open on the ensuing spring. Their stores stood thus:—

Quebec ships homeward bound carried provisions for two months only. At the date of the shipwreck *La Renommée* had already been eleven days out. The salt water had destroyed a portion of her ships' stores, and even with the strictest economy, in doling out a scanty daily ration, there was barely enough for forty days' subsistence. With the arctic temperature of winter the floating ice forming round the ship was rapidly cutting her out from connecting with the shore. Snow was lying deep on the ground, and as a crowning evil fever set in. A final decision must be arrived at immediately. It was known that a party of French, that winter, intended to pass the season at Mingan, on the north shore, to be ready for the spring seal-fishing. To meet it, it was necessary to travel forty leagues over the sea shore before the north-west point of the island was reached, and then twelve leagues of open sea had to be crossed. Would it be better to divide into two groups, one of which would winter at Pavillion river, whilst the other would push for Mingan to secure assistance? In theory the proposition had much to recommend it. The trouble arose, when it came to a decision, as to who should go to Mingan, and who should remain behind. None would consent to remain. In this emergency Father Crespel resolved to seek counsel and succor from God.

On the 26th of Nov., he celebrated Mass. This over, twenty-four of the crew then would resign themselves to the divine will and winter at Pavillion river, no matter what the consequences might be. This was under the Gordian knot. All that night the missionary was engaged in hearing confessions. Next day, after leaving provisions for their forlorn companions and swearing on the Holy Evangelists to return as soon as possible to take them away, Captain de Treneuse, Father Crespel, and M. de Senneville, with thirty-eight followers, set off for the unknown shores of Mingan. The sense of a common danger having obliterated all distinctions of rank, a hearty and solemn greeting was exchanged all round. Alas! to many it was a final one! Two parties were formed by the commander.

This mode of travel was dreadful. By dint of tugging at the oars six to nine miles per day was the most they could achieve. The snow was their couch at night. A diminutive quantity of dry codfish, a few teaspoonsful of flour diluted with snow water, such was their evening meal.

A bright day was the 2nd December: a gentle breeze springing up, hope revisited their emaciated countenances, when, on attempting to double the south-west point of the island, the long boat, under sail, met with a heavy cross sea, and in wearing, the jolly-boat next to them was lost sight of. "Later on we found out," says Father Crespel, "what had happened it; it was swamped." Being forced to run for shelter, we at last succeeded in landing after infinite trouble. A large fire was lit on the beach to indicate, if possible, to the missing boat the spot where Captain de Treneuse's party in the long-boat were located. After gulping down a little of the flour mixture, we sank down weary to sleep amidst the snow. All slept until the roar of a terrible storm, which threw the long-boat on the shore, awoke us. We set to repairing the damage done to our craft; the delay had the good effect that we succeeded in capturing, in a trap set for the purpose, two foxes who were prowling in the neighborhood.

On the 7th December Captain de Treneuse was able to set out again, but with a heavy heart, having, despite all his researches, failed to obtain any tidings of the other boat. The craft had scarcely held her way for three hours, when another storm struck her. Not a harbor, not a creek to run into. This was one of our gloomiest nights—having to keep cruising, in the surf and floating ice, in a bay in which we could get no grapnel to hold. A landing was effected at dawn. The cold got so intense that the bay froze over, the boat ceased to be of any use. Further we could not go. The stores were landed; huts erected with spruce boughs, also a depot for provisions in such a position that none could have access to them without being seen by all. Rules were framed for their distribution. Four ounces of paste daily to each man, and two pounds of flour and two pounds of fox meat constituted the daily allowance for seventeen men.

Once a week a spoonful of peas varied the fare. "This," adds Father Crespel, "was our best meal." Bodily exercise became a necessity. Leger, Basile and Father Crespel used to go and cut branches for fuel; another party carried the wood to the huts, while the care of keeping the forest path beaten and open devolved on a third. In the midst of these associations treats were not wanting. Having no change of clothing vermin soon preyed on these unfortunates; the smoke in the huts and the whiteness of the snow brought on ophthalmia; while unwholesome food and snow water had engendered constipation and diabetes—but the energy of these hardy men failed them not.

On the 24th December Father Crespel succeeded in thawing some wine for sacred purposes. Christmas was at hand, and midnight mass was to be solemnized. It was celebrated without pomp—without church ornaments, in the largest

of the huts. A touching spectacle it must have presented. These forlorn castaways, amidst the solitude of Anticosti, waiting their tearful adoration to the helpless babe in the stable of Bethlehem.

New Year's Day, 1737, was marked by a terrible reverse. Foucault, sent at dawn to reconnoitre, came back with the appalling news that the ice had carried away the long-boat. For five days nothing was heard but sobs and wailings. All, then, was lost. The idea of death took possession of every one's mind; the idea of suicide was rapidly invading all their diseased brains. Father Crespel, during these dark hours, unceasingly held forth on the duties revealed by religion imposed—on the sufferings undergone by the Son of God to save mankind, beseeching his hearers to rely on divine mercy. The mass of the Holy Spirit was again solemnized on Epiphany Day, to call down on the deserted mariners strength from above—courage to accept the decrees of fate.

On the impulse of the moment, Foucault and Vaillant consented to go and search for the lost boat.

Their generous zeal met with its reward. Two hours later they returned with the news that, whilst looking round, they had come on an Indian wigwam and on two bark canoes, concealed under branches. They produced, in corroboration of their statement, an axe and the fat of a seal, taken from the wigwam.

This proved conclusively that the island was inhabited. Noisy demonstrations of joy replaced the deep set gloom. Next day another cheering incident was added. Two sailors, who had wandered from the rest, discovered the long-boat, stuck fast in a field of ice, and, in returning to camp, they had the inexpressible satisfaction to find on the shore a chest, containing wearing apparel; it had floated there. Their joy, however, was of brief duration. On the 23rd January, the master carpenter died suddenly. Distressing symptoms were manifesting themselves among the crew; every seaman's legs began to swell.

On the 16th February, an astounding blow, like a boomshell, fell in their midst. Captain de Treneuse's brave spirit, on the wings of prayer, was wafted heavenwards. Next, expired Jerome Bassevain, next, Girard; lastly, died the master-gunner, a Calvinist, whose recantation, Father Crespel says he received in due time. Religion claimed its rights, and dispensed around its soothing balm in those moments of anguish. Simple, indeed, was the burial. The dead were dragged out by their fellow-sufferers; snow piled over the livid remains close to the entrance of the hut. This was all their physical exhaustion permitted them to do. Even the elements seemed leagued against them. On the 6th of March a snow storm over-whelmed the hut of Father Crespel, who had to seek shelter in the sailors' hut. For three days raged the blinding storm, keeping their prisoners in the hut, without fire, without provisions. They had snow water to drink. Five more of the party succumbed to cold and want. The snow had completely covered over their hut, to them a species of living tomb. By their united efforts they forced open the door, emerged from the snow-drift and sought out provisions. The temperature outside was such that half an hour of exposure sufficed to freeze the hands and feet of Basile and Foucault; their comrades carried them back in their arms. Their sadly had resulted in procuring a little flour from the depot. After these three days of abstinence, it was so ravenously devoured that, at one time, death seemed likely to be the result for all.

Encouraged by the example of Basile and of Foucault, Leger, Finai and Father Crespel went to the woods to gather fuel. The scanty supply was exhausted before eight o'clock that night. The cold was so great that Vaillant, senior, was found next morning frozen stiff on his bed of spruce boughs. It was judged prudent to seek another shelter, Father Crespel's hut being smaller, might, when dug out of the deep snow, be more easily kept heated.

Nothing was more heart-rending to view than the dismal procession which took place on the removal to the small hut: the less broken down of the seamen loading on their shoulders Messrs. Senneville and Vaillant, jr., whose flesh was falling to pieces, whilst Le Vasseur, Basile and Foucault, whose limbs had been frozen, dragged themselves on their knees and elbows.

On the 17th March, their familiar, death, ended the sufferings of Basile, and on the 19th Foucault, who was youthful and athletic, closed his career after a frightful agony. The festering sores of the survivors were wrapped up and bandaged with the clothes taken from the dead bodies. Twelve days later, Messrs. de Senneville and Vaillant's feet dropped off, and their hands began to mortify; christian resignation at times made room for despair.

On the 1st April, Leger, whilst reconnoitering in the direction where the bark canoe had been found concealed, captured an Indian and his squaw, whom he escorted to the camp. These were the first human faces seen since they had left Pavillion river, and Father Crespel, versed in Indian dialects, explained the state of affairs of the pale-faces, urging them with tears to go and hunt for game for the party. The Indian solemnly promised. One, two, three days expired, and still no word of the Indians. Leger and Father Crespel dragged themselves as far as the wigwam, where they found to their utter consternation that one of the canoes had disappeared. Misfortune having sharpened their wits, the two walking skeletons harnessed themselves to the remaining canoe which they drew to their wig-

wam, fastening it securely to the door, so as to render the escape of the owner from the island impossible without visiting the wigwam.

Alas! no visitor came to them, except the dreaded and familiar visitor—death—which successively carried off Le Vasseur, Vaillant, jr., aged sixteen, and de Senneville, aged twenty years, son of a King's Lieutenant, at Montreal—who had in his youth been a page of Madame La Dauphine of France, and had served in the *Mousquetaires*.

Having no more sick to look after, Father Crespel re-assembled the survivors in council, when it was resolved to quit the deadly spot and to travel in a canoe. The frail craft in custody was accordingly repaired—smeared with fat—rude paddles were hewn in the woods, and the 21st of April fixed on as the day of departure.

Their commissariat consisted of the meat of a fox. It had been arranged that the piece alone of this meat, when boiled, was to be served out that day to the famished mariners, the meat itself being reserved for the morrow; but on the smell of the cookery reaching the olfactory nerves all ravenously attacked and eat the meat, which disappeared in a trice. "Instead of giving us strength this surfeit weakened us. We awoke," says Father Crespel, "next morning more debilitated, and what was worse without any food to fall back on."

Two days thus elapsed in hunger and despair; death was waited as a welcome deliverer; the famished men were repeating on the seashore the Litanies for the dead; when all at once was heard the report of fire-arms.

It was, adds Father Crespel, our friend the Indian who had returned to ascertain what had become of his canoe. At this juncture the unfortunates dragged themselves towards the Indian, uttering pitiful cries, but the savage chose to consider himself deaf to all their entreaties, and shortly took to his heels. Father Crespel and Leger, though insufficiently shod, under the sting of this new desertion, decided to give chase—crossed over Becou (shell-drake) river, and managed closing on the fugitive, whose flight was retarded by the weight of a seven-years child slung to his shoulders. The savage, to make safe his escape, pointed out to them a spot in the woods, where, he said, he had stowed away a quarter of bear's meat, half cooked. All that night was passed mutually watching one another. Next day Father Crespel intimated to the Indian to conduct him to the Indian encampment. The seven-years old Indian lad was detained as a hostage, and placed on a sledge. Leger and Father Crespel yoked themselves to it, whilst the big savage walked before as their guide. After journeying on for three miles, the party struck on the sea, and as this seemed the safest route, it was decided to go by water. The canoe could only contain three persons: Father Crespel, the Indian and his child. Loud were the lamentations when the missionary got into the canoe, after beseeching his companions to follow on foot along the shore.

On the evening of that day the savage induced Father Crespel to land and make a fire, to which the Father acceded the more readily that the wind was high, but having ascended a hummock of ice to look round, the red skin took occasion of the kind father having his back turned to fly into the woods with his child. Nothing now remained for Father Crespel to complete this chain of disaster but death. Deserted by all around, the brave missionary leaned on the barrel of his gun, poured out his sorrows to God, and, as he says, recited the verses of the Book of Job. Whilst thus engaged he was joined by Leger, who, with eyes swimming in tears, informed him that his comrade Furst had fainted and fallen down on the snow some distance away, and that he had been compelled to leave him to his fate. At that instant a gun-shot rent the air, in the direction of an opening in the forest. Leger, still buoyed up with hope, pressed Father Crespel to follow him. When in the act of entering the wood, a second gun report was heard. Instead of firing off their own muskets in reply, the Frenchmen advanced silently in the direction from whence came the sound, when soon they hit on a clearing, in the centre of which stood the hut of an Indian chief, with smoke issuing therefrom. The chief greeted them with kind words, explaining to them that the singular conduct of the Indian guide in running away from them was the effect of fear of the scurvy, small-pox, and "bad air."

But where was poor Furst! The missionary tempted the Indian by an offer of his gun if he would go and fetch his missing comrade. It was all in vain. Furst spent the night lying on the snow, where God alone protected him from the intense cold; "as for us," says Father Crespel, "though under the shelter of our hut, we suffered intolerably from the temperature, and it was only on the morrow, when we were starting to meet Furst, that he returned to us."

Two days more were allowed for recruiting, and mindful of the solemn pledge given to return with help from those who had remained at Pavillion River, they embarked on the 1st May for Mingan. Father Crespel reached there in advance of the others, having exchanged from the boat to a light canoe, which alone he paddled the space of six leagues. M. Volant, the head of the Mingan post, received his French compatriots with considerate kindness. Not a moment was lost to hurry on relief to the survivors of *La Renommée*. A large, well-equipped, and amply provisioned boat, under the guidance of Mr. Volant, shoved off, bearing also Father Crespel, Furst, and Leger.

On the craft nearing the Pavillion river, a volley was fired by the crew; instantly from

the woods emerged four men, in appearance more like savages; they knelt on the shore extending their suppliant hands towards the boat. The tenderest care was taken of these walking skeletons. During the absence of Father Crespel and party, these unfortunates had undergone incredible sufferings. Exposure, hunger, gangrene had successfully decimated their numbers. Finally they had to face starvation, after every expedient had been resorted to. The shoes of the dead were boiled in snow water and then roasted on embers for food; last of all, the fur breeches they had worn were boiled and eaten; a single pair remained when Mr. Volant arrived.

Thus reduced, the greatest caution was necessary to bring them round. Strictest orders were given to regulate sparingly the supply of food for these exhausted stomachs. For all that, a native of Brittany named Tenguay, died suddenly, whilst being helped to a glass of brandy, and sudden joy produced insanity on another named Touvillet. As for two of their comrades Baudet and Bonau, both natives of *Il de Rhe*, their bodies began to smell. Mr. Volant's boat was changed into an hospital, whilst those on shore set to digging graves for the twenty-one corpses, which encircled the spot where the first detachment of the crew of the French frigate had wintered. A modest cross was raised to mark the place where these human beings had suffered and resignedly closed their eyes in death. The boat then put out to sea, hugging the shore and watching closely for any traces of the small party who had entrusted their fortunes to the jolly boat. A few leagues from the spot where now stands the light house, lately kept by Mr. Ed. Pope, Mr. Volant now discovered two dead bodies on the strand, close by, the fragments of a small boat. These were the only remaining traces of the thirteen men who had striven in the jolly boat to keep company with Captain de Trepense and the long-boat until they were lost sight of, on doubling, in a heavy sea, the south-west point of Anticosti on the 2nd December, 1736.

The much respected gentleman died at Anticosti, aged 82 years, on the 26th July, 1877.

(To be continued.)

KINGSTON. ADIEU!

"SOME GRAPES."

Silently, sorrowfully, with feelings almost akin to horror, I reluctantly turn from contemplating the beautiful in nature to meditate over some of the terrible realities of life. I have not to speak of a couple of Institutions which I purposely postponed visiting until the last. No matter how much I tried to forget them, the recollection of their existence haunted me, and the grim spectacle cast a shadow about me like a funeral pall. At last the day arrived. Curiosity captured sentimentality, and, wrestling with a train of thought that was new to me, and brooding over Alexander Pope's reflection, "Whatever is, is right" I braced myself up and slowly wended my way to the Provincial Penitentiary, and Rockwood Asylum.

The Penitentiary is located on the lake shore, about two miles from the centre of the city. The great dome towering suggestively above the main building, can be seen afar off and I cannot say that it awakens any particularly pleasant reflections.

The whole of the large block of ground is surrounded by an immense, quadrangular wall, upon each corner of which is perched a strong tower. These towers have numerous embrasures, from which the guards have an uninterrupted range of both the interior and exterior.

The first glimpses of this terrible looking wall appalls the heart and one feels a shudder creeping over him, but the feeling is somewhat allayed, upon nearer approach, by the beautiful architectural effect of the principal entrance. The lofty Tuscan columns which support the entablature are of handsome proportions, and the whole has a strikingly pleasing effect.

Gaining admittance through the huge iron doors, I proceed over a nicely graveled walk with tastefully arranged flower plots on either side, down a slight incline which leads to the entrance to the main building, in which is the office of the Warden. From here I am conducted through the long corridors and into the various wards and departments. The prison for females is in a separate portion of the building and has its own dining room—with its array of orthodox tin cups—its own kitchen and its own laundry. In an other part are ranged the long lines of little cells, in which these unhappy women are locked up at night, and still farther on is the female workroom. All these apartments are connected by stone passages and iron doors, with bolts and bars. The inmates are all busy at some kind of employment and many of them turn their faces away as we pass along. Dozens of them are moving silently about and some of them look back at us with an eagerness, which seems to say "I, too, was once free."

Old, middle aged, and young. Mothers, sisters, daughters. Imprisoned! Horrible contemplation.

That one, over there by the window, as well as a few others, must remain in here for the rest of their lives. They can never, never again set foot outside of those prison walls. If that young woman at the sewing machine, lives for twenty years, she will have purchased the privilege of going back into the accursed world which sent her here. That young girl sitting at the table, with her head bent low down over

her sewing, will be free at the expiration of ten years, and several of those at the other end of the room will be at liberty to wander about the streets again at the end of five years. And so runs the record. All of them were young and innocent once; perhaps some of them were the light and hope of some happy home, and when they were little prattling things, chasing butterflies amongst the flowers, who could have looked upon them and foretold the misery which they were to fall heir to? Why are they here? Why are they not out in the happy world like other peoples' daughters?

The portion of the prison for men is of much greater proportions. The arrangements and apartments are similar, but on a much larger scale. In a wing of the building is a chapel, a school room and a library. Gangs of convicts, in their prison garb, are engaged everywhere in keeping the whole of the immense place scrupulously neat and clean.

Close around the main building are located the various workshops in which great gangs are systematically at work. Their labour is not sweetened by the hope of reward. They toil on silently, hopelessly, day after day, year after year, and many of them cannot look forward to liberty—cannot expect one single instant of freedom—until they pass through the valley of the shadow of death.

Some of them are paying the penalty of the blackest of crimes; crimes which could be committed only by a heart hardened by long years of vice, yet, others bear unmistakable evidence that they are here through the committal of a deed which would have remained undone had it not been for the influence of bad company.

They do not look like criminals; some of them appear careless and indifferent, but this imprisonment has driven others mad. There is something about that tall young fellow, who is looking steadily at us, which seems to say "I am not guilty."

The most of them, however, have wicked and vicious hearts, and these unfortunates, unconsciously perhaps, boldly flaunt their colors at the mast head.

I turn away from this prison with a heart all frozen up, and, as the iron doors creak on their hinges behind me, I cannot refrain from wondering if even an "exaggerated appreciation of the influence of the religious principle on the conduct of human affairs" might not have kept some of those cells vacant.

A short distance farther up the road is located the Rockwood Lunatic Asylum. This is also an extensive institution and is beautifully situated on the lake shore. It appears to be arranged and conducted so as to afford the greatest possible comfort to the unfortunate ones confined within its walls. The system of treatment adopted is the most humane. The building is spacious, well lighted and ventilated. I was kindly shown over the various apartments and spent considerable time among some of the patients. Some of them are very talkative, while others are enwrapped in the most profound melancholy, and no trace of a smile ever lights up the vacant countenance. Walking slowly through the corridor, in the female department, quietly observing without staring, my attention was attracted by an elderly woman approaching from the lower end. She addressed me in a kind of ceremonious manner and I was not long in discovering that she believed herself to be no other than Queen Victoria. She was impressed with the idea that I, myself, was *Lord* somebody and had come to pay her an official visit. On her head was a curious kind of an old bonnet which was literally covered with brass buttons, and buckles and bits of tin, each of which, in her eyes, was a jewel of priceless value. All these trinkets have been brought to her, from time to time, by kind hearted visitors. Thus, the desire seems to be to humor the patients and thereby win them from unnecessary suffering.

The cool air of the lake is forced into the building by noiseless machinery, and the beautiful sun light streams in at the windows, but neither of these can be appreciated by the unfortunate people, for the chambers of the soul are shut and the mind is a blank.

A tour through the Penitentiary makes one unhappy, but a visit to this asylum makes one miserable. Poor human nature. I have beheld it to-day as I never saw it before. I have seen human suffering and misery depicted in pictures, but to-day I have beheld it in all its awful reality. I turn away, asking myself what does it all mean? What great end is it all intended to fulfil? I go back bewildered, overwhelmed, at the Divine scheme of creation, and try to console myself with the reflection that "it takes all kinds of people to make a world" and if the world had been perfect, then it could not have had a Redeemer.

I have said adieu to Kingston, and am now off for Hamilton. When you hear from me again, I trust I may have regained my usual cheerfulness. Meantime, adieu.

QUIP HAWTHORN.

HEARTH AND HOME.

WORKING TO A PLAN.—A great many persons wonder why they have so little to show for their time and their labour, and how it is that some people can manage to get so much done. The secret, if there is any secret, lies in the fact that those who accomplish a great deal, work according to a well-defined and uniform plan.

SOURCE OF CHEERFULNESS.—No man's spirits were ever hurt by doing his duty. On the con-

trary, one good action, one good word, one temptation resisted and overcome, one sacrifice of desire or interest, purely for conscience sake, will prove a cordial for weak and low spirits beyond what either indulgence, or diversion, or company can do for them.

"GET YOUR COAT ACCORDING TO YOUR CLOTH."—This proverb contains good advice to people of several ranks and degrees, to balance accounts between their expenses and their income (or, as a wag once expressed it, "between their income and their out-go,") and not to let their vanity lead them, as we say, to outrun the constable.

THE TRUE HISTORY OF THE WORLD.—The history of the world is made of battles, conquests, the accessions and the deaths of kings, the doings of statesmen, and the tricks of law. This makes the vulgar story of the external world. Its deeper history is of the hearts, even of its lowest dwellers—of the ennobling impulses that swell them—of the unconquerable spirit of meekness which looks calmly upon terror, and turns every agony to patience.

MONEY.—It may be said that money cannot make love or win love. No; but is there anything in this world that wants money so much as love? It may be said to be extravagant to say that money stands at the door of every single taste, of every intellectual tendency, of every moral sentiment, and of every social feeling, however exquisite and pure and exalted, and has a relation to it; but it is a fact—for, although money, directly, in and of itself, will not satisfy the desires which men feel, it does control time and opportunity, which feed and satisfy those desires. So that there is no other one thing to which every man responds so quickly.

RUSSIAN PROVERBS.—When sovereignty is divided it is very soon destroyed. Make presents to your judges; you will gain all you ask. To God glory; to the priest the candle. When the patriarch is starved, he steals like any other man. The trainer remains sound while the horse dies. His right arm is often a man's worst enemy. Misfortune engenders misfortune, and you escape the wolf only to be devoured by the bear. Beware of a tamed wolf, a baptized Jew, and a reconciled enemy. The robber does not always steal, but it is as well to be on the lookout for him. The rich man in battle shields his face, but the poor man takes care of his clothes. The old man repents of that of which the young man boasts. If you give a shirt to a beggar, he will complain that the linen is too coarse. Measure ten times and cut once. The smallest needles are the sharpest prickers. Do not eat cherries with your superiors—they will blind you with the stones.

SLEEP AS A MEDICINE.—A physician says that the cry for rest has always been louder than the cry for food. Not that it is more important, but it is often harder to obtain. The best rest comes from sound sleep. Of two men or women, otherwise equal, the one who sleeps the best will be the most healthy and efficient. Sleep will do much to cure irritability of temper, peevishness and uneasiness. It will restore vigour to an overworked brain. It will build up and make strong a weak body. It will cure a headache. It will cure a broken spirit. It will cure a sorrow. Indeed, we may make a long list of nervous and other maladies that sleep will cure. The cure of sleeplessness requires a clean, good bed, sufficient exercise to promote weariness, pleasant occupation, good air, and not too warm a room; a clear conscience, and avoidance of stimulants and narcotics. For those who are overworked, haggard, nervous, who pass sleepless nights, we commend the adoption of such habits as will secure sleep; otherwise life will be short, and what there is of it sadly imperfect.

DON'T GAMBLE.—A confirmed gambler is the slave of a passion which he cannot conquer. He will give up all that other men hold dear rather than the fatal amusement which is his ruin. A man in a certain city who married a superior woman had become addicted to play. He had a hundred thousand dollars on hand when he was urged by a friend, who took an interest in his welfare, to forsake his evil ways, take this sum of money and go to Italy, where, upon the interest of it, he could support his family and educate his children. Some time after this conversation the parties met. Said the gambler, "I have been thinking over what you said, and I cannot do it. I cannot give up the passion for play." He could no longer govern himself—he was a slave to gambling. The victims of this terrible habit are more numerous than is generally supposed. They abound in all occupations, and in all ranks of life. They enjoy, briefly, an intense, maddening excitement at the cost of all that is noble in manhood, and their hours of sunshine are followed by days and years of bitterness and grief. Young man, beware! Shun temptation, lest yours be the gambler's doom.

OUR DAUGHTERS.—Let us teach them to be useful in all directions. Give them a thorough education. Teach them to cook a nourishing meal. Teach them to wash, iron, darn stockings, sew on buttons, to make their own clothes, and a well-fitting shirt. Teach them to bake bread, and to understand that a good cook takes much off the apothecary's bill. Teach them that only those economize who spend less than they receive, and that all those who spend more must become poor. Teach them that a calico dress, paid for, dresses one better than a silk one with debts. Teach them that one round, full face is worth more than fifty consumptive-looking

beauties. Teach them to wear good strong shoes. Teach them to make purchases and to examine the accounts. Teach them that an honest mechanic, with health and strength, is worth a dozen effeminate, exquisite, not over honourable loafers. Teach them to despise mere show. Teach them that happiness in married life depends neither upon the department of the man, nor upon his wealth, but on his religious sense and good character. If you have thoroughly impressed them with the importance of all this, and they understand it, then let them, when the time for matrimony has come, courageously marry. If they have profited by your teachings, you need have no fears for their future.

BURLESQUE.

A CLEAR HEADED GIRL.—"What kind of house will we play?" asked one little girl of another. "Oh, play calling," replied the other. "Mary, here, she can be Mrs. Brown and sit on the step, and me and Julia will call on her and ask her how she is, and how her husband is, and if the baby's got over the measles, and tell her how nice she looks in her new wrapper, and hope it won't hurt her much when she has that tooth filled. And then we'll say, 'Good-bye, Mrs. Brown, come and see us some time or other, and bring the children and your sewing; and you're such a stranger, and we don't see half enough of you.' And then me and Julia we'll courtsey and walk off a piece, and I'll say to Julia, 'Did you ever see such a horrid old fright as she looks in that wrapper?' And then Julia she'll say, 'The idea of any body having false teeth filled!' And then I'll say, 'Yes, and what a homely lot of dirty little brats them young ones of her'n is.' Let's play it; what do you say?"

WHAT IS A SQUARE MEAL.—Among the prisoners arraigned at the Tombs Police Court the other day for intoxication was a rough looking man, whose general appearance betokened a hard struggle with poverty. He gave the name of Eugene Hull, and stated that he was employed as a man of all work in a plumber's shop at the munificent salary of \$2.50 per week. The night previously his employer had only given him \$1.50 as his week's wages, and he felt so grieved about it that he indulged in too much whiskey, and was found intoxicated by the officer.

"Why didn't he give you your full week's wages?" asked Judge Duffy.

"I suppose it was to make sure that I would come to work on Monday. That's all the reason I know," said the prisoner.

"And is \$2.50 all you make during the week?" asked the magistrate.

The prisoner replied in the affirmative.

"How do you manage to live on that sum?" asked the Court.

"Well, Judge, I make out pretty fair. I don't have a luxurious bed to sleep in, to be sure. A woodpile often answers for one, but a fellow can live pretty good on pork an' beans, an' wash an' such things. Now, I know lots of places where a fellow can get a good square meal for thirteen cents."

"What do you call a good square meal?"

"Well, there's coffee and rolls five cents, and beefsteak eight cents, all anybody wants to eat. Sometimes when I feel richer than usual I add three cents more for a piece of pie for deezart."

The manner of the prisoner touched the Judge. Handing him a silver half dollar he said:—

"There I discharge you, with the warning not to drink any more. Now go and get a good square meal for this money."

"What, with all this money?" asked the prisoner, looking astonished.

"Certainly; buy fifty cents worth of food."

"Why, Judge, you don't mean that, do you? No man can eat fifty cents' worth at one meal. Why, for twenty-three cents I can get a regular 'buster.'"

The earnestness of the prisoner's language caused much laughter. He left the court room still doubtful of his ability to eat fifty cents' worth of food at one meal.

LITERARY.

It is proposed to celebrate the centenary of Tom Moore in 1879.

SOME admiring critic says that the pictures of William Black, the novelist, unite the gorgeous hues of Turner with the details of Creswick and Wilkie.

MR. GLADSTONE is said to be engaged on a new work, the subject of which is Irish aspirations and the possibility of Home Rule.

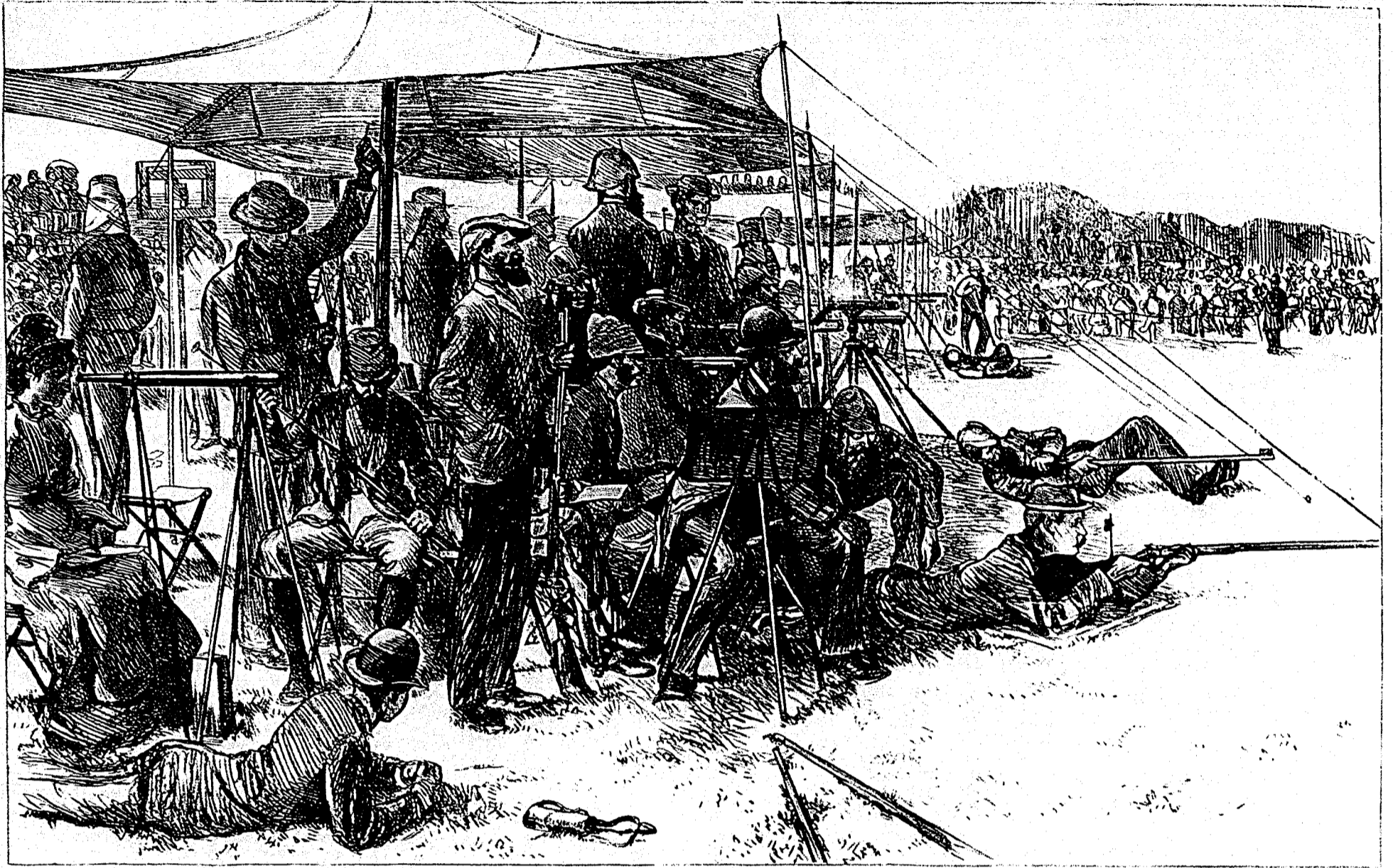
THE first volume of "A New Testament Commentary for English Readers," edited by the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, will be published this autumn.

ACCORDING to W. W. Story, John Lathrop Motley had eyes flashing with summer lightning, dark locks clustering thickly about his brow, proud, quick gestures, and a sudden laugh.

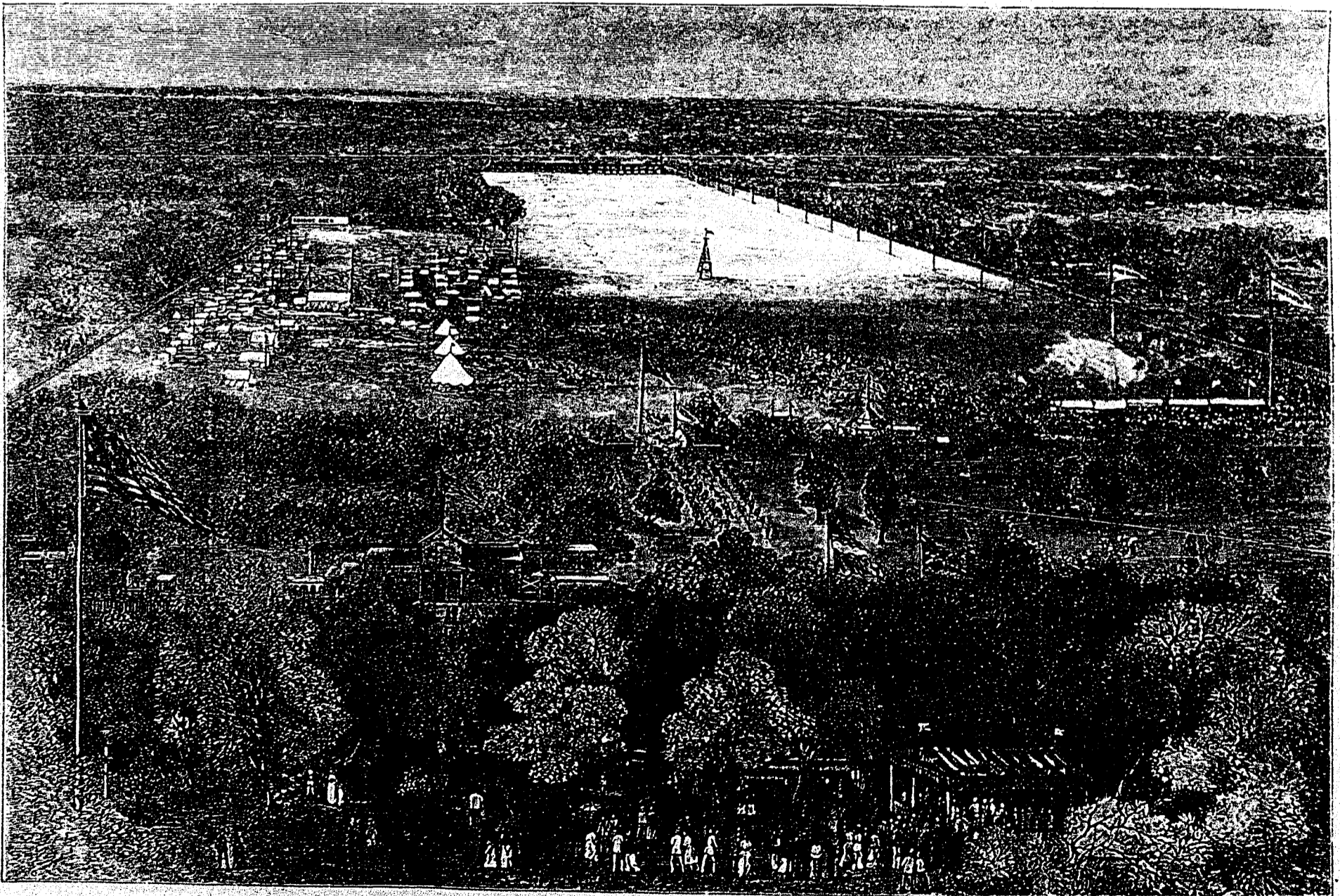
THE will of Mr. Samuel Warren, the author of *Ten Thousand a Year*, was sworn under £12,000. The manuscript of that celebrated novel he leaves to his eldest son, to be kept as an heirloom as long as possible.

PHYSICAL TRAINING.—We learn that Barnjum's well known Gymnasium at 19 University street will open for the season on the 1st October. The systematic training and thorough development of the pupils of this establishment is proverbial and the announcement will be hailed with much pleasure by its old patrons, and a host of new ones eager to avail themselves of its advantages. Full particulars to be had at the above address.

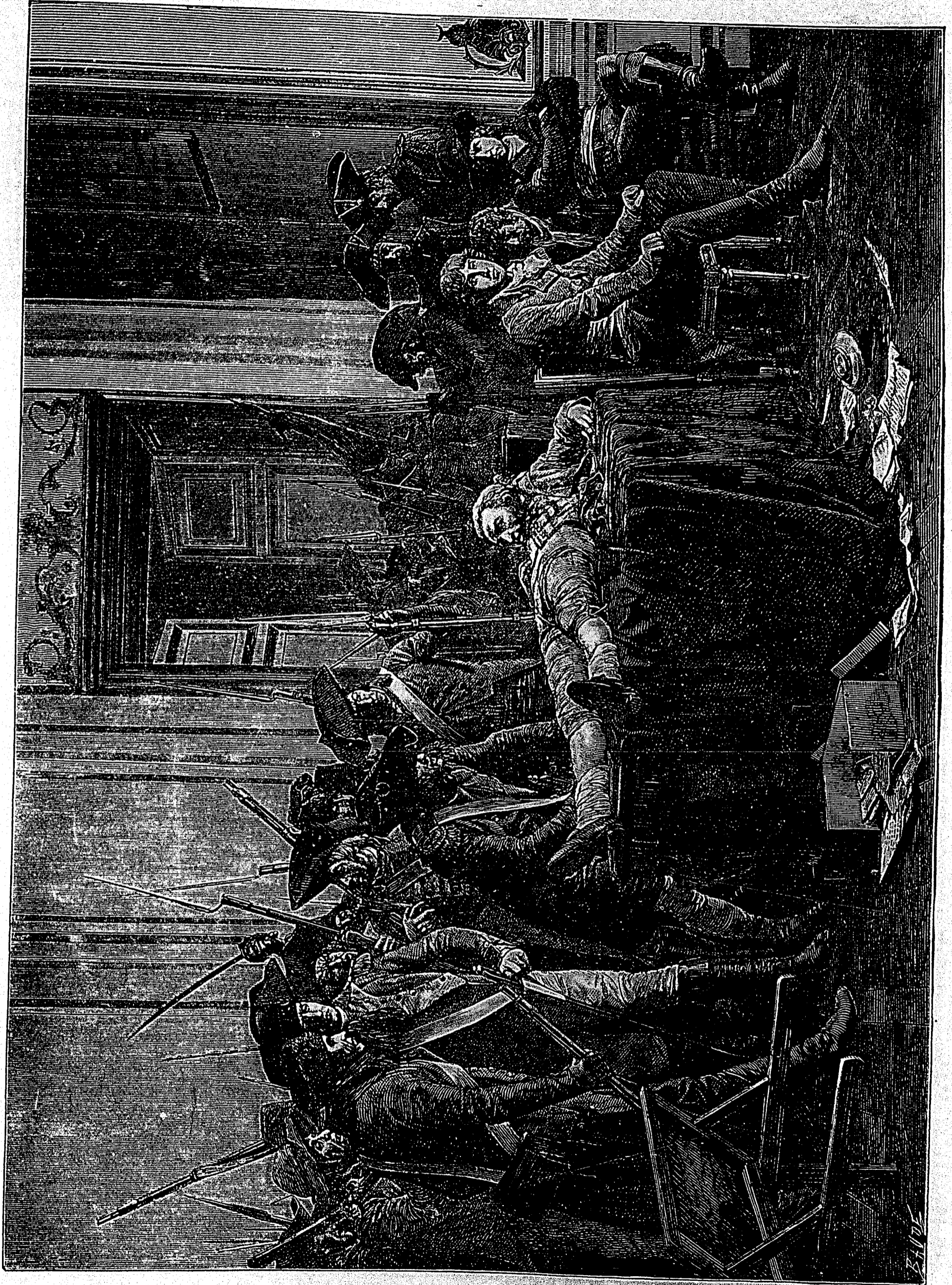
CREEDMOOR.



SCENES AT THE FIRING.



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE GROUNDS.



DEATH OF ROBESPIERRE.—FROM A PAINTING IN THE LAST SALON.

THE LIVING AGE.

This is the poet's age of light. The age of kingly born desire: When thought like eagles, soaring higher, Breaks through the barriers of the night. This is the poet's age supreme, The age of life's ineffable sway. Whose splendour is no idle dream, Nor crumbling image of decay.

GEO. EDGAR NORTON-GOMERY.

THE GOLD OF CHICKAREE.

SUSAN and ANNA WARNER. AUTHORS OF "WIDE, WIDE WORLD," and "DOLLARS AND CENTS," "WYCH HAZEL," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)

THE LOSS OF POWER.

Perhaps it was well, however (for a young lady of her wayward moods and tempers), that the next thing she had to do was to jump up and receive Dr. Arthur, who had come by appointment to dine at Chickaree. Dinner followed presently, and thus hostess' cares and responsibilities for a time took the first place. But so grave a young hostess at the head of that table was a new thing. She did not forget one of her smallest gracious duties and offices; and she talked at least as much as sometimes; but her face kept its soberness. The eyes did not flash and the lips did not curl. Dr. Arthur gave her a keen glance once or twice, at first; but finding a certain complement to all this in the face at the foot of the table, he turned at least his outward attention to other matters. "Charteris takes it hard that you intend to keep running, Dane," he said. "Some other people find it hard that he don't."

of those hundreds of families. And I half forgot for a moment that the Lord thinks of them too. I believe he will take care." "Would you like to know how?" said Wych Hazel. The tone was indescribably sweet, but the eyes had gone down before this. "Would I like it?" said Dane watching her. "Yes! I am afraid I am foolish enough still to like to know that, if I could. But I believe it anyhow, Hazel." "Governor Powder sold the land to me." "To you?" said Dane in great amazement. "What did you buy it for?" "I thought it was well it should be bought," said Hazel demurely. "When did you do that?" "A good while ago. Before the sickness in the Hollow." She got another look, if she could see it, which it was also worth while to get. After which Dane remarked seditately. "I am curious to know how Mr. Falkirk liked that investment." "Mr. Falkirk never knew. It is a great comfort sometimes," she went on, the loveliest roses waking up now all over her face, "to have a little independent power. And to be able to act without one's guardians. Mr. Falkirk was not consulted,—any more than Mr. Rollo." Rollo's lips twitched and curved, but on the whole he maintained a decorous composure. "We don't know our privileges, Arthur," he remarked. "No," said his friend concisely. "How ever in the world came Governor Powder to let the lady have the land? Why he has refused half the county?" "I do not know," said Wych Hazel. "I think I made him." Listening to her, looking at her, Dr. Arthur thought that likely. "And did he tell you that Charteris wanted it?" he said. "O yes,—and that, perhaps, Mr. Rollo might."

"Just as much time as you choose!" he answered. "I must go to New York the day after Christmas,—that is, Friday; but the times that concern you are in your own hands. I was going to write you a note to-morrow, to ask you about it. Supposing that you go with me, we must be married either Friday morning, before we set out; or Christmas evening. I must be all Christmas day busy in the Hollow; but I could be here by five o'clock. What would you like best?" "Hard to say!" "The Marylands were coming here to spend Christmas," said Hazel,—and they are so pleased—I do not like to forbid them. So it cannot be Thursday. How early Friday?" "Six miles to drive to the station, and must take the morning train. It's not quite an 'owl train'—but comes along, I believe, by eight o'clock. Why Hazel, if the Marylands will be here Christmas, that will just fit." "Fit Friday. You could reach the train in time still, could you not?" she said timidly. It was dreadful to mix herself up with other people's business in this way! "It shall be as you like, Hazel. It would be a little sharp work, to drive Dr. Maryland over here in the morning, time enough for breakfast and for the other drive afterwards. The words to be said, that you dread so much, I suppose will take very few minutes; but they must have a few. I could drive all night contentedly, with them in prospect; but it is something different for him." Dr. Maryland—Yes, Hazel saw that at a glance. She had left him quite out of her calculations. It must be Christmas. "Then will you tell them they cannot come?" she said. "Only do not say why. Do not tell anybody that, till the last minute." "Tell them not to come! Why no, you do not mean that! Will you forbid Prim and Arthur to be with us?" "I am forgetting everything but myself," said the girl with a gesture of impatience. Of course,—they were in effect his brother and sister. And she could not be so discourteous as to bid them dine at home. "But you will not tell them, beforehand?" she said eagerly. "Not a word!" he said smiling. "But when shall we have the thing done? before dinner, or after?" "After. You know," said Hazel, explaining her strange request, "there is nobody in the world who loves me much, to say words or send tokens,—and I could not bear them from other people. You may tell Dr. Arthur—if you must tell somebody."

her conclusions. Not for many contingencies would Miss Wych have a fit of the nerves like this. "So!" she said soothingly, laying her hand on the restless curls. "Is that it! I thought there wouldn't be much waiting now!" Which brought such a sudden start and twist, that Mrs. Bywank smiled to herself and knew she was right. "And when is it to be, Miss Wych?" "When I have breathed twice and turned round three times." "My dear!" remonstrated Mrs. Bywank. "I am sure!" "You are sure of nothing!" said the girl quickly. "And I am not. Not sure of myself. Not sure of anybody or anything." "Except Mr. Rollo," said the old housekeeper quietly; smiling softly then at the success of her spell, for Hazel was silent. "But that is the great point. And as I was saying, Miss Wych, I am sure I am glad; for I have been worried to death about you." "You ought to be worried to death about me now," said Wych Hazel. "I am worried to death about myself." "Yes!" said the old housekeeper fondly, curling the dark hair round her fingers. "Are you, my dear! What about, Miss Wych?" "How can it go right, or be right, when it is all disagreeable?" said the girl. "It ought to be pleasant—and it isn't!" "It's all new, just now, my dear." "Never to be free again!" said Hazel. "Never to have my own way or do as I please?" "Ah," said Mrs. Bywank, "that was Fate's fault! But with a man like Mr. Rollo, Miss Wych, it will be your own if it gives you much trouble." (To be continued.)

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MADAME PATRI is living in seclusion in Brittany. The "Pilgrim's Progress" has been dramatized. RICHARD WAGNER is now living at Heidelberg. THE new Court Theatre at Dresden bids fair almost to rival the Paris Opera House in the magnificence of its decorations. MADAME TITIENS has so far recovered that she could be taken to London recently. Her condition is said to be much improved. A GREAT violinist is reported to have said: "If I stop practicing for one day, I notice it in my playing; if I stop two days, my friends notice it; if I stop three days, the public notices it." AERGO BOTTO, composer of the opera "Méphistophélès," which has lately gone the rounds of the Italian theatres with considerable success, has been decorated by King Victor Emmanuel. THE musical commission of the Paris Exhibition have decided to invite the foreign commissions to choose their own musical representatives, and it is expected that England will send either Sir J. Bennett or Mr. Charles Hallé; Belgium, M. Gravert; Austria, Liszt; Italy, Verdi; and Russia, Rimsky-Korsakoff. M. AMERISE THOMAS, not finding repose enough at Argentinou, has taken refuge at Saint-Gilles, Brittany, where he is at work on his opera, "Fragments de Rimini." THE public, always curious to know what goes on behind the scenes in a theatre, will have an opportunity of studying from models which will be shown at the Exhibition, fitted with all the modern mechanical appliances without which it would be impossible to produce the elaborate scenic effects of to-day. The idea is due to M. Stutter, Librarian of the Academy of Music.

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OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged. All communications intended for this department should be addressed Chess Editor, Office of CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal. TO CORRESPONDENTS. J. W. S., Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 140 received. Correct. The games kindly sent shall be published as opportunities present themselves. J. H., Montreal.—Many thanks for the games enclosed in letter. They shall appear in due course. Student, Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 140 received. Correct. W. A., Quebec.—Letter received. An answer will be sent by post. W. H., Montreal.—A Black Pawn should appear at Black's K B 3 in Problem No. 140. We are most anxious to call the attention of the Chess players of the Dominion to the following notice of Mr. Bird's new work on Chess. All who recollect Mr. Bird's visit to our city, and the genial manner in which he invited those who gathered around him at the Montreal Chess Club to take part in the contests which he was then carrying on, will be glad to have a souvenir of the talented player, independent of the value of the book as a guide to the study of the noble game.

THE CHESS OPENING—CRITICALLY AND PRACTICALLY CONSIDERED—BY H. E. BIRD.—The above is the title of a chess work that will be issued from the press about the end of this month. Mr. Bird is so well known as one of the best players living, that such a book from his hands, all must agree, will be invaluable. He has made Chess the passion of his life, and thoroughly understands the game theoretically and practically. He deserves success in his new venture, and the publishing of a chess work is always a doubtful venture, and chess players should assure the success of Mr. Bird's volume, not only because of its merit, but also by reason of its popular price, one dollar. All Chess players should have it. Many have written us asking the name of a book on the openings from which to study. We think we can conscientiously recommend this work from Mr. Bird's pen. It is dedicated to the Montreal Chess Club, which subscribed for fifty copies.

Address H. E. BIRD,
Congress Hall Hotel,
Chatham Square, N. Y. City.

It appears that several of the games in the International Match are making fair progress; some having reached the 14th or 15th move.

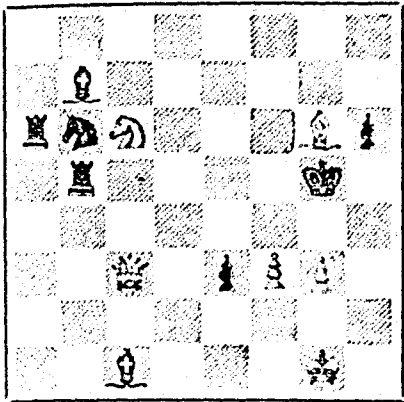
The games between Mr. Gossip and Mr. Gilbert, which, from the fact that the players are so well known in Chess circles, are exciting much attention, have reached about the 12th move in all four games.

The Quebec Tourney is near its completion, and the full score we hope to be able to present to our readers next week. One or two games have yet to be contested, and these will terminate the 9th Annual Congress of the Dominion Chess Association.

We should like to make some remarks on the interest shown by Canadian players in Chess as exhibited by the attendance of competitors at the place of meeting this year, but must reserve them till the final results shall be made public.

A Black Pawn should appear at Black's K B 3 in Problem No. 141.

PROBLEM No. 141.
By G. C. HEYWOOD.
BLACK.



WHITE
Wants to play and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN CANADA.
GAME 20576

Played between Messrs. Howe and Shaw, at the Sixth Annual Congress of the Dominion Chess Association, held at Quebec, 28th August, 1877.

(Ray Lopez)

- | | |
|--------------------------|------------------------|
| WHITE—(Dr. Howe.) | BLACK—(Mr. J. Shaw.) |
| 1. P to K 4 | 1. P to K 4 |
| 2. K to K B 3 | 2. K to Q B 3 |
| 3. B to K 5 | 3. P to Q R 3 |
| 4. B to R 4 | 4. P to Q 3 |
| 5. P to K R 3 | 5. K to K B 4 |
| 6. P to Q 3 | 6. P to K R 3 |
| 7. Castles | 7. B to K 2 |
| 8. K to R 2 | 8. P to K B 4 |
| 9. P to K B 4 | 9. B takes P |
| 10. B takes P | 10. K to K R 2 |
| 11. P to Q B 3 | 11. B to K 4 |
| 12. P to Q 4 | 12. Q to K 2 |
| 13. K to Q 2 | 13. B takes K R P |
| 14. P takes B | 14. P to Q K 3 |
| 15. B to B 2 | 15. B takes B |
| 16. B takes B | 16. K to K 4 (ch) |
| 17. Q to K K 4 | 17. P to K R 4 |
| 18. Q to K 2 | 18. Castles (Q R) |
| 19. Q R to K B 4 | 19. P to B 2 |
| 20. B to B 4 to B 2 (ch) | 20. Q to Q 2 |
| 21. P to K 5 | 21. K takes P (ch) |
| 22. Q takes K | 22. Q takes B |
| 23. B takes K | 23. Q takes B |
| 24. B takes Q | 24. P takes P |
| 25. K to K 3 | 25. P takes P |
| 26. K takes P | 26. K takes K |
| 27. P takes K | 27. B takes P (ch) |
| 28. B to B 4 to B 2 | 28. R to Q 3 |
| 29. K to B 4 | 29. R to K 4 |
| 30. K to K 3 | 30. P to R 5 |
| 31. B to R 5 | 31. R (K 3) to K 5 |
| 32. R takes R | 32. R takes B |
| 33. K to B 5 | 33. P to R 2 |
| 34. B to K 2 | 34. P to K 4 |
| 35. B to K 6 | 35. R to Q 2 (ch) |
| 36. R to K 2 | 36. P to K 2 |
| 37. K to K 7 | 37. K to K 5 |
| 38. K to R 2 | 38. R to Q 6 |
| 39. K to Q B 3 | 39. R to B 6 |
| 40. K to Q 4 | 40. R to R 6 (ch) |
| 41. K to K 2 | 41. R to K 6 (ch) (ch) |
| 42. K to R 2 | 42. R to Q 6 |
| 43. K to K B 5 | 43. R to K B 6 |
| 44. K to Q 4 | 44. R to Q 6 |
| 45. K to K B 5 | 45. P to R 4 |
| 46. K to K 2 | 46. P checks |
| 47. K to R 2 | 47. R to K R 6 |
| 48. K to Q 4 | 48. P to Q 6 |
| 49. K takes P | 49. P to K B 4 |
| 50. K to B 3 | 50. P to B 5 |
| 51. K to K 4 | 51. R to K 6 |
| 52. B takes B | 52. P takes R |
| 53. K to K 3 | 53. K to B 3 |
| 54. K to B 5 | 54. P to K 7 |
| 55. K to Q 4 (ch) | 55. K to Q 4 |
| 56. K takes P | 56. K to K 5 |

And a draw was consented to. (g)

NOTES.

- (a) An injudicious sacrifice which ought to have been the game.
- (b) A good move.
- (c) P to R 4 seems better here.
- (d) Although Black is minus a piece, six pawns to two ought, with careful play, to be much in his favour.
- (e) The best move under the circumstances. White wants to preserve his two pawns.
- (f) Instead of these apparently useless checks, if Black had advanced his pawns, or his K, on the Q's side, his game would have been much stronger.
- (g) The end of one of the toughest games, as yet, in the Tourney.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 139.

- | | |
|---------------------|---------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. Q to K 6 | 1. P takes Q |
| 2. K to B 2 | 2. Anything. |
| 3. R B or K 1 mates | |

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 137.

- | | |
|--------------------|----------------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. Q to K B 4 (ch) | 1. Q takes B |
| 2. Q to Q K 4 (ch) | 2. K to Q B 2 (best) |
| 3. Q to Q K 7 (ch) | 3. Q takes K |
| 4. Q mates. | |

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 138.

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

White to play and mate in two moves.



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