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THE EASTERN WAR:—SERVIAN TROOPS LEAVING THE FORTRESS OF BELGRADE FOR THE FRONTIER.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal Saturday, 22nd July, 1876.

FRENCH REPUBLICANISM.

At the banquet given at Versailles in commemoration of the birth of General HOUE, M. GAMBETTA delivered a long speech, in the course of which he gave his views and those of his party on the present aspect of Republicanism in France. He stated that what France wants is not merely the Republic, but Republican order: this has been insured, and ridiculous and factious pigmies can cause no uneasiness. They may, indeed, behind the scenes utter threats against the Republican institutions, and indulge in inflated language, but they will not be able to shake the confidence of the country, not only in its institutions, but in itself. If the Republican policy must be moderate, that does not prevent it from being firm. But in what must it be firm? In that which is the dominant sentiment of the French people. It must be firm in the points which have been desired and settled by the only authority to which the free-man should bow—the authority of the country asserting itself through the great voice of universal suffrage. But it is already engaged in this firm and prudent policy, the effects of which the country is experiencing at present: these obstacles will prove a gracious gift of fortune. What is most to be feared is majorities without equilibrium, without adversaries; majorities who, in the absence of opposition, might go astray. What Republicans wish for the country till democracy is thoroughly master of itself, enlightened and accustomed to carry out the wishes of the country, is that the Republican party shall have a hard life, because that will enable it to conquer; and when once its banner is hoisted, it will be too strong to dislodge. Frenchmen should not forget that they are in a country which has known fourteen centuries of monarchy, in which prejudices, superstitions, ignorance, abuse of protection in all its forms, local tyrannies, and oppression, have clogged, stopped, or interfered with everything, and they have to grapple with these difficulties. They have the right and the power. In their numbers they cannot doubt of victory. They need not fear; only remain calm, laborious, patient, and indefatigable. But, besides protecting Republican institutions, something else is necessary. By persuasion, by books and newspapers, by example, by political morality, the timid who are daily rising in numbers, the indifferent, and the rebellious, have to be gained over, for in a country like France the chief aim must be to unite all good citizens, independently of their past convictions. In following such a policy Republicans respond to that which is the most noble, the most elevated element in the French character, namely, generosity; and it must be asked not only of the Republican party; the other side must be generous too. This policy has two sides.—at home, Republican order; abroad, peace pursued with intelligence and persevering

discretion. If France had not been a Republic during recent events, would Europe have been free from fermentation? Thanks to the impersonality of her Government, there was no fear of her venturing into diplomatic complications which only end in bloodshed and warfare. The Republicans ensure peace not only for France, but perhaps for the world—but only if this Republic be really a French Republic, indifferent to all that is not for the national interest, and resolved to remain mistress of her own movements. Education, labour, and justice are the task before it, and they shall not fail, for in the ranks of the Republican party, whatever be its temperament and tendency, there is one dogma, one wish—that the free democracy may triumph.

TWO PICTURES.

The terrible fate of CUSTER and his command on the banks of the Little Horn has drawn attention most forcibly to the American policy of dealing with the Indians. And very naturally so. The question cannot help arising on the difference between Americans and Canadians in their treatment of the Red Man. Better than any words of ours, that reason is depicted in the cartoon which we publish this week. Two things in this contrast are certainly remarkable. The first, that we have more Indians to deal with than the Americans, and the second, that we have fewer troops to bring against them. And yet, notwithstanding these facts, not only do our Indians give us no trouble, but they actually add to our total strength and rank as desirable citizens. The reasons of the difference are plain. When we make treaties with the Indians, they are made in good faith and we keep them. We sell no liquor to the Indians, and the law, making it a penal offence to give a Savage even one glass of spirit, is rigidly observed even in Ontario and Quebec. Next, we have no dishonest contractors and sutlers, acting as intermediaries between the Indians and the Government. The consequence is that all our Indians are peaceful and doing well in the career of civilization. These are facts that we state, and it is curious to note how prompt some of the American papers are to recognize them. The *New York Sun* says:

When Indians are robbed or murdered by whites in Canada, the transgressors are punished with as much severity as if it was the whites who had been wronged, while all the agreements made with the Indians by the Canadian authorities are fulfilled with scrupulous exactness. With us, however, the Indians are treated as if they had no right even to existence; friendly and peaceable bands have been wantonly slaughtered, not only by frontier ruffians, but by regular troops acting under the orders of officers so high in rank as Gen. SHERIDAN; and the agents of the Government who have been appointed to disburse the enormous appropriations made for the Indians have robbed them without mercy. Hundreds of innocent lives in unprotected settlements have been sacrificed to this ruinous and dishonest policy, and no one can foresee what the end will be, now that our people have undertaken to wrongfully wrest from the most warlike Indian nation on the continent the last remnant of their lands, after the Government had solemnly guaranteed to protect those Indians in the sole and exclusive possession thereof. It is no wonder that the Canadians, who have enjoyed the benefits of an entirely different policy, look with disfavor upon any proposal for an agreement which would expose them to the disastrous effects which have resulted from our faithless dealings with a weaker race.

LACROSSE.

The visit of the combined White and Indians Teams to Great Britain is an event in the annals of Canadian athletics, and has given an impetus to the national game of Lacrosse. A few words on the sport may therefore be not out of place.

It was not till about the year 1856 that Lacrosse became popular as a field sport among white men: but for years its practice was limited to a very small number, and it was not till the arrival of the Prince of Wales in Canada, in 1861, that any very strong revival in the game took place. But even that revival did not last long; the game became unfashionable and remained so till early in 1867, when a party of Montreal men—not the Montreal Club—were defeated at Cornwall, Ont. That defeat awakened the spirit of young Montrealers, and the New Dominion being about to be proclaimed, it was proposed by Dr. G. W. Beers, in a letter published in the *Montreal Daily News*, in April of that year, and distributed throughout Canada, that the proclamation of the Dominion of Canada and the adoption of Lacrosse as Canada's national game should be simultaneous. This proposal was eagerly taken up throughout the country, and was duly accomplished. The first laws of Lacrosse were framed by the Montreal Club in June, 1867, and in September of the same year that Club called a Convention of Canadian Clubs, at which the National Lacrosse Association of Canada was formed; the laws were amended and a constitution framed and adopted. Since that date, Lacrosse steadily became more popular, and is now the means of affording a good healthy amusement to thousands of our Canadian youth. The present game of Lacrosse, as reduced to rule by the whites, employs the greatest combination of physical and mental activity white men can sustain in amusement, and is as much superior to the original as civilization to barbarism, or a pretty Canadian girl to an uncultivated squaw. One of the most popular features of Lacrosse is its extreme simplicity, thus making it so much more interesting to spectators than almost any other national pastime. Unlike Cricket, or Baseball, it requires no explanation. Lookers-on can see at a glance that the object of both sides is to put the ball through the goal of his opponent and prevent him getting it through; and all the running, throwing, and endless variety of play tends to that end. It has the merit, too, of being a cheap game, in which all can participate without much outlay. It is not exclusive; every player has his innings, so to speak, at the same time, and no one monopolizes the best part because he happens to be an extra good player. As a beneficial exercise it has no superior, combining as it does the benefit of several. It brings into operation at one time more muscle than any other game, requires a steady concentration of the mind while it is being played, sharpens the faculties of the dullest and equalizes its exercise over the entire system. The game deserves to be studied, and to that end there is no manual of instruction which can compare with that written by Dr. BEERS, the popular Captain of the late English Teams, and President of the Montreal Club. It is a handsome little volume published by DAWSON BROTHERS, and should be in every library, even of those who take no further interest than in the literature of the game.

ENGLISH NEUTRALITY.

We have at length, from official sources, an outline of the policy which it is the purpose of Great Britain to follow in the present Turkish war. On last Friday, Lord Derby received a deputation on the Eastern question, consisting of 40 members of Parliament and 571 gentlemen from all parts of the Kingdom. Mr. BRIGHT presented a memorial in favor of strict neutrality, except when it may be possible to interpose and by friendly offices to mitigate the horrors, and to hasten the close of the war. Lord DERBY, in reply to Mr. BRIGHT, acknowledged the importance of the deputation, and spoke in sympathy with its objects. He said that although he might not endorse the exact expressions of the memorial, he agreed absolutely and entirely in its object. He had refused to adhere to the Berlin memorial because it was a compromise be-

tween powers who were desirous of acting together, yet not quite agreeing. He did not think, therefore, that a compromise would ultimately work. He felt sure the Porte would not accept it, nor even the insurgents. The rendezvous of the fleet in Besika Bay was not England's initiative, but of all the ambassadors at Constantinople, who wanted to be armed against eventualities, and against the massacre of British and other subjects so far as human foresight could discern. A general war was most unlikely to result from the present conflict. France and Italy, for financial and other reasons, did not desire war. Germany had no direct interest in the question. England will not make war, and Austria, though peculiarly placed, would not break the peace for reasons of self-interest. A powerful party in Russia sympathized with Slavonia, and desired the erection of a Slavonic empire under Russian guidance and influence. But that party was not in power. The Czar was a sincere lover of peace, and Russia had other reasons than her finances and the extent of her Asian conquests for not wishing war. The understanding reached at Reichstadt was on a basis of absolute non-intervention during the conflict, not excluding efforts in favor of peace, but if any steps should be taken, they would be in concert with all the powers. England's endeavors were to keep the conflict within its present limits, and to impress that view on others. Lord DERBY said he had no doubt of England's success, and continued, "All we desire is to see fair play. If Turkey is to decay we cannot help it. We have guaranteed Turkey against murder, but not against suicide or sudden death. If the opportunity of mediation offers, which opportunity may now be at hand, we shall avail of it."

A WORKINGMEN'S DELEGATION.

One of the most interesting signs of the times is the deputation of French workmen from Lyons and other places to the United States for the purpose of practical study. The movement is worthy of all attention. The delegates are required to report upon the average wages of workmen in the United States; their hours of work; state of manufactures and health of workshops; whether industries are chiefly absorbed by large establishments; how much machinery has economized labor; whether workmen are often thrown out of work, and the causes and effects of such discharges; the condition of apprenticeship; laws and regulations between employers and employed; the condition of French workmen in the United States in comparison with that of those from other countries; the advantages or disadvantages of emigration; civil and political rights of emigrants; the injury to the workmen through competition; comparative value of French productions with those of other countries; whether French manufactures can compete in price with those of the United States and elsewhere; what manufactures exist in prisons, workhouses, and religious communities, and their effect upon outside industries; general information upon manufacturing establishments, their prosperity, their regulations by law, and their provision, if any, for the old and sick; information upon public assistance to the poor; imposts; public education, and whether compulsory; religious instruction in the free schools; whether free instruction in trades exists; whether the education of women is equal to that of men; whether the free union and association of workmen is untrammelled by the laws; whether universal suffrage exists in entirety, and how limited; whether public employments are open to all classes; the condition of women in manufactories, and whether they are recognized as the social equals of men; work of children, and at what ages; whether capital has a tendency to centralize or not, and view upon such centralization; the military organizations of the United States; information upon towns more especially given to manufacturing, and their regulations, and whether inventors are

aided by Government. Each delegate has received \$370 from the City Council of Lyons, and also by subscription of workmen's societies, for his expenses during the four or five weeks of his stay in the United States.

The Yacht *Countess of Dufferin* has been duly measured for the coming race for the America's Cup, and a certificate to that effect handed to her owner. The yacht is ninety-one feet six inches in length, and twenty-three feet six inches in breadth of beam, and weighs two hundred tons according to the Royal Mersey Club standard. The *Herald* hopes, now that the formalities have been gone through of verifying the stated capacity of the *Countess of Dufferin*, that a fine race will result during the coming contest, and that the best yacht will win.

REMINISCENCES OF CUSTER.

George Alfred Townsend, the well-known "Gath," writes thus to the N. Y. Graphic:— George A. Custer was one of the fine, youthful careers opened in this country to the military by the civil war. Shot out of West Point, so to speak, and precipitated into the army, he was presently in the midst of a theatre of bloodshed and exploit such as the world has not known since the fall of Napoleon. Passing through this war with his health and personal beauty unaffected, he died at last in the blank land dimly described by Bonneville in 1832 and that description given to the world by Irving. A third of a century has passed between these two careers, and Custer, like Bonneville, was a literary reader and writer. Both were West Pointers. Bonneville related very much that he did not know except by report. Custer was the official discoverer of the Black Hills, and he explored them, to recite in his enthusiastic style their flowing streams and novelty of woods and arable slopes. His undismayed nature was never haunted by the traditions of the murdered men, wild or savage, who had lain in these hills since the Sioux of the plains suddenly possessed them and made their lastnesses demonic.

Custer and Hazen were two young men who wrote on the life of the frontier from different temperaments. Hazen was essentially a critic; he saw little or nothing of the color of rose, and denounced the process of further extension as the possession of worthless lands by different settlers at the public expense. Custer retained his youthful American fire, and beheld new possibilities of adventure, fortune, gold, and occupation in the great interior of the land. The more impetuous officer has laid down his life for vision and at the early age of thirty-five, like a Pizarro, surrounded by the bodies of his family.

Crook and Custer have made distinctive and interlaid figures in the Indian warfare of the plains. Both were Ohio boys, sent to West Point, and both, I think, married Southern belles. Custer in Kentucky and Crook in Maryland. The former's style of warfare was personal; to trail hostile Indians himself by the aid of equally sinister but friendly Indians. Custer's method was the cavalryman's, to seek, to locate, and to charge, as in the days of the Shenandoah and the Rapidan campaigns. He was on the high road to be a brigadier general, and General Sheridan, who loved him greatly, expected to have seen him promoted two years ago. Custer's implacable relation to politics may have retarded him, for he would conciliate nobody for the sake of rank. Positive in his nature, with views and affiliations nobody could shake, he would not let Sheridan or any other man choose his school of mentors. He died like an idea as well as a soldier, whilst cowards live on and make the best of the occasion and length of days.

Custer died the death of the brave. He met the same fate he had dealt at Yellow Tavern to the leading cavalryman of the rebellion, J. E. B. Stuart. His old antagonist, General Rosser, who lives in Minnesota, and who commanded Early's cavalry, shares with Custer some of the renown of exploration in the Sioux country. Rosser was chief engineer of the Northern Pacific Railroad when it stopped at the new posts on the Missouri River. Since the death of General Canby we have lost no such officer, and have probably had no such slaughter since the military days of Jessup, Jackson, and St. Clair.

I met General Custer near the field of battle of Five Forks in April, 1865. He had been driving in the rebel right wing as it extended out from Petersburg, and was worn out and asleep at an old Virginia house on the lawn. I did not know him, but seeing an officer there guarded by a sergeant, with a fine thoroughbred stallion clamping near by, asked who it was. The sergeant said it was General Custer and aroused him. He quietly opened a pair of very blue eyes, and, although the intrusion was not wilful on my part, as I had nothing to ask, he took it as a matter of course. He was a well-made man, rather lean and lithe, with clean limbs and strong hips, and a slender, almost womanly body. His yellow hair, generally worn long, gave him the appearance of a Danish or Norwegian hero—some viking's son. Few men had less of military haughtiness and more military civility. He was wilful but not testy, and possessed so many kinds of character—lighter, amateur, writer,

speculator, and social companion—that it was a treat to get with him. McKinzie, Crook, and Custer were Sheridan's most trusty heads of cavalry.

The next time I had a long, easy acquaintance with him was at Louisville, when the Bourbon convention met there to break Greeley's nomination in 1872. Custer was a Democrat, reared in that school and confirmed in it as one of McClellan's ablest staff officers. He was doing all manner of silent but not intrusive encouragement for Greeley. The Kentucky people liked him, and he was a gentleman in his talk and habits.

He also took an occasional turn at the New York stock market, where his ready perceptions and aptness to deal with men of the world made him moderately successful—at least, kept him in pocket-money. To Custer all professions were equal if the bearer was a man of kindly, candid, genuine parts. He would have far better had he possessed no such active, sympathetic temperament.

General Custer came to the City of New York on leave of absence last winter, and took rooms in Fifth avenue above Madison square, where he entertained with his wife and prepared his magazine articles and books on the Indian region. He was as much enamored of that tract of plain as Sir Alexander Mackenzie had been in 1796, or Lewis and Clarke in 1807. Americans of daring, nomadic, or half-breed character had ventured into the Yellowstone country in Jefferson's administration. But Custer was possessed of the determination to solve the problem of the Black Hill and Montana and present a new domain to the country. He undertook the work as a soldier, poet, and politician, and yet it is sudden to hear of his youthful death. He enjoyed living and was pleasing company. His temperament was more Southern than Northern. I went with him one evening to the Grand Opera House to see Laner and Christol wrestle. He looked at them with the greatest interest and said he had attended every match. His physical health was kept to perfection. He asked me to go to the Black Hills on the present expedition. Little did I think that in a few months that glossy, yellow hair would be torn from his head and that young body piled up in a heathen tomb of slain soldiery.

The Sioux, or Dakotas, number 25,000 within the limits of the United States, and as many more in British America, whither they will probably retire if we pursue them. Many years ago they were attacked at their home, on and about Lake Superior, by the Chippewas, who had been expelled from further east. Driven over to the Mississippi and Minnesota rivers a part of them took to the plains, and those who remained East attacked and massacred our settlers in Minnesota in 1862, killing from 800 to 2,000 men, women, and children. They were pursued and attacked by the troops of Sibley and Sully; their ringleader, Little Crow was assassinated and thirty-eight of his braves hanged at Mankato, Minn. The greatest concentration of Indians yet seen on this continent was at Stony Lake in 1862, when Sibley attacked and drove the Sioux for the last time across the Missouri River. They numbered nearly 19,000. General Harney says they hold a tract of land five times the size of Ohio, and General G. K. Warren says they can put 6,000 mounted warriors in the field—and they are the best riders in the world.

The line of posts built in 1865-70 along the Missouri River was to fence in and keep to the west of that stream the hostile Sioux.

In 1873 I was at Bismarck and saw part of the expedition about to go West under Stanley and Custer. They had nineteen companies of infantry and twelve of cavalry. General Rosser accompanied them a part of the way as a civil engineer. The Sioux are the perfection of Nature's wild men. They are red republicans, polytheists who worship every object in nature—objects being rare on their plains. They are polygamists, to whom nature contributes a wife everywhere; and Sioux infancy is spent listening to the delectabilities of war till the child precociously weeps to take a scalp. The chiefs have little or no authority and are overcome by the braves. There is no law or code of law among the Dakotas, and property is an institution of abhorrence with them. Untamable, factious, but formidable in war, treacherous and cowardly, but still in arms forever, they have survived every European innovation—small-pox, railroads, Indian agents, and rum. They all used to go afoot and now they ride as well the Comanches. They had only bows and arrows and now have Spencer rifles. They want the scalp of mankind. The Black Hills, wherein and to the west of which they hide and brood, are the dividing ridges between the waters of the Missouri, the Arkansas, and the Mississippi—savage cliffs and precipices, the retreats and lurking places for broken and predatory tribes. Here the Cheyennes, conquered by the Sioux, sought refuge as early as Jefferson's administration. If the Sioux conclude to perish, here they may choose their lava beds. Eating only meat, often raw, the wild Sioux have become jackals, and no Indian nation since our first settlement has been so wicked, so powerful, and so untamable.

MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.

A writer the New York Sun says:—Who of the many thousands of Dickens's readers in this country can forget his "Master Humphrey's Clock," with Master Humphrey and the nameless dead old gentleman, and the other members of the quiet party who used to meet at the clock side at 10, and separate as their old and trusty

companion was on the second stroke of 2? It was from the old clock case that the story of the "Curiosity Shop" was taken—the story that surpassed all that Dickens ever wrote in pathos and quaint humor. The trials and sufferings of Little Nell, the baby-heroine, who, though surrounded by all that tends to debase, retained to the last her almost celestial purity; the diabolical record of the impish dwarf, Quilp; the rascally cunning and cruelty of Sampson Brass and his sister Sarah, only more cunning and cruel than her brother; the simple fidelity of Kit, Little Nell's life-long friend; the quaint philosophy of the Marchioness, and the no less comical ethics of her companion, Dick Swivel-ler; the weird picture of the curiosity shop, with Little Nell awaiting amid its collection of dread figures the return of her infatuated grand-father from the gamblers' den; the long tramp through the country; Mrs. Jarley's wax works; the dinner of the giants and the dwarfs—all these and a hundred other recollections, almost life experiences to Dickens's readers, will be once recalled at the mention of "Master Humphrey's Clock," from whose case were taken many other stories that have entranced thousands all over the world.

The old clock was not altogether a myth, a mere figment of the brain; nor was Master Humphrey altogether a creature of the imagination, any more than were Mr. Pickwick, Mark Tapley, Pecksniff, and Micawber. Humphrey was a clockmaker at Bernard Castle, in the county of Durham, England. Many years ago he added Dickens in collecting material for his "Nicholas Nickleby," and it was a large clock in the worthy artisan's shop which suggested to Dickens a name for a collection of stories, among which were the "Curiosity Shop" and "Barnaby Rudge." There is now in the possession of the Humphrey family a letter from Dickens attesting this fact. It was Mr. Humphrey who directed Dickens and his friend Hablot K. Browne ("Phiz") to the school which the writer and the artist made infamous under the title of "Dotheboys Hall." It is related that the schoolmaster, the original of "Wackford Squeers," having been very successful in obtaining pupils, was very insulting to strangers, and that during the interview with "Boz" and "Phiz" he occupied himself in making pens. Browne sketched the features of the wretch on his thumbnail, and the likeness when reproduced in the novel was so accurate that the identity of the original could not be mistaken, and so widespread was the feeling against "Squeers" that the typical "Dotheboys Hall" and similar institutions, of which there were many in Yorkshire and other counties, soon became things of the past.

The old clock is now in the possession of Isaac H. Bailey of this city, who received it last week as a present from the firm of George Angus & Sons, leather factors of Liverpool and New castle, who had purchased it from the Humphrey family for the purpose of sending it to the Centennial. It is now in the hands of a clock-maker, who is preparing a new case for it. When this is done, it will be placed in Mr. Bailey's establishment, 17 Spruce street, where it will remain until the owner forwards it to the Centennial. It is a large clock, with a dial two feet in diameter, on which the hours are marked in yellow Roman letters, and will last much longer than many more modern instruments which have not done one-tenth its work.

One cannot look upon the open face of the old clock, at the mention of whose name so many tender and touching memories are recalled, without hearing once more the sadly cheerful words of hope addressed to it by Old Master Humphrey when his friends had departed, and when the heart leaves taken from the old clock case were on their way to carry messages of peace and comfort to thousands of homes, and to arouse in thousands of hearts more tender feelings toward the poor and the suffering of earth.

"Friend and companion of my solitude, mine is not a selfish love. I would not keep your merits to myself, but disperse something of pleasant association with your image through the whole wide world; I would have men couple with your name cheerful and healthful thoughts; I would have them believe that you keep true and honest time; and how it would gladden me to know that they recognize some hearty English work in Master Humphrey's clock!"

THE LATE BISHOP FIELD.

Bishop Field was born in Worcester, Eng., in 1801, and had therefore completed his 75th year before his death. He was educated at Rugby, and graduated with high honors in Oxford in 1823, and became a Fellow of his College. He was presented by his College to the living of English Bicknor, in Gloucestershire, on the banks of the Wye, in the midst of the magnificent scenery between Ross and Chepstow. While here he twice discharged the duty of Inspector of Public Schools, and in this way was brought under the notice of the Bishop of London who on the translation of Bishop Spencer, in 1844, from the See of Newfoundland to that of Jamaica, appointed Bishop Field as his successor. During his long episcopate he spent the summer of each year voyaging in "the church ship" round the two thousand miles of our coasts, visiting the churches, supplying localities that were spiritually destitute, confirming and consecrating churches and cemeteries. The hardships and perils of such voyages were very great. The self-denying labours thus endured would have prostrated a man of less energy and perseverance. After the great fire which, in 1846,

destroyed the town of St. Johns, a new cathedral had to be erected, and though still unfinished, it is a very handsome and substantial edifice. During his episcopate, a theological college was erected, schools for boys and girls, and orphanages were founded and set upon a secure basis. Of the 96 churches now erected, the greater number were consecrated by Bishop Field. He also took measures to establish a Diocesan Synod, the good results of which are already apparent in the increased interest taken by the laity in church affairs. His last illness was brought on by the discharge of the duties of one of his clergy who was absent, during a very severe winter, and when his health did not warrant such exertion. It was his earnest wish to die in the land where he had laboured so faithfully; but on visiting Bermuda, a part of his diocese, his health began rapidly to decline, and there he died on the 8th of June, and there his remains have been interred. His successor in office is the late Coadjutor Bishop Kelly.

HUMOROUS.

THERE is something wonderfully grand and impressive about the roar of thunder, until you discover it has soured the last half pint of milk in the house.

A minister travelling through the West some years ago, asked an old lady on whom he called what she thought of the doctrine of total depravity. "Oh," she replied, "I think it is a good doctrine, if the people would only act up to it."

Alexander Dumas is responsible for the following:—On his first visit to the Salon his attention was called to the superb portrait of the ethereal thin Sarah Bernhardt as "L'Etrangere," with her great Russian greyhound lying at her feet. "Ah, yes, I see," he said, thoughtfully, "a dog keeping guard over a bone."

An old farmer says of his boys:—"From sixteen to twenty, they knew more than I did; at twenty-five, they knew as much; at thirty, they were willing to hear what I had to say; at thirty-five, they asked my advice; and I think when they get to be forty, they will acknowledge that the old man knows something."

ONE day, two royal dukes walking up St. James' street, met Sheridan, and the youngest thus flippantly addressed him: "I say, Sherry, we have just been discussing whether you are a greater fool or wiser—what is your own opinion, my boy?" Sheridan having bowed, and smiling at the compliment, took each of them by the arm, and instantly replied, "Why, both, I believe I am between both."

A touching interview was recently witnessed between a cabby and a porter who had not met for years. The following dialogue ensued. Cabby: "Well, I'm best if I should ha' knowed you!" Porter: "No, I ha' knowed me, Bill! Wouldn't you, though?" Cabby: "Well, how should I? Yer see, since I last seed you, you've been and put the nose-peg on!" indicating the moustache and beard, of which his friend had cultivated an abundant crop.

A thorough purist in language, Lord Wellesley once objected to the word's "personal narrative." While entertaining Lord Plunkett, the then recently appointed Chief Justice of the Common Pleas at the Viceroyal Lodge, he said to him, "One of my address-camp has written a personal narrative of his travels; pray, Chief Justice, what is your definition of 'personal'?" "My lord," was the neat reply, "we lawyers always consider personal as opposed to real."

THERE was a fox-hunting parson, Mr. Radford, in the north of Devon some years ago, who was fond of having convivial meetings in his parsonage, which often ended uproariously. Bishop Phillips sent for him, and said, "Mr. Radford, I hear, but I can hardly believe it, that men fight in your house." "For my dear," answered Parson Radford, in broad Devonshire, "doan't y' believe it. When they begin fighting, I take and turn them out into the churchyard." The Bishop came one day to visit him without notice. Parson Radford, in scarlet, was just about to mount his horse and gallop off to the meet, when he heard the Bishop was in the village. He had barely time to send away his hunter, run up stairs and jump, red coat and boots, into bed, when the Bishop's carriage drew up at the door. "Till his Lordship I'm ill, will ye?" was his injunction to his housekeeper. "Is Mr. Radford in?" asked the Bishop. "He's ill in bed," said the housekeeper. "Dear me! I'm so sorry! Pray ask him if I may come up and sit with him." The housekeeper ran up stairs in a sort of dismay, and entered the parson's room. The parson stealthily raised his head above the bed-clothes, but was reassured when he saw his room was invaded by his housekeeper, and not by the Bishop. "Please, your honor, his lordship wants to come up-stairs and sit with you a little." "With me? Good heavens! gasped Parson Radford. "No; go down and tell his lordship I'm took cruel bad with scarlet fever; it is an aggravated case, and very catching."

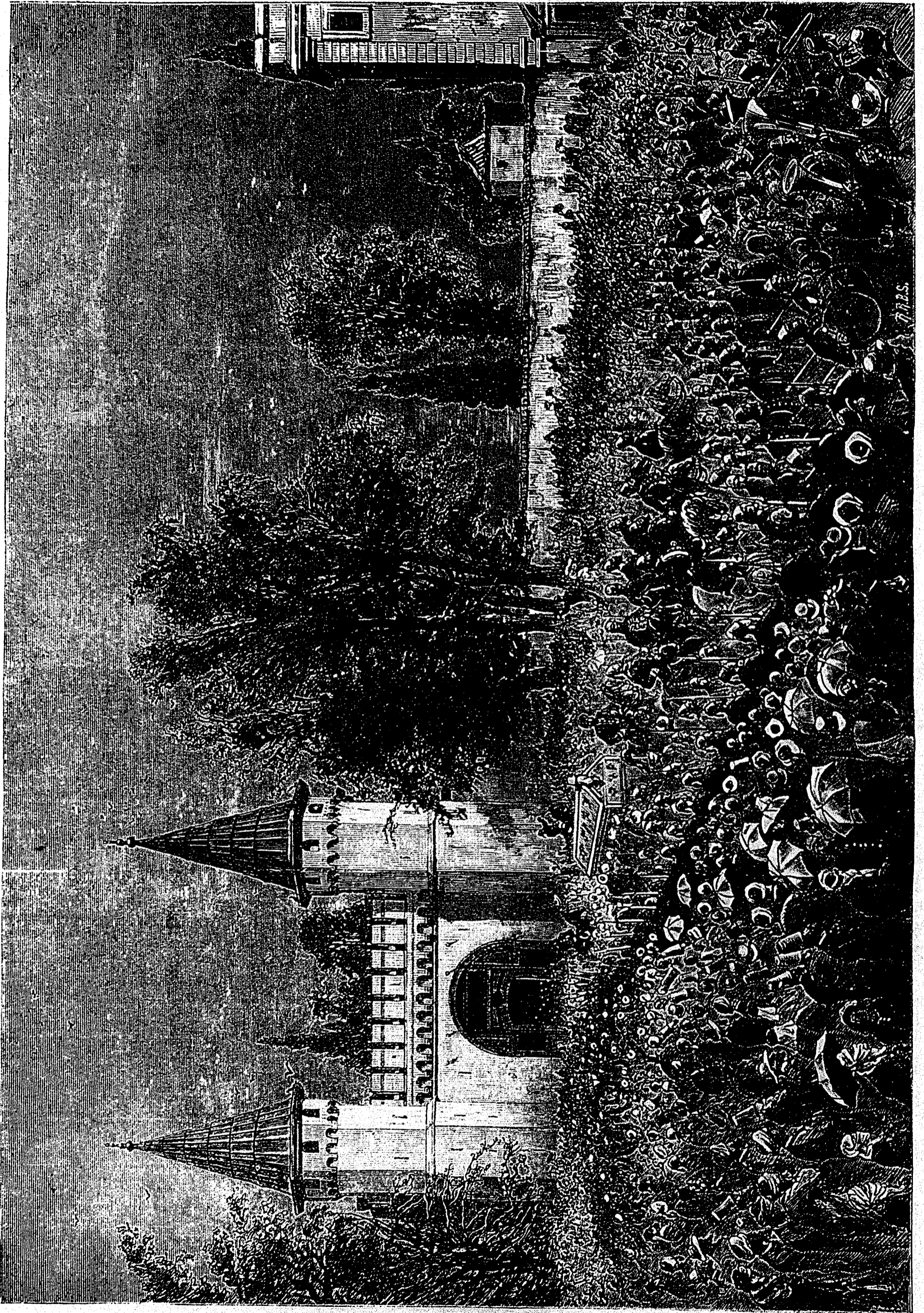
LITERARY.

Those who have admired the exquisite character of *Sheila* in the "Princess of Thule," will be interested to know that Mrs. Black is the original from whom this pen portrait was drawn.

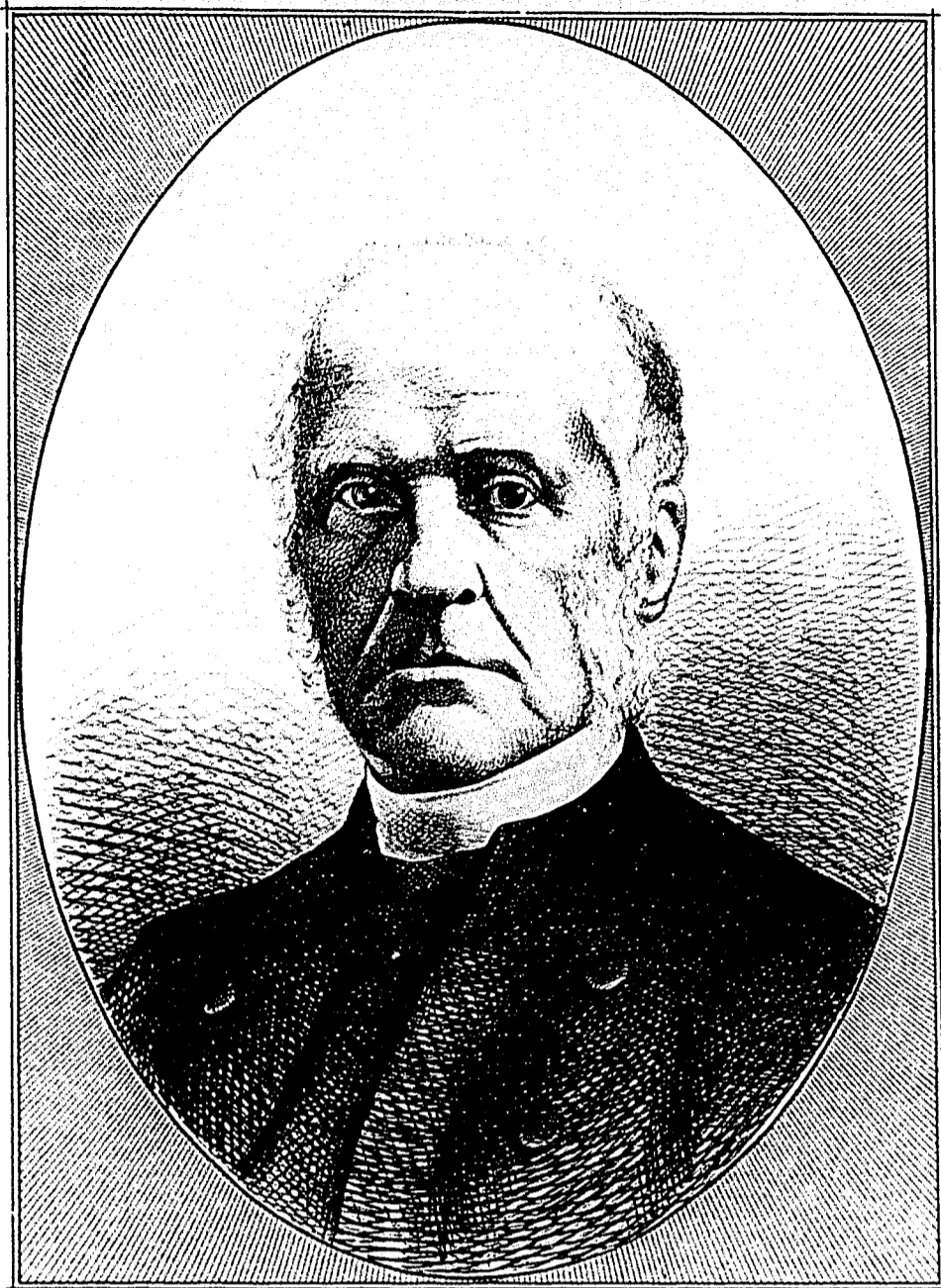
The following story is told of George Sand. A visitor, M. Baker, had passed a week at her home, and had exhibited an inordinate love for cabbage. About to depart, he begged a souvenir of his visit. She looked at him a moment in surprise, and then calling her gardener said, "Baptiste, one of your finest cabbages for this gentleman."

WE know a man who invariably reads while eating his dinner. The table is never set unless a book is placed beside his plate. When he leaves the house in the morning, he tells his housekeeper to have "Tennyson and tomatoes for dinner, or Shakespeare and 'smothered chickens.'" Bacon and pork and greens; Burton and buttered beans; Carlyle and calf's head; the *Edinburgh Review* and grouse, &c. He is so ardent an admirer of the "Rylstone Doe," that he can't get a venison without a copy of Wordsworth beside him.

The publishers of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY propose as their special contribution to "the glories of the Centennial year," the publication of the most beautiful number of a popular magazine ever issued in the world. The ambition is a laudable one, the promise is made in good faith, and the power to fulfill the promise will hardly be doubted by those who have watched the history and progress of the SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINES. This special number of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, which will be entitled "The Midsummer Holiday Number," will comprise one hundred and sixty pages, contributed by the most eminent writers; among these are Bryant, Stoddard, "H. H.," Sidney Lanier, Bret Harte, E. B. Hale, Col. Waring, John Burroughs, T. B. Aldrich, Edith Thaxter, Tourgenieff, the Russian novelist, Gail Hamilton, Henry James, Jr., and others only less distinguished. The illustrations will be profuse in number, and specially notable as specimens of the designer's, engraver's, and printer's arts. All that culture and skill, developed by a fruitful experience, can do to make this number of the magazine attractive, will be done. The edition will be 75,000 copies.



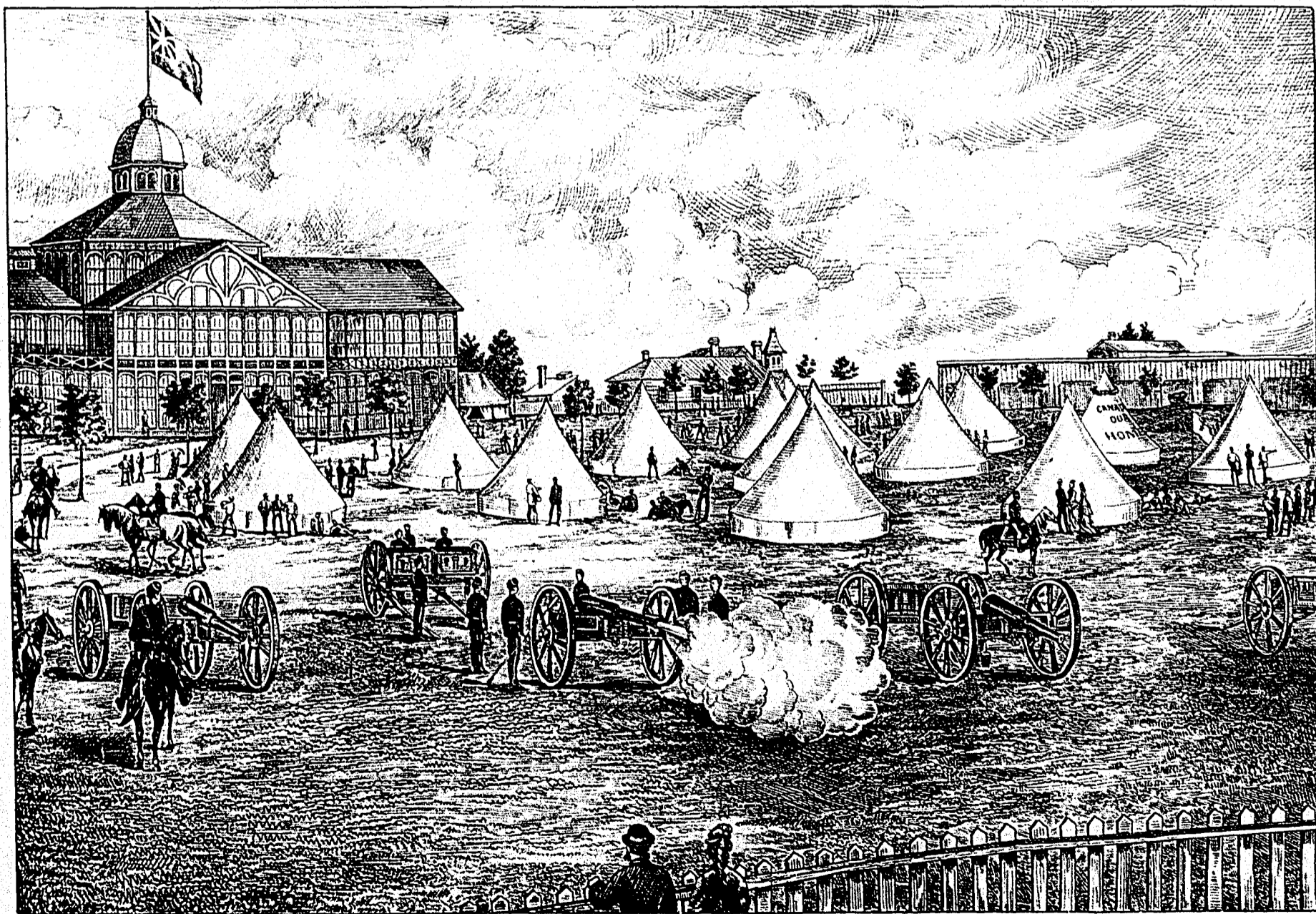
CONSTANTINOPLE :— FUNERAL OF ABD-UL-AZIZ.



THE LATE RT. REV. DR. FIELD, BISHOP OF NEWFOUNDLAND.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. PAGE WOOD, ST. JOHNS, N. F.



THE LATE GENERAL GEORGE A. CUSTER,
KILLED BY THE SIOUX, JUNE 25TH.



HAMILTON:—THE HAMILTON VOLUNTEER FIELD BATTERY IN CAMP ON THE CRYSTAL PALACE GROUNDS.
FROM A SKETCH BY J. G. MACKAY.

ON THE DEATH OF ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

BY STELLA; AUTHOR OF "SAPPHO," "THE PEARL OF POLAND," "RECORDS OF THE HEART," ETC.

I.

I was in Florence. The Del Popolo
Was brought to me the twenty-ninth of June,
In sixty-one—a sombre afternoon.
I had one column draped in weeds of woe:
I ran mine eyes along the lines, and lo!
My vision struck against the following.
So hard, it set my heart to quivering,
And through my bosom swung it to and fro.
Like funeral bell. This morn. just as aglow,
Aurora flung apart the gates of day.
Elizabeth Browning passed away
Into the world where all pure spirits go.
To Casa Guido then, with solemn tread,
I went, and sat me down beside the honored dead.

II.

It was the room where she was wont to write:
There was the table—there the pen and ink—
And paper—things with authorship we hark—
Looking as if in use but yesterday.
And only put aside for needful rest:
Upon the snowy couch whereon she'd lain
In life, composing many a lofty strain,
Her thin hands folded on her silent breast,
And fringed lids meekly closed, she calmly slept
Like one that hath laid down to rise again.
I gazed upon that face, so marked with pain,
That pale, attenuated form, and wept.
And thanked our Father who had led to her home
To that blessed world where pain could never come.

III.

How calm her sleep! How silent and profound!
How pale that thought-worn brow! How thin that
cheek!
I looked on her as if the dead could speak,
And tell me how she had that morn been crowned
To Heaven, and the angels gathered round
With alleluias loud to welcome her
Happy arrival in her native sphere:
But through those still lips came no breath nor sound.
The lava thoughts, that erst with rocket bound,
Rushed worldward down the nerve-electric chain.
Lay now all frozen up in the big brain,
Powerless further mysteries to expand,
And low reclined that form of speechless clay,
A worn-out snail the soul hath thrown away.

IV.

At four o'clock P. M., the thirtieth,
The English Cemetery, just outside
La Porta Pinta, flung its portal wide
To make room for the sable car of death.
The funeral cortege with a solemn tread,
Moved up the cypress aisle, and gathered round
An open grave made deep in Tuscan ground,
And in it laid with reverent hands the dead:
Inebriated forward—holding in their breath,
And scanning well her couch of last repose,
They threw to her the myrtle and the rose,
Soft blue-eyed pansies, and a laurel wreath:
Dear parting gifts! then, turning, did not weep,
But sighed, "O God! give thy beloved sleep!"

—N. Y. House Journal.

THE SPECTRAL MONK.

The legend I am about to relate is of a weird,
wild character. It treats of the children of dif-
ferent houses. Sir Gilbert Hemworth and Olivia
Jousliffe, both natives of the town of Peterbor-
ough, were left orphans some two centuries ago,
and placed in the care of the same person.
When they were each of them about fourteen
years of age, they fell into very different hands.
The principles they imbibed from their precep-
tors appeared to be altogether of an opposite
nature, and to a considerable extent they were
separated by a wide gulf, as far as thought and
principle were concerned.

An ancient ecclesiastic belonging to the Mon-
astery of St. Peter superintended the education
of the fair Olivia, who was greatly attached to
her native city. Sir Gilbert Hemworth, before
he had arrived at manhood's estate, went abroad,
and studied under several Continental profes-
sors.

As a natural consequence, the minds of those
two young persons were formed in a different
mould; but though separated from each other,
their friendship remained unalterable, and they
continued to regard each other with sincere and
unfading affection. Indeed, the ties which
bound them together could not be snapped
asunder.

The Baronet was the last scion of a long and
honourable line, and Olivia Jousliffe was also of
gentle birth. She had, moreover, a more than
ordinary share of beauty, was thoughtful and
devout, and greatly beloved by all who came
within her influence.

During the Baronet's residence abroad, a
number of letters were exchanged between him
and the companion of his earlier years. These
epistles were couched in language expressive of
the warmest feelings of friendship, but contain-
ed no positive declaration of love. They were
such as a fond brother might write to a favourite
sister.

When, however, the Baronet returned to his
native town, and beheld the many graces of
Olivia, he told the oft-repeated tale of love.

Olivia Jousliffe listened to his earnest appeal,
to which, however, she made no immediate re-
ply. For a brief space of time, she stood silent
and reflective.

"How is this, Olivia?" inquired the Baronet.
"Has any rival appeared on the scene during
my absence? If so, candidly avow it!"

"You are mistaken," returned the lady, in a
quiet, gentle manner.

"Then why this hesitation?"

"I must consult with Father Rankley."

"And who may he be?"

"The good monk who has been to me the
kindest of preceptors—and, indeed, I may say,
a father to the poor orphan whom you address!"

"Well, dearest, as you wish. But the good
Father Rankley has but little to do with your mun-
dane affairs, I presume?"

"Indeed, but he has. I consult him on all
matters concerning myself."

"By my faith, but it appears to me you put
greater trust in him than you do in me! I shall
be jealous, Olivia!" he added, with a smile.

"He is wiser than either of us," she mur-
mured.

Upon this, her lover made a mock reverence,
and said, quickly, "Who is the holy father?"

"He is a brother of the Monastery of St.
Peter."

"Well, as you wish it, consult him, and give
me an answer at your earliest convenience. It
is out of his power, I should hope, to separate
two fond hearts."

"He will not desire to do so."

"I hope not."

"I am sure not!"

"Ah, that is well; and so a truce to this for
the present. How beautiful you have grown,
my dearest Olivia!" exclaimed the enraptured
young man.

She smiled, but made no reply to this obser-
vation.

A few hours later, Olivia Jousliffe paid a visit
to Father Rankley, to whom she made known the
offer she had received from the Baronet.

A long conversation followed between the
priest and his communicant, the result of which
was the former's consent to the match.

In the course of a few months, the fair Olivia
gave her hand to Sir Gilbert Hemworth.

Her change of condition, however, had no
power to alter her friendship for Rankley, who
paid frequent visits to the wedded pair. The
monk was a grave, thoughtful man, very learn-
ed, a profound philosopher, and, to a certain ex-
tent, might be considered gloomy and sombre;
but he bore an irrefragable character, and was
much beloved by the brethren of St. Peter.

Nevertheless, Sir Gilbert felt a certain amount
of restraint when in his presence, and it might
be an undefined foreshadowing of ill which he
strove in vain to shake off; the reason for this
he could not quite comprehend. The monk
always received a hearty welcome both from the
master and mistress of the establishment; but it
cannot be concealed, however, that the former
invariably felt relieved when the ecclesiastic took
his departure.

Time sped on. The Baronet and his lady left
Peterborough to pay a short visit to the metro-
polis. One morning, when his lady came down
to breakfast, the Baronet remarked that her
countenance was unusually pale, and bore evident
marks of confusion.

He inquired anxiously after her health. She
assured him that she was perfectly well. He re-
peated his inquiries, and begged to know if any-
thing had disordered her. She replied no, she
was as well as usual.

Still he did not appear satisfied.
"Something ails you, Olivia," he muttered;
"something's amiss. Have you met with any
accident? Tell me at once, dearest."

"Indeed, I have not! Nothing is the matter;
be satisfied."

"But you have a thick black ribbon round
your wrist! Surely, there must be some reason
for this!"

"Let me conjure you, Sir Gilbert, never to
inquire the cause for my wearing this ribbon.
You will never more see me without it. If it
concerned you as a husband to know it, I would
not for a moment conceal it from you. I never
in my life denied you a request; but of this I
must entreat you to forgive my refusal, and never
to inquire further on this painful subject."

The poor Baronet was sorely puzzled, but
chose to put the best face possible on the matter.

"Well, my lady," said he smiling, "since
you so earnestly desire it, I will inquire no fur-
ther."

The conversation ended when Lady Olivia in-
quired of the servant if any letter had arrived.

She was answered in the negative.
In a few moments, she rang the bell for the
servant, and made the same inquiry, and received
a similar answer.

"Do you expect a letter?" said the Baronet.
"Indeed, I do!" she returned, quickly. "I
expect to hear that Father Rankley is dead. He
died last Tuesday at three o'clock!"

"Upon my word, Olivia, you do surprise me!"
exclaimed her husband. "I never in my life
deemed you superstitious, but you must have
had some dream which has alarmed you!"

The servant now entered, and delivered a let-
ter, which was sealed with black wax.

"It is as I expected," said Lady Olivia. "He
is dead!"

"Let us peruse its contents before we come to
any hasty conclusion," said her husband, open-
ing the letter.

It came from the Prior of St. Peter's Mon-
astery who announced the death of the good Father
Rankley, who breathed his last at three o'clock
on the preceding Tuesday.

"I knew it," murmured Lady Hemworth;
"felt assured of it. Both the hour and the day
accord with the warning!"

"My dear lady, do compose yourself!" ejacu-
lated the astonished Baronet. "Put no faith
in omens or warnings. This is the merest acci-
dent—a strange coincidence, nothing more."

"I will not dispute the point, be it as you say."
"But, for your own sake, you must not give
way to fancies of this nature."

"I will strive not to do so, my dear husband,"
she answered sadly. "I am much more con-
tented than I have been for some time past.
Death is inevitable!"

After a period of some months, Lady Hem-
worth gave birth to a son. She had before been
the mother of two daughters only.

The last happy event was recorded by a peal
of bells in the old town of Peterborough.

The Baronet did not live more than three
years after the birth of his son and heir.

After his decease, Lady Olivia went but little
from home, but remained in seclusion for a con-
siderable time. She visited no family but that
of the Hebsons, who were intimate friends of
her late husband. With them she passed a few
hours; the rest of her time was entirely devoted
to solitude.

Mr. Hebson's family consisted of himself, his
wife, and one son, who, at the Baronet's death,
was quite a youth. To this son, however, she
was afterwards married in the space of a few
years, notwithstanding the disparity of their
ages, and the manifest imprudence of such a con-
nection, so unequal in every respect.

The event justified the expectations of every-
one. Lady Olivia was treated by her young hus-
band with neglect and cruelty, and the whole of
his conduct evinced him the most abandoned
libertine, utterly destitute of every principle of
virtue.

To this, her second husband, Lady Olivia
brought a daughter. Afterwards, such was his
conduct, that she insisted on a separation. They
parted for several years, when so great was the
contrition he expressed for his former conduct,
that, won over by his promises and applica-
tions, she was induced once more to reside with
him, and in course of time presented him with a
second daughter.

On the anniversary of her birthday, Lady
Olivia invited a few friends. One person, who
presented himself by her particular request, was
the Prior of the monastery, whom she had known
from infancy, when he was clergyman of the
parish. She told him that she felt perfectly well,
saying, at the same time, that it was her natal
day—"For," said she, "I am forty-six to-day."

"No, my lady," answered the Prior; "you
are mistaken. Your mother and myself had
several disputes concerning your age, and I have
at length discovered that I am right. I have
searched the documents, and found that you are
forty-five to-day."

"You have signed my death-warrant!" said
she. "I have not much longer to live. I must
therefore entreat you to hear a communication I
have to make. Will you listen to it?"

The Prior bowed reverently.

"You are no stranger to the deep and endur-
ing friendship which existed between myself and
Father Rankley. We made a solemn promise to
each other that whichever should die first, if
permitted, should appear to the survivor on spe-
cial occasions. The good Father, after death,
kept his word. One night, when my husband,
Sir Gilbert, and myself were in bed, I awoke,
and discovered Father Rankley sitting by my
bed-side. I screamed out, and endeavoured, but
in vain, to wake my husband.

"For heavens sake, Father," said I, "by
what means and for what purpose come you at
this time of night?"

"Have you forgotten our promise?" said he.
"I did last Tuesday at three o'clock. I am per-
mitted to appear to you, and am suffered to in-
form you that you will have a son, who is de-
creed shall marry the daughter of Vincent
McVaugh. Not many years after his birth,
your present husband will die, and you will marry
again, and to a man by whose ill-treatment you
will be rendered miserable. You will bring him
two daughters. You will die in the forty-fifth
year of your age, in less than two months after
the birth of the second daughter."

"Mercy on me!" I exclaimed, "cannot I
prevent this?"

"Undoubtedly you can," retorted he. "You
are a free agent, and may avoid it all by resist-
ing every temptation to a second marriage."

"But you were heedless of the warning, my
lady," observed the Prior; "had not strength
of mind to resist temptation."

"I had not, and must abide by the conse-
quences."

"Your story is a strange one; it borders
upon the supernatural; but I am bound to ac-
cept it as truth."

"Its truth cannot for a moment be doubted,
I did give birth to a son; whether the boy is des-
tined to wed a daughter of Vincent McVaugh
can only be determined in the future."

"Proceed with your narrative," said the Prior.
"What followed?"

"You shall hear. I said to my midnight visi-
tant, 'Are you happy?'"

"He smiled."

"But how," said I, "when morning comes,
shall I be conscious that your appearance thus
to me has been real, and not the phantom of my
own imagination?"

"Will not the news of my death," said he,
"be sufficient to convince you?"

"No," I answered. "I might have had such
a dream, and that dream might have accident-
ally come to pass. I wish to have much stronger
proof of its reality."

"You shall," he said.

"Then, waving his hand, the bed-curtains,
which were of crimson velvet, were instantly
drawn through a large iron hoop, by which the
tester of the bed, which was of an oval form, was
suspended.

"In that," said he, "you cannot be mistaken.
No mortal could have performed this."

"That is true enough," I replied. "But,
deceiving me as you are often possessed of greater
strength than when awake; and then when
awake I could not have done it, asleep I might,
I shall still doubt."

"He hesitated for a moment; but observed,

presently, 'You have a pocket-book, in which
I will write. You know my handwriting?'"

"Yes," I replied; "I do."

"He wrote in pencil on one side the leaves,
"I was still dubious."

"Will nothing convince you?" he inquired,
with something like sarcasm in his tone.

"Well, I hope I am not mistrustful to one who,
when living, was the dearest friend I have ever
known," I murmured. "Still, in the morning,
I doubt, though awake I may not imitate your
hand, asleep I might."

"You have strange fancies—are hard of
belief. I must not touch you; it might injure
you irrevocably. It is not for spirits to touch
mortal flesh."

"I am in no fear of any such contact," I
ejaculated, hardly knowing what I was saying.

"You possess greater courage than I ever gave
you credit for," he observed. "Hold out your
hand."

"I obeyed. He touched my wrist; his hand
was as cold as marble. In a moment every sense
seemed to contract."

"Now," said he, "while you live, let no
mortal eye behold that wrist; to see it would be
sacrilege."

"Heaven protect and preserve me!" I ejacu-
lated.

"I turned to him again. He was gone!"

"During the time in which I had conversed
with him my thoughts were perfectly calm and
collected, but the moment he was gone I was
tossed with amazement. I endeavoured to wake
my husband, but in vain—all my efforts were
ineffectual."

"In this state of agitation and surprise I re-
mained for some time, when a flood of tears came
to my relief, and I dropped to sleep. In the
morning, my husband, Sir Gilbert, arose as
usual, without perceiving the state of the cur-
tains. When I awoke, I found him gone."

"I arose, and having dressed myself, went
into the gallery adjoining our apartments, and
took from there a long broom, by the aid of
which, though not without difficulty, I took
down the curtains, as I imagined their extraor-
dinary position might have excited wonder
among the domestics of our establishment, and
occasional inquiries I wished to avoid."

"I went to my bureau, locked up my pocket-
book, and took out a piece of black ribbon,
which I bound round my wrist. When I came
down, my agitation was too visible to pass long
unobserved by my husband. He at once marked
my confusion, and inquired the cause."

"I instantly assured him that I was perfectly
well, but informed him that the good Father
Rankley was no more, and that he had died on
the preceding Tuesday, at three o'clock; and, at
the same time, entreated him to drop all inqui-
ries about the black ribbon I had bound round
my wrist."

"He kindly desisted from all further imper-
tunity, nor did he ever afterwards inquire the
cause."

"He was a discreet man," observed the Prior.
"He was; and confiding withal. In less than
four years after the birth of my son, Sir Gilbert
died in my arms."

"For a while, this melancholy event quite pros-
trated me, and I determined, as the only means
by which to avoid the dreadful sequel to the
prediction, to give up every pleasure, and to
pass the remainder of my days in solitude. I wish
I had continued to act in accordance with my
first resolution, then I should have been spared
the deep affliction that afterwards fell upon me;
but few can endure to remain in a state of com-
plete isolation. I grew melancholy, sighed for
change of thought and action, and finally, tired
of the life of a recluse, I commenced an inter-
course with one family—and only one; nor could
I then see the fatal consequences which after-
wards resulted from it."

"It would have been wise to have entered a
convent," said the Prior.

"Alas, yes! Would that I had become, at
that hour of tribulation and trouble, a mona-
ch of a holy sisterhood; but it was not to be! My
destiny was but too clearly marked out. Little
did I imagine that my friend's son, only then a
mere youth, would prove the person fated to be
my husband. Had I suspected this at the time,
I should have changed my course of action, and
studiously avoided the intimacy which I may
say proved to be my bane. In a few years I
ceased to regard the young man with indiffer-
ence. I endeavoured by every possible means
to conquer a passion, the fatal consequences of
which, should I ever be weak enough to yield to
its influence, I knew full well, and fondly im-
agined I should overcome its attraction, when
the evening of the fatal day terminated my for-
titude and plunged me in a moment down that
abyss I had been so long meditating how to shun.
He had been frequently solicited by his parents
to permit him to join the army. For a long time
they would not accede to his request, for they
were dotingly fond of their only son, and had a
natural dread of parting with him. At length,
however, after repeated appeals, they were pre-
vailed upon to give a reluctant consent. He
came to bid me farewell upon the eve of his de-
parture."

"The moment he entered the room he fell
down on his knees, and poured forth a flood of
eloquence. He told me he was miserable; did
not care what became of him, and that I had
driven him to despair!"

"And you believed him?"

"Ah! Father, I have been indiscreet, foolish,
weak, and unmindful of the warning I had re-
ceived from one who was to me the best of coun-
sellors. Do not say harsh things to me now. I

have been punished enough for my indiscretion, I ought to have known better, but it is too late now to avert the fate which but too surely awaits me!"

"It is never too late to see the errors of the past and seek consolation in true repentance," remarked the Prior. "But pray you proceed. Pardon this interruption."

"My fortitude forsook me," said the miserable woman. "I gave myself up for lost; and considering my fate as inevitable, without further resistance or consideration, consented to give him my hand, the result of which I knew to be misery or death."

"You have been culpable, my daughter—have given way to a strange infatuation," said the Prior.

"The conduct of my husband, after a few years had passed, was so bad as to warrant me in separating from him, and which I accordingly did. I hoped by this means to avoid the fatal sequel to the prophecy; but, won over by his repeated entreaties, I was prevailed upon to pardon and forget the past, and once more to reside with him, though not until after I had, as I supposed, passed my forty-fifth year; but, alas! I have heard from your lips that I am only forty-five to-day."

"That is quite correct. I do most sincerely regret that you should have been in error respecting your age, the more so since the year is of such vital importance."

"I doubt not the accuracy of your statement; indeed, I now feel assured that it is correct. Of the near approach of death I entertain not the slightest doubt, neither do I dread its arrival. I shall await its coming devoid either of fear or dismay."

"When I am dead, the necessity of concealment closes with my life. I wish, holy Father, that you would unbind my wrist, and take from me the black ribbon, and let my son, with yourself, behold it."

"Do you wish this done now?" inquired the Prior.

"No, not now; after I am dead. Not now."

"It shall be done as you desire; but you must not give way to superstitious fancies. Life is a precious gift, which mortals cannot too highly prize. Strive to dismiss these gloomy forebodings from your mind, and look more hopefully to the future."

Lady Olivia shook her head mournfully.

"It is kind of you to strive to comfort me thus," she murmured; "and I am grateful for this and the many other kindnesses you have shown me; but, for the rest—well, we will not dwell upon a painful subject farther. I feel weak, and am well-nigh exhausted, would fain sleep."

"I will leave you, then, for a short time, that you may gain strength by a little rest. Farewell for the present!" said the Prior, as he passed noiselessly out of the apartment. Having done this, he sent some female domestics to attend upon their mistress. The Prior made the best of his way to the Monastery of St. Peter. Undoubtedly he was a believer in prophecy and miracles, but the story he had been told by the contrite but ill-fated Olivia Jousliffe—as we shall still call her, albeit she had twice changed her name since our first acquaintance with her—seemed to surpass all belief, and the worthy Prior was sorely troubled to account in any way satisfactorily for the remarkable concurrence of circumstances which seemed to be directed by the hand of fate, or by some other unseen power.

"She's full of strange fancies," murmured the holy man; "and is, moreover, of a highly sensitive organization. She has doubtless permitted her imagination to replace whatever small modicum of plain practical sense she ever possessed; hence all her superstitious omens. Women are strange creatures!" And with this consoling assurance he strove to dismiss the subject from his mind; but, despite his endeavours to treat the matter lightly, it continued to occupy his thoughts, which it appeared to overshadow like a funeral pall. The Prior was ill at ease; he found it impossible to proceed with his ordinary duties with his accustomed self-possession. He did not remain in the monastery very long certainly not more than three hours, at the expiration of which time he retraced his steps towards the house he had so recently left. Upon his arrival there, he was ushered in by one of the servants, who looked grave and thoughtful, but said nothing.

Upon the appearance of one of the waiting-maids, the Prior said, hastily, "Your mistress, girl—how is she?"

The maid shook her head, and said, "She's gone, your reverence; she died in less than an hour after you left."

"I must see her. She has on her wrist a black ribbon, which must be removed."

"That has already been done," answered the girl. "Before my mistress died, she called her son to her side, and at the same time desired me to remove the ribbon she so constantly wore."

"Well, what then?"

"Every nerve seemed to be withered, every sinew shrunk up."

The Prior entered the chamber in which the dead woman lay, and satisfied himself of the truth of the girl's statement.

The son of Sir Gilbert and Lady Hemworth, some years after his mother's decease, as had been predicted, was married to a daughter of Vincent McVaugh. The black ribbon and pocket-book remained in the possession of the family as heir-looms. The young married people were blessed with a numerous family.

Read the card of thanks to Stadacona Insurance Company by policyholders of St. John, who claims have been so promptly met.

HEARTH AND HOME.

If a man would keep both integrity and independence free from temptation, let him keep out of debt. Franklin says, "It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright."

THOUSANDS of people might be enjoying reasonable lives, with opportunities for self-culture, for social enjoyment, and for charitable efforts, whose whole energy is absorbed in the desperate struggle to add superfluities to comforts.

He who always receives and never gives acquires, as a matter of course, a narrow, contracted, selfish character. His soul has no expansion, no benevolent impulses, no elevation of aim. He learns to feel and think and care only for himself.

PEOPLE are very often heard to say, "I thought it my duty to do such a thing." It too frequently happens that what they thought it their duty to do was some mischief which lay ten miles out of their way. At a fair computation, fully one-half of the bad things done, out of the ranks of the avowedly vicious, are done under the impulse of a sense of duty.

THE just man says, "Do not let me hurt;" the good man says, "Let me bless." The just man says, "Let me take nothing from my fellow-men;" the good man says, "Let me bestow much upon them." The just man says, "Let me be pure;" the good man says, "Let me draw all men into purity." One is equitable; the other is benevolent. One seeks his own perfection; the other seeks the welfare of those about him.

THINK not that you are the only one who has to endure and who dreads the hardships of life. Ease and comfort are natural desires of the human heart; and there are thorns real or imaginary in every one's pathway. But sitting down and brooding will never bring power to overcome them. Rather "be up and doing," thankful for the blessings still remaining. If you have health and strength, you have reason to be glad, in spite of fortune's frown; for how much harder would be your lot, or efforts to gain a living, if you were crippled, blind, or deaf.

THOROUGHNESS.—Whatever they may undertake, teach the young to do it well. What the future has in store for them nobody can tell. As a general rule, if active and smart, they have a great deal of ambition, often saying to themselves, "I'm going to be this or that when I get big." Therefore the more imperative is the duty resting on their elders of teaching them to become useful men and women, so that in after life, if misfortune happens to come, they will not be found sitting down with helpless hands, crying, "I would work, but I can do nothing well," but starting out with an energetic determination to conquer all obstacles, willing to work at anything they can find to do, and able, because they have been taught, to do everything well.

THE TIME TO MARRY.—Few things in our social life are more serious than the reluctance of young people to marry because they cannot at once set up expensive or stylish housekeeping. Late marriages are becoming so largely characteristic of our social life, on these false and selfish grounds of social economy, that society as a whole, and religious life in particular, are seriously damaged. If a man has gained a position that enables him to marry with ordinary prudence, let him marry, and let not the prudence be pressed too hard; young love, if true and godly, will make early struggle wholesome and joyous. If he has found a woman who will make him happy, let him take her to a modest home, the loving wife of his youth. His life will be better for it, and his fortunes too.

INTERMEDDLING WITH HUSBAND AND WIFE.—Instances are constantly occurring where the un-called-for interference of some relative or professed friend between husband and wife has utterly destroyed for ever the peace and happiness of a family. And the most hateful feature of these impertinent intermeddlings is that they are generally committed by what are called "good" people, and professedly from conscientious motives. Many great crimes are attended with less destructive consequences. "What, therefore, God has joined together, let not man put asunder," is a command which should be obeyed in all its comprehensiveness. It does not prohibit merely the entire separation of husband and wife. It applies to every act on the part of any one calculated in the least degree to disintegrate or weaken the bond of complete union between them.

THE COMING OBJECTS OF AMBITION.—Wealth, official dignity, admission into what is called "society," may be gained more readily than the rewards coveted by the poet and statesman, the artist, and the man of science. Wealth is an advantage which no sane man will despise. It enlarges a thousand-fold the possibilities of life. Money will not give brains, or health, or friends; it cannot minister directly to our highest nature, but the service rendered by it indirectly is all but incalculable. "Poverty's unconquerable bar" has retarded, if not wholly obstructed, the course of men who might have rendered the highest service to their country. The man no doubt has a mean nature who, as Burns says, hangs his head for shame at honest poverty; but, in another sense, he cannot help hanging his head and stooping also, for the burden is always weighty and sometimes crushing. Poverty ennobles a few men of generous dispositions; but, so weak is human nature, it depresses most and takes the elasticity of life.

Sufficient means enable a man to cultivate his mind, to develop whatever faculties he may possess, to obtain the recognition that he merits; with such means he has, at all events, an open road, and is not foiled with difficulties at the very beginning of his journey. Many are the possibilities of life to the man with £2,000 a year.

A GOOD CASE FOR THE GENEALOGISTS.—A young man married a widow, who had a grown-up daughter. His father, a widower, eventually married the daughter. Hence all the complication of relationship involved. We venture to point out only one or two of the most striking. Readers may pursue the subject, if their heads are strong enough to trust to on a high ladder. If not, they had better turn the page. The young man's step-daughter, on becoming the wife of his father, became also the young man's stepmother; and the young man himself as the husband of his father's mother-in-law, became his father's father-in-law; that is, his own grand-father-in-law. This was pretty well to begin with; but in the course of a year or two, the arrival of a child in either family made confusion worse confounded. The child of the young man's daughter-in-law was also his own sister, inasmuch as she was the child of his father. And the young man's own son was also his uncle, as his stepmother's brother; and at once the father's grandchild (as his son's son) and his brother-in-law (as his wife's brother). Our readers have probably had enough to induce a headache, as inevitably as the perpetual motion or the squaring of the circle. Tradition relates that the complication proved too much for the young man, who succumbed to his loss of identity. If a widow and her daughter must marry into the same family, a short Act of Parliament might compel the father and mother to marry, and thus the identity of all parties would remain intact.

THE GLEANER.

PRESIDENT GRANT, it is said, expects to make a tour of the world upon the close of his term of office.

AN Austrian officer, Captain Ahlstem, swam from Vienna to Pesth, in the Danube, 160 miles, in 30 hours.

THERE are in England and Wales 51 working railways the ordinary paid-up capital of which amounts to £33,000,000, on which there is not a farthing of dividend.

MR. BENHAM, of Madison, Ind., noticed a large snake coiled around the bough of an apple tree in which a pet dove was rearing her young. He killed the snake and in it the dove and her brood were found still alive.

A treasure of great value has been washed ashore on the coast of Brittany. A boy found a box on the beach. It was too heavy to carry, and so he called his parents, who broke it open and found that it contained 1,500,000 francs.

AT a sale of ancient manuscripts in London, lately, a series of scroll works, a marvel of sumptuous artistic decoration, relating to the evangelists, and written in the ninth century, was sold for 4780.

QUEEN ANNE'S MANSION is the designation of a new style of co-operative apartment house or hotel just started in London. The aim is to relieve people of housekeeping duties and give them the best living and accommodations at first cost. A similar kind of club dwelling was started in New York some years ago.

AFTER the Oxford authorities had tried many schemes in vain to obtain orderly behavior on the part of the undergraduates on commemoration day, they hit upon the plan of admitting no student to the hall unless accompanied by a girl or a woman. For the first time in years, there was good order during the exercises.

IT is characteristic of the present temper of the French people that the owner of Kisber, to prevent the possibility of any unpleasant demonstrations, deemed it prudent to appeal to the Paris press for full publicity for the fact that he and his horse are Austrians in reality as well as in name, and that he has nothing in common with the German Empire except the language.

If certain epicures may be believed, Roquefort cheese is the *ac plus ultra* of gastronomic luxury. Wild stories have been told of dissipated millionaires, after satiating themselves with all earthly blessings, wandering up and down the rock-hewn streets of the little town of Roquefort with a piece of cheese in their mouths, from which they could no more be parted than a mariner from his quid.

FRANCE exported, last year, false hair, beautifully got up in different shapes, to the amount of one hundred and thirty tons, worth nearly two million francs. Nearly the whole of this went to England and America. The Paris *chiffonniers* now carefully collect all small paper parcels with hair combings, which ladies and servants daily throw out of the windows, and obtain five francs per kilogram for the combings.

THE rude approach to the human outline, observed in the shape of the head of the dugong, and the attitude of a mother while suckling her young, clasping it to her breast with one flipper, while swimming with the other, holding the heads of both above water, and, when disturbed, suddenly diving and displaying her fish-like tail—these, together with her habitual demonstrations of strong maternal affection, probably gave rise, says Sir Emerson Tennent, in his work on Ceylon, to the fable of the mermaid.

THE new Boulevard Saint-Germain will cause the tearing down of the house in which the philosopher Diderot dwelt, at the corner of the streets Taranne and Saint-Benoit. In the Rue Taranne, also resided Xavier de Maistre, at No. 10; Baron Hohenhausen, at No. 12; and Berryer, at No. 25. The same Boulevard will cut off, at about No. 48, Rue des Saints-Pères, the house in which resided the Duc de St. Simon, the famous chronicler of the reign of Louis XIV.; the Republican General Augereau also had rooms in that house.

HAMILTON VOLUNTEER FIELD BATTERY CAMP.

The Hamilton Battery of Artillery went into camp at the Crystal Palace Grounds on June 26th. The Battery is of full strength comprising 1 steel 9-pounder guns, 28 horses and 79 officers, non-commissioned officers and men. The officers are Capt. Smith, commanding; Lieut. W. F. McMahon; Surgeon, Thomas White; and Veterinary Surgeon, — Thompson. Many of the non-commissioned officers and men have gone through a course of instruction at the School of Gunnery at Kingston, and the Battery presents a genuine military appearance.

The Battery affiliated with the Dominion Artillery Association and the target practice was under the supervision of Col. Strange, Inspector of Dominion Artillery. He expressed himself very well pleased with the Battery. He paid the men the high compliment of saying that "he considered the Hamilton Battery the finest in the Dominion."

DOMESTIC.

NEW POTATOES.—Knead an ounce of butter with the juice of half a lemon, white pepper and salt to taste, and a small quantity of parsley freed from moisture and finely minced. Put this on a hot dish, and on it place a quantity of plainly boiled new potatoes.

FRUIT PRESERVES.—Fruit for preserving should be gathered in very dry weather, and should be as free from dust as possible. The usual proportion of sugar is 1lb. to every pound of fruit, but this quantity makes the jam too sweet for most tastes, and a lesser quantity will be found sufficient if the fruit be well boiled before the sugar is added. Copper or brass preserving pans are the best kind to use, but they require a great deal of care to keep clean. Jams should be kept in a dry, cool place, and, if properly made, will require only a small round of white paper laid quite close, and to be tied down to exclude air and dust. If there is the least dampness in the closet, dip the white paper in brandy, tie the jams down as before, and look to them every two or three months. Boil them afresh on the least appearance of mouldiness or mildew.

HOW TO CHOOSE POULTRY.—Young, plump, and well-fed but not too fat poultry are the best. The skin should always be finely grained, clear and white, the breast full fleshed and broad, the legs very smooth, the toes pliable, and easy to break when bent back; the birds must always be heavy in proportion to their size. This applies to fowls and to pigeons. As regards ducks and geese, their breast must also be very plump, the feet flexible and yellow; when they are red and hard, and the bills of the same colour, the skin full of hairs, and coarse, they are old. For boiling, white-legged poultry must be chosen, because, when dressed, their appearance is by far more delicate, but dark-legged ones are more juicy and of better flavour when roasted. The greatest precaution ought to be taken to prevent poultry from getting at all tainted before it is cooked; unless the weather be very warm, it should be kept for a day or two at the least, and a great deal longer in the winter. Pigeons are the best for being cooked the same day they are killed, for they lose their flavour by hanging for ever so short a time. Turkeys are both tough and poor eating if not kept long enough. A goose should hang up for some days in the winter before it is wanted; the same rule applies to fowls in the cold season. Take great care to cook your poultry thoroughly; for nothing is more revolting to the palate than underdone poultry.

TO PREPARE A FOWL FOR ROASTING.—Take off all the feathers, and carefully take out all the stumps or plugs that are in the skin, for there is nothing more offensive than to see anything of this kind in poultry. Take the head and neck off; only just leave enough of the skin to cover the part that is cut. Cut as small a piece as you can for drawing the bird, and take great care not to break the gall-bladder. Keep the legs for a few minutes in boiling water in order to get the skin from them; cut the claws off, and singe the bird with a piece of white paper, but so as not to blacken it. Wash, and wipe it well afterwards, and let the liver and gizzard be put to soak with the neck to make brown gravy with. Truss the bird, and flour it well; when put to the fire, keep it well basted with butter. If a large fowl, it will take an hour; but a young chicken only half an hour. When it is done, take the skewers out, put in a dish garnished with water-cresses, and pour over some brown gravy, that you have made with the gizzard, liver and neck, in the following ways.—First wash them well, then flour them and put them into a little iron saucepan with two ounces of butter. When they are well browned, put in half a pint of boiling water, with pepper and salt according to taste; let it all simmer for an hour; then take out the neck and pour the gravy, with the gizzard and liver, over the fowl. This makes a very brown gravy, if nicely done, and properly thick. The gizzard and liver are much better so than roasted, because they do not get burnt.

SCIENTIFIC.

THE deepest Atlantic soundings ever made were about ninety miles north of the Island of St. Thomas, in 3575 fathoms. The pressure was so great at this immense depth that the bulbs of the thermometer, made to stand a pressure of three tons, broke.

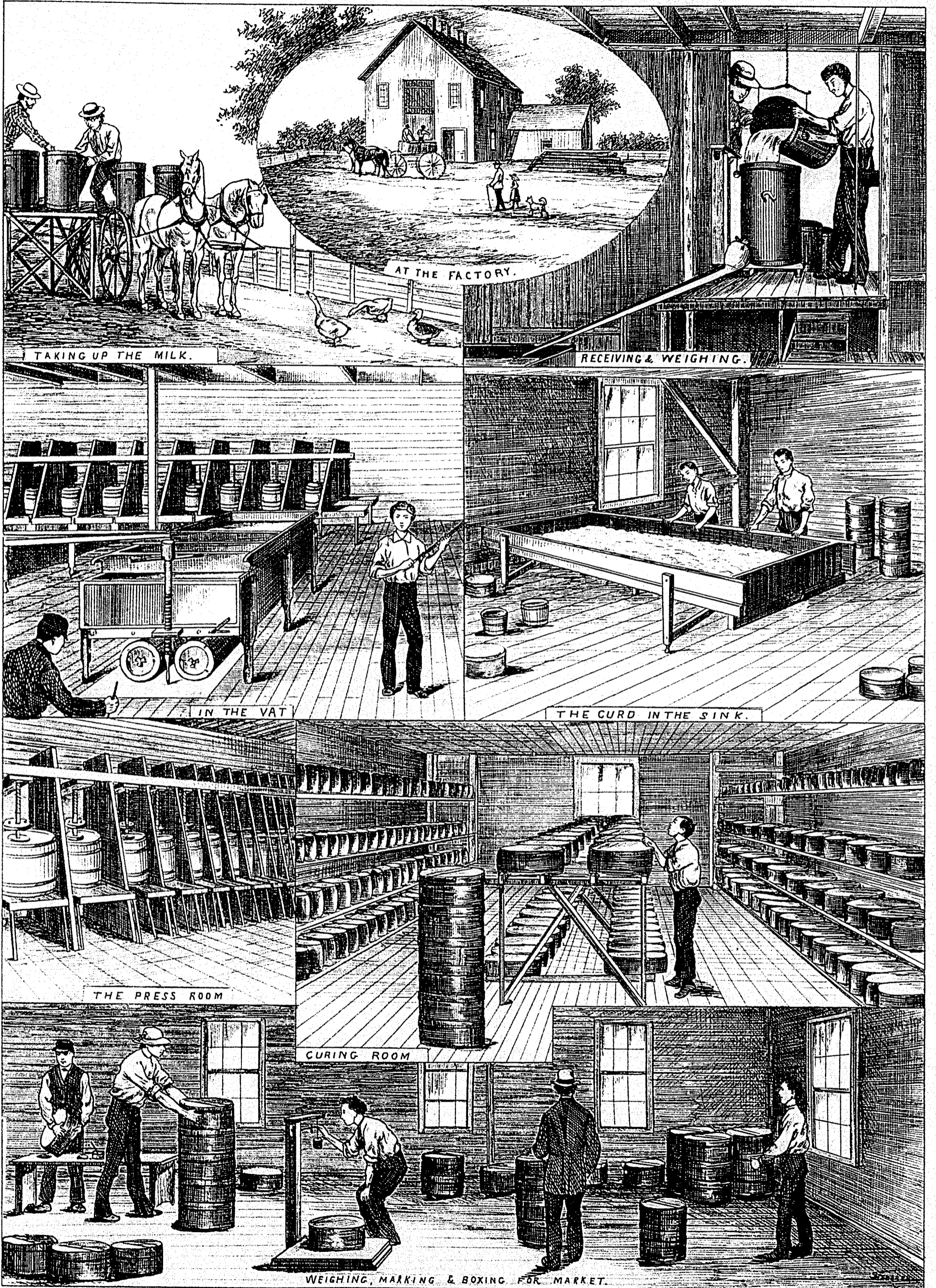
THE Paris Observatory has received from M. Melendez, a Spanish photographer, a remarkable photograph of the moon. Melendez invented a process which enables him to obtain a picture showing mountains and volcanoes upon the surface of the orb and indicating forests of huge trees, now petrified.

If you find yourself inclined to wake up at a regular hour in the night, and remain awake, you can break up the habit in three days, says Dr. Hall, by getting up as soon as you wake, and not going to sleep again until your usual hour for retiring; or retire two hours later and rise two hours earlier for three days in succession, not sleeping a moment in the daytime.

NEWS has been received from Cairo that Mr. Gessi, a member of Col. Gordon's staff, succeeded in circumnavigating the Albert Nyanza, during March and April, in the little thirty-eight ton steamer Khedive. The lake proves to be about one hundred and forty miles in length, and fifty in width, its banks are covered with dense forest, and the southern extremity is very shallow.



THE INDIAN POLICIES OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.



CHEESE MAKING IN ONTARIO.—FROM SKETCHES BY J. C. DYER.

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OUR CENTENNIAL STORY.

THE BASTONNAIS :

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN INVASION OF CANADA IN 1775-76.

By JOHN LESPERANCE.

BOOK III.

THE BURSTING OF THE TEMPEST.

XII.

WAS IT DESIGN OR ACCIDENT ?

Batoche delivered Pauline's letter to Zulma earlier than he had expected. He had intended to go out to the Sarpy mansion on purpose to do so, but to his surprise and pleasure, he encountered her that very day in the environs of Quebec. She was on horseback, accompanied by a servant. As soon as she spied the old soldier, she rode up to him and greeted him in the warmest language. A few words of conversation sufficed to reveal the intention of her journey. She had taken advantage of the splendid weather for a jaunt across the country and had chosen the direction of Quebec in order to learn what was going on between the contending armies. Batoche confined himself to a few words about her friends within the town and excused himself from saying more by producing the letter of Pauline. Zulma seized it eagerly, broke the seal and ran her eye over the numerous sheets. She said nothing, but the expression of her countenance was that of intense amusement, except towards the end of the reading when it changed to a look of curious gravity.

"I shall read it more leisurely when I get home," she said to Batoche, folding the missive and secreting it in her bosom, "and Pauline will be sure to receive a long answer. For the present, please give her my thanks and tell her that the things which she writes me are full of interest. It is very kind of her thus to think of me. Tell her that she is ever present to my mind. I am in no danger, but she is. I can roam about at my pleasure, while she is restrained within the walls. Tell her that I am prepared to do anything I can for her. Whatever she needs she will have from me, and you will be our messenger, will you not, Batoche?"

The old man signified his ready assent. "If there is a necessity for it, I will go to Pauline even through the barricades and barriers. Wherever you lead, Batoche, I will follow. Tell her this, and now, adieu."

"Adieu?" said Batoche inquiringly. "Yes, I will return home. I have had an agreeable ride. I might perhaps have advanced a little further, but now that I have met you, and received this precious letter, I am satisfied."

"It is not yet late in the forenoon," replied Batoche. "Mademoiselle might tarry somewhat longer. I think she might render her journey still more agreeable."

Through these simple words, Zulma was not slow to discern the meaning of her old friend. Her cheek reddened and her eye got animated, spite of the exertions she made to hide her emotions.

"Some of your old tricks of divination again," she said laughing. "Pray, why should I tarry longer?"

Batoche met her ardent glance with a flash of intelligence. Pointing to a little clump of wood, about a quarter of a mile to the right, he said: "I gave him your note, mademoiselle. He was deeply moved. He declared he would treasure it all his life. Perhaps he has answered you already."

Zulma shook her head slowly, but made no interruption.

"He is there, mademoiselle, with his command. Perhaps, in a few days, he may be ordered further forward. If he knew that you were so near him and did not see you, I am certain that he would be deeply distressed. If he knew that you were here, he would ride out at once to meet you."

Zulma still maintained silence, but she could not conceal the agitation which these words produced within her.

"Mademoiselle," continued Batoche, "will you advance with me a little, or shall I go on and tell him that you are here?"

"I put myself in your hands," said Zulma in a low voice, bending over to the old soldier.

Batoche darted a last glance at her which appeared to decide him. He set forth at once in the direction of the camp, and before ten minutes had elapsed, Carry Singleton was riding in hot haste to meet Zulma. He persuaded her to remain a few hours in the camp in the company of his fellow officers and it was in her honor that he performed the tournament which we have described in the preceding chapter. And it was thus that they both unexpectedly were seen by Pauline and Hardinge.

XIII.

THE INTENDANT'S PALACE.

On the 5th December the whole American army marched up to Quebec. Montgomery, who had come down from Montreal with his victorious army, joined Arnold at Pointe-aux-Trembles and took command of the expedition. Flushed with the success which had laid all Canada at his feet, in a campaign of barely three months, the youthful hero advanced against the last rampart of

British power with the determination to carry it or die. His troops shared his enthusiasm. The despondency of the preceding fortnight had melted away and was replaced by an ardor that was proof against the rigors of the season and the undisguised difficulties of the gigantic task which confronted them. They knew that the eyes of all their countrymen were upon them. The Congress at Philadelphia paused in its work of legislation to listen to the news from Canada. Washington was almost forgotten in the anxiety about Montgomery. New England stood expectant of wonders from the gallantry of Arnold. In far-off Maryland and Virginia, the mothers, wives and daughters on the plantations had no thoughts but of the postboy who galloped down the lane with letters from the North where their loved ones were serving under the chivalrous Morgan. It was generally felt then, as it is now well understood in the light of history, that on the fate of Quebec depended, in great measure, the fate of the continental revolution. If that stronghold were captured, the Americans would be rid of every enemy from the North, the French-Canadians and the Indians friendly to France would be encouraged to join the cause of independence, while the moral effect in Europe, where Wolfe's immortal achievement was still fresh in all minds, would doubtless hasten the boon of intervention.

Montgomery, who was altogether a superior man, was keenly alive to all these considerations, and hence when he moved up from Pointe-aux-Trembles he carried with him the full weight of this enormous responsibility. How far he was equal to it these humble pages will briefly tell for the hundredth time, and the writer is proud that he is allowed the opportunity to tell it.

Montgomery took up his headquarters at Holland House and Arnold occupied Langlois House near Scott's Bridge. Around these two points revolved the fortunes of the Continental army during this momentous month of December prior to the attack on Quebec.

It was in the latter building, on the morning after the arrival of the army, that Morgan, who, as we have stated, had preceded the main body by five days, and occupied the principal roads leading to the beleaguered town, received from Arnold the command to occupy the suburb of St. Roch, and establish his headquarters in a large edifice known as the Intendant's Palace. This historical pile was perhaps the most magnificent monument in the Province. It was built as early as 1684, by orders of the French King, under the administration of Intendant De Meulles. In 1712, it was consumed by fire, when occupied by Intendant Begon, but was reconstructed by orders from Versailles. During the last eleven years of French domination, from 1748 to 1750, it became famous through the orgies and bacchanalian scandals of Intendant Bigot, the Sardanapalus of New France, whose exploits of gallantry and conviviality would have formed a fitting theme for a romance from the pen of the elder Dumas. After the Conquest, the British had almost entirely neglected it, as they held their official offices entirely within the town. At the time of the siege, therefore, the edifice was in a deserted and somewhat dilapidated condition, but its large dimensions afforded shelter to a considerable number of Americans, and its advantageous locality suggested to Montgomery the idea of making it the headquarters of his sharpshooters. Morgan was in consequence ordered to place there a picked detachment of riflemen. This he put under the command of Singleton who moved thither a couple of days after his interview with Zulma. From the high cupola of the Intendant's Palace, he kept up a regular fire on the exposed points of the garrison. The sentries along the walls were picked off, one after another; whenever a reconnoitering party appeared above the stockades, they were at once driven under cover, and even the workers of the barbettes were often frightened away from their pieces. Whenever, as frequently happened, a few mortars were pointed on the town from the environs of the Palace, the sharp fusillade which accompanied them from the embrasures of the cupola, produced the liveliest commotion within the walls, causing the alarm bells to sound and sending battalion upon battalion of militia to the rescue. The Americans were very much encouraged by this sign of success, imagining that they had discovered a strong strategic point. The British were proportionately vexed, and Carleton determined on getting rid of the annoyance. For that purpose, he brought a battery of nine pounders to bear upon the building. When Cary Singleton saw it mounted, he smelt mischief.

"We will be knocked off our pins, boys," he said, "but before we drop let every man of you bring down his man." The contest was keen and animated. The riflemen of Virginia poured volley after volley against the artillerymen, while the latter hurled their solid balls against the massive masonry. At first they fired low battering in doors, splin-

tering wood-work, unhinging shutters and ploughing the floors. The old walls of the town were shrouded in clouds of white smoke. The Palace appeared like a ring of fire from the red barrels of the rifle-men. At length, one of the British militia officers stepped forward and pointed a nine-pounder direct on the cupola.

Cary spied the movement and exclaimed: "This is our last chance. Fire!"

Loud and clear boomed the roar of that fatal cannon shot amid the rattle of musketry. There was a crash, a shivering of timbers, and then a heavy fall. When the smoke cleared away, the Intendant's Palace was a heap of ruins. The cupola had entirely disappeared. Wounded men crept out of the debris, as well as they could, some limping, some holding up a broken arm, others bandaging their damaged scalps, but all trailing their muskets. Cary Singleton was borne away by two of his men badly hurt in both legs. The British officer who had aimed the victorious shot stood towering on the walls surveying his achievement. It was Roderick Hardinge.

"Well done, Captain," said Caldwell, commander of the militia regiment to which Roderick belonged, and who had entrusted his young friend with the destruction of the Palace. "That is a good work. I have watched it from the bastion yonder and come to congratulate you. I shall recommend you for immediate promotion."

And so he did. Before that day had ended Roderick Hardinge was breveted a Major. He was overjoyed and after receiving the congratulations of his friends, he hurried off to tell Pauline of his good fortune. Her father was out of the house and she was quite alone. When she opened the door to Hardinge, her eyes were red with weeping, and she held a bit of written paper in her hand. There is no need to describe the meeting. Suffice it to say that the note had informed her of Cary Singleton's fall.

XIV.

LITTLE BLANCHE.

Zulma had not forgotten her promise to Batoche concerning little Blanche. The last time she had met the old man, the subject was mooted and the answer she received was that possibly within a few days he would have occasion to demand her good services in favor of his granddaughter. An unforeseen circumstance hastened their meeting. Sieur Sarpy having learned that an intimate friend of his, living at the village of Charlesbourg, was very ill and particularly desired to see him, proposed to Zulma that she should accompany him on the visit. There was no risk attending the journey, as although Charlesbourg lay not very far from Quebec, to the north-east and in the environs of Montmorenci, it was out of the beat of the besieging forces, and could be reached by a circuitous route free from all interruptions. The promise of immunity had no effect upon Zulma who knew that she had nothing whatever to fear, but she accepted the offer eagerly through the motive of being near her aged father, and because the excitement of travel was a positive relief in her then state of mind. The journey was accomplished successfully and without incident. The weather was favorable and the winter roads excellent. Sieur Sarpy finding his friend very ill indeed, decided upon remaining two or three days at his bedside. The first day Zulma kept him company, but the second, having learned upon inquiry that Batoche's cabin was not a great distance away, she felt an irresistible desire to drive over and visit little Blanche. Her father did not think it worth his while to interpose any objections, although he really did not fancy the project. Strange to say, his sick friend favored it. Smiling languidly, he said in a whisper:—

"Let your daughter go. She may be able to do some good. Batoche is a wonderful man. We all like him, however little we can make him out. I am told that his granddaughter is a very singular child. Let Zulma go."

She went accompanied only by her own servant. She would accept no other escort. When she debouched from the Charlesbourg road into the broad highway leading from Quebec through Beauport to Montmorenci and onwards, she heard the sullen roar of cannon and the muffled roll of musketry in front of the town. She stopped a moment to listen, remarking to her companion that the firing was brisker than usual. But she was not further impressed and soon drove on. The directions she had received were so precise that no difficulty was experienced in finding the route to the cabin. The little path leading to it from the main road was unbeatn either by trace of cariole or web of snow-shoe, but her horse broke through it easily enough, and pulled up in front of the hut almost before it was seen. It was nearly indistinguishable, being white as the element by which it was surrounded, and silent as the solitude amid which it stood. The faintest thread of white smoke rose from the chimney. Not a sound in the environs could be heard save the dull moan of the water-fall. Zulma stepped lightly out of the sleigh, tripped up to the door and rapped gently. No answer. She rapped a little louder. Still no answer. She applied her ear to the small aperture of the latch. Not a breath was audible. Getting just a little excited, not through fear, but through the mystery of adventure, she drew off her glove and knocked vigorously. The door opened wide and noiselessly on its hinges, and across it stood a mite of a girl, dressed in white woollen. For a moment Zulma did not stir. She could not. The strangeness of that child's face, its weird

beauty, the singular light in the wide-open eyes arrested her footsteps and almost the beating of her heart. And near the child was a huge black cat, with stiff tail, bristling fur and glaring green eye, not hostile exactly, but sharply observant and expectant.

"Blanche," said Zulma at length in a voice whose musical softness was as that of a mother's appeal. "*Bon jour*, Blanche. You do not know me. My name is Zulma Sarpy."

There was no fear in the child's face from the first. Now all doubt and hesitation disappeared from it. She did not smile, but a beautiful serenity spread over it. She joined her two little thin hands together, open palm to palm, and instead of approaching, retreated a step or two as if to make way for her visitor. Zulma entered and closed the door.

"I have come to see you, Blanche. Your grandfather has spoken to me of you and I want to do something for you."

The child answered brightly that her grandfather had indeed mentioned mademoiselle Sarpy's name and told her how good she had been to him and how she had promised to be her friend. Both Zulma and Blanche being now perfectly at ease, our old acquaintance Velours testified his satisfaction at this issue of affairs by curving his long back and rubbing himself against the hem of Zulma's cloak. Blanche gave her visitor a seat, helped her to take off her furs and soon the two were engaged in earnest discourse. Zulma looked around the room and moved about to examine the many articles of its quaint furniture. This afforded her the opportunity of asking many questions to all of which Blanche returned the most intelligent answers. Indeed, the child gave proofs of very remarkable intelligence. There was patent in her a wisdom far beyond her years. It was something different from the usual precocity, because the range of her information was limited enough, and there was sufficient simplicity in her discourse to eliminate that feeling of anxiety and pain which we always experience in the presence of abnormally developed children. Zulma made her tell all about her grandfather, and thus learned curious details concerning a character which she intensely admired notwithstanding the mystery which was set like a seal upon it—a mystery which Blanche's unconscious revelations rendered only deeper and more provokingly interesting. She spoke to the child, too, of her grandmother, Pauline, and it was a delight to learn from those truthful lips how much more lovable her dear friend was than she had ever suspected. Zulma felt that her visit was more than repaid by the insight she thus gained into the characters of Pauline and Batoche.

Then she broached higher things. She spoke of God and religion. The untutored child of the forest rose with the occasion. There was nothing conventional in her mind or words on these topics—as how could there be under the wayward teaching of Batoche? But her intuitions were crystal clear. There were no breaks, no obscurities in her spiritual vision. It was evident that she had studied and communed direct with nature and that her soul had grown in literal contact with the winds and the flowers, the trees and the water courses, and the pure untrammelled elements of God.

She knelt before the lap of Zulma and recited all the prayers she knew—the formulas which the priest and Pauline had taught her, and the ejaculations which she had taught herself to say, in the bright morning, in the dark evening, in the silent days of peace, in the crash of the tempest, or when her little heart ached from whatever cause as she passed from infancy to adolescence. The contrast between the styles of these prayers impressed Zulma very strongly. The former were such as she herself knew, complete, appropriate and pathetic in their very phrasing. The latter were fragmentary, rude and sometimes incongruous in syntax, but they spoke the poetry of the heart, and their yearning fervor and indubity made Zulma understand, as she listened to them through her tears, how it is that wayside statues of stone, and wooden figures of the Madonna in lofty niches, are said to hear and answer by visible tokens the prayers of the illiterate, the unfortunate and the poor.

(To be continued.)

GENERAL CUSTER.

General George A. Custer, was a native of Ohio. He graduated at West Point in 1861, with the grade of Second Lieutenant of Cavalry. He was attached to the Army of the Potomac, and distinguished himself at Williamsburg in the Peninsula campaign, for which he was made a First Lieutenant. Promotion now came to him rapidly, as a reward for gallant services. He was soon made Captain, and displayed so much ability while acting as a brigade commander of mounted cavalry that in 1863 he was appointed a Brigadier-General of Volunteers. General Custer participated in many important engagements, and won great honor for dash and gallantry during the terrible campaign in the Wilderness and in Sheridan's brilliant operations in the Shenandoah Valley, for which he received the commission of Major-General of Volunteers. He participated with distinguished ability in the grand movements which decided the fate of Lee's army and of the rebellion in 1865, and was breveted Colonel and Brigadier-General in the regular army for his eminent services. Since the close of the war General Custer has been chiefly engaged in the Indian country. At the time of his death he was acting simply as commander of his regiment, the Seventh Cavalry.

A HOLIDAY DREAM.

Good Shakespeare ask'd us, "Where is Fancy bred?"
We care not, she is with us round by year,
Revolving memories of days long dead,
Gilding the present, when the summer near.
She comes once more; make way; for in her train
Are scenes remember'd, set in frames of flow'rs,
Pictures of sun and sea to give again
The long sweet influence of summer hours.

Come sit and see our dream-progression pass.
Behold, we mount to tracks of rosy snow;
Now we are hidden in the lucky grass
Near the old waterfall, where lilies grow.
We dilly trace some old cathedral town,
And trowl its solemn cloisters hand in hand,
Now pulses quicken on an English down,
Now senses falter in a foreign land.

Close both your eyes in fancy - can you see
That Alpine path we climb'd one afternoon?
Canst scent the leather clasp'd book either knee?
Can you not feel the King's harvest-moon?
Look, darling, here we rested from the heat,
And as you slept I crown'd your yellow hair
With rose and marigolds, and at your feet
I sigh'd for joy, because the world was fair.

There's not a spot I love you have not seen;
I hate the landscape your dear eyes have miss'd;
One spell alone binds us to what has been,
For where we sympathised, there we have kiss'd!
So, as the summer hastens, let us sing,
And in her honour drink deep draughts of wine;
There is no happiness we cannot bring,
No faith like yours, my love - no love like mine!

CLEMENT W. SCOTT.

A LOVER'S DEVICE.

One fine winter evening, early in the present century, Colonel Smith and his maiden sister, Patty, were sitting on either side of a blazing fire, enjoying their ease, without any interruption for at least an hour; and that, considering the sex of Miss Patty, was certainly very remarkable. The Colonel was cross-legged in a great arm-chair, with his spectacles on, his meerschaum in one hand and a newspaper in the other fast asleep. Miss Patty was moving herself gently forward and backward in a low rocking-chair. Close by her feet was the cat, while Carlo was stretched out at full length on the rug in front of the fire, and, like his master, was fast asleep.

At length, the Colonel roused from his nap, took off his spectacles, and rubbed his eyes; then, glancing at a large pile of papers on the table near him, said, "I wish Henry was here to help me collect my rents."

"Well, I really wish he was," answered his sister.

"I can't expect him this month yet," yawned the Colonel.

"Habit's you better send for him?" suggested the sister.

Upon this, the dog got up, and walked towards the door.

"Where are you going, Carlo?" said the old gentleman.

The dog looked at his master, wagged his tail, turned about, and pursued his way towards the door; and, as he could not well open it himself, Miss Patty got up, and opened it for him.

The Colonel seemed perfectly satisfied, and was composing himself for another nap, when the loud and cheerful barking of the dog announced the approach of some one, and roused him from his lethargy. Presently the door opened, and a young man gaily entered the room.

"Why, William Henry, is that you?" said Aunt Patty.

"Henry, my boy, I am heartily glad to see you," added the Colonel, getting entirely out of the chair, and giving his nephew a hearty shake of the hand. "Pray, what has brought you home so suddenly, my boy?"

"Oh, I do not know," answered Henry; "it is rather dull in town, so I thought I would pay you a visit, and see how you were."

"Well, I am glad to see you; sit down," said the Colonel.

"So do," said his sister.

"There, aunt, is a bottle of something good for you; and here, uncle, is one of capital Macoschino."

"Thank you, my boy," said the Colonel. "Positively it does my heart good to see you in such fine spirits!"

"And mine, too," said his sister.

Henry, either anxious to help his uncle or himself, broke the seal from the top of the bottle, and drew the cork, while Aunt Patty provided some glasses.

"Well, my boy," said the Colonel, whose good humour increased every moment, "what's the news in London? Anything happened?"

"No - yes," said Henry; "I have got one of the best stories to tell you, you ever heard in your life."

"Come, then, let's have it," said he, filling his glass.

"Well, you must know," said Henry, "that while I was in town, I met with an old and particular friend of mine, about my own age. Some two months ago, he fell desperately in love with a young girl, and wants to marry her, but dares not without the consent of his uncle, a very fine old gentleman, as rich as Croesus - do take a little more cordial."

"Why, don't his uncle wish him to marry?" inquired the Colonel.

"Oh, yes," resumed Henry. "But there's the rub. He is anxious that Gus should get a wife, but he's terribly afraid that he'd be taken in; for it is generally understood he is to be the gentleman's heir. And as for his uncle, though liberal in everything else, he suspects every lady who pays his nephew the least attention of being a fortune-hunter."

"The old ninny," said the Colonel; "why can't he let the boy have his own way?"

"I think as much," put in Patty.

"Well, how did he manage?" inquired the Colonel.

"Why," said Henry, "he was in a confounded pickle. He was afraid to ask his uncle's consent right out; he could not manage to let him see the girl, for she lives at some distance. But he knew his uncle enjoyed a good joke, and was an enthusiastic admirer of beauty. So, what does he do, but go and get her miniature taken, for she was extremely beautiful, besides being intelligent and accomplished."

"Beautiful - intelligent - accomplished!" exclaimed the Colonel - "pray, what objection should the fool have to her?"

"Why she is not worth a groat," replied Henry.

"Fudge!" said the old Colonel. "I wish I had been in the old gentleman's place. How did he get on?"

"Why, as I said, he had a picture taken, and as it was about the time of collecting rents, he thought it would make the uncle good-natured if he went home and offered to assist him; and so, answering all inquiries, he took the miniature out of his pocket, handed it to his uncle, and asked him how he liked it - telling him a particular friend lent it to him. The old gentleman was in an ecstasy of delight, and declared he would give the world to see a woman as handsome as that, and that Gus might have her."

"Ha!" shouted the Colonel. "Capital! the best joke I ever heard; but was she really beautiful?"

"The most angelic creature I ever saw," answered Henry. "but you can judge for yourself. He lent me the picture, and knowing your taste that way, I brought it for you to look at."

Here Henry took the miniature out of his pocket, and handed it to his uncle, at the same time telling his glass.

Aunt Patty got out of her chair to look at the picture. "Well, now," she said, "she is beautiful!"

"You may well say that, sister," said the Colonel. "Bother me if I do not wish I had been in Gus's place. Deuce take it! why did you not get the girl yourself, Harry? The most charming, graceful creature I ever laid my eyes on! I would give a thousand pounds for such a niece."

"Would you?" inquired Henry, patting the dog.

"Yes, that I would," replied the Colonel; "and nine thousand more upon the top of it, and that makes ten thousand; deuce take me if I would not!"

"Then I'll introduce her to you to-morrow," said Henry.

As there was a wedding at the house of the worthy Colonel very shortly after, and the old gentleman was highly pleased with the beautiful and accomplished bride, it is reasonable to suppose that Henry did not forget his promise.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

MR. MORE wrote to a girl, asking her to marry him. She declined, and closed her note with, "No More at present."

To write a good love letter you ought to begin without knowing what you mean to say, and to finish without knowing what you have written.

MOTHER (to her little son eight years old): "How do you like your new teacher, my dear?"

LITTLE SON: "Oh, she's capital! She sits and works worsted all the time, and don't care whether we learn our lessons or not!"

"How much money have you?" said a rich old curmudgeon to a gay young fellow courting his pretty daughter. "Oh, I haven't much of anything now, but I have a very rich prospect indeed." The wedding occurred, and the old gentleman learned from his fine son-in-law that the rich prospect was the prospect of marrying his daughter.

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND, if it is said, recently had occasion to write to an American lady with regard to some paintings which that person had to dispose of. The Duke signed himself with the title of his double dukedom. The lady misunderstood his Grace, and in reply addressed her envelope to "Messrs. Richmond and Gordon," commencing her epistle with "Gents."

PROF. SEYMOUR was lecturing in Ossipee, U. S., on Natural Philosophy, and in the course of his experiments he introduced one of Carrington's most powerful magnets, with which he attracted a block of iron from a distance of two feet. "Can any of you conceive a greater attractive power?" the lecturer demanded. "I ken," answered a voice from the audience. "Not a natural, terrestrial object, I opine?" "Yaas, sir!" The Professor challenged the man who had spoken to name the thing. Then uprose old Set Wimplet. He was a genius in his way, and original. Said he: "I ken give ye the facts, squire, an' you ken judge for yerself. When I were a young man, there were a little piece o' natural magnet, done up in kaliker an' dunnity, as was called Betsey Jane. She could draw me fourteen miles every Sunday. Snakes alive, it were jest as natural as slidin' down hill! That wa'n't no resistin' her. That 'ere magnet o' yourn is poopy good, but 'aint a circumstance to the one 'at draw'd me."

A Dublin chambermaid is said to have got twelve commercial travellers into eleven bedrooms, and yet to have given each a separate room. Here we have the eleven separate bedrooms.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11

"Now," says she, "if two of you gentlemen will go into No. 1 bedroom and wait a few minutes I'll find a spare room for you as soon as I have shown the others to their rooms." Well, now, having thus bestowed two gentlemen in No. 1, she puts third in No. 2, the fourth in No. 3, the fifth in No. 4, the sixth in No. 5, the seventh in No. 6, the eighth in No. 7, the ninth in No. 8, the tenth in No. 9, the eleventh in No. 10. She then came back in No. 1, where you will remember she had left the twelfth gentleman alone with the first, and said, "I've accommodated all the rest and have still a room to spare, so if one of you will step into No. 11 you will find it empty." Then the twelfth man got his bedroom. Of course there is a hole in the saucenpan somewhere, but we leave the reader to determine exactly where the fallacy is, with just a warning to think twice before declaring as to which, if any, of the travellers was the "odd man out."

THERE were a score or more of women gathered together at Mr. Johnson's house. Mr. Johnson is a good-hearted man and a respectable citizen, though he is rather sceptical about some things. The women had just organised "The Foreign Benevolent Society," when Mr. Johnson entered the room. He was at once appealed to to donate a few dollars as a foundation to work on, and Mrs. Graham added:

"It would be so pleasant in after years for you to remember that you gave this society its first dollar and its first kind word."

He slowly opened his wallet, drew out a ten-dollar bill, and as the ladies smacked their lips and clapped their hands, he asked:

"Is this society organized to aid the poor of foreign countries?"

"Yes - yes - yes!" they chorused.

"And it wants money?"

"Yes - yes!"

"Well, now," said Johnson, as he folded the bill in a tempting shape, "there are twenty married women here. If there are fifteen of you who can make oath that you have combed your children's hair this morning, washed the dishes, blacked the cook-stove, and made the beds, I'll donate this \$10."

"I have," answered two of the crowd, and the rest said:

"Why, now, Mr. Johnson?"

"If fifteen of you can make oath that your husbands are not wearing socks with holes in the heels, this money is yours," continued the wretch.

"Just hear him!" they exclaimed, each one looking at the other.

"If ten of you have boys without holes in the knees of their pants, this '\$10' goes to the society," said Johnson.

"Such a man!" they whispered.

"If there are five pairs of stockings in this room that don't need darning I'll hand over the money," he went on.

"Mr. Johnson," said Mrs. Graham, with great dignity, "the rules of this society declare that no money shall be contributed except by members; and as you are not a member I beg that you will withdraw and let us proceed with the routine business."

THE PRICE OF FOOD IN OLD TIMES.

Amid the never-ending comments on the high price of provisions it is difficult for us to realize the fact that a time existed in England's history when wheat, as food for one hundred for a whole day, was worth only a shilling, and the average price of a sheep was fourpence. In the reign of Henry I. the price of wine was raised to sixpence a quart for red, and eightpence for white, in order that the sellers might be enabled to live by it. When wheat was one shilling and sixpence per quart, as it sometimes was, the farthing white loaf was to weigh sixty-four ounces, and the whole grain ninety-six. Think of purchasing a six-pound loaf of good wheaten bread for a farthing! In the nineteenth year of the reign of Edward I. the price of provisions in the city of London was fixed by the Common Council at a tariff by which two pullets were sold for three halfpence, a partridge or two woodcocks for the same, while a fat lamb was to be sixpence from Christmas to Shrovetide, and the rest of the year fourpence. In the fourteenth century, Parliament fixed the price of a fat ox at forty-eight shillings, a shorn sheep at five shillings, two dozen of eggs at threepence, and the best wine at twenty shilling per tun. An Act of Parliament passed in 1533 settled the value of beef and pork at a halfpenny per pound, and veal at three farthings.

ARTISTIC.

THE life-size statue of Horace Greeley, for Greenwood Cemetery, is now ready for erection.

Forty-six cases of casts and photographs taken from the German excavations at Olympia have been sent to Berlin. The digging will be recommenced next September.

ADMIRERS of Mr. Carlyle will rejoice to learn that M. Rajon has been invited to execute a portrait of the author of "Sartor Resartus," and that that able engraver is about to begin the commission.

FOREIGNERS as well as native artists are invited to compete for the construction of a monument in Pesth to Francis Deak, and three prizes are offered for the best designs. The cost is not to exceed 100,000 florins.

"BANSU: OR, OUR AFGHAN FRONTIER," is the title of a work which will be of special interest to the student of Pashto, and of general interest to Oriental scholars. It contains the first collection of Pashto proverbs which has been given to the public.

THE colossal statue of Independence for the harbor of New York will be finished, it is hoped, in time to be shown in Paris during the exhibition in 1878. The wrist of this gigantic statue has been moulded lately. It took 200 sacks of plaster for its composition, and weighed 5,075 kilogrammes.

Professor Whitney, the learned American Sanskritist, is reported to have nearly completed a treatise on Aryan abilities, a work likely to create a sensation amongst Oriental scholars. It is said he intends to proceed to India soon and take up his abode there for several years, to continue his researches.

THE Byron Memorial Committee has at last invited competition for the proposed colossal statue in the Green Park, and it is announced that the models, which are to be quarter-size, must be sent in before the 1st of October, and will be exhibited in the South Kensington Museum. The amount already collected is £3,000.

SEVERAL statues in white marble are to be placed in the crypt of the tomb for the Orleans family at Dreux. The first, ordered by the Comte de Paris, represents Madame Adolphe lying on a bed, the head and breast surrounded by a lace veil. The three others have been commissioned by the Duc de Montpensier, who will place them on the tombs of his daughter and two sons. All four are the work of the sculptor Millet.

THE Prince of Wales' Indian presents make a very fine and attractive show, but intrinsically they are not worth much. Most of the diamonds are flat chips, so light that they float in water. As works they are not to be compared with the contents of the India Museum. One of the Kashmir shawls is worked in the shape of a wrap of Jumbo, the capital of that country. In many respects the collection shows the pernicious influence of European models, and fine old Indian work of any kind is not very plentiful.

WELLS SMITH, an artist in Leeds, England, was waited upon by a detective who had received instructions from London to investigate the receipt of a note, of which the following is a copy: "What a nerve you must have had to collar the Gainsborough. What are you going to do with it?" This note, Smith informed the officer, had been received by him from a local artist resident in London, and he had thrown it into his waste-paper basket, and thought no more about it. Hence it found its way to the dust heap, and was there picked up by a rag man, who had heard of the reward offered for the recovery of the stolen picture - "The Duchess of Devonshire."

A NOVEL feature in the art collection of the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition will be the largest picture ever painted. The subject is the "Siege of Paris," and the painter, the celebrated M. Philippoteaux; the size, fifty feet wide by three hundred and eighty feet long. The task of painting so large a picture is of course difficult, especially as the artist will not consent to leave Paris. The *modus operandi* is as follows. The great canvas is stretched flat upon the floor of a large building. As soon as a portion of the painting - which is worked up from miniature sketches - of sufficient dimensions is finished, it is covered with paper, and the completed part rolled up, thus bringing a new and unfinished section upon the vast easel, and within reach of the artist's brush. A peculiar and attractive feature will be the introduction of superb life-sized figures in *paysage nudis* of men and horses, occupying a foreground of earth, in front of the canvas, by means of which the eye will insensibly be carried away from reality to the painting - a perfect illusion.

THE National Portrait Gallery has just now acquired by purchase several important additions to its treasures. These are - 1. Mary Tudor, as "Lady Marj," aged twenty-eight, anno 1544, a much injured, but quite genuine picture, and similar to an engraving by Hall, on panel, with gilding. 2. Mary Queen of Scots, at the time she was a prisoner at Sheffield, dated 1578. The brand of Charles I., "C. R." surmounted by a royal crown, is on the back of the very strong oak panel. These pictures have lain hid at Beaurepaire, a seat of the Brocas family in Hampshire. 3. Angelica Kauffmann, by herself, in oval, half-length, the size of life, holding a book and portfolio. 4. Anne Oldfield, grandmother of the first Earl of Cadogan, and who was brought in state to the Jerusalem Chamber, and refused a monument in Westminster Abbey, where she is buried beneath the memorial of Congreve. She was "Nardisa," the subject of Pope's satire. 5. Rachel Lady Russell, widow of Lord Russell, the patriot, in mourning, seated in a pensive attitude; a good Kneller.

NEWSPAPER CIRCULATION.

Having been appointed to investigate the actual circulation of the EVENING STAR for one month, *to wit*, from 16th May to 15th June, 1876, I have carefully examined the books and vouchers of said paper, and from which I find that the circulation for said 26 days was 294,933 as detailed below, being an average of 11,343 per day.

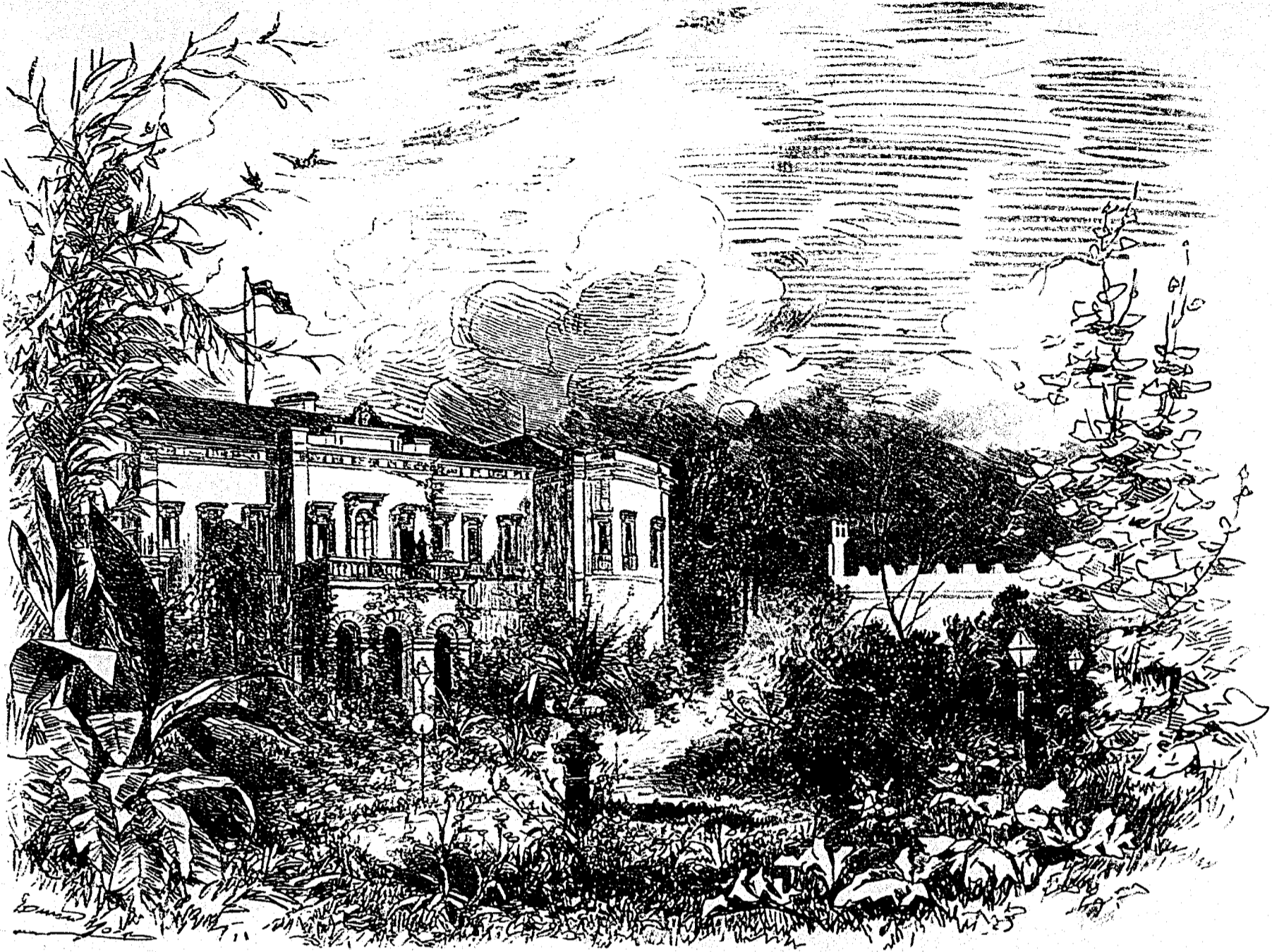
DATE.	CITY.	COUNTRY.	TOTAL.
May 16	8,544	1,589	10,133
" 17	9,048	1,589	10,637
" 18	9,704	1,589	11,293
" 19	9,717	1,587	11,304
" 20	9,885	1,592	11,477
" 21	9,840	1,594	11,434
" 22	9,842	1,585	11,427
" 23	9,408	1,593	11,001
" 24	9,539	1,596	11,135
" 25	10,229	1,592	11,821
" 26	9,205	1,591	10,796
" 27	9,659	1,591	11,250
" 28	10,488	1,593	12,081
" 29	9,951	1,592	11,543
" 30	9,698	1,593	11,291
June 1	10,027	1,594	11,621
" 2	9,710	1,589	11,299
" 3	10,011	1,585	11,596
" 4	9,890	1,584	11,474
" 5	9,729	1,577	11,306
" 6	9,765	1,661	11,426
" 7	10,233	1,578	11,811
" 8	9,751	1,579	11,330
" 9	9,943	1,584	11,527
" 10	9,643	1,592	11,235
" 11	9,344	1,631	10,975
Average	253,251	41,682	294,933
	9,743	1,600	11,343

THOMAS R. JOHNSON,
Accountant.
Montreal, June 23, 1876.

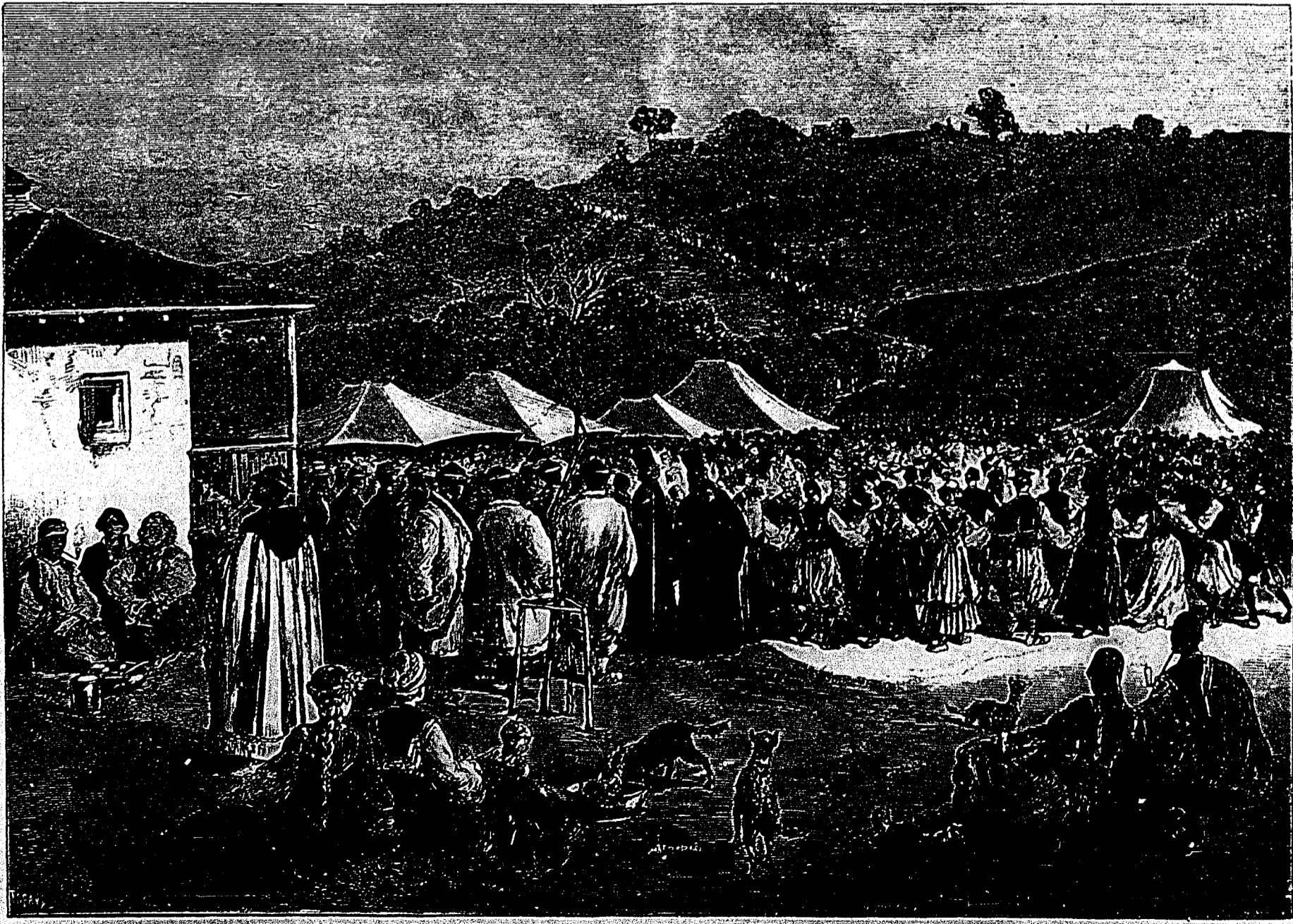
N. B. - The circulation for the month ending 15th June shows, in comparison with the figures of the month preceding: -

	Average Daily Circulation.
16th May to 15th June	11,343
16th April to 15th May	10,363
	815
	34
	780

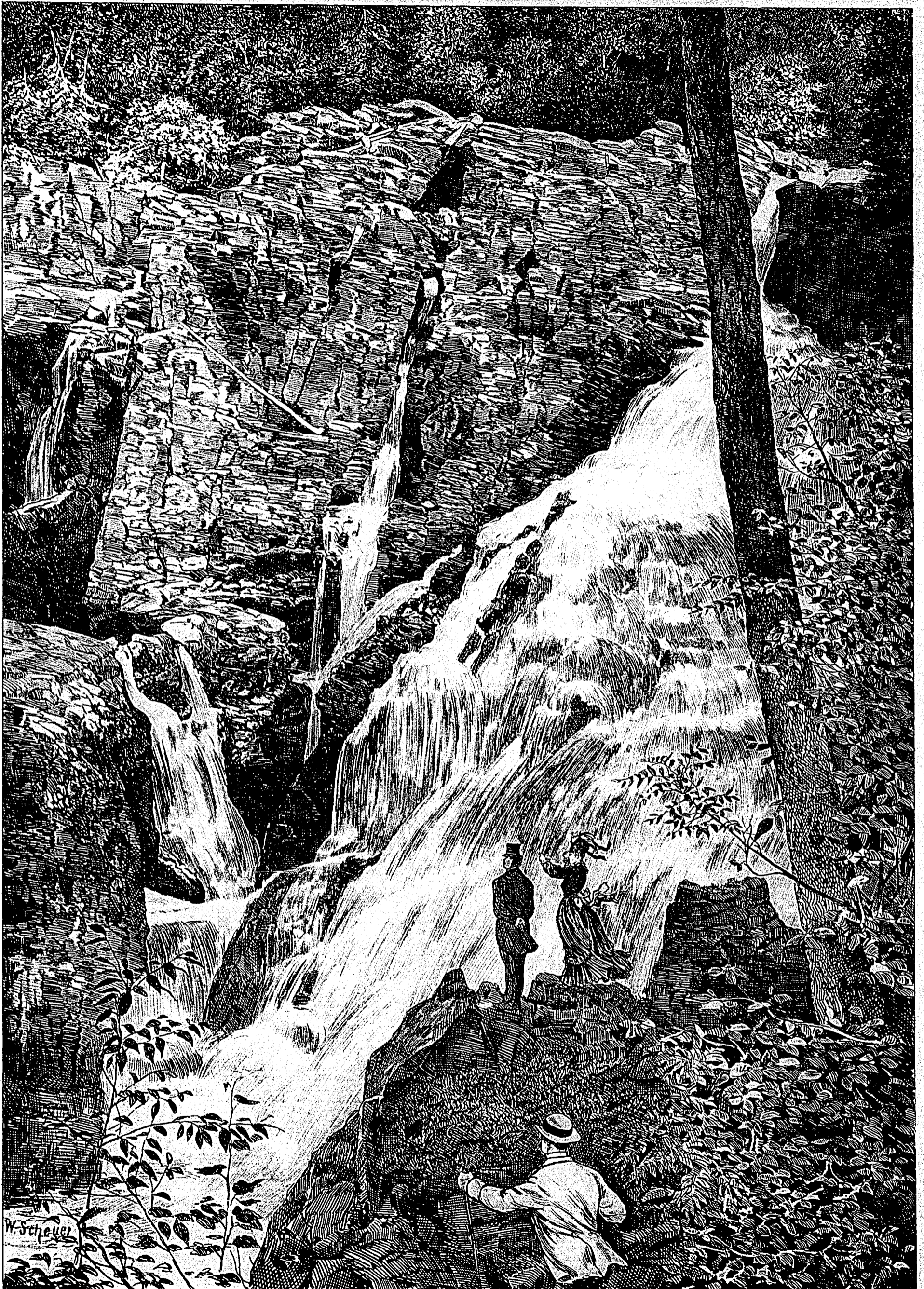
Showing an average increase in city circulation, in a single month, of 815 copies, daily, or an aggregate increase of 21,190.



KONAK, THE PALACE OF PRINCE MILAN, AT BELGRADE.



THE EASTERN WAR:—GATHERING AT VICHNITZA, ON THE EVE OF THE DEPARTURE OF VOLUNTEERS.—THE KOLO DANCE.



W. Scheuer

THE FALLS OF ST. ANN, BELOW QUEBEC.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

MONTREAL.

Fair "City of the Mountain"
How proudly thou dost lie,
Like Eve beside the fountain,
In calm, sweet majesty;
Stalwart sons and lovely daughters
Attend thee at thy call,
Like lilies on the waters
Gathering round thee, great and small.
Thou art part of a great Nation!
Thou art Queen of thine own Isle,
Many bounties of creation,
In thy fertile valleys smile,
Rise up, and gaze around thee,
Try thy powers—what they are,—
All the treasures which surround thee
Should increase thy fame afar!
All the wisdom of thy pages,
All the great works of thy sons,
Will be told in future ages,
As the tide of History runs,
The good deed of Mills and Molson,
Richardson and many more
From the hearts of grateful thousands
Will resound from shore to shore,
So, rouse thee fair one, rouse thee!
Thou hast duties,—not a few,—
The rest which "Time" allows thee,
May soon be broken through:—
All the world is in commotion
There are "banners in the skies!"
Canst thou see, without emotion,
All the dangers that arise?
Let not sloth nor false indulgence
Thy grand energies e'er blight,
But, may Virtue's bright effulgence,
Crown thy onward path with light!

E. L. M.

OUR SUMMER VISITORS.**THE THRUSHES.**

In a previous communication I briefly alluded to some of our most common feathered stong-ters; in the present, I crave leave to say a few words anent two of the most musical tenants of every hardwood grove round Quebec, in which shade, protection and running water occur in May, June and July. About the beginning of August, the great office of incubation being over, the chief portion of our melodious favorites mysteriously disappears and our shady glens and green groves become again silent. Though spring brings us a brilliant array of artists for the annual concert of nature, how many escape observation, unless ticketed and pointed out, in unmistakable terms! What an American naturalist wrote for the latitude of Washington, is just as applicable to that of Quebec:—

"Most people," says Mr. Burroughs, "receive with incredulity a statement of the number of birds that annually visit our climate. Very few men are aware of half the number that spend the summer in their own vicinity. We little suspect, when we walk in the woods, whose privacy we are intruding upon,—what rare and elegant visitants from Mexico, from Central and South America, and from the islands of the sea, are holding their reunions in the branches over our heads, or pursuing their pleasure on the ground before us.

"I recall the altogether admirable and shining family which Thoreau dreamed he saw in the upper chambers of Spaulding's woods, which Spaulding did not know lived there, and which were not put out when Spaulding, whistling, drove his team through their lower halls. They did not go into society in the village; they were quite well; they had sons and daughters; they neither wove nor spun; there was a sound of suppressed hilarity.

"I take it for granted that the forester was only saying a pretty thing of the birds, though I have observed that it does sometimes annoy them when Spaulding's cart rumbles through their house. Generally, however, they are as unconscious of Spaulding as Spaulding is of them."

We have here also a fair number of Spauldings. I purpose now describing two of the most musical amongst the five varieties of Thrushes who have been serenading me morning and evening for the last two months—the Hermit Thrush and Wilson's Thrush or Veery.

THE VEERY OR WILSON'S THRUSH.—This is one of our most diminutive thrushes. It is of the size of our blue-bird, and easily distinguished from other varieties by the indistinctness of its markings; there is a shade of orange on the crown and tail—the belly is white, with the dark markings on the breast, indistinct. The nest composed of grass, leaves, and weeds, carefully lined with hair, is hidden occasionally in a low, thick shrub, but usually in a deep wood, on the ground. The eggs,—oval in shape—of a blueish-green deeper than those of the Hermit Thrush, are generally four or five in number. At earliest dawn—at sunset—in cloudy weather before rain, the Veery pours forth his "dulcet melody." Salmagundi has well described it. "The song," says he, "is a peculiar one, with a singular metallic ring, exceedingly difficult to describe. It begins quite loud, the syllables, *chéury, chéury, chéury, chéury*, decreasing in tone to quite a faint lisp; then, after a short pause, the notes *cheou, twit, tritter, tritter*, are uttered; and the whole is finished usually with the ejaculation, *chickcheu*. This song is often repeated; and sometimes, two or three males, perching on a shrub or tree, emulate each other in a musical contest that is very pleasing to hear. This Thrush, as are all the others, is eminently insectivorous; and through the whole day, he may be heard busily searching among the fallen leaves for his favorite food."

An elegant American writer thus describes the Canadian favorite: "Whilst sitting on the soft cushioned log, tasting the pungent acidulous wood-sorrel, (*oxalis acetosella*), the blossoms of

which, large and pink-veined, rise everywhere above the moss, a rufous-colored bird flies quickly past, and, alighting on a low limb, a few rods off, salutes me with "Wheu! Wheu! or "Whoit! Whoit!" almost as you would whistle for your dog. I see by his impulsive, graceful movements, and his dimly speckled breast that it is a Thrush. Presently, he utters a few soft, mellow, flute-like notes, one of the most simple expressions of melody to be heard, and scuds away, and I see it is the Veery or Wilson's Thrush. . . . To get a good view of him you have only to sit down in his haunt, as in such cases he seems equally anxious to get a good view of you."

THE HERMIT THRUSH, somewhat larger than Wilson's Thrush, with a late season, arrives round Quebec, in the early days of May. The spots and markings on his breast, deeper and most distinct, easily distinguish him from his congener. The bare ground in a secluded spot, but generally a thick, low bush, contains his nest. The eggs, three or four in number, are of a light-blue, with a very faint tint of green—sometimes, but rarely, spotted with reddish-brown. The Hermit Thrush is a shy, but very sweet songster, whose note much resembles that of the Song Thrush—the latter does not reach Quebec in its northern migration. The Hermit is a very dear friend to our household during his annual visit from May to August.

Later on, when September crimsones the leaves, a solitary wanderer or two, but silent and tuneless, may be met in my oak and beech groves, closing to the crystal runlet Belle-Borne. In my mind also, the solitary minstrel in his autumnal journey "is always associated with the falling leaves—the rustling of acorns through the birches and alders of the swampy glens."

Let us again hear Mr. Burroughs describe this lonely child of song. "Ever since I entered the woods, even whilst listening to the lesser songsters, or contemplating the silent form about me, a strain has reached my ears from out of the depths of the forest that to me is the finest sound in nature—the song of the Hermit Thrush. I often hear him thus a long way off, sometimes over a quarter of a mile away, when only the stronger and most perfect parts of his music reaches me; and through the general chorus of wrens and warblers, I detect this sound, rising pure and serene, as if a spirit from some remote heights were slowly chanting a divine accompaniment. This song appeals to the sentiment of the beautiful in me, and suggests a serene religious beatitude as no other sound in nature does. It is perhaps more of an evening than a morning hymn, though I hear it at all hours of the day.

"It is very simple, and I can scarcely tell the secret of its charm. "O spherical, spherical!" he seems to say; "O holy, holy! O clear away, clear away! O clear up, clear up!" interspersed with the finest trills and the most delicate preludes. It is not a proud, gorgeous strain, like the tanager's or the grosbeak's; suggesting no passion or emotion,—nothing personal—but seems to be the voice of that calm, sweet solemnity one attains to in his best moments. It realizes a peace and a deep solemn joy that only the finest souls may know. A few nights ago, I ascended a mountain to see the world by moonlight; and when near the summit the Hermit commenced his evening hymn, a few rods from me. Listening to this strain on the lone mountain, with the full moon just rounded from the horizon, the pomp of your cities and the pride of your civilization seemed trivial and cheap.

"I have seldom known two of these birds singing at the same time in the same locality, rivaling each other like the Wood Thrush and the Veery. . . . Later in the day, when I had penetrated the heart of the old "Bark peeling," I came suddenly on one singing from a low stump, and for a wonder he did not seem alarmed, but lifted up his divine voice, as if his privacy was undisturbed. I open his beak and find the inside yellow as gold. I was prepared to find it inlaid with pearls and diamonds, or to see an angel issue from it. He is not much in books; indeed, I am acquainted with scarcely any writer on ornithology whose head is not muddled on the subject of our three prevailing song thrushes, confounding either their figures or their songs."

Amongst the collector of Canadian birds in my aviary, I have a very handsome Veery or Wilson's Thrush. Notwithstanding what Mr. Burroughs has said of this constant spring visitor, there will yet remain, I fear, many Spauldings in Canada, to whom the Hermit Thrush will seem a myth.

Spencer Grange, near Quebec. J. M. L.
Dominion Day, 1876.

MUSIC.

All music is the expression of the beauty of form through the medium of sound. That form varies to a vast extent, just as the written languages of men vary, as the forms of versification vary, as the possible combinations of colour, the linear shapes of the human countenance, the outlines of vases, of dress, of architectural structure and decoration, all vary. But just as in all these there can be no beauty without the proportion of parts, without symmetry, without the sentiment of life united with the conception of overruling law and order, so it is with musical expression. Music, again, possesses a power peculiarly its own. It can excite the purely emotional portion of our nature to a degree without parallel in any other art in which a definite human feeling is not presented to us. In its vagueness lies concealed a readiness to

adapt itself to the expression of combined thought and feeling with an intensity altogether transcending any other vehicle which our nature possesses. And the secret of this power I take to be this: Every man and woman who thinks and feels, except in the most commonplace and superficial fashion, is conscious, in some degree, of the inexplicable mysteriousness of the life we live and of the universe we live in. It is not a question of this or that theology, or of this or that philosophy, or of this or that mode of living. All of us are conscious of the same desire to escape from the bondage of our personal loneliness and ignorance into some sort of freer atmosphere, in which our faculties may range and expand in a new and more unhampered exercise, and our enjoyment of existence and our perceptions of truths may become more definite and real. And it is because it puts into a species of articulate voice this undying desire, that music exercises its spell upon those who are sensitive to its charm. As in all other matters, men are variously endowed in this respect, and this endowment does not necessarily accompany any other peculiarity of natural endowment. At the same time, the sensibility to music takes various forms, in exact accordance with the rest of a man's nature. The man of shallow nature likes one kind of music, the man of thought and depth loves another. There is music which touches the weak and morbid, but which is repellent to all healthy and masculine minds. There is music which by no possibility can be understood and enjoyed by a fool; and there is music which is essentially low and vulgar. . . . But, granting the presence of the natural musical capacity properly cultivated, and the intelligence, the emotional susceptibility, and the healthy activity of the listener, then I say that in those works which unite profound elaboration to intense tunefulness, he finds an expression of all that is best and noblest in his nature, and is lifted into a region of thought and feeling where this present existence seems for the moment to have vanished away. And among such works the Mass in B Minor stands pre-eminent. It is to the greatest choral writings of other composers what the marbles of the Parthenon are to all other sculpture, and what Shakespeare is to all other poets. Those who look for this pre-eminence in its songs will be disappointed, admirable as they are. It is in the succession of its gigantic choruses that it leaves all other music behind, as comparatively slight and inexpressive. They have all the brilliant and masterly clearness of Handel's best choruses, all his tunefulness and propriety of expression; but they cancel them in a boundless richness of elaboration and development, in a union of complication and multitudinousness of detail with a perfect unity and simplicity of general effect, and in a power of inventing and working out of orchestral accompaniment, which Handel, great above all others, never achieved.

STRANGE FASHIONS.

In Scribner's *Monthly* we read:—A Parisian lady is not said to be dressed nowadays, nor does she even order a dress to be made for her. She asks her dressmaker to mould a dress upon her, and, when this is done, she is called a *moulée*.

To be moulded, you must begin by adapting every article of your underclothing to shape and size prescribed by fashion. Therein lies the only secret of perfection in dress which the *Parisienne* possesses over other women. Next to the *Parisienne* it is the American woman who is considered to be "the best dressed." She has one fault, however—she is not always *japonnée* according to the requirements of her toilet.

As a rule, each dress should have its separate set of skirts, to be worn exclusively with it, and this should be supplied by the dressmaker herself, as it should always be almost of the same length and width as the skirt of the dress, and always of the same shape. Now two underskirts, at the utmost, are worn. The one which accompanies the dress, and which is of white muslin, is trimmed with lace insertions and edgings. No flounces are worn on underskirts. They are too bulky for the present style of dress.

The skirt to be worn under this muslin skirt is of white foulard, which material clings better than any other to the figure. And the skirt (which is gored, so as not to form a single plait) is stitched to the edge of the corset, in order to leave the figure perfectly untrammelled by band or belt, however thin. The skirt is also trimmed with lace-insertion and edging. The corset is very long—à la *Jeanne d'Arc*. As a guide, it should be of the length of the dress cuirasse, which cuirasse, by the by, is now only simulated by trimming on the dress. This, again, is to avoid giving extra size to the figure.

Some dispense with the second skirt of white silk; they wear an undergarment of white silk under the corset, which garment they trim with lace, as if it were a skirt. It is made as long as an ordinary skirt, and it takes the place of one. In reality therefore, no skirts are worn by the most strict.

To recapitulate, a fashionable lady's toilet now consists of a white silk bodice inlaid with Valenciennes, which white silk bodice is continued into a skirt, which is also richly trimmed with lace insertions and edging. This garments answers two purposes and is called by two names. The first comes the long cuirasse corset of white or pink satin, which improves the entire figure. An extra white foulard skirt may be stitched to the edge of the corset, but this is not necessary. It should, however, be worn under costumes not

provided with a special under-skirt of their own. The dress itself, of whatever material it may be, is of the Princess shape—that is, in one piece from neck to hem of skirt.

The trimming on the dress simulates cuirasse and even tunic. But separate cuirasses or tunics are quite laid aside, as being too bulky, and hiding the outlines of the figure too much. It thus follows that nothing is worn under a dress body excepting the under corset. Bad, indeed, must be the figure that does not look moulded under this system of underclothing. You may wear a cotton dress of five dollars, if you will, but under this must be worn the finest foulards and the richest lace.

Nor is it the dressmaker who can make the figure. This depends entirely on the corset manufacturer. There is even a talk of having dress cuirasses made by corset makers, and the skirts would then be fastened to the corset, which would at the same time form the body of the dress.

CHEESE MAKING IN ONTARIO.

But a few years since hardly a cheese factory could be found in a week's travelling the country, but at the present time there is hardly a county in Ontario in which there cannot be found several which annually turn out thousands of pounds. The process which the milk undergoes while being made into cheese is interesting to one who sees it for the first time. The farmers either sell the milk or take a share in the cheese which is made at the factory the milk being taken up every morning, and at some factories both morning and evening. The milk when received is weighed, then run into a vat where it is heated to a certain temperature, and by the action of rennet the curd is separated from the whey which is drawn off the curd—the curd is then dipped into the zincs when it is salted and thoroughly mixed by hand and where any whey which may still remain in it drips through the fine sieve like bottom of the zinc. After being thoroughly mixed in the zincs the curd is ready for the wrappers and pressers which shape the cheese. After remaining in the press for about twenty-four hours, the cheese is taken from the press and stored in the curing or drying room where they remain from two weeks to a month, or longer, when after being weighed and its particular brand marked on it and boxed, the cheese is ready for market. At the present time a cheese is made about fifteen inches in diameter and weighs, when fully cured, about fifteen pounds; formerly the cheeses were made much larger, but of late years have been made the size stated. The season commences at the factories about the first of May and with most close during October, though some continue longer. It takes about ten pounds of milk to make a pound of cheese and while some of the farmers only send from 50 to 60 pounds of milk a day to the factory, some send as many as 600 or 700 pounds, or even more than that. A great deal of the cheese which is manufactured in Canada is shipped to England and France. Our Canadian manufacturers of cheese have made a creditable exhibition of cheese at the Centennial Exhibition, and we hope they may make a still greater show in October, when another exhibition of cheese takes place at the Centennial.

HYGIENIC.

BORAX dissolved in water, used as a lotion, will remove prickly heat.

To preserve ice-water make a hat-shaped cover of two thicknesses of paper, with cotton wadding half an inch thick between. Place over the entire pitcher.

The softer parts of common ferns, if stripped from the stems and dried in the sun, retain their toughness and elasticity for a long time, and are said to be superior to various substances commonly used for stuffing mattresses.

MR. A. J. COOK, of the Michigan State Agricultural College gives a valuable hint to housekeepers whose carpets are in danger from the attack of clothes moths. Take a wet sheet, or other cloth, lay it upon the carpet, and then run a hot flat iron over it, so as to convert the water into steam, which permeates the carpet beneath, and destroys the life of the grub.

The hot season revives the necessity of having at hand a good cholera mixture, and none has proved more effective than the one published years ago by the *New York Sun*. This consists of equal parts of tincture of opium, red pepper, rhubarb, peppermint, and camphor. It is a remedy for summer complaint, diarrhoea, cramps in the bowels, and similar ailments, and affords almost instant relief. The dose is from three to ten drops for a child, according to age, and ten to thirty drops for an adult, according to the severity of the attack.

In the hot months it is worth while to bear in mind the plan adopted by M. Martin in order to keep the rooms of the sick in a state of freshness. This consists in opening the windows wide, and then hanging wet cloths before them. The water as it vaporises absorbs the heat, and lowers the temperature of the apartment by several degrees, while the humidity which is diffused renders the heat much more supportable. By adopting this plan patients find themselves, even in the height of summer, in a freshened atmosphere analogous to that which prevails after a storm.

DR. PARKES says that, if a man becomes much heavier between thirty and sixty, it usually shows that he is eating or drinking too much, or that he is less active in body and mind, or that some of his organs are beginning to act less perfectly. Consequently increasing fat should serve as a warning either to take less food, or more exercise, or the advice of a doctor. "The rich classes in England," says Dr. Parkes, "are certainly too large meat-eaters. Meat is usually the base of half-a-dozen dishes eaten consecutively at dinner, and it has in most cases been previously eaten at breakfast and luncheon." Where this sort of dietary is persisted in the health must suffer, and even where it is only occasional Dr. Parkes recommends that when a man goes out to a great dinner he should make some difference in the amount or kind of food taken the next day.

CUSTER.

EDMUND C. STEEDMAN.

What! shall that sudden blade / Leap out no more / No more thy hand be laid / Upon the sword-hilt, smiling so!

(Chess in the United States.) GAME 147H.

Played some time ago in the contest between Messrs Judd and Alberoni.

(French Defence.) WHITE.—(Mr. Alberoni.) 1. P to K4 2. P to Q4 3. Q Kt to B3

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 79.

WHITE. 1. Q to R4 2. B to Kt3 3. Mates accordingly.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS

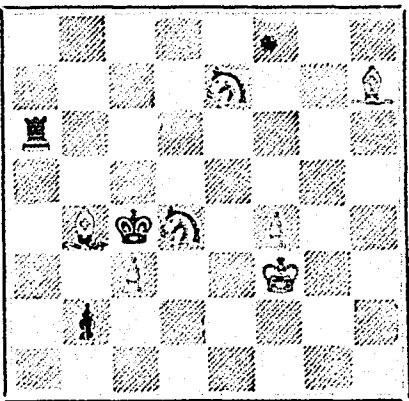
Mount Forest, Ont.—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 76 cannot be solved in two moves.

The score of the leading players in the Tournament at the Cafe International is stated to be as follows.— Mr. MacKenzie has won 13 games, lost 5, and has two to play.

Mr. Bird during the Tournament has been very successful in occasional games with some of the leading players, winning 7 games in succession from Alberoni.

From England we learn that Mr. Blackburne was to play on the 25th of last month his annual blindfold match against 10 of the leading members of the City of London Chess Club.

PROBLEM NO. 81. By J. MENZIES.



White to play and mate in three moves. (Chess in Canada.)

Played some time ago between two members of the Montreal Chess Club.

WHITE.—(Mr. Hicks.) 1. P to K4 2. B to Q B4 3. Q Kt to B3 4. P to Q3 5. Kt to K R3 6. Q B to K Kt5 7. B takes Kt 8. K Kt to K R4 9. P takes P 10. Q to Q 2nd 11. B to Q Kt3 12. Q Kt to R4 13. P to Q R3 14. Q Kt to Q B3 15. Q Kt to K2 16. Q Kt to K Kt3 17. Castles (Q R) 18. B to Q R2 19. P to Q B4 20. P takes Q Kt P 21. B takes Q P 22. K to Q Kt sq 23. R to Q R2 24. Q Kt to K1 25. P takes Kt 26. K to Q R sq 27. K to Q3 (ch) 28. Q takes Q B 29. R takes R 30. Q to K2 31. P to K B4 32. Q R P takes P 33. K to Q Kt sq 34. R to Q B sq 35. R to Q B4 36. R to Q B6 (ch) 37. Q to Q4 (ch) 38. Q to K6 (ch) 39. Q to Q Kt3 (ch) 40. Q to Q sq

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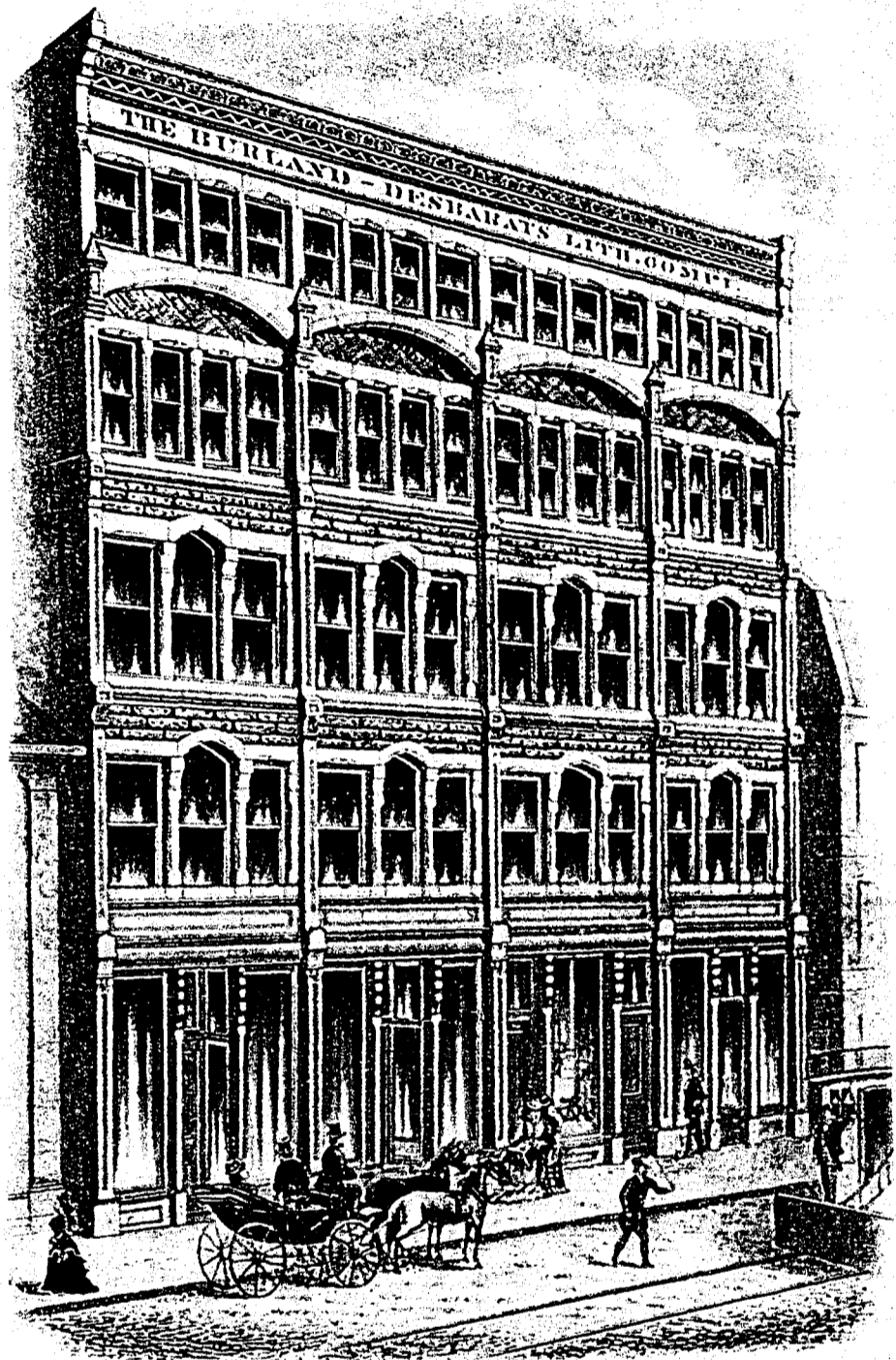
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