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THE OPENING OF THE HUNTING SEASON.



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## NOTICE.

### THE DOMINION EXHIBITION,

Montreal. The next number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS will contain a double-page

Bird's Eye View of the Exhibition Grounds,

And subsequent numbers will furnish sketches of the different departments of this great show.

### CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—The Opening of the Hunting Season—The Wreck of the SS. *Cybele* on the Coast of Anticosti—Festival of the Vienna Free Shooters—Hammations at Oberbourg in Honour of the National Fete—Innocent Attacked by Torpedo Boats—F. C. Burland—Free Ice Water, New York—A Home in the Great West—Esop—The Rivals.

LETTER PRESS.—The Railway Arrangement—Farmers' Delegates—The French Year—White Wings (Continued)—El Dorado—The Revised Bible—Hearth and Home—Variety—Humour—Literary—Musical and Dramatic—Echoes from London—Gleaner—Our Illustrations—History of the Week—Our Chess Column.

## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, September 11, 1880.

### "THE FRENCH YEAR."

Among the many cheerful and encouraging signs of the times, we may not overlook the new era of prosperity upon which the old Province of Quebec seems to be entering. Not only is she enjoying her full share of that revival of trade, which the blindest and most prejudiced cannot fail to witness all over the Dominion, but there are special advantages offered her that are bound to result in incalculable good. We refer to the re-opening of relations between France and her ancient colony. This is, indeed, so striking an event that *La Gazette de Sorel* very properly christens the present "The French Year," destined to be forever memorable in Lower Canadian annals. And the facts are certainly striking, both individually and cumulatively. In the early spring we were all agreeably startled by the announcement of the Paris Loan of \$4,000,000, which may be set down as a veritable god-send, coming at a very critical time, and saving the Province from bankruptcy. Next came the Credit Foncier scheme, involving some twenty-five millions, one fourth of which is already under way, and all to be expended in the Province. At the national festival of St. Jean Baptiste, celebrated this year at Quebec, with exceptional splendour, there was the presence of distinguished representatives from France, who not only took a leading part in the proceedings, but engaged themselves to assume the cause of immigration to the Lake St. John country and other portions of the Province. A little later, the French North American squadron visited the Ancient Capital, and participated in a round of social festivities. Still later, M. FRECHETTE, the eminent poet, was declared a laureate of the French Academy, and received an ovation at Paris, where he was awarded the Grand Prix Monthyon. Within the past few weeks, we have been informed of the subscription of ten millions of francs by leading French capitalists for the establishment of four large beet sugar factories at Quebec, Berthier, Hochelaga and St. Johns respectively. Full particulars of this great enterprise were given by us editorially last week. And still the list is not exhausted. M. DIOR Brothers, a French firm, largely engaged in the manufacture of superphosphates, have been making investigations in the Ottawa Valley, and have secured a vast area for future

work. Indeed, they are delighted with the prospect which this branch of industry opens out to them. A M. ESCHAND, associated with the same firm, goes further, and sees such chances of an extensive sheep and cattle trade between this country and France that he proposes the establishment of a line of steamers that shall ply, for that purpose, directly between Montreal and Brest or Havre. It is calculated that the French Government would subsidize the line to the extent of one hundred thousand dollars. This scheme alone is of the vastest importance, leading up to the widest possibilities of trade. There is also a M. DE LALONDE, who arrived in this city only last Saturday, with a view to learn the prospects of a profitable investment of French capital in the country. This gentleman, who is Mayor of Longueue, is especially commissioned for that purpose by the Rouen and Seine Sociétés Centrales d'Agriculture. With commendable enterprise, both the South-Eastern and Occidental Railways have offered M. DE LALONDE the use of a special train to visit the parishes bordering on the north and south shores of the St. Lawrence, where he will meet delegates from those several parishes who will be notified to confer with him. Finally, we learn that the French Government are about to send a special commissioner to study the agricultural, industrial and other commercial advantages of the country and make an official report thereon. Surely, all this is fine work to be crowded within a short period of six months, and it is a matter of the sincerest congratulation. France is probably the richest country in the world to-day. She has millions upon millions of capital seeking investment. There are ties of sympathy between her and her ancient colonists which need only to be touched upon once more to insure an immense trade. The men who have been instrumental in bringing about this new order of things deserve the thanks of the whole country, and we are certain that no efforts will be left untried by Canadians to maintain and enlarge the relations now so auspiciously opened.

### THE RAILWAY ARRANGEMENT.

The Government organ at Ottawa has published a cable message containing fuller and more detailed information respecting the negotiations of the Ministers in England for the construction and subsequent running, by a Company, of the Canadian Pacific Railway. We are informed there are two competing Companies, and that the only questions now at issue have respect to the details of the arrangements. A total land grant of fifty millions of acres is spoken of, together with a subsidy of \$10,000 per mile. If the lands are estimated to net only two dollars an acre, the aggregate of the land grant and the money subsidy would probably amount to a greater sum than it would cost the Government to build the remaining portions of the railway; and the land may probably net more than two dollars an acre. The average price at which the lands of the American railway companies have been sold has been over five dollars an acre. But this is not by any means all the question. The Company will undertake to settle its lands at its own cost; and this is not only a work which a Company can do better than a Government, but it is a work which would cost the Government a greater number of millions of dollars than the difference of price paid to the Company, as compared to what it might itself do the work for. If the Government could do this work of colonizing as well as a commercial company, we should say it would be better to do it. But it cannot, and that is the fact which governs the whole question. It appears, moreover, from the telegrams in the Government organ, that the Company is to build about 600 miles of road, between Lake Nipissing and Thunder Bay, and, after building it, to work it. There is very heavy work in this section—through a country with a severe climate and a very sparse population; but the road may tap great mineral

wealth. At any rate, however, the addition of this section very much alters the complexion of the bargain, making it harder for the proposed contractors. There is another consideration. The introduction of those millions of English capital, which will be followed by settlement, will bring on and cause the creation of great wealth in the Dominion, within the next ten years. It is further stated in the telegram to which we have referred, that capitalists are coming out to see the country, with a view to investment. The movement has, in fact, already begun. This is a sign which the people of this country may regard with satisfaction. The great object and legitimate functions of a Government are less to make money directly from the construction of a great public work than to establish such a state of things as will lead to rapid increase of population, which means creation of wealth, that will, in its turn, invigorate the public revenues. It may be added that the Ministers have taken their return passage by the Allan steamer of the 9th. They may, therefore, be shortly expected in Canada. It is scarcely possible to over-estimate the vast importance of the work which we believe they are correctly reported to have done—all our other party issues dwindle into insignificance when compared with it.

### FARMERS' DELEGATES.

We notice that the Government have again adopted the device of inviting delegates from tenant farmers in the United Kingdom to visit this country, in order to report upon its resources, for the information of their class at home. We believe that those who come this year are from different parts of the Kingdom from those who came last. Those who came last made very favourable reports; and we notice from our contemporaries in the West that the delegates who are now examining the country are very favourably impressed with its suitability as a field for the settlement of English tenant farmers. There is no class of settlers so valuable for Canada, and none more slow to move. It is almost in vain to approach them with any kind of representation that can be made by emigration agents. But they will naturally have more confidence in the reports of men of their own class specially sent to examine; and the more so, when this testimony is uniform and cumulative. The confidence thus created, and the information conveyed, cannot fail to be of the very greatest importance for the country. The Government deserve well of the people for this action.

### WRECKED ON ANTICOSTI.

On the evening of the 15th of August a small group of passengers stood on the deck of the SS. *Cybele*, of the Donaldson-Clyde line, discussing the prospects as to life on Anticosti, and anxiously scrutinizing the sterile, uninviting shore. We left Glasgow on the 6th ult., and our passage, though at first we met with strong westerly winds, was quick and pleasant; the weather after passing Belle Isle was clear, and having a favourable breeze we were calculating on a speedy termination to our voyage. The island was sighted early in the evening, and at nine o'clock we were opposite Heath Point, but a smoke or haze having settled on it, the captain was deluded as to the real distance, and running at full speed we struck at high tide on the rocks, within half a mile of shore, going so far on that our bows drew but six feet of water. The Allan line SS. *Grecian* was close behind, and after signalling she hove to and we despatched a boat to say that no danger was apprehended for the present and for her to telegraph from the nearest station; she at once went on leaving us to ourselves. There was no such thing as sleep, and though we had informed the *Grecian* that there was no immediate danger there was yet considerable, for rising with the heavy ground swell we would come down with a tremendous crash on the solid rock bottom, our masts promising to snap off, the funnel swaying furiously, and the entire frame threatening speedy dissolution. After some difficulty the boats were got ready for lowering and we were informed that we would be landed in the morning. This quieted our apprehensions but did not deter several anxious ones from selecting several large and suitable planks with which they hoped to reach shore through the ice cold water and numerous sharks, believing, maybe, that dry land must be reached at all hazards. Standing on the moonlit deck and hanging on to the

rigging, we smoked cigarettes, and had an opportunity of remarking that on the 15th of August, 1535, Jacques Cartier had sailed up the Gulf and landed on this same island, christening it L'Assomption; the coincidence was certainly singular, but in truth we did not consider the subject very thoroughly, situated as we were. Day at length dawned and in due time we were taken ashore, and to our surprise discovered that the arrangements there were quite comfortable, and that when all hands were landed there would yet be room for more. Safety assured and mother earth beneath our feet, we looked serenely on the surroundings and made many gratifying observations. There was plenty of fresh water, two small lakes, but a quarter of a mile from the house, merely a dike forty feet wide between them and the salt water, so that good bathing was assured, though the stay in the latter was necessarily brief because of that predatory individual the shark. A depot established contained six months provisions, and the weather continuing fine we saved all our own besides kitchen utensils. Fish and game abounded, duck, goose and plover representing the latter, and the funny tribe had for its representation, cod, mackerel, halibut, herring and flounders, while our after-meal amusement was lobster catching, frequently bringing in two or three dozen. In fruit too there was the utmost profusion, strawberries, cranberries, and the yellow, raspberry-shaped berry, with its mellow tart taste and healthful qualities, in greatest abundance of all; the case also with which they could be picked being a strong recommendation. We used the beach and the firm ground adjoining it as a promenade, and confined our walks to them, as the swampy interior was not considered safe. Time slipped slowly by. On the Friday Capt. Clotworthy was compelled to desert his vessel, as a stiff gale was blowing and the seas swept over her from stem to stern, and leaving it was discovered that her back was broken and all hopes as to getting her off were resigned. Saturday saw every one complaining of the monotony, on a sharp look out for the wrecking tug; late in the evening the fog cleared and her lights were discerned and she shortly after came to anchor. I need not say the arrival was welcome, and when it was known that we were to go away on her next day there was not a heart but beat lighter, for Anticosti is a nice enough place to spend a week, if the mosquitoes can be withstood, but like all other watering-places, it has deficiencies and very noticeable ones, but I cannot doubt that when the cable is laid a road to it from the north shore and landed again at Gaspé on the other side of the Gulf, there will be many locations far worse. The salmon fishing is excellent; bears are numerous for those inclined towards heavy game. Of the bathing I have already made mention, and the freshness of the air completely restored our enervated constitution, and in our small circle there was not one who would dislike a return if it could be accomplished differently. The island is not as deserted as it seems from a passing ship. There are several villages—the character of the villages may stand examination—and on the south-west shore the soil is highly cultivated. The telegraphic communication that I have just spoken of is appreciated here, and the department receives well-deserved praise. The wrecks of innumerable ships of all grades and nations strew the beach at short distances around the entire coast, and had there been a telegraph station and relief sent promptly many might have been saved, and mariners and ship-owners will gladly greet the consummation of the project. There are no harbours where vessels could ride out a gale in security; there are none whatever on the south coast. On the north I was informed that there were several which are resorted to when hard pressed, but available only with certain winds, and as the long stretch of shingle precludes any chance of landing in small boats in rough weather, there is scarcely a worse locality for a shipwreck. At noon on Sunday we were taken out to the tug—the *Margaret M.* of Quebec—and were soon steaming rapidly to the south-west en route for Gaspé. We have many amusing recollections of the island and besides remember with gratefulness the efforts of Mr. Thomas Gagné, the lighthouse keeper, and his worthy spouse, to make our stay pleasant. We were sorry also to part with the estimable officers of the *Cybele*, for one and all, Capt. Clotworthy; the first officer, Mr. MacDonald; the second, Mr. Muir, and the chief engineer Mr. McAllister, did the best in their power to render us comfortable. It was sad too to see a gallant ship that had carried us over many a mile of tumultuous water lying helpless on the storm rock, but the tug was fast, and while we careened over the sparkling waves the lighthouse was disappearing, and evening saw not a trace of our late home. Early Monday morning we arrived at Gaspé and lay there until Tuesday morning, when a telegram was received from Mr. John Ross, the agent of the company at Quebec, instructing the captain to proceed at once with us to the latter city, and we were accordingly deposited there in good order and condition on Thursday morning, the 26th inst. That evening we were sent on the steamer *Quebec* to Montreal and got in at 7 a.m. Friday. We are very thankful for our safe arrival and consider ourselves as indeed fortunate in escaping so well, and I am positive that none care to experience another night similar to that spent on the rock at Heath Point, and our respective memories will be lamentably bad should we ever forget the events of the occasion, the lobster-catching, draught-playing, mosquito-slaying and the everlasting euchre.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

**ICE-WATER ON WHEELS.**—The Business Men's Moderation Society's travelling ice-water fountain made its trial trip on August 18th, through some of the lowest quarters on the east side of the city of New York and, in the opinion of those who accompanied it, the experiment was a complete success. The truck was to have started from Earle's Hotel promptly at 1 o'clock, but there was unavoidable delay, and the start was not made until about 2 o'clock. Shortly before that hour the truck bearing the fountain was driven up to the corner of Centre and Canal streets, and throngs surrounded the strange-looking waggon and tank. An ice waggon soon arrived and was backed up close to the portable fountain, and while several men were getting out large cakes of ice and washing them at the hydrant, others attached a hose and began filling the tank. A large double ladder was then brought, and the ice was carried up and deposited in the fountain. Twelve bright tin cups were attached to the self-acting faucets. Meanwhile those in the throng were indulging in good-natured merriment at the expense of the fountain and its projectors. The fountain is a triangular box measuring six feet each way. The three sides are painted respectively red, white and blue, and bear on their surface a facsimile of the three pledges in use by the Society.

**THE FRENCH FETE AT CHERBOURG.**—The complete success of the visit of M. Grévy, Léon Say and Gambetta to Cherbourg, and the enthusiasm with which the three Presidents representing the Republic were received, is an undoubted proof of the universal popularity of the present régime in France. As the army had been so prominently féted on July 14th, it was generally felt that the navy should have its turn, at least in some small degree, and at first M. Gambetta was asked to pay an official visit to Cherbourg. M. Gambetta suggested, however, that M. Grévy, as supreme head of the State, ought to be asked, and ultimately it was arranged that M. Grévy should go, accompanied by M. Léon Say, the President of the Senate, and M. Gambetta, the President of the Lower Chamber. The three Presidents met with an enthusiastic reception at Cherbourg, and for three days there were continual banquets and festivities, foremost amongst which was the launch of the new ironclad *Magou*: an official visit to the breakwater and to the flagship *Colbert*; a naval sham fight, a grand dinner, at which Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, the Secretary to the British Admiralty, and various British yachtsmen were present; a Venetian féte, and a municipal banquet. Of course, there was an unlimited amount of speech making, M. Grévy, however, though speaking frequently, saying but few words, but always to the point, M. Léon Say saying next to nothing at all, the bulk of the oratory being thus left to M. Gambetta. Although officially speaking M. Grévy was the guest of the day, the great mass of the populace looked upon M. Gambetta as the principal personage, and his utterances were regarded as of far greater importance than the cut and dried phrases of M. Grévy. To do him justice, however, M. Gambetta invariably put M. Grévy before himself, and begged his hearers not to fix their eyes upon any one man, but themselves to study the good of the country. In a speech, however, at a "panel" given to him by the Association of Commerce and Industry, he made an imprudent remark respecting "reparation" for the disasters of the Franco-Prussian war, which has given great offence in Germany, and has excited considerable comment. Our illustration represents the illuminations of the fleet and the dockyard, which were exceedingly picturesque.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

It is the intention of a certain banking house to compel the whole of its staff of clerks and other employees to submit to the degradation of having their photos taken. This is really abominable, that hundreds of highly educated and respectable men should be subjected to such gross insult, for the object is clear.

The London newspapers have just been informed that all restrictions upon special correspondents in India have been removed, and that they will be allowed to accompany the force and send home what news they please so long as they do not give any information which is calculated to interfere with the success of the British arms. It seems General Stewart has arranged this, and General Roberts has no longer any power to meddle with them.

OPPOSITE, or nearly opposite, the old Stuart residence of the Marquises of Exeter was the lordly mansion of the Duke of Beaufort. The site of the latter is now covered by Exeter Hall, the "bray" of which is likely to last as long as the Cecils. The memory of the Beaufort Palace is preserved by the "Beaufort Buildings" which stand where once it stood. They are coming down, however, and likewise some of the adjacent property. Already the work of demolition has been commenced, and in all some twelve houses are to be cleared away to make room for a new theatre—as though there were not enough in the Strand already. The principal entrance will be from the Victoria Embankment, whilst the Strand front will most probably form a restaurant.

The announcement of the Byron Memorial Committee of their intention to place a tablet to the memory of Lord Byron in the parish church has been received by the inhabitants of Hucknall with general approval. A new album was placed in the church in February last by the present vicar, which already bears the autographs of some 260 visitors, varying in position from the ducal rank to the humble commoner, and coming from North and South America, South Africa, Germany, Switzerland, and other distant places. It may be interesting to notice that by far the greatest number of visitors hail from Nottingham, London, and Birmingham. There is little doubt that the erection of a tablet by the Byron Memorial Committee will meet with the approval of the pilgrims to the tomb, who frequently put themselves to great inconvenience in order to visit the tomb of the gifted poet.

LORD HARTINGTON is fond of telling a story at the expense of Mr. Bright. Sir George Bowyer not only astonishes the world by changing his party every year with a facility known only to a mind lost in the intricacies of subtle constitutional law, but he astonishes his friends at intervals by appearing in the full dress of a Knight of Malta. He is then a truly magnificent creature. His cloak dazzles by its whiteness; an aigrette adorns his manly breast, and the plume in the head covering, which it would be an insult to call a hat, is worth a long railway journey in the accident season to see. His very sword is a gorgeous weapon. One night, thus "clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful," he attracted the attention of Mr. Bright at the Speaker's levee. The great orator approached him timidly as one who hardly dared to hold converse with so glorious a being, and asked him in accents which suggested that he felt very much as though in the presence of a combination of the "Titan angels, Gabriel, Abdiel, and Raphael," what this heavenly attire might signify. Sir George, feeling rather gratified by notice, responded that it was the dress of a Maltese Knight. "It signifies," he added, "the union of the priest and the soldier." "Dear me," exclaimed Mr. Bright, drawing away from him, "you surely do not mean that you combine in your single person two of the most odious professions known to men?"

THE GLEANER.

The Garter at the Prime Minister's disposal by the death of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, will probably be conferred on the Earl of Derby.

The costumer Worth's summer villa at Viroflay is described as a large and very expensive brick structure, without architectural dignity.

CORRESPONDENT Forbes will arrive in the United States early next month, but will not lecture until after the presidential election.

PRINCESS STEPHANIE'S bridal veil is on view in Brussels. It is valued at \$5,000, and 150 workwomen were employed three months in its making.

It took the Prince of Wales a whole year to learn to waltz, and even now he holds his legs as stiff as poker. What sort of a king will such a man make?

The Parisian ladies are becoming veritable dandies owing to the masculine tendencies of fashion. The ladies wear jackets, paletots, coats, collars, and cravats, as they think, after the fashion of Brummel, the supreme dandy.

SIR SAMUEL BAKER has recently discovered a variety of the cedar of Lebanon on the Island of Cypress. It is found in the most mountainous and most inaccessible parts of the island, and differs from other species of the cedar in its leaves, being shorter, and its cones smaller.

SOMEbody wants Vennor to be selected to fill Old Prob's place. Never! never! A man who deliberately gives us a fiercely hot and dry July and a nipping frost in August, with snow in September, the first year, can never be entrusted with the entire control of our weather.

The French Academy has distributed its annual prizes for virtue. Four hundred dollars each were awarded to a woman in humble life for adopting deserted children; to an artisan for forty years' devotion in saving lives from fire; to a peasant for preserving lives from drowning, and to a widow for fifty years' service to the sick and needy.

MR. PENDER, M.P., entertained recently at his country residence, Footscray place, Kent, the Right Hon. Sir John Macdonald, the Premier of Canada, and the other members of the Canadian Government now in London about the construction of the Pacific Railway. Several noblemen and gentlemen were invited to meet the distinguished guests.

The Empress Eugenie will leave England in the autumn to take up her permanent residence at her château in Switzerland, which was the home of the third Emperor's mother after the Bourbon restoration. It is understood that the Empress will remove the remains of her husband and son to the oratory attached to the château. All the furniture of Camden House not removed to Switzerland will be distributed for remembrance among friends, nothing being allowed to pass under the hammer of the auctioneer. The Empress can afford this respect for the imperial tradition, as she possesses an income of over \$200,000 a year, and does not spend a sixth of that sum.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

**MONDAY, August 30.**—A revolution is anticipated in Northern Mexico.—Affairs in Basutoland are assuming a more pacific aspect.—One hundred and forty duels have taken place in France since the commencement of the year.—The Irish Constabulary estimate passed the House of Commons last night after brief discussion, by a vote of 105 to 29.—That portion of the Crown jewels of France not considered of artistic value will shortly be sold.—Their worth is computed at 7,500,000 francs.—Lord Hartington's announcement in the House of Commons yesterday of the news received from Gen. Roberts up to the 23rd inst., is very encouraging and satisfactory.—A Quetta despatch of the 26th inst. says General Phayre's advance was to march to Candahar that night. At that time Ayoub Khan had disposed his forces some twenty-five miles due north of the city, in the line of Gen Roberts' advance. A later despatch says the Cabul troops have prevented Ayoub returning on Gerazik.

**TUESDAY, August 31.**—The work of expelling the Jesuits from their schools in France is being continued.—Germany only intends to send one vessel to take part in the naval demonstration in the Adriatic.—The German Government is making arrangements for buying up all the private railroads in the Empire.—The Rev. Dr. Adams, the celebrated Presbyterian Minister, died at Orange Mountain, N. J., yesterday, in his 73rd year.—Montenegro claims heavy indemnity for damage by the Albanian League and for the lives of Montenegrins lost in skirmishes.—The port of Bras, on the west coast of Africa, is blockaded by a British man-of-war, until the natives give up the oil stolen from a vessel wrecked there.—Ayoub Khan's position north of Candahar is said to be well chosen and very strong. So far he has prevented messengers bearing word to General Roberts of the change in the position of the Afghans. Ayoub's forces are said to number 23,000. No news has yet been received of General Phayre having reached Candahar.

**WEDNESDAY, Sept. 1.**—Hanian leaves for England today, via New York.—The Emperor of Austria made a triumphal entry into Cracow yesterday.—A Constantine despatch says the Albanians have renewed their allegiance to the Sultan.—The Powers are still reluctant to use force with Turkey, the Porte having made further proposals to Montenegro.—The religious orders of France are signing a collective note to the Government declaring their submission to the decrees, and asking permission to continue their functions.—The welcome news has been received that General Roberts reached Candahar on Tuesday. Further despatches say that Ayoub Khan is desirous of entering into negotiations with the British for withdrawing. General Phayre has not yet reached the city, but is anticipating an engagement at Takhtipa. Roberts was joined by General Gough at Robat.

**THURSDAY, Sept. 2.**—The Turkish squadron in the Corfu Channel is to be reinforced by three iron-clads.—The anniversary of the battle of Sedan was celebrated throughout the German Empire yesterday.—United States brewers hold a convention in New York shortly, to protest against an increase of duty on Canadian malt.—A bridge over the Ebro, near Logrono, in Spain, fell while a company of soldiers were passing over it, seventy of them being drowned.—Latest despatches from Cape Town state that affairs in Basutoland are in a very unquiet condition, and that the Colonial troops will enter the country shortly.—A party of disguised ruffians entered a house near Tulse, in Kerry, from which a tenant had been evicted, and cut off the ears of two men who had been left in charge of the place.—Gen. Roberts has notified the Viceroy of India that he intends to attack Ayoub Khan, having concluded that his situation warrants such a step. His force, he says, is eager for the fray and in excellent trim.

**FRIDAY, Sept. 3.**—The Porte has finally consented to cede Dulcigno, but with a modification of the frontier line.—Three men have been arrested by the Moscow police, while digging a mine near a railway.—Advices from Jamaica estimate the damage done by the recent hurricane at Kingston at half a million dollars.—A St. Petersburg despatch says the reports of Lady Dufferin's illness have been greatly exaggerated, and that she is now much better.—New York cattle dealers are said to have received word that the laws regulating the entry of cattle into England are to be considerably modified in a few weeks.—Mr. Callan, member for County Louth, was suspended by the House of Commons last night, under the regulations passed at the last session, for conduct grossly offensive to the House.—News has been received of a splendid victory gained by Gen. Roberts over Ayoub Khan. The Afghans lost nearly all their guns, and were dispersed and compelled to retreat. At latest accounts, General Roberts was pursuing them.—The steamer *City of Vera Cruz*, from New York for Havana and Vera Cruz on the 29th ult., has been lost. Part of the mails and cargo of the steamer and five bodies of passengers by the ill-fated vessel have been washed ashore on the Florida coast.—Lord Hartington yesterday received a very influential deputation, who urged upon him a change in the present policy of the Government regarding Afghanistan, and the necessity of retaining Candahar. The Minister's reply was not at all in favour of acquiescence in the views of the deputation.

**SATURDAY, Sept. 4.**—Calcutta despatches say the defeat of the Afghans is considered decisive in India.—A preliminary treaty of peace between Chili and Peru has been signed at Lima.—The Panama Canal negotiations in Paris are said not to be progressing very favourably.—Captain Carey, of Zululand notoriety, intends to resign his commission and enter the church.—Two mines were discovered on the railway over which the Czar passed on his journey to Livonia.—General Roberts is said to have captured 10,000 men in his pursuit of Ayoub Khan, who has fled to Herat.—Lancashire cotton weavers have determined on a strike, which will throw \$20,000 hands out of employment.—A delegate from each county in England has been selected by the Farmers' Alliance Society to visit the colonies.—It is rumoured that Russia and England intend taking the settlement of the Eastern question into their own hands.—Upward of one hundred of the Jesuit Fathers now living in London.—The steamship *Dragon*, from London for Surat, was sunk in the English Channel by collision with the *Sumatra*, from Boston.—The Porte is said to be still undecided as to the cession of Dulcigno. The Albanians are gathering their forces between that place and Antivari.

IT IS WORTH A TRIAL.

"I was troubled for many years with Kidney Complaint, Gravel, &c.; my blood became thin; I was dull and inactive; could hardly crawl about, and was an old, worn-out man all over, and could get nothing to help me, until I got Hop Bitters, and now I am a boy again. My blood and kidneys are all right, and I am as active as a man of 30, although I am 72, and I have no doubt it will do as well for others of my age. It is worth the trial. (Father).

BRELOQUES POUR DANES.

"THERE," said a Vassar girl the other evening, as she entered the room, "that job's done, and now for a good, lazy summer." Of course, all wanted to know what the job was "Oh, it's nothing," she said, "only my diary, you know; I've just finished writing it up till next November."

DEAN STANLEY was not equal to his opportunities when he performed the marriage ceremony of Prof. Tyndall. The Dean should have asked the groom: "Do you take this anthropoid to be your co-ordinate, to love with your nerve centres, to cherish with your whole cellular tissue, until a final molecular disturbance shall resolve its organism into its primitive atoms?"

"SHE dresses quietly," is the comment of one of the fashion journals on a well-known belle. It is an absurdity. When a woman dresses there is more rattling round of shoes and corsets, and banging round of wash-bowls and pitchers, an calling for this and that, and slamming doors and breaking off bureau knobs, and—and—and we have often wondered how the mirrors stood it so well. We don't believe a woman ever dressed quietly, but of course we don't know.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MRS. OLE BULL, *née* Thorpe, the widow of the musician, intends to return at once to her parents at Eau Claire, Wis. She is described as a handsome lady of education and refinement.

At the beginning of his remarkable fast Dr. Tanner's voice was a high tenor. It changed gradually to a deep and round bass. Here is a hint to tenors who wish to become basses, should there be such.

JOE JEFFERSON, the actor, who has been passing a part of his vacation in Burlington, Vt., has purchased a herd of short-horn cattle to improve the stock on his farm at New Iberia, La.

LISZT will visit Rome in September, and remain in Italy until his northern home is free of the rigors of winter. His good friend, Cardinal Hohenzollern, will entertain the abbé at the Villa d'Este, near Tivoli, where a pleasant apartment, specially furnished and provided with a piano, is always ready to receive him.

EDWIN BOOTH is to act at the new Princess' Theatre, London. The delay in his appearance was caused by his refusal to play Iago to the Othello of Charles Warner, which would in a measure subordinate him to a popular English star.

WILHELM, the violinist, is spending the summer in the Catskills, at Windham, Green county. He kindly volunteered his services for a concert at the Presbyterian Church, in the village, last week, to help in the purchase of a Sunday-school organ.

WHEN are we to hear the last of the merry bells of Cornville? This opera has as much vitality as *La Fille de Madame Angot*, and has already been played at three London theatres in succession for an unbroken period of hard upon 200 nights.

It is announced that Maurel is soon to become an author. He is probably bent upon writing an account of his adventures in many lands. He lives in luxurious style in a mansion in the Champs Elyées quarters, and in the season gives charming receptions, frequented by the flower of Paris society.

MRS. CHARLES KEAN, who before her marriage, had already become celebrated as an actress under her maiden name of Ellen Tree, died recently. On the death of her distinguished husband in 1858, Mrs. Kean, then in her sixty-third year, retired from the stage, and has since lived the quiet life of an English lady of leisure, the centre of a large circle of friends.

HENRY IRVING has in preparation for next season at the London Lyceum Theatre a drama of Tenyson, which he designates as "a remarkable play," a dramatization of Lord Lytton's novel, "Rienzi," by Mr. Willis, and the long promised "Robert Emmet," which Mr. Frank Marshall has written for him. Alma Tadema has completed his series of studies for Coriolanus.

In the *Nuits du Boulevard*, a drama which is played at the Théâtre des Nations, one of the scenes represents a cabinet particulier at Brénaux. The famous restaurateur has promised to send a real supper to the theatre every night during the performance of the piece, and some real garçons with real whiskers to serve it. This will certainly be the height of realism.

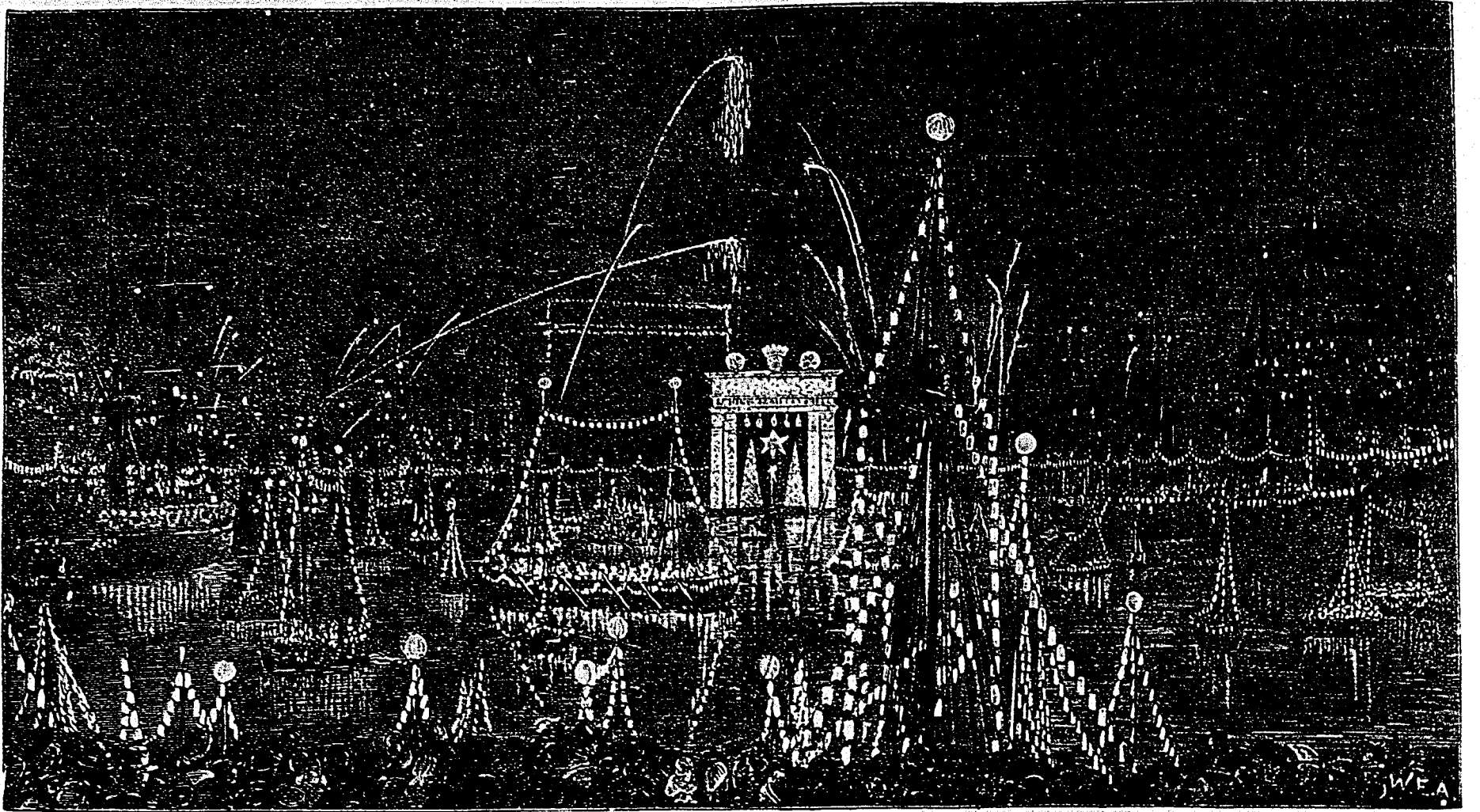
MR. W. S. GILBERT has left the "Pirates" to take care of themselves for a season, while he takes a yachting cruise off the coast of Scotland. The profits which have accrued from this piece and from the *Pinafore* have been enormous. Mr. Gilbert is not content with having a yacht, but is buying one built for himself. The new craft is to be a 100-tonner. The yacht which Mr. Gilbert is now cruising in is exactly similar to the one which is seen in the first act on the *Pirates*, the latter, in fact, having been sketched from her lines.

ROSSETTI.—Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the poet, is of purely Italian blood and nationality; the English expression of his genius is due entirely to his family transplantation into English soil. His father was an original poet, and perhaps the last of the improvisatori, as well as a famous student of Dante. He took a part in the politics of Italy in troublous times, his opinions on all points being liberal in the extreme. Coming to England, he was Professor of Italian at King's College, where both his sons were educated. The two sons and two daughters whom he has left all proved the children of his mind; the eldest wonderfully concentrated in himself the family genius; nevertheless Miss Christina Rossetti, the quaint, spiritual and gently emotional poetess, is probably even more popular than he, while Mr. William Rossetti's industry as a critic has gained him distinction, and Maria Francesca Rossetti, the other sister, who died a few years ago, produced "The Shadow of Dante," an unpretentious work, remarkable for its devoutness and for touches of that quality which we may call intimacy.

WICKED FOR CLERGYMEN.

"I believe it to be all wrong and even wicked for clergymen or other public men to be led into giving testimonials to quack doctors or vile stuffs called medicines, but when a really meritorious article is made up of common valuable remedies known to all, and that all physicians use and trust in daily, we should freely commend it. I, therefore, cheerfully and heartily commend Hop Bitters for the good they have done me and my friends, firmly believing they have no equal for family use. I would not be without them." Rev. —, Washington, D. C.





ILLUMINATIONS AT CHESBOURG IN HONOUR OF THE NATIONAL FÊTE.



FESTIVAL OF THE VIENNA FREE SHOOTERS.

MR. F. C. BURNAND.

The blue ribbon of English comic literature, as we may esteem the Editorship of *Punch*, which has been held within the past twenty years by Mark Lemon, Shirley Brooks, and Tom Taylor, is now transferred to Mr. Burnand, long known as one of the liveliest contributors to that famous journal during the period just named, as well as a writer for the stage. Mr. Francis Cowley Burnand, who is about forty-three years of age, was educated at Eton, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took the University degree. He also won special distinction there, from and after the October term of 1854, till the Lent term of 1858, as founder and leading member of the University A.D.C., or Amateur Dramatic Club, which has continued to flourish. Its history, in the form of "Personal Reminiscences," has been pleasantly related by Mr. Burnand in a volume published last Christmas by Chapman & Hall, which has gone through two or three editions. We are informed that his first dramatic composition was of a little earlier date, being a farce written by him at Eton, probably in 1852, and performed by himself and other boys in the house of their tutor, the Rev. W. G. Cookesley. The great Dons of the University were not quite so facile and condescending; and there is much real humour in Mr. Burnand's report of his interview with the Vice-Chancellor of that time, when he asked permission to act a play. It needed all the tact of the youthful diplomatist, then an inexperienced undergraduate, to avoid shocking the Vice-Chancellor's primness by telling him what the proposed dramatic entertainment was. It was neither a play of Sophocles, or Euripides, or Aristophanes, nor one of Plautus or Terence, nor even one of Shakspeare's; the author was a Mr. Madison Morton, unhappily not a Fellow of Trinity, and its title was "Box and Cox!" The Vice-Chancellor had never heard of either, which may well have been the case; for we know that when Thackeray, about the same time, visited Cambridge to give his "Lectures on the English Humourists," there was an academical dignity of the same rank who had never heard of the author of "Vanity Fair," whether it were Thackeray or Bunyan.

The Cambridge reminiscences of Mr. Burnand must not detain us; there is the volume for all readers who would like plenty of that sort. He came to London, and was called to the Bar in

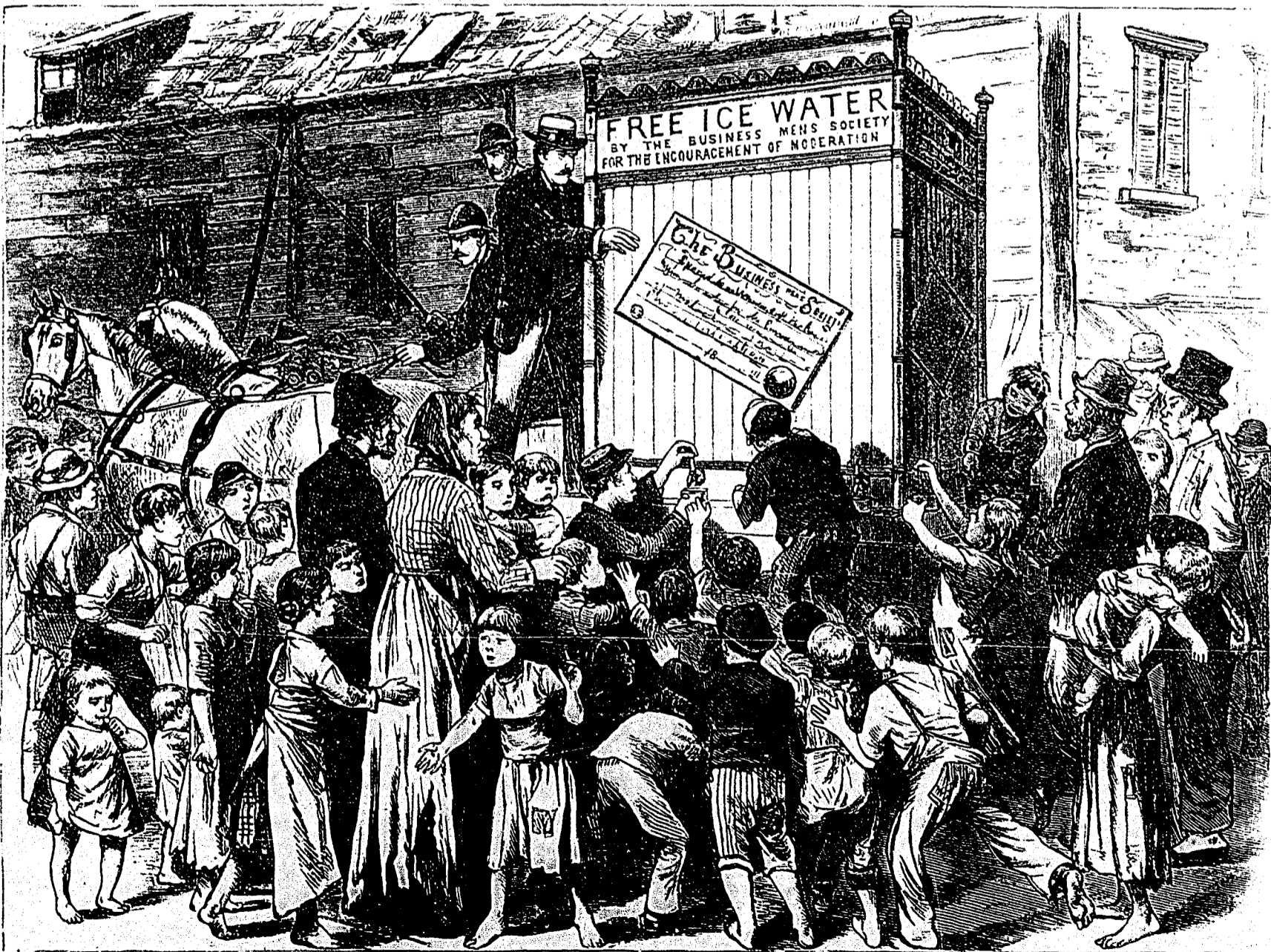


F. C. BURNAND, THE NEW EDITOR OF "PUNCH."

1862, but we do not know that he ever wore a wig except in eating hall dinners at his Inn of Court. He soon began writing extravaganzas or burlesques, and domestic popular comedies, for several of our theatres. Among these were "Ixion," at the St. James; "Black-eyed Susan," at the Soho; "The Turn of the Tide," "Family Ties," "The Club," "Diplomacy," "Robbing Roy," and "Betsy." He also converted "Box and Cox" into a farcical operetta, for which Mr. Arthur Sullivan provided the music.

It was in 1863 that Mr. Burnand was accepted by Mark Lemon, then editor of *Punch*, as a contributor to that *Hebdomadal*; which could not, of course, be named along with the august "*Hebdomadal*" at the other University, but which has greater influence, *pace* the Vice-Chancellor, on the minds of ingenuous youth. It is remarkable, by-the-way, that Mark Lemon's proximate predecessor and Burnand's immediate predecessor, the late accomplished Tom Taylor, *was* a Fellow of Trinity; so that the Vice-Chancellor might have recognized *him*. In the meantime, the young literary aspirant from Cambridge began to make his mark with the broadest grotesque parodies of the sensational romances that appeared in some penny magazines for boys and girls of the less educated class. "Mokeanna!" was the first of these sham-dreadful stories, which, we suppose, had been provoked by a silly prose version of the hideous phantasy in "Lalla Rookh," but which must have had something to do with a "moke" or costermonger's donkey.

There were some imitations of fashionable novelists by Mr. Burnand, such as "Stapmore," which had a higher degree of finish, but Thackeray had done that sort of trick, with inimitable humour, many years before. We do not think, indeed, that Mr. Burnand is at his best in literary parodies; and some readers of *Punch* at this day will be relieved when they have seen the last of a current series of similar attempts on the works of Anthony Trollope. The most valuable of Mr. Burnand's writings, in our judgment, are those in the vein of autobiographic half-conscious self-exposure, as in "Happy Thoughts," expressing the sense of awkwardness that besets a man dropping into social or domestic relations for which he is not quite prepared. It is pure comedy, and of a refined sort, not unworthy of the authors of the *Spectator* and its school, or of Smollett or Goldsmith.



NEW YORK.—FREE ICE WATER, SUPPLIED BY THE MODERATION SOCIETY.



**EL DORADO.**

BY J. HENRY PEACH.

Who gallops adown the dusky way,  
His armor gleaming in the ray,  
That lights to its death the closing day?  
Gaily he rides and he sings the while;  
"O there's nought so sweet as my lady's smile!  
More precious by far than the golden pile  
Of far-famed El Dorado!"

Who comes from over the fading dawn,  
With sandals' feet and a shaven crown,  
With a jovial face and a russet gown?  
He sings as he goes of the purple vine,  
And the land of the bright, sun-blooded wine,  
Whose skies like glowing sapphires shine,  
Far richer than El Dorado!

Who comes as the gloaming sets apace?  
An aged minstrel, with time-scar'd face,  
Whose life, like the sunlight, has run its race!  
And he sings to himself as he pauses awhile:  
"O the mocking wine is a demon's wile;  
And the maiden's lovely, ensnaring smile,  
Is false as El Dorado!"

Knight, monk, and minstrel have all passed by;  
The gold fades out from the dark'ning sky;  
The sounds of life grow faint and die:  
But the thought will live in my soul for aye,  
That men will plunge into guile and fray  
For phantom hopes that glitter and play  
Like dreams of El Dorado.

**THE REVISED BIBLE.**

THE NEW ENGLISH TRANSLATION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT—SOME OF THE STRIKING CHANGES THAT HAVE BEEN MADE.

LONDON, JULY 21.—The Queen's printer, who alone by ancient statute law, is permitted to publish Bibles within the realm, has put his signature upon the last sheet-proof of the new revision of the New Testament, and within a week the first shipment of the bound volumes will be made to America, Canada, Australia, and wherever the English tongue is spoken by Protestants. For many reasons that will readily occur and need not be enumerated, the new revision is an epoch in Protestantism and a red-letter day in all Christian churches the world over. Its advent, looked forward to for over a decade, and the hope of thousands of Christian minds, will be a subject of absorbing interest.

The revision is catholic in its nature; catholic in its form. It is the joint work of the New and Old worlds; of all branches of the Protestant church; of learning and piety joined hand in hand; priest and layman, prelate and scholar, working together. Its origin was in that "cradle of Anglo-Saxon Christendom, the convocation of Canterbury, presided over by the primate of England." The necessity for a revision of the present text has become imperative—how imperative clergymen and scholars alone know—and for many years previously there had been careful inquiry and discussion among the bishops, clergy and theological professors, as well as laymen, in regard to the best means by which it ought to be brought about. The plan that has been slowly maturing under the advice of the most eminent minds in this country and America was presented to the convocation May 6, 1870, by the committee having it in charge. The plan was so well digested, so broad in its catholicity, yet so conservative in its aims, that it met with prompt approval, and the work now completing was begun without delay. The scheme could never have had any hopes of success had it been confined to the established church and it therefore contemplated a union of learning and special fitness for the labor that would embrace the whole world; that would unite all English-speaking races and all denominations; that would produce a text to be accepted in all lands and among all peoples as an "authorized version" and a correct rendering of the original text so far as the original text can be agreed upon by scholars.

The English committee appointed by the convocation comprised the venerable Archbishop Trench of Dublin; the Bishops of Lincoln, Winchester, St. David's, Durham, Salisbury, Bath and Wells, Llandaff, Gloucester and Bristol, and St. Andrews; the deans of Westminster, Ely, Litchfield, Rochester, Lincoln, Canterbury, and Peterborough; the archdeacons of Dublin, Canterbury, Bedford, and Maidstone; the professors of Hebrew, Greek, Arabic and special theological branches in the universities of Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, London, Glasgow, and of the Wesleyan college at Dedbury, the Baptist colleges at London and Bristol, the Congregational college at Glasgow, and the Free Kirk (Presbyterian) colleges at Glasgow, Aberdeen and Edinburgh. To these were added eminent laymen adapted to the work.

The American committee was organized in 1871, chiefly from professors in the leading theological seminaries of the different denominations; the divinity schools of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, New Brunswick, Andover, Rochester, New York, Philadelphia, Trenton, Hartford, Alexandria and other large cities furnishing their ablest scholars. Bishop Lee was the only cis-Atlantic Episcopalian, but such names as Woolsey, Dwight, Schaff, Conant, Dewitt, Strong, Van Dyke, Green, Day, Acken, Osgood, Thayer, and Abbott—names familiar and revered not only here, but in critical Holland and erudite Germany—were hailed as an earnest of the hearty acceptance of the scheme by all American denominations, and also their intention to fully deserve half the credit of the work, if not more.

In addition to these committees, Fischendorf, Kennen, Ewald, and nearly a hundred other eminent Bible scholars of the continent (includ-

ing several Catholic prelates) placed their special knowledge, their time, and their manuscript treasures at the disposal of the committee, and, as corresponding members, have rendered assistance of the very highest value.

**HOW THE REVISION WAS MADE.**

The principles of the revision were markedly conservative. "As few alterations in the present text as faithfulness to the original would permit" was the first and great commandment; but it was understood that "faithfulness to the original," required a great many changes. No change was retained without a two-thirds vote in each committee. The "original text" was selected in the same manner from the oldest and best uncial manuscript.

In America and here, following in part the plan of the King James translators, the committee divided, the Hebraists taking the Old Testament, the Hellenists the New Testament. These did not subdivide the work, however, and each member of the New Testament committee became responsible for the correctness of the entire work.

The method of labor was this: Both committees took up, let us say, the first synoptic. The Americans revised it. The work was then exchanged, and each committee compared the revision with its own. Where they agreed the work was accepted. Where they disagreed the work was again gone over, explained and exchanged, this being continued until agreement was had. There was very little disagreement, however, and the precaution provided for final disagreement was not necessary.

The progress of the work has been kept secret by special arrangement. Alarming reports of sweeping changes have from time to time appeared, frightening the timid and the letter-inspirationists; but nothing was given out by authority until now, when the whole work approved unanimously by the committee, is presented to Christendom for a verdict. In considering the changes that have been made it may be proper to insist upon the fact being kept in view that no more cautious and conservative body of Christian scholars enjoying so wide a reputation and such high respect throughout the world, could possibly be gathered together; that no change has been made in the present English version except by a two-thirds vote in both bodies; that the doubt has always been exercised in behalf of the present version, the necessity for each change having to be proven clearly and unmistakably, and that the only danger has been from the first that the revisers would exercise undue caution and refuse to accept corrections that should be made in the interests of truth because the evidence against them lacked some technicality; producing a work that the non-Christian would not and ought not to be asked to accept as a correct version of the original.

**WHY THE REVISION WAS NEEDED.**

Great as has been the bulk of information disseminated concerning the Scriptures, some facts of the first importance are little known. One of them is that there never has been a standard text. The editions printed by the Queen's printer for the Bible Society have widely varied, and since King James' day there have been many unauthorized and no authorized version strictly so called. The American Bible Society is even in worse plight, and has of late years been adhering to a text of its own after putting several on the market, while the other societies do not even adhere to one text.

The King James' translators were strictly charged to follow the text of the Bishop's Bible, a revision of the Cranmer Bible, which was a revision of the great Bible, itself the Matthew-Tyndale Bible, without the notes which had its origin in an English translation from the German. The previous revisers were individuals dissatisfied with the version, and their work was without ecclesiastical authority.

The present text of the English version is over three centuries old, and during that time the language has not alone taken on many new words, but it has also dropped many then in use, and found new meanings for old words which have lost their original significance. Let me instance a few obsolete words: "Doves tabering on their breasts," instead of drumming. "The lion filled his den with ravin," instead of plunder; "Neither is there any daysman," instead of umpire. "Ouches," for sockets; "clouts," for patches; "earing," for ploughing; "bruit," for report; "bolled," for swallow, are other examples. The changes in significations, however, are much more important, and lead to error, contradiction, dispute. When we read that the daughter of Herodias said, "Give me, by and by, in a charger, the head of John the Baptist," it is natural to think that she was in no great hurry. But three hundred years ago "by and by" meant instantly, immediately, forthwith, and a "charger" was not a "war-horse," but what our housewives call a dish and yours a platter. "Give me instantly in dish the head of John the Baptist" is quite different from the old form. The "artillery" so often spoken of in the Bible is not our artillery, but literally bows and arrows. "Go to" then meant "come." "let," to hinder; "careless," free from care; "prevent," to anticipate; "admiration," wonder; "botch," an ulcer; "camshire," a cypress; "pommel," a globe, &c.

**MISTAKES OF EARLY TRANSLATORS.**

The corrections necessary to bring the English text into accord with the language of to-day, many as they are, are insignificant, however,

when compared with the errors of early translators. Three hundred years ago the grammatical niceties of the Greek language were unknown and "Hebrew studies," were in their infancy. Buxtorf published his little Hebrew grammar while the translators were at work, and his larger one after they had finished. In many cases, so weak were they in Hebrew, they were compelled to leave Hebrew words untranslated, not knowing or being able to "guess" their meaning. A familiar instance is the word Belial, which is supposed to be a proper name, but it simply means unworthy, and the phrase "sons of Belial" should properly read "unworthy men;" "Jasher" is not a proper name, but an adjective, meaning upright, and the "Book of Jasher" was the "Book of the Upright." The "Gammadims" (Ezek. xxvii., 11) are warriors; "Pannag" (v. 17) means a candy; "Sheth" means a tumult; "Bajith" an idol temple. Their wild "guesses" often show absurd blunders. The "mules" mentioned in Genesis as having been found were warm springs; "pledges" they turned into thick clay; "fleet" into both piercing and crooked; "curls" into galleries; "leaders" into avenging; "ostriches" into owls; "goats" into satyrs; "droves" into linen yarn; "set up" they render as cast down, and Joseph's "tunic with long sleeves" they transmogrify into a "coat of many colors." Instances might be multiplied until patience was exhausted of their inaccuracy. In the New Testament they were better qualified for the work, and their errors were not so gross, though equally numerous. The grammatical forms upon which so much depends, especially with catholic epistles, where there is close logic, and the place of a word in a sentence may qualify its meaning, are never considered, and they stumble through their work in a "rough and tumble" way more like a schoolboy than a scholar.

Still more important than either the changes of the language or the blunders of translators have been the corrections that have been made in the original text, by the comparison of manuscripts generally, and by the discovery of two very ancient manuscripts of the Bible in particular. A single illustration of this will suffice; Mark says that on the cross the Christ was given wine mingled with myrrh; Matthew says vinegar. The "harmony" that gives Him two drinks is bosh for children; scholars know there is a contradiction. The natural inference is that the writers did not disagree, and that the error arose in copying. By comparing manuscripts the inference is found to be correct, the older codices agreeing upon wine. The two words in the Greek are very much alike, of the same length and differing only in the middle letter. The most violent of atheistical shoemakers, when shown the manuscripts, would not hesitate in his acknowledgment that there was no contradiction, and that the cause of the error was to be found in the carelessness of some copyist of the Greek text of Matthew.

**ORIGINAL TEXTS.**

Reverence for the Bible is modern. It is, in fact, an outcome of the Reformation. The Greek and the Roman churches respect the Bible; the Protestant reveres—sometimes worships it. In old times copies were made with care, but not sufficient to avoid mistakes, and very few agreed. Very few agree now, except when printed from the same plates, and it not safe to cast stones. The denunciation of those who "added to or took away" has always been confined to Scotland.

When the present translation was made there had been comparatively no comparison of manuscripts for the elimination of errors; there were very few manuscripts available; no very old manuscripts were known; the inaccurate Vulgate (Latin translation) of that day was the staff upon which the forty leaned; and texts known to be corrupt had to be used for want of better. The oldest copy of a manuscript that they consulted was of the Middle ages.

Within the present generation two copies of the Bible, made about 340 A. D., have been brought to light, the pages photographed, and copies distributed among scholars. These are the celebrated "Codex Sinaiticus," found by Tischendorf in a convent on Mount Sinai, and the "Codex Vaticanus," found in the Vatican library at Rome, where for centuries it has reposed unnoticed and uncared for. These two alone have been of priceless value in detecting errors of transcription and in harmonizing discordant passages satisfactorily to the sceptical as well as the credulous seeker for truth. The present version of the Bible is based upon a very few modern manuscripts, not exceeding five in number. That now before us is made up from careful comparison of over twelve hundred, ninety-eight being ancient—from the fourth to the tenth century. In addition, all the quotations by the patristic and early writers have been collected, and the early translations into Syriac, Latin, Gothic, Egyptian, Celtic, Arabic and Slavonic.

Three centuries ago the translators of King James had few aids and little material for the work. Those of Victoria have the accumulated treasure of ten thousand able workers, and store-houses filled with material. Astonishment must be expressed that they have found so little of vital importance to Christianity to condemn in the work of their predecessors—not that they have made ten thousand trivial, and one thousand important changes in the New Testament.

**THE TWO VERSIONS COMPARED.**

The translation of King James was more a new revision than the ordered translation; the re-

vision of Victoria is more a new translation than the ordered revision. In each case the exigencies of the labor compelled a departure from and compromise with the instructions. In the latter case there is less reason than in the former, but after the first excitement dies away it will not be regretted.

The new revision of the New Testament issued from the University press will at first shock the Protestant world. It is not recognizable as a Bible. The chapters and verses are gone; the running head lines are gone; verses are missing, changed, pared; familiar texts that have become graven on the minds of church people for generations have disappeared, and in their place are words foreign to the eye and strange to the ear. Verbal and grammatical changes may be counted by the tens of thousands.

The first general idea that will strike the scholar, however, is the delightfulness with which the Greek text has been reproduced for the English reader. The narrative is unbroken by disfigurement of chapter and verse, but the capitals, punctuations, and paragraphs, lacking in the original, are, of course, supplied, and for convenience of reference to the present version, the present divisions are marked parenthetically. The misleading headlines disappear finally, without a sign to denote their improper intrusion.

The effect is striking and a marked improvement. The sequence of the gospel narratives, the logic of St. Paul, take on a new appearance and force that is not all owing to the improvement in grammatical construction of the text, although in a first reading it is difficult to distinguish how much is owing to the one and how much to the other.

Take this illustration (Heb. iv., 6-7) which is a fair example of this point:

**OLD STYLE.**

6. Seeing therefore it remaineth that some one must enter therein, and they to whom it was first preached entered not in because of unbelief.

7. Again, he limiteth a certain day, saying to David, To-day after so long a time, as it is said, To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts.

**NEW STYLE.**

Since, therefore, it remaineth that some enter therein, and they who formerly received the glad promise entered not in because of disobedience, he again fixed a certain day, saying so long a time afterwards in David (as hath been said before), To-day if ye shall hear his voice, harden not your hearts.

**OMISSIONS FROM THE TEXT.**

The fourth gospel suffers most at the hands of the revisers, the synoptics less even than the Revelation and the catholic epistles least of all. The longest excision is from the fifty-third verse of the seventh chapter to the eleventh verse of the next inclusive. The passage is that of the woman taken in adultery, as follows:

53. And every man went unto his own house.

**CHAPTER, VIII.**

*Of the Adulterous Woman.*

1. Jesus went unto the Mount of Olives.
2. And early in the morning he came again into the temple and all the people came unto him; and he sat down and taught them.
3. And the Scribes and Pharisees brought unto him a woman taken in adultery, and when they had set her in the midst.
4. They say unto him, Master, this woman was taken in adultery, in the very act.
5. Now Moses in the law commanded us that such should be stoned: but what sayest thou?
6. This they said, tempting him, that they might have to accuse him. But Jesus stooped down and with his finger wrote on the ground, *as though he heard them not.*
7. So when they continued asking him, he lifted up himself and said unto them, He that is without sin among you let him first cast a stone at her.
8. And again he stooped down and wrote on the ground.
9. And they which heard it, being convicted by their own conscience, went out one by one, beginning at the eldest, *even unto the last*; and Jesus was left alone, and the woman standing in the midst.
10. When Jesus had lifted up himself, and saw none but the woman, he said unto her, Woman where are those thine accusers? Hath no man condemned thee?
11. She said, No man, Lord. And Jesus said unto her, neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more.

The following verse (12), in which Jesus declares Himself the light of the world, is joined upon and is a reply to the scoff of the Pharisees, in the preceding chapter, that out of Galilee ariseth no prophet.

The next deletion of any importance is the angelic coloring of the description of the pool of Bethesda in the fifth chapter. The following passage is omitted by the revisers:

3. \* \* \* Waiting for the moving of the water.

4. For an angel went down at a certain season unto the pool and troubled the water; whosoever then first after the troubling of the water stepped in was made whole of whatsoever disease he had.

The famous text of the three Heavenly witnesses (1. John v., 7-8) is of course thrown out, the following words being expunged:

7. \* \* \* In heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost: and these three are one.

8. And there are three that bear witness in earth \* \* \*

Another notable omission of the revisers is to be found in the conversion of Paul as recorded in Acts ix., 5-6. The words expunged are:

5. \* \* \* It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks.

6. And he, trembling and astonished, said, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? And the Lord said unto him, . . .

There are many other familiar passages that have disappeared: "Many be called but few chosen," from Matthew xxii., 14; "If any man has ears to hear, let him hear," from Mark vii., 16.

Some of the happiest changes are of a single word, as "alive" for "quick." "They had swallowed us up alive" has a very different sense than "swallowed us up quick." Again, "He that is washed needeth not save to wash his feet," becomes much more simple when rendered "He that has taken a bath needeth not save to wash his feet." "Darkness over all the earth," and "over all the land" (Palestine), are very different things. In every change the revisers lessen the strain upon faith.

THE GRAMMATICAL CHANGES.

Minor changes have been hinted at. It would take too long to sort out, arrange and classify them. Here are a few that come haphazard: "As we have forgiven," instead of "forgive" our debtors. "The pinnacle of the temple," instead of "a pinnacle," (there was but one). "The first fruits of them that are sleeping," instead of "slept." "If one dies for all, then were all dead," instead of "then did all die." Paul did not pray the Lord to avenge him on Alexander. He said: "The Lord will reward him according to his works," not "the Lord reward him." "Supposing that godliness were gain," instead of "gain is godliness." "The Word became (instead of was made) flesh." "Born of a woman," instead of "made of a woman." "For we saw his star," not "have seen" it. Such changes as these are to be found in every verse, and it will not require a very careful reading of either of the gospels to see how many changes have been made that do not change the spirit, yet add to its clearness and force as well as accuracy.

WILL THE NEW REVISION BE PIRATED?

A very interesting question comes up in connection with the new revision. The members of the committee have given their time and their labor. Their expenses have been defrayed by the Queen's printer, who happens to be Macmillan of the well-known publishing firm. He has spent over \$100,000, purely as a business speculation and now wishes to get his money back as soon as possible. As I have remarked before, he is safe from competition in this country, for any other person caught printing a Bible will be severely punished. That profit and prerogative of his office is strictly kept and maintained; so strictly that the Bible Society must buy and distribute whatever books he chooses to furnish or note at all. In America there is apparently an excellent market. The American Bible Society has pledged itself not to publish the revision, a pledge that its constitution enforces, and the Baptist Society has furnished assurances that it certainly will not "pirate the Holy Scriptures." The American revisers could probably copyright their share of the work, but the expression of one: "It does not appear to me seemly, for the sake of pecuniary profit, to deprive all persons save one of the right of publishing Bibles, when we are working with all our minds to bring it into general use," probably expresses the sense of a majority. There is an enormous fortune in it, without having to wait for it. An enterprising American publisher who would get out immediately a cheap piratical edition of the New Testament could easily sell two million copies in a year.

HEARTH AND HOME.

SELF-HELP.—So long as we lean upon some one else's wisdom or strength, so long as we depend upon fortunate surroundings, or advantageous openings, or good influences to procure for us what our own undaunted energy and industry ought to win, so long shall we remain feeble, wavering, and useless members of society. But, when we begin in earnest to help ourselves, waiting for no breath of fortune to waft us upward, and for no strong arm to bear us onward, then we come to realize how full and rich is life, and how large are our capabilities for filling worthily the part in it assigned to us.

BROTHERHOOD.—We often look at people afar off, and through the mist of prejudice, and imagine they are monsters. For the sins of past ages and distant countries we have no toleration. For those who have sore temptations, such as we never knew, we can make no allowance. We condemn them with a severity proportioned to the distance from which we regard them. Let us draw nearer to those we so hastily condemn, and we shall discover something of the causes from which their conduct springs, and, though we may still condemn the acts, we shall learn to blame less harshly the actor, for there will be awakened within us the sympathy of true brotherhood.

READING AND CONVERSATION.—Reading will be of little use without conversation, and conversation will be apt to run low without reading. Reading fills the lamp and conversation lights it; reading is the food of the mind and conversation the exercise. And, as all things are strengthened by exercise, so is the mind by conversation. There we shake off the dust and stiffness of a retired, scholastic life; our opinions are confirmed or corrected by the good opinions of others; points are argued, doubts are resolved, difficulties cleared, directions given, and frequently hints started, which, if pursued, would

lead to the most useful truths, like a vein of silver or gold which directs to a mine.

GOOD ADVICE.—It is often said that there is nothing so cheap, so plentiful, or so little valued, as advice. Perhaps it follows the laws of other commodities, and falls in price in proportion as the supply exceeds the demand. Certainly there is a great deal too much advice given in the world, because, when not followed, it becomes a positive injury to both giver and receiver. The former especially feels himself aggrieved, and somewhat in the condition of a person who has had a present returned upon his hands. To diminish the quantity and improve the quality would be a decided benefit to society, and would greatly reduce the ill-feeling which a superfluity of the article, poorly prepared and thrust upon unwilling ears, cannot fail to engender.

NOT THE RICH ALONE HAVE THE POWER TO MAKE HAPPY.—It is very common for the poor to envy the rich, and say, "If I only had such a one's wealth, how happy I would make those around me!" But money is only one of the many means of contributing to the enjoyment of others. If we reflect on the favours by which others have added largely to our own happiness, we shall find that a large proportion of them have been pure deeds of kindness which have cost the bestower little or nothing beyond the good disposition to perform them. Do not attempt to excuse yourself from the obligation to do something—in fact, to do much—to make others happy, on the ground that you are not rich. It is not a valid excuse. A smiling face and an encouraging, cheerful word to the afflicted and the troubled often go farther than all that money can buy.

BIRTHDAYS.—Let the birthday of each member of the family be always remembered when it comes. Let there be something out of the ordinary routine in the arrangement of the table—pies fashioned as Jeannie likes them best, one of Frank's favourite plum-pudding, or Julia's special liking, a loaf of ginger-cake, or a wonderful lemon-pie, such as only "mamma" can make. There must be presents. Sometimes people may think that they cannot be afforded; but reflect. The little one needs shoes, dresses, aprons, and many other articles. Purchase one or more for the birthday; it will seem just as much a present to her as though she was not obliged to have it. Next come story-books, a knitted wrap, and a pair of skates—should the birthday occur in winter—a pretty little school-satchel, etc. Encourage the little ones to give to each other, and remember father's and mother's birthday, too.

HONEST BELIEF.—The honest expression of an earnest belief ought always to awaken a respectful sympathy, even in those who cannot share it; and, if we only drew closer to those whose opinions are adverse to our own, we should find much in them to draw forth this very sympathy. Nothing can be more unjust than to charge people with moral delinquency because their intellectual perceptions are at variance with our own; yet this is precisely what we do when we decry an opposite party and attribute to its members mean and unworthy motives, when their only crime is that they will not adopt our views or pursue our methods. Holding ourselves so far aloof from them, we imagine them to be monsters; if we draw near enough to discern their mental condition, we shall find them to be men like ourselves, and a still closer approach will enable us to extend to them the right hand of brotherhood without the least infraction of our own or of their perfect liberty of thought.

TO LOOK UPON AND TO BECOME.—Any one who gazes intently and appreciatively upon some beautiful landscape, or some rare work of art, gradually comes to partake of some of its characteristics and to absorb something of its nature. There is a spirit within him that responds to the beauty, or sublimity, or delicacy upon which he looks, that claims kinship with them, and that is awakened and developed by his continued and earnest gaze. If this is true concerning what appeals to us through the eye of the body, it is even more true in what we view with the eye of the mind. Whatever we give our attention to constantly, that we shall gradually come to resemble. Perhaps there are, in our complex natures, many undeveloped germs, which are brought into living existence only by contact with special external influences that coincide with them; at any rate, it is certain that we soon grow into close affinity with whatever we pre-eminently think upon.

COMMON-SENSE.—Common-sense is symmetry of mind, of character, and of purpose in the individual combined. It represents man in completeness, harmony, and equipoise. It clothes him with dignity, invests him with power, and stamps him with superiority. It is not genius, for that is often erratic; nor cunning in its sinuous course; nor tact, with its decline into trickery. Common-sense is the embodiment of true manhood. It confers a patent of royalty, though birth be plebeian, and exalts men from lowliest spheres to the highest stations. Not by sudden freaks of fortune or a train of adventitious circumstances are they thus dignified; but step by step, through obstacle and hindrance, they overcome by the force of character and the proper direction of the will-power. Common-sense is a tremendous force in this lower world. Its power is felt and acknowledged through all the ramifications of governments, society, business, finance, science, and commerce. In fact it is the history as well as the true philosophy of the ages. It is the salt that

has saved humanity from barbarism, and the moving power that has propelled the race onward in its march of progress and civilization.

VARIETIES.

BARONESS COUTTS.—The Baroness Burdett-Coutts is an obstinate woman in the opinion of the *Times*' correspondent, who is so ungallant as to say that she fully looks her age, and that Ashmead-Bartlett might pass for her grandson if he were not so handsome. I have seen a letter, he says, from the baroness to a friend in which she speaks of "my future husband," Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett. It was rumoured that she would be married at the Savoy Chapel. Nearly two thousand people assembled there. They evidently intended to his "the happy pair," but no candidates for matrimony appeared, and the crowd dispersed, after first breaking up into groups and talking the affair over.

JUMPING THE ROPE.—Dr. J. W. Hervey, of Indianapolis, warns children and their parents of the danger of this practice. None, he says, is more injurious; and in illustration of its evil effects he mentions a case of rare occurrence in that city. The patient, a girl of twelve years, was dead when he reached the house. He says:—"On inquiry I learned that she had jumped the rope at school a few days before five hundred times. Think of five hundred rushes of blood upon the life's heart in quick succession! No wonder I had to make the certificate of death 'Embolism, or clot in the heart, caused by overheat and jumping straight up five hundred times.'" Not only does this practice throw a great and sometimes killing strain upon the heart, but it often causes serious injury to the joints of the knees and hips and to the spine. The muscular and nervous exhaustion due to long continued jumping must also be injurious.

EDWIN ARNOLD AND WIFE.—An intimate friend of Edwin Arnold, author of "The Light of Asia," tells how the poet found his wife:—Mr. Arnold was in the British Museum one day—the day when the pictures by the old masters were allowed to be copied—when his attention was arrested, as never before, by a picture of Perugino's which a beautiful young lady was copying. Irresistibly he halted, and admired the painting with her. Presently the face of the fair woman in his eyes grew more charming than the work of Perugino, and Mr. Arnold did not rest in the new quest of love until Miss Fanny Channing, daughter of the Rev. W. H. Channing, of London, had become the central charm of his own home. This happened in 1869. His home life is said to be as charming as his public life is vigorous and energetic. He does not seek society, and has, in fact, little time for recreation, but, whenever he is thus entrapped by his friends, he is by general consent the centre of the group, and his conversation is rich, full, exhaustless. Mr. Arnold has the bilious-nervous temperament and the stout muscular physique which enables him to be always active and yet always fresh.

OLE-BULL.—Ole Bull was on one occasion, in 1870, the guest of the officers at the Barracks at Omaha, where there was a large garrison. He had his violin with him, and as a violent storm prevented his return to the city he mentioned to the commanding officer that he would like to play for the soldiers. A set of quarters which was used for a chapel and school-room was filled with the soldiers, officers, and the families of the post. The genial, kind-hearted artist never had a more delighted audience, and he played for an hour or two, saying that he never enjoyed himself so much as he did at his free concerts. "So much," said he, "I like to play for those poor fellows, which have no money to pay for concert." It annoyed Ole Bull excessively to be invited to play for the amusement of the royal families of Europe. He, at one time, rather ungraciously it was thought, declined to play for the royal family of England, giving as an excuse that he was going to the children's hospital to play for the amusement of the little fellows there. His kindnesses and charities towards the poor people of Norway were limited only by his means. He leaves one son, George, who is said to possess none of his father's talent for music.

EMERSON.—Ralph Waldo Emerson, if we are to believe the correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, contemplates another, and final visit to England, next year. He has been moved to this chiefly by what he has heard of the health of Mr. Carlyle, between whom and himself there has ever since they met on Mr. Emerson's former visit, existed a sympathy akin to fraternal affection. Mr. Emerson is also anxious to make the acquaintance of Cardinal Newman, whom he describes as "the most religious man in England," and of Mr. Herbert Spencer. It may be mentioned as a proof of the growing popularity of Mr. Emerson's writings that a well-known publishing firm contemplates the issue of a cheap edition of them, about which it will negotiate with Mr. Emerson on the occasion of his visit to London. I learn, continues the correspondent, that Mr. Walt Whitman has been induced by an enterprising magazine editor here, aided by the English poets who have done their best to popularize the poet of democracy, to give to the British public in November next his estimate of our national poets of the nineteenth century. He has made one curious stipulation, which has been accepted, to the effect that as the writing of prose comes awkwardly to him he is to be permitted to break out at will into his peculiarly constructed verse.

HUMOROUS.

A NIGHTGOWN is nothing but a nap sack.

BURGLARS have been finding out lately that there is a good deal of danger in a safe robbery.

If you have a pretty daughter you will have a brain full of anxiety and a house full of scented note paper.

At an inn in Suffolk county the landlord has a sign posted up outside his door. "Good beer for sale here, but don't take my word for it."

A LITTLE girl in church, after the contribution plate had been passed, complacently and audibly said: "I paid for four, mamma; was that right?"

WHEN they can't make an Albany baby quit crying in any other way, they let him crawl under the bed and make him believe they think he's lost and are looking for him, and he will keep quiet for two hours.

A GARRULOUS fop, who by his frivolous remarks had annoyed his partner in a ball room, among other empty things asked whether she had ever had her ears pierced. "No," was the reply, "but I have often had them bored."

"ELLA, is your father at home?" said a bashful lover to his sweetheart. "I want to propose something very important to him." "No, Clarence, papa is not at home, but I am. Couldn't you propose to me just as well?" And he did with perfect success.

THE manner of newspaper reporting in a provincial village: "An accident which might have resulted fatally, happened yesterday to M<sup>rs</sup>. la Marquise de Bonbec, aged eighty years." Editor in chief making corrections: "We must put her down forty-five or she will stop her subscription."

BOSTON young lady to Boston young gentleman: "And do you think that Kant's difference between the reason and the understanding is correct?" "Yes," "And, sir, what do you understand?" "I understand that I love you, but I cannot give any reason for it." They hire a boat and go out to catch crabs.

LONDON is interested in the saleswoman question, and *Punch* puts the following under a picture: "Taking the law in one's own hands: Fair but considerate customer (standing chair over the counter to tired shop-girl): "Pray sit down. You look so tired. I've been riding all the afternoon in a carriage and don't require a chair."

LITERARY.

MR. LONGFELLOW's new volume of poems, "Ultima Thule," will be published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Sept. 21.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE, the novelist, at present residing in England, has accepted a consulate in Japan, offered him by the Government of the United States.

A. BRONSON ALGOT has not tasted animal food for half a century, and drinks nothing but water, except an occasional cup of tea or coffee, made extremely weak.

THE *Athenaeum* states that the public will shortly see announced an *Edition de luxe* of George Eliot's "Romola," which will be printed on the finest paper and contain numerous full-page illustrations.

INGRAM, in his new life of Poe, says that the author of "The Raven" is the only American writer known and popular in France, and that his works have become "standard classics" in that country.

ARRANGEMENTS are being made to add Thackeray's portrait as a companion to that of Macaulay in the London Reform Club. He was one of its original members, and penned many of his writings in its library.

GEORGE SANI's motto was *Malgré tout*. In memory of this her daughter gave the name of Miss Malgré-Tout to the property which she built at Cannes, and which now belongs to the Princesse de la Moskowa.

MISS NEILSON was born in the neighbourhood of Leeds, of an English father and a gypsy mother. But the truth is, according to the New York *Times* correspondent, she was born at Hull, of poor, but honest, Yorkshire parents.

TENNYSON attained his seventy-first birthday on August 6. Browning, Matthew Arnold, James K. Lowell, and other friends of the laureate, called on him at his residence in King street, Mayfair. Browning recited a congratulatory ode.

THE Rev. S. F. Smith, who wrote "My Country 'Tis of Thee," is still living in Newton, Mass. He says he wrote the verses on a waste scrap of paper one dismal day in February, 1832, while at Andover seminary.

THE venerable Lucretia Mott, is reported in rapidly failing health. Although confined to her room, her mind is strong and bright. She resides with her son-in-law, Edward M. Davis, on Chelton Hills, near Philadelphia, Pa.

THE venerable Dr. Pusey and the Dean of Norwich, Dr. Goulburn, have come out—the one with a letter, the other with lectures—aginst Canon Farrar's views of everlasting punishment. Both volumes are already published.

MR. W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS is the rapilest book-maker in England. He turns out books almost faster than one can read them. His last was issued not more than three months ago, and now "Plain Living and High Thinking" is just fresh from the press.

"XXXII. Lyrics and XI. Sonnets, S-selected from 'Cloth of Gold' and 'Flower and Thorn,'" is the title Mr. T. B. Aldrich gives to his new book of poems, which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will shortly bring out, printed on linen paper and bound in vellum. A dainty *edition de luxe*.

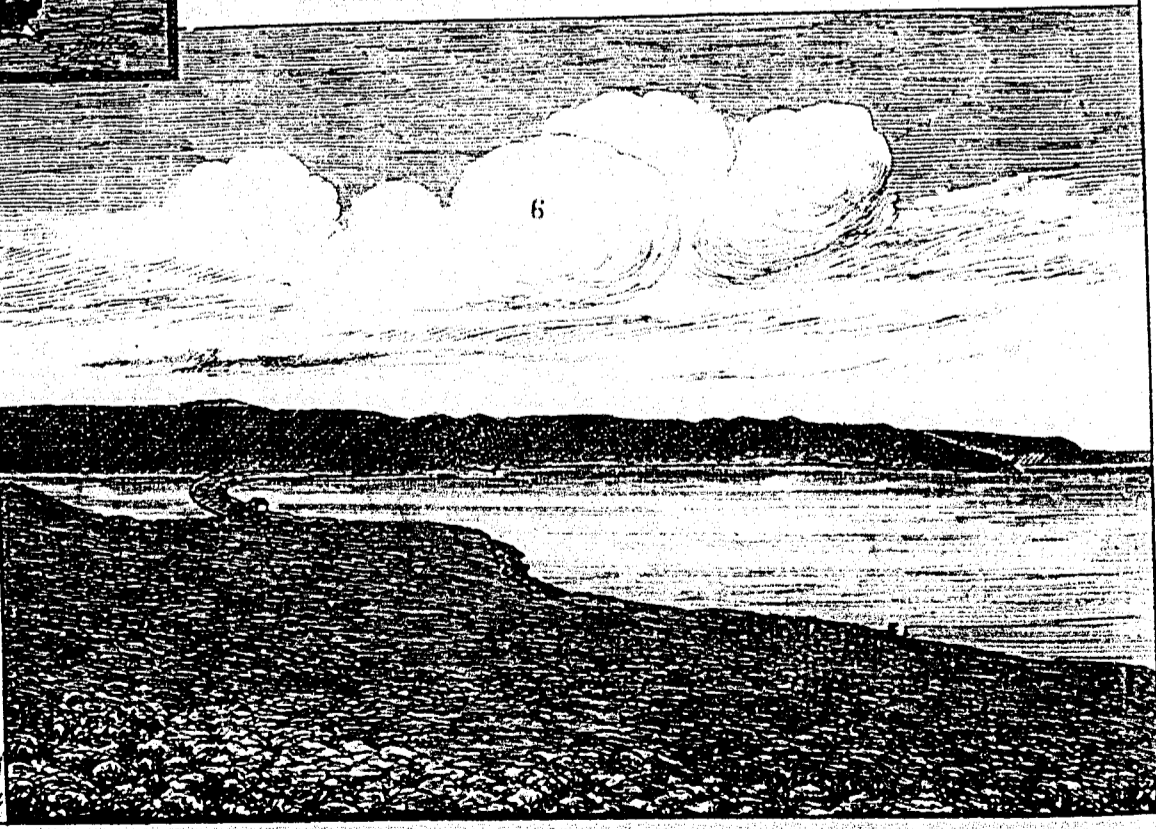
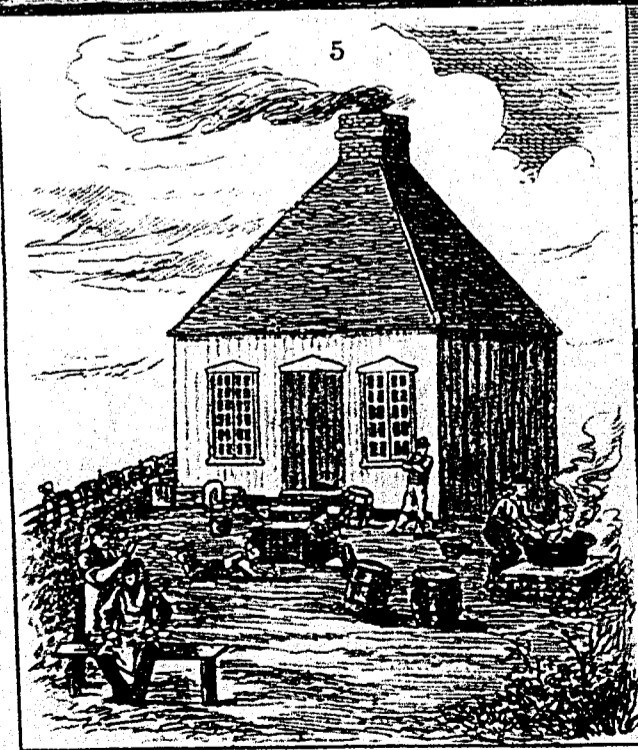
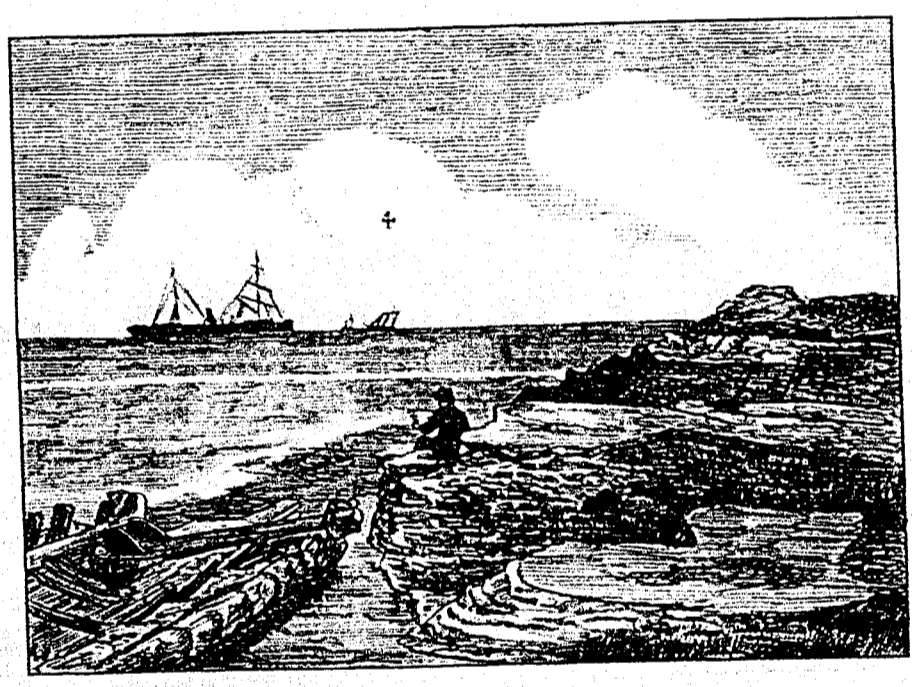
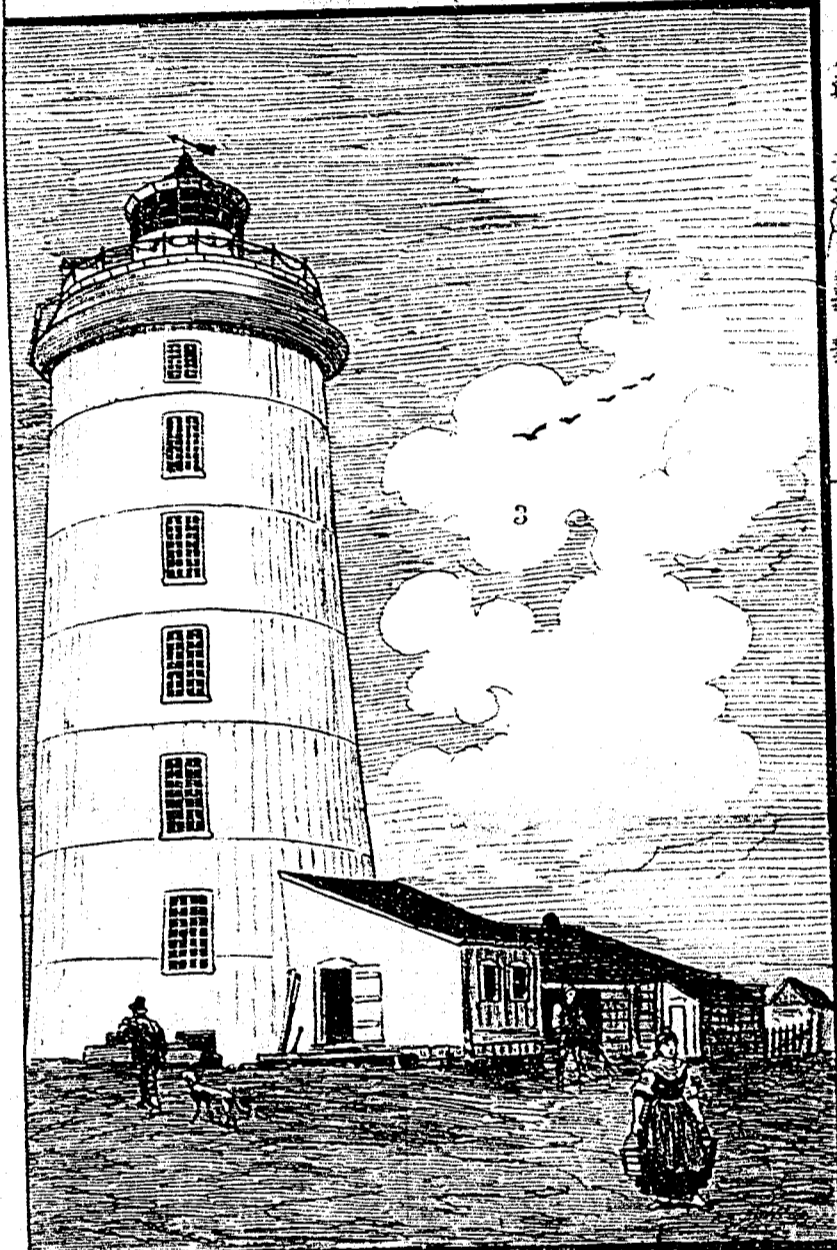
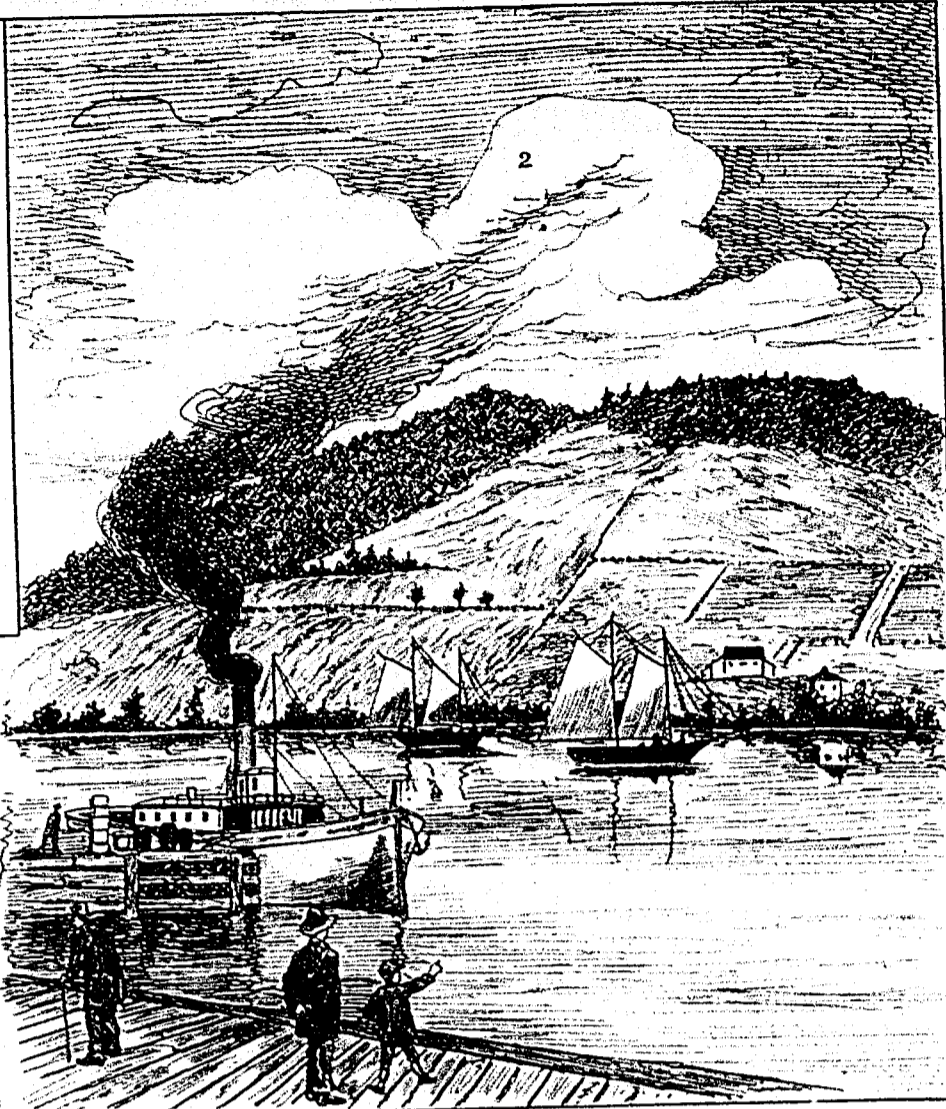
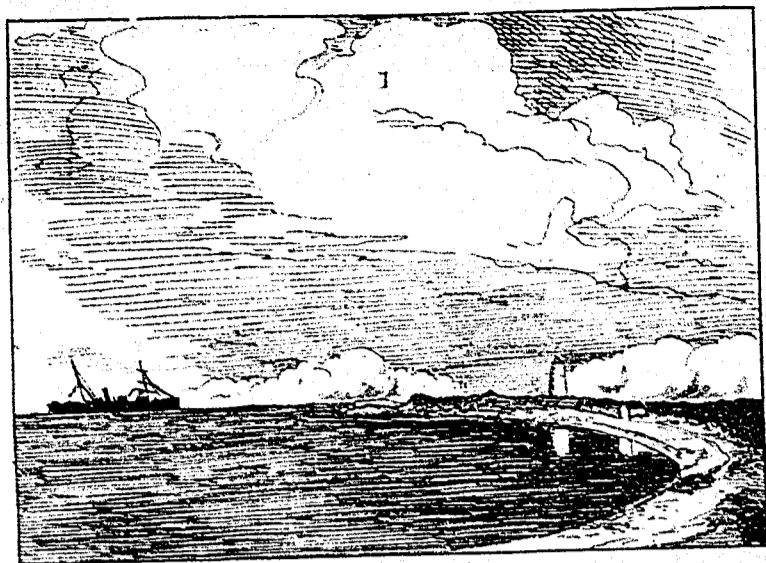
It having been stated in print that Mrs. Burnett, author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," was engaged on a new story to be called "Mersey," her husband writes: "Mrs. Burnett has never been, is not now, and most probably never will be, engaged in writing a novel called 'Mersey.'"

GEORGE ELIOT, before she was married to Mr. Cross, rid herself of every scrap of clothing and ornaments that belonged to her life with her first husband, Lewes. She was married in white silk and orange blossoms. She is going to live in a new house, with new furniture, in a new block in Chelsea.

WALT WHITMAN, the eccentric American poet, has been induced by an enterprising magazine editor to give to the British public in November next his estimate of our national poets of the nineteenth century. He has made one curious stipulation, which has been accepted, to the effect that as the writing of prose comes awkwardly to him he is to be permitted to break out at will into his peculiarly constructed verse.

POSTERS.—Any persons who would like to send posters to friends in the country to extend the publicity given to the Exhibition can be supplied by application to the Secretary, 131 St. James street.

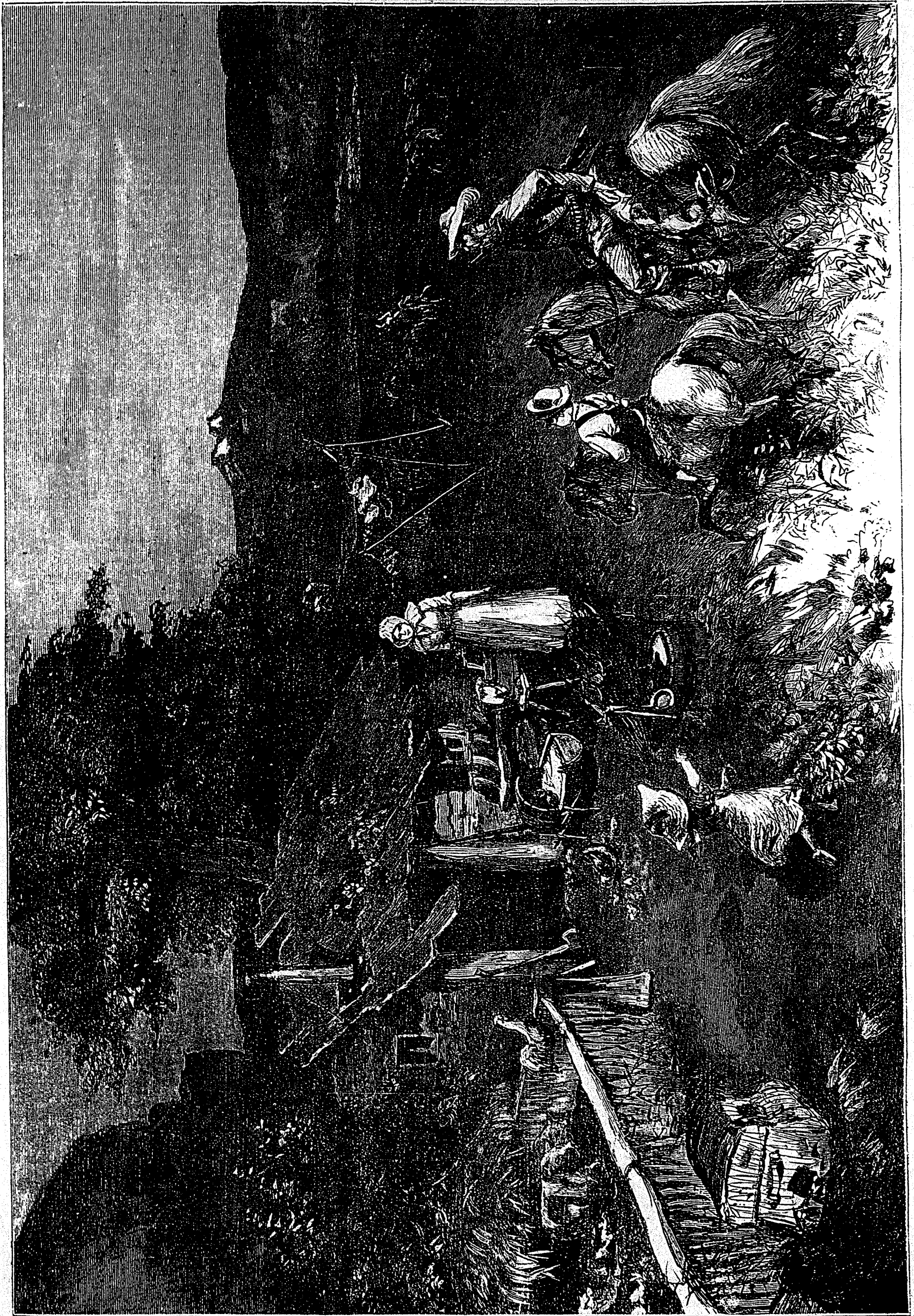




1. THE "CYBELE" FROM THE COVE, EAST SIDE 2. THE RESCUING TUG AT THE DOCK, GASPÉ. 3. HEATH POINT LIGHT. 4. VIEW OF THE VESSEL FROM THE POINT. 5. THE HOMESTEAD. 6. EAST POINT FROM THE LIGHT HOUSE.

THE WRECK OF THE SS. CYBELE ON THE COAST OF ANTICOSTI.—FROM SKETCHES BY MR. AULT.





A HOME IN THE GREAT WEST.



WHITE WINGS: A YACHTING ROMANCE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

Author of "A Princess of Thule," "A Daughter of Beth," "In Silk Attire," "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," "Kilmenny," "The Monarch of Mincing Lane," "Madcap Violet," "The Three Feathers," "The Marriage of Moira Fergus, and The Maid of Killeena," "Macloed of Dare," "Lady Silverdale's Sweetheart," etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

"UNCERTAIN, COY, AND HARD TO PLEASE."

There are two people walking up and down the deck this beautiful morning; the lazy ones are still below, dawdling over breakfast. And now young Smith, though he is not much more than an acquaintance, talks quite confidentially to his hostess. She has his secret; he looks to her for aid. And when they do have a quiet moment like this together there is usually but one person of whom they speak.

"I must say she has an extraordinary spirit," he observes, with some decision. "Why, I believe she is rather pleased than otherwise to have lost that money. She is not a bit afraid of going up to London to support herself by her work. It seems to amuse her on the whole."

"Mary has plenty of courage," says the other quietly.

"I don't wonder at my uncle being so fond of her; he likes her independent ways and her good humour. I shouldn't be surprised if he were to adopt her as his daughter, and cut me out. There would be some sense in that."

"I am glad you take it so coolly," says our governor-general, in a matter-of-fact way that rather startles him. "More unlikely things have happened."

But he recovers himself directly.

"No, no," says he, laughing. "There is one objection. She could not sit on any of the parochial Boards of Strathgovan. Now I know my uncle looks forward to putting me on the Police Committee and the Lighting Committee and no end of other Committees. By the way, she might go on the School Board. Do they have women on the School Boards in Scotland?"

On this point his hostess was no better informed than himself.

"Well," said he, after a bit, "I wouldn't call her pretty, you know; but she has a singularly interesting face."

"Oh, do you think so?" says the other, quite innocently.

"I do, indeed," answers the ingenuous youth. "And the more you see of her the more interesting it becomes. You seem to get so well acquainted with her somehow; and—and you have a sort of feeling that her presence is sort of necessary."

This was somewhat vague; but he made another wild effort to express himself.

"What I mean is—that—that suppose she were to leave the yacht, wouldn't the saloon look quite different? And wouldn't the sailing be quite different? You would know there was something wanting."

"I should, indeed," is the emphatic reply.

"I never knew any one," says the Youth, warming to his work of thorough explanation, "about whose presence you seem so conscious—even when she isn't here—I don't mean that exactly—I mean that at this moment now, you know she is on board the yacht—and it would be quite different if she were not. I suppose most people wouldn't call her pretty. There is nothing of the Book of Beauty about her. But I call it a most interesting face. And she has fine eyes. Anybody must admit that. They have a beautiful, soft expression; and they can laugh even when she is quite silent—"

"My dear Mr. Smith," says his hostess, suddenly stopping short, and with a kind of serious smile on her face, "let me talk frankly to you. You acted very sensibly, I think, in coming with us to honour your uncle. He will come to see that this scheme of his is impracticable; and in the meantime, if you don't mind the discomfort of it, you have a holiday. That is all quite well. But pray don't think it necessary that you should argue yourself into falling in love with Mary. I am not in her confidence on such a delicate matter; but one has eyes; and I think I might almost safely say to you that, even if you persuaded yourself that Mary would make an excellent wife—and be presentable to your friends—I say even if you succeeded in persuading yourself I am afraid you would only have thrown that labour away. Please don't try to convince yourself that you ought to fall in love with her."

This was plain speaking. But then our admiral-in-chief was very quickly sensitive where Mary Avon was concerned; and perhaps she did not quite like her friend being spoken of as though she were a pill that had to be swallowed. Of course the Youth instantly disclaimed any intention of that kind. He had a very sincere regard for the girl, so far as he had seen her; he was not persuading himself; he was only saying how much she improved when you got better acquainted with her.

"And if," said he, with just a touch of dignity, "if Miss Avon is—is—engaged—"

"Oh, I did not say that," his hostess quickly interposed. "Oh, certainly not. It was only a guess on my part—"

"—or likely to be engaged," he continued,

with something of the same reserve, "I am sure I am very glad for her sake; and whoever marries her ought to have a cheerful home and a pleasant companion."

This was a generous sentiment; but there was not much of a "wish-you-may-be-happy" air about the young man. Moreover, there was the relief he ought to have experienced on hearing that there was an obstacle—or likelihood of an obstacle—to the execution of his uncle's scheme which would absolve him from responsibility altogether?

However, the subject could not be continued just then; for at this moment a tightly-brushed small head, and a narrow-brimmed felt hat, and a shapely neck surrounded by an upstanding collar and a bit of ribbon of navy-blue, appeared at the top of the companion, and Mary Avon, looking up with her black eyes full of a cheerful friendliness, said—

"Well, John, are you ready to start yet?"

And the great, brown-bearded John of Skye, looking down at this small Jack-in-the-box with a smile of welcome on his face, said—

"Oh, yes, mem, when the breakfast is over."

"Do you think it is blowing outside, then?"

"Oh, no, mem, but there is a good breeze; and may be there will be a bit of a rowl from the Atlantic. Will Mr. — himself be for going now?"

"Oh, yes, certainly," she says, with a fine assumption of authority. "We are quite ready when you are ready, John; Fred will have the things off the table in a couple of minutes."

"Very well, mem," says the obedient John of Skye, going forward to get the men up to the windlass.

Our young Doctor should have been there to see us getting under way. The Sound of Ulva is an excellent harbour and anchorage when you are once in it; but getting out of it, unless with both wind and tide in your favour, is very like trying to manoeuvre a man-of-war in a tea-cup. But we had long ago come to the conclusion that John of Skye could sail the *White Dove* through a gas-pipe, with half a gale dead in his teeth; and the manner in which he got us out of this narrow and tortuous channel fully justified our confidence.

"Very prettily done, Captain John!" said the Laird—who was beginning to give himself airs on nautical matters—when we had got out into the open.

And here, as we soon discovered, was the brisk fresh breeze that John of Skye had predicted; and the running swell, too, that came sweeping in to the mouth of Loch-na-Keal. Black indeed looked that far-reaching loch on this breezy, changeful morning—as dark as it was when the chief of Ulva's Isle came down to the shore with his runaway bride; and all along Ben-Mor and over the Griban cliffs hung heavy masses of cloud, dark and threatening as if with thunder. But far away in the south there was a more cheerful outlook; the windy sea shimmering in light; some gleams of blue in the sky; we knew that the sunshine must be shining on the green clover and beautiful sands of Iona. The *White Dove* seemed to understand what was required of her. Her head was set for the gleaming south; her white wings outspread; as she sprang to meet those rushing seas we knew we were escaping from the thunder darkness that lay over Loch-na-Keal.

And Ulva: had we known that we were now leaving Ulva behind us for the last time, should we not have taken another look back, even though it now lay under a strange and mysterious gloom? Perhaps not. We had grown to love the island in other days. And when one shuts one's eyes in winter, it is not to see an Ulva of desolate rocks and leaden waves; it is a fair and shining Ulva, with blue seas breaking whitely along its shores; and magical still channels, with mermaid's halls of seaweed; and an abundant, interesting life—all manner of sea-birds, black rabbits running among the rocks, seals swimming in the silent bays.

Then the patch of civilization under shelter of the hills; the yellow corn-fields; the dots of human creatures and the red and tawny-gray cattle visible afar in the meadow; the solitary house; the soft foliage of trees and bushes; the wild-flowers along the cliffs. That is the green-shored island; that is the *Ool-a-va* of the sailors; we know it only in sunlight and among blue summer seas; it shines for us forever!

The people who go yachting are a fickle folk. The scene changes—and their interests change—very few minutes. Now it is the swooping down of a solan; again it is the appearance of another island far away; presently it is a shout of laughter forward, as some unlucky wight gets drowned in a shower of sea-spray; anything catches their attention for the moment. And so the *White Dove* swings along; and the sea gets leavier and heavier; and we watch the breakers springing high over the black rocks of Colonsay. It is the Laird who is

now instructing our new guest; pointing out to him, as they come in view, Staffa, the Dutchman, Fladda, and Lunga, and Cairnaburg. Three is invisible at the horizon; there is too wild a whirl of wind and water.

The gloom behind us increases; we know not what is about to happen to our beloved but now distant Ulva—what sudden rumble of thunder is about to startle the silence of the dark Loch-na-Keal. But ahead of us the south is still shining clear; blow, winds, that we may gain the quiet shelter of Polterriv before the evening falls! And is it not full moon to-night?—to-night our new guest may see the yellow moon shining on the still waters of Iona Sound.

But the humiliating truth must be told. The heavy sea has been trying to one unaccustomed to life on board. Howard Smith, though answering questions well enough, and even joining voluntarily in conversation occasionally, wears a preoccupied air. He does not take much interest in the caves of Bourg. The bright look has gone from his face.

His gentle hostess—who has herself had moments of gloom on the bosom of the deep—recognizes these signs instantly, and insists on immediate luncheon. There is a double reason for this haste. We can now run under the lee of the Erisgeir rocks, where there will be less danger to Master Fred's plates and tumblers. So we are all bundled down into the saloon, the swell sensibly subsides as we get to leeward of Erisgeir; there is a scramble of helping and handing; and another explosion in the galley tells us that Master Fred has not yet mastered the art of releasing effervescent fluids. Half a tumblerful of that liquid puts new life into our solemn friend. The colour returns to his face, and brightness to his eyes. He admits that he was beginning to long for a few minutes on firm land—but now—but now—he is even willing to join us in an excursion that has been talked of to the far Dubhartach light-house.

"But we must really wait for Angus," our hostess says, "before going out there. He was always so anxious to go to Dubhartach."

"But surely you won't ask him to come away from his duties again?" Mary Avon puts in hastily. "You know he ought to go back to London at once."

"I know I have written him a letter," says the other demurely. "You can read it if you like, Mary. It is in pencil, for I was afraid of the ink-bottle going waltzing over the table."

Miss Avon would not read the letter. She said we must be past Erisgeir by this time; and proposed we should go on deck. This we did; and the Youth was now so comfortable and assured in his mind that, by lying full length on the deck, close to the weather bulwarks, he managed to light a cigar. He smoked there in much content, almost safe from the spray.

Mary Avon was seated at the top of the companion, reading. Her hostess came and squeezed herself in beside her, and put her arm round her.

"Mary," said she, "why don't you want Angus Sutherland to come back to the yacht?"

"I!" said she, in great surprise—though she did not meet the look of the elder woman—"I—I—don't you see yourself that he ought to go back to London? How can he look after that magazine while he is away in the Highlands? And—and—he has so much to look forward to—so much to do—that you should not encourage him in making light of his work—"

"Making light of his work!" said the other. "I am almost sure that you yourself told him that he deserved and required a long—a very long—holiday."

"You did, certainly."

"And didn't you?"

The young lady looked rather embarrassed.

"When you saw him," said she, with flushed cheeks, "so greatly enjoying the sailing—absorbed in it—and—and gaining health and strength, too—well, of course you naturally wished that he should come back and go away with you again. But it is different on reflection. You should not ask him."

"Why, what evil is likely to happen to him through taking another six weeks' holiday? Is he likely to fall out of the race of life because of a sail in the *White Dove*? And doesn't he know his own business? He is not a child."

"He would do a great deal to please you."

"I want him to please himself," said the other; and she added, with a deadly frown gathering on her forehead, "and I won't have you, Miss Dignity, interfering with the pleasures of my guests. And there is to be no snubbing, and no grim looks, and no hints about work, and London, and other nonsense, when Angus Sutherland comes back to us. You shall stand by the gangway—do you hear?—and receive him with a smiling face; and if you are not particularly kind, and civil, and attentive to him, I'll have you lashed to the yard-arm and painted blue—keel-haul me if I don't!"

Fairer and fairer grew the scene around us as the brave *White Dove* went breasting the heavy Atlantic rollers. Blue and white overhead; the hot sunlight doing its best to dry the dripping rocks. Iona shining there over the smoother waters of the Sound; the sea breaking white, and spouting up in columns, as it dashed against the pale red promontories of the Ross of Mull. But then this still breeze had backed to the west, and there was many a long tack to be got over before we got quit of the Atlantic swell and ran clear into the Sound. The evening was drawing on apace as we slowly and cautiously steered into the little creek of Polterriv. No sooner had the anchor rattled out than we heard the clear tinkling of Master Fred's bell; how on earth had he

managed to cook dinner amid all that diving and rolling and pitching?

And then, as we had hoped, it was a beautiful evening; and the long gig was got out, and shawls for the women-folk flung into the stern. The fishing did not claim our attention. Familiar as some of us were with the wonderful twilights of the north, which of us had ever seen anything more solemn, and still, and lovely than these colours of sea and shore? Half-past nine at night on the 8th of August, and still the west and north were flushed with a pale rose-red, behind the dark, rich, olive-green of the shadowed Iona. But what was that to the magic world that lay before us as we returned to the yacht? Now the moon had arisen, and it seemed to be of a clear, lambent gold; and the cloudless heavens and the still sea were of a violet hue—not imaginatively, or relatively, but positively and literally violet. Then between the violet-coloured sky and the violet-coloured sea, a long line of rock, jet black as it appeared to us. That was all the picture; the yellow moon, the violet sky, the violet sea, the line of black rocks. No doubt it was the intensity of the shadows along this line of rock that gave that extraordinary luminousness to the still heavens and the still sea.

When we got back to the yacht a telegram awaited us. It had been sent to Bunnassau, the nearest telegraph station; but some kind friends there, recognizing the *White Dove* as she came along by Erisgeir, and shrewdly concluding that we must pass the night at Polterriv, had been so kind as to forward it on to Fion-phort by a messenger.

"I thought so!" says Queen T. with a true delight in her face as she reads the telegram. "It is from Angus. He is coming on Thursday. We must go back to meet him at Ballahulish or Corpach."

Then the discourtesy of this remark struck her.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Smith," said she, instantly. "Of course I mean if it is quite agreeable to you. He does not expect us, you see, he would come on here—"

"I assure you I would as soon go to Ballahulish as anywhere else," says the Youth promptly. "It is quite the same to me—it is all new, you see, and all equally charming."

Mary Avon alone expressed no delight at this prospect of our going to Ballahulish to meet Angus Sutherland; she sat silent; her eyes were thoughtful and distant; it was not of anything around her that she was thinking.

The moon had got whiter now; the sea and the sky blue-black in place of that soft warm violet colour. We sat on deck till a late hour; the world was asleep around us; not a sound disturbed the absolute stillness of land and sea.

And where was the voice of our singing bird? Had the loss of a mere sum of money made her forget all about Mary Beaton, and Mary Scotlan, "and Mary Carmichael and me!" Or was the midnight silence too much for her; and the thought of the dusky cathedral over there, with the grave-stones pale in the moonlight, and all around a whispering of the lonely sea? She had nothing to fear. She might have crossed over to Iona and might have walked all by herself through the ruins, and in calmness regarded the sculptured stones. The dead sleep sound.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SECRET SCHEMES.

The delight with which John of Skye heard that his friend Dr. Sutherland was coming back to the yacht, and that we were now setting out for Ballahulish or Corpach to meet him, found instant and practical expression on this fine, breezy, sunlit morning.

"Hector," says he, "we will put the gall topsail on her!"

What did he care though this squally breeze came blowing down the Sound in awkward gusts?

"It is a fine wind, mem," says he to the Admiral, as we slowly leave the green waters and the pink rocks of Polterriv, and get into the open and breezy channel. "Oh, we will make a good run the day. And I beg your pardon, mem, but it is a great pleasure to me that Mr. Sutherland himself is coming back to the yacht."

"He understands your clever sailing, John, is that it?"

"He knows more about a yat as any chentleman I will ever see, mem. And we will try to get a good breeze for him this time, mem—and not to have the calm weather."

This is not likely to be a day of calm weather, at all events. Tide and wind together take us away swiftly from the little harbour behind the granite rocks. And is Iona over there all asleep? or are there some friends in the small village watching the *White Dove* bearing away to the south? We wave our handkerchiefs on chance. We take a last look at the gabled ruins over the sea; at the green corn-fields; and the scattered houses; and the beaches of silver sand. Good-bye—good-bye! It is a last look for this summer at least; perhaps it is a last look forever. But Iona too—as well as Ulva—remains in the memory a vision of sunlight, and smooth seas, and summer days.

Harder and harder blows this fresh breeze from the north; and we are racing down the Sound with the driven waves. But for the rope round the tiller, Miss Avon, who is steering, would find it difficult to keep her feet; and her hair is blown all about her face. The salt water comes swishing down the scuppers; the churned foam goes hissing and boiling away from the sides of the vessel; the broad Atlantic

widens out. And that small gray thing at the horizon? Can that speck be a mass of masonry a hundred and fifty feet in height, wedged into the lonely rock?

"No, no," says our gentle Queen Titania, with an involuntary shudder, "not for worlds would I climb up that iron ladder, with the sea and the rocks right below me. I should never get half-way up."

"They will put a rope round your waist, if you like," it is pointed out to her.

"When we go out, then," says this coward, "I will see how Mary gets on. If she does not die of fright, I may venture."

"Oh, but I don't think I shall be with you," remarks the young lady, quite simply.

At this there is a general stare.

"I don't know what you mean," says her hostess, with an ominous curtsnee.

"Why, you know," says the girl, cheerfully—and disengaging one hand to get her hair out of her eyes—"I can't afford to go idling much longer. I must get back to London."

"Don't talk nonsense," says the other woman, angrily. "You may try to stop other people's holidays, if you like; but I am going to look after yours. Holidays! How are you to work, if you don't work now? Will you find many landscapes in Regent street?"

"I have a great many sketches," says Mary Avon, "and I must try to make something out of them, where there is less distraction of amusement. And really, you know, you have so many friends—would you like me to become a fixture—like the mainmast—"

"I would like you to talk a little common sense," is the sharp reply. "You are not going back to London till the *White Dove* is laid up for the winter—that is what I know."

"I am afraid I must ask you to let me off," she says, quite simply and seriously. "Suppose I go up to London next week? Then, if I get on pretty well, I may come back—"

"You may come back!" says the other, with a fine contempt. "Don't try to impose on me. I am an older woman than you. And I have enough provocations and worries from other quarters. I don't want you to begin and bother."

"Is your life so full of trouble?" says the girl, innocently. "What are these fearful provocations?"

"Never mind. You will find out in time. But when you get married, Mary, don't forget to buy a copy of 'Doddridge on Patience.' That should be included in every bridal trousseau."

"Poor thing—is it so awfully ill-used?" replies the steersman, with much compassion.

Here John of Skye comes forward.

"If ye please, mem, I will tek the tiller until we get round the Ross. The rocks are very bad here."

"All right, John," says the young lady; and then, with much cautious clinging to various objects, she goes below, saying that she means to do a little more to a certain slight water-colour sketch of Polterriv. We know why she wants to put some further work on that hasty production. Yesterday the Laird expressed high approval of the sketch. She means him to take it with him to Denny-mains, when she leaves for London.

But this heavy sea; how is the artist getting on with her work amid such pitching and diving? Now that we are round the Ross, the *White Dove* has shifted her course: the wind is more on her beam; the mainsheet has been hauled in; and the noble ship goes ploughing along in splendid style; but how about water-colour drawing?

Suddenly, as the yacht gives a heavy lurch to leeward, an awful sound is heard below. Queen T. clambers down the companion, and holds on by the door of the saloon; the others following and looking over her shoulders. There a fearful scene appears. At the head of the table, in the regal recess usually occupied by the carver and chief president of our banquets, sits Mary Avon, in mute and blank despair. Everything has disappeared from before her. A tumbler rolls backwards and forwards on the floor, empty. A dishevelled bundle of paper, hanging on the edge of a carpet-stool, represents what was once an orderly sketch-book. Tubes, pencils, saucers, sponges—all have gone with the table-cloth. And the artist sits quite hopeless and silent, staring before her like a maniac in a cell.

"Whatever have you been and done?" calls her hostess.

There is no answer: only that tragic despair.

"It was all bad steering," remarks the Youth. "I knew it would happen as soon as Miss Avon left the helm."

But the Laird, not confining his sympathy to words, presses by his hostess, and, holding hard by the bare table, stammers along to the scene of the wreck. The others timidly follow. One by one the various subjects are rescued, and placed for safety on the couch on the leeward side of the saloon. Then the automaton in the presidential chair begins to move. She recovers her powers of speech. She says—awaking from her dream—

"Is my head on?"

"And if it is, it is not much use to you," says our hostess, angrily. "Whatever made you have those out in a sea like this! Come up on deck at once, and let Fred get luncheon ready."

The maniac only laughs. "Luncheon!" she says. "Luncheon in the middle of earthquakes!"

But this sneer at the *White Dove* because

she has no swinging table, is ungenerous. Besides, is not our Friedrich d'Or able to battle any pitching with his ingeniously bolstered couch—so that bottles, glasses, plates, and what-not are as safe as they would be in a case in the British Museum? A luncheon party on board the *White Dove*, when there is a heavy Atlantic swell running, is not an imposing ceremony. It would not look well as a coloured lithograph in the illustrated papers. The figures crouching on the low stools to leeward; the narrow cushion bolstered up so that the most enterprising of dishes cannot slide; the table-cloth plaited so as to afford receptacles for knives and spoons; bottles and tumblers plunged into hollows and propped; Master Fred balancing himself behind these stooping figures, bottle in hand, and ready to replenish any cautiously proffered wine-glass. But it serves. And Dr. Sutherland has assured us that, the heavier the sea, the more necessary is luncheon for the weaker vessels, who may be timid about the effect of so much rolling and pitching. When we got on deck again, who is afraid? It is all a question as to what signal may be visible to the white house of Carsea—shining afar there in the sunlight, among the hanging woods, and under the soft purple of the hills. Behold!—behold!—the flag run up to the top of the pole? Is it a message to us, or only a summons to the "Pioneer?" For now, through the whirl of wind and spray, we can make out the steamer that daily encircles Mull, bringing with it white loaves, and newspapers, and other luxuries of the mainland.

She comes nearer and nearer; the throbbing of the paddles is heard among the rush of the waves; the people crowd to the side of the boat to have a look at the passing yacht; and one well-known figure—standing on the hurricane deck—raises his gilt-braided cap, for we happen to have on board a gentle small creature who is a great friend of his. And she waves her white handkerchief, of course; and you should see what a fluttering of similar tokens there is all along the steamer's decks, and on the paddle-boxes. Farewell!—farewell!—may you have a smooth landing at Staffa, and a pleasant sail down the Sound, in the quiet of the afternoon!

The day wears on, with puffs and squalls coming tearing over from the high cliffs of southern Mull; and still the gallant *White Dove* meets and breasts those rolling waves, and sends the spray flying from her bows. We have passed Loch Buie; Garveloch and the adjacent islands are drawing nearer; soon we shall have to bend our course northward, when we have got by Eilean-straid-eam. And whether it is that Mary Avon is secretly comforting herself with the notion that she will soon see her friends in London again, or whether it is that she is proud of being again promoted to the tiller, she has quite recovered her spirits. We hear our singing-bird once more—though it is difficult amid the rush and swirl of the waters, to do more than catch chance phrases and refrains. And then she is very merry with the Laird, who is humorously decrying England and the English, and proving to her that it is the Scotch migration to the south that is the very saving of her native country.

"The Lord Chief-Justice of England, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the President of the Royal Academy—the heads and leading men everywhere—all Scotch, all Scotch," says he.

"But the weak point about the Scotch, sir," says this philosopher in the ulster, who is clinging to the tiller rope, "is their modesty. They are so distrustful of their own merits. And they are always running down their own country."

"Ha! ha!—ho! ho! ho!" roars the Laird. "Verra good! verra good! I owe ye one for that. I owe ye one. Herbert, have ye nothing to say in defence of your native country?"

"You are speaking of Scotland, sir?"

"Aye."

"That is not my native country, you know."

"It was your mother's then."

Somehow, when by some accident—and it but rarely happened—the Laird mentioned Howard Smith's mother, a brief silence fell on him. It lasted but a second or two. Presently he was saying, with much cheerfulness—

"No, no, I am not one of those that would promote any rivalry between Scotland and England. We are one country now. If the Scotch preserve the best leetery English—the most pithy and characteristic forms of the language—the English that is talked in the south is the most generally received throughout the world. I have even gone the length—I'm no ashamed to admit it—of hinting to Tom Galbraith that he should exheebit more in London; the influence of such work as his should not be confined to Edinburgh. And jealousy as they may be in the south of the Scotch school, they could not refuse to recognize its excellence—eh? No, no; when Galbraith likes to exheebit in London, ye'll hear a stir, I'm thinking. The jealousy of English artists will have no effect on public opinion. They keep him out o' the Academy—there's many a good artist that has never been within the walls—but the public is the judge. I am told that when his picture of Stonebyres Falls was exheebited in Edinburgh, a dealer came all the way from London to look at it."

"Did he buy it?" asked Miss Avon, gently. "Buy it!" the Laird said, with a contemptuous laugh. "There are some of us about Glasgow who know better than to let a picture like that get to London. I bought it myself. Ye'll see it when ye come to Denny-mains. Ye have heard of it, no doubt?"

"N—no, I think not," she timidly answers. "No matter—no matter. Ye'll see it when ye come to Denny-mains."

He seemed to take it for granted that she was going to pay a visit to Denny-mains; had he not heard, then, of her intention of at once returning to London?

Once well round into the Frith of Lorn, the wind that had borne us down the Sound of Iona was now right ahead; and our progress was but slow. As the evening wore on, it was proposed that we should run into Loch Speliv for the night. There was no dissentient voice.

The sudden change from the plunging seas without to the quiet waters of this solitary little loch was strange enough. And then, as we slowly beat up against the northerly wind to the head of the loch—a beautiful, quiet, sheltered little cup of a harbour among the hills—we found before us, or rather over us, the splendours of a stormy sunset among the mountains above Glen More. It was a striking spectacle—the vast and silent gloom of the valleys below, which were of a cold and intense green in the shadow; then above, among the great shoulders and peaks of the hills, flashing gleams of golden light, and long swathes of purple cloud touched with scarlet along their edges, and mists of rain that came along with the wind, blotting out here and there those splendid colours. There was an absolute silence in the overshadowed bay—but for the cry of the startled wild fowl. There was no sign of any habitation, except, perhaps, a trace of pale blue smoke rising from behind a mass of trees. Away went the anchor with a short, sharp rattle; we were safe for the night.

We knew, however, what the trace of smoke indicated behind the dark trees. By and by, as soon as the gig had got to the land, there was a procession along the solitary shore—in the wan twilight—and up the rough path—and through the scattered patches of birch and fir. And were you startled, Madam, by the apparition of people who were so inconsiderate as to knock at your door in the middle of dinner, and whose eyes grown accustomed to the shadows of the valleys of Mull, must have looked bewildered enough on meeting the glare of the lamps? And what do you think of a particular pair of eyes—very soft and gentle in their dark lustre—appealing, timid, friendly eyes, that had nevertheless a quiet happiness and humour in them? It was at all events most kind of you to tell the young lady that her notion of throwing up her holiday and setting out for London was mere midsummer madness. How could you—or any one else—guess at the origin of so strange a wish?

CHAPTER XXIV.

BEFORE BREAKFAST.

Who is this that slips through the saloon, while as yet all on board are asleep—noiselessly ascends the companion-way, and then finds herself alone on deck! And all the world around her is asleep too, though the gold and rose of the new day is shining along the eastern heavens. There is not a sound in this silent little loch; the shores and the woods are as still as the far peaks of the mountains, where the mists are touched here and there with a dusky fire.

She is not afraid to be alone in this silent world. There is a bright and contented look on her face. Carefully and quietly, as as not to disturb the people below, she gets a couple of deck stools, and puts down the sketch-book from under her arm, and opens out a certain leather case. But do not think she is going to attack that blaze of colour in the east, with the reflected glare on the water, and the bar of dark land between. She knows better. She has a wholesome fear of chromo-lithographs. She turns rather to those great mountain masses, with their mysteriously moving clouds, and their shoulders touched here and there with a sombre red, and their deep and silent glens a cold, intense green in shadow. There is more workable material.

And after all there is no ambitious effort to trouble her. It is only a rough jotting of form and colour, for future use. It is a pleasant occupation for this still, cool, beautiful morning; and, perhaps, she is fairly well satisfied with it, for one listening intently might catch snatches of songs and airs—of a somewhat incoherent and inappropriate character. For what have the praises of Bonny Black Bess to do with sunrise in Loch Speliv? Or the sassy Arethusa either? But all the same the work goes quietly and dexterously on—no wild dashes and searchings for theatrical effect, but a patient mosaic of touches precisely reaching their end. She does not want to bewilder the world. She wants to have trustworthy records for her own use. And she seems content with the progress she is making.

"Here's a health to the girls that we loved long ago." this is the last air into which she has wandered—half humming and half whistling—

"Where the Shannon, and Liffey, and Blackwater flow."

—when she suddenly stops her work to listen. Can any one be up already? The noise is not repeated, and she proceeds with her work.

"Here's a health to old Ireland; may she ne'er be dismayed! Then pale grew the cheeks of the Irish Brigade!"

The clouds are assuming substance now; they are no mere flat washes, but accurately drawn objects that have their fore-shortening like anything else. And if Miss Avon may be vaguely

conscious that had our young Doctor been on board she would not have been left so long alone, that had nothing to do with her work. The mornings on which he used to join her on deck, and chat to her while she painted, seemed far away now. He and she together would see Dunvegan no more.

But who is this who most cautiously comes up the companion, bearing in his hand a cup and saucer?

"Miss Avon," says he, with a bright laugh, "here is the first cup of tea I ever made; are you afraid to try it?"

"Oh, dear me," said she, penitently, "did I make any noise in getting my things below?"

"Well," he says, "I thought I heard you; and I knew what you would be after; and I got up and lit the spirit lamp."

"Oh, it is so very kind of you," she says—for it is really a pretty little attention on the part of one who is not much given to shifting for himself on board.

Then he dives below again and fetches her up some biscuits.

"By Jove," he says, coming closer to the sketch, "that is very good. That is awfully good. Do you mean to say you have done all that this morning?"

"Oh, yes," she says, modestly. "It is only a sketch."

"I think it uncommonly good," he says, staring at it as if he would pierce the paper.

Then there is a brief silence, during which Miss Avon boldly adventures upon this amateur's tea.

"I beg your pardon," he says, after a bit, "it is none of my business, you know—but you don't really mean that you are going back to London?"

"If I am allowed," she answers, with a smile.

"I am sure you will disappoint your friends most awfully," says he, in quite an earnest manner. "I know they had quite made up their minds you were to stay the whole time. It would be very unfair of you. And my uncle; he would break his heart if you were to go."

"They are all very kind to me," was her only answer.

"Look here," he says, with a most friendly anxiety. "If—if—it is only about business—about pictures, I mean—I really beg your pardon for intermeddling—"

"Oh," said she, frankly, "there is no secret about it. In fact, I want everybody to know that I am anxious to sell my pictures. You see, as I have got to earn my own living, shouldn't I begin at once and find out what it is like?"

"But look here," he said eagerly: "if it is a question of selling pictures, you should trust to my uncle. He is among a lot of men in the West of Scotland, rich merchants and people of that sort, who haven't inherited collections of pictures, and whose hobby is to make a collection for themselves. And they have much too good sense to buy spurious old masters, or bad examples for the sake of the name; they prefer good modern art, and I can tell you they are prepared to pay for it, too. And they are not fools, mind you; they know good pictures. You may think my uncle is very prejudiced—he has his favourite artists—and—and believes in Tom Galbraith, don't you know—but I can assure you, you won't find many men who know more about a good landscape than he does; and you would say so if you saw his dining-room at Denny-mains."

"I quite believe that," said she, beginning to put up her materials; she had done her morning's work."

"Well," he says, "you trust to him; there are lots of those Glasgow men who would only be too glad to have the chance—"

"Oh, no, no," she cried, laughing. "I am not going to coerce people into buying my pictures for the sake of friendship. I think your uncle would buy every sketch I have on board the yacht; but I cannot allow my friends to be victimized."

"Oh, victimized!" said he, scornfully. "They ought to be glad to have the chance. And do you mean to go on giving away your work for nothing? That sketch of the little creek we were in—opposite Iona, don't you know—that you gave my uncle is charming. And they tell me you have given that picture of the rocks and sea-birds—where is the place?"

"Oh, do you mean the sketch in the saloon—of Canna?"

"Yes; why, it is one of the finest landscapes I ever saw. And they tell me you gave it to that doctor who was on board!"

"Dr. Sutherland," says she, hastily—and there is a quick colour in her face—"seemed to like it as—as a sort of reminiscence, you know—"

"But he should not have accepted a valuable picture," said the Youth, with decision. "No doubt you offered it to him when you saw he admired it. But now—when he must understand that—well, in fact, that circumstances are altered—he will have the good sense to give it you back again."

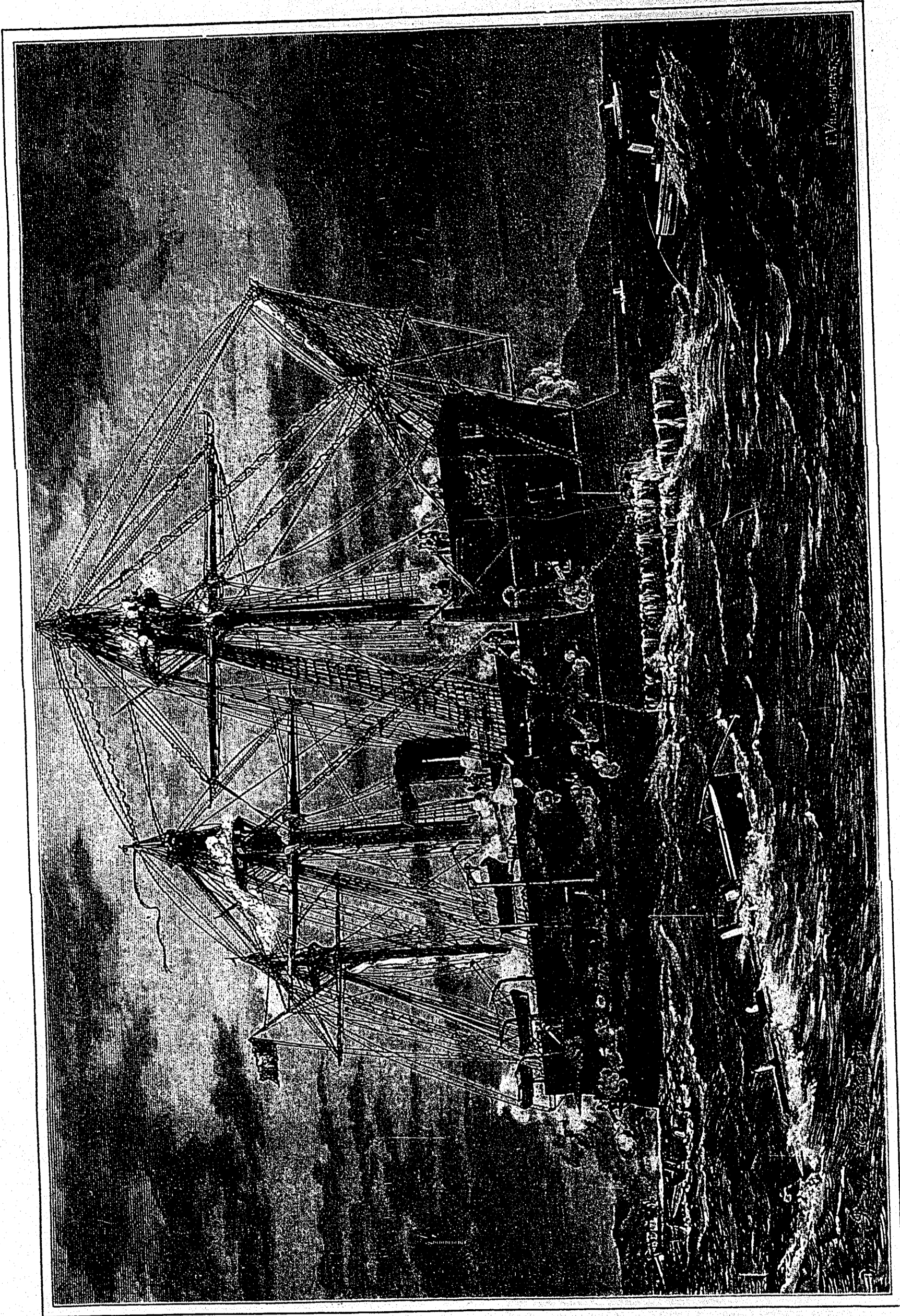
"Oh, I hope not," she says, with her embarrassment not diminishing. "I—I should not like that! I—I should be vexed."

"A person of good tact and good taste," says this venturesome young man, "would make a joke of it—would insist that you never meant it—and would prefer to buy the picture."

She answers, somewhat shortly—"I think not. I think Dr. Sutherland has as good taste as any one. He would know that that would vex me very much."

(To be continued.)





IRONCLAD ATTACKED BY TORPEDO BOATS.—FROM A PAINTING IN THE LAST SALON BY CHERNOY.





AESOP.—FROM A PAINTING BY VELASQUEZ.



NOT UNTO US.

Tell us, O ye ancient sages,  
Best-loved sons of all the ages,  
Knowing all men ever knew!  
Tell us, in your rusty pages,  
What is false, and what is true!

Tell us, O ye mountains hoary,  
Crowned in age with pristine glory  
Strong and steadfast still are you!  
Tell us, in some forest story,  
What is false, and what is true!

Tell us, tell us, the unknowing!  
Tell us, stars of heaven, showing  
Fair and loyal in the blue!  
Tell us, love, by knowledge growing,  
What is false, and what is true!

In the page the answer lieth,  
On the mountain breeze it blith,  
From the pleasure stars it sigheth,  
From the land of the forever,  
This hath not been given to you,  
Ye can never know, ah, never,  
What is false, and what is true!

Brantford, Ont. SARA DUNCAN.

A DANGEROUS CHARGE.

It was the last night of the year, and a few congenial spirits had gathered in the bachelor apartments of a mutual friend to spend in cheerful song and story the few remaining hours of the old year's life.

Only one of the company had failed to add his share of these to the general entertainment. "Come, Mortimer," said the host, "it's your turn now. If you can't sing, let it be a story. You that have travelled about so much ought to be able to tell something worth hearing."

A unanimous request that the host's suggestion should be carried out having been made, Mortimer commenced his story.

"It was as long ago as the year '45 when I was quite a young man, with very little experience of the world, though I knew more than I do now, or am ever likely to know. For the last three years I had been head bookkeeper to a wholesale dry-goods house in the western part of New York, enjoying in no small degree its esteem and confidence, which I fully appreciated, and did my best to deserve. With the desire to perform my duties well and acceptably, I had an additional incentive to stand high in the estimation of the firm in the form of a lovely daughter of its head partner, with whom I was madly, and, as it seemed then, helplessly in love. It was not the absence of fortune and position that made me so faint-hearted, for I had heard Mr. Crofton, her father, say, more than once, 'that he didn't care how poor his son-in-law was if he wasn't poor in integrity, intelligence, energy and self-reliance.' I was conscious that he regarded me with an eye of favour; certainly I could not complain that he did not afford me ample opportunity to woo and win his daughter if I wished. The chief difficulty in the way lay in the fact that I had a rival, who, having been longer in the field, had apparently obtained a footing in her favour that I despaired of ever being able to win. And then the fair Lucy herself was so shy and reserved with me. She always had a gay smile and merry word for Fred Harding, while to me she was so shy and silent that I never could gain courage to express my love except by looks, and the eagerness and persistence with which I sought her society. Had I been versed in the ways of women I should not have let this dishearten me so. As it was, my heart sometimes beat high with the hope of eventual success, her eyes grew so wondrously bright at my approach and she blushed so prettily when I spoke to her."

"Fred Harding was a gentleman of leisure, and quite a favourite with the fairer portion of the community. He had plenty of money, which he spent freely, though where he obtained it was not so clear. He was a slender, smooth-faced chap, with soft, white hands, glossy curls and carefully got up attire. I never liked him, though that is not strange, considering how he monopolized the society of my adored Lucy. He was always very civil to me, but there was no love lost on either side. There seldom is between two men in love with the same woman."

"One day Mr. Crofton called me on one side, stating that he was going to give me a strong proof of his confidence in what he was pleased to term my good sense and integrity, by entrusting to me some important business to which it would be inconvenient for him personally to attend. I will not take up the time by describing the nature of this business, which has nothing to do with my story, merely saying that it necessitated my going into the interior of the State and taking with me \$20,000."

"I was not a little proud that a mission of so much importance should be entrusted to me; wondering, in my elation, if Lucy knew how much confidence her father had in me, and inwardly resolving that I would perform it in a way that would justify his good opinion."

"I was to take the evening train. Just before starting I called at Mr. Crofton's private office to receive the money and his parting instructions. I could scarcely believe that the small package handed me contained so large an amount. His last injunction to me was to put it in my breast-pocket; to keep my coat closely buttoned to the chin, and to avoid talking with strangers."

"I took the 5.30 train, travelling straight on, with only brief stoppages, for nearly four hours. Then we came to the junction, and leaving the express I took the accommodation train on another and less frequented road. There was a delay of about fifteen minutes owing to the fact

that we were obliged to switch off to let the express train pass. About five minutes before we started an old man entered, whose white hair and beard gave him a very venerable appearance. He had a woman with him who clung timidly to his arm.

"Do these cars go to Bolton?" he said, addressing me.

"They do," I replied.

"Are you going as far as that?"

"I am going beyond it," I said.

"You're in luck, Emily," said the old man, addressing the veiled woman on his arm. "Here's a gentleman that's going right through Bolton, and will see that you don't get off at the wrong place."

"My daughter is not used to travelling," he added, turning to me, "and is just getting up from a serious illness. If you will kindly see that she makes no mistakes I will be glad."

"Certainly," I responded.

"Viewing with no little self-complacency this additional proof of the confidence that people seemed disposed to place in me, I removed my cloak from the vacant seat as a tacit invitation to my charge that she was at liberty to appropriate it if she chose to do so."

"Observing my movement, the old man said:

"Thank you, sir. Would you as soon let my daughter have the seat farthest from the window? She is so sensitive to the cold."

"Then, as the young lady took the seat alluded to, he kissed her, saying:

"Good-bye, my dear child. Don't talk; your lungs are still weak, you know. Give my love to your aunt and cousins, and write as soon as you are able."

"As the cars moved on I stole a look at my fair companion—for fair she looked and young—from the glimpse obtained through her veil. She was dressed very warmly, having on, in addition to the long, loose cloak that fell to the floor, a large cape and scarf. On her head was the conventional bonnet of that day, and which had material enough in it for half a dozen of the style worn now."

"Her unnatural pallor was heightened by the blackest eyes and eyelashes that I think I ever saw, though, on account of her shyness and timidity, the latter veiled the former much of the time from view. She seemed entirely unfit to be out at that season of the year, being seized at one time with a paroxysm of coughing that quite alarmed me. To my inquiry if I could give her anything, she shook her head, and remembering her father's caution to her, I said no more. Removing the cork from a vial, whose peculiar odour I remember yet, she touched it to her lips. Whatever it was it seemed to have the desired effect. Folding my cloak, I placed it on the seat back of her, and leaning her head upon it, she slept, or seemed to do so."

"I had not the remotest idea or intention of going to sleep, but I did. How long I slept I don't know. I only know that I awoke with a sense of suffocation, to which the fresh air that poured in from the open car-door was a welcome relief. The cars had stopped, which was, perhaps, the reason why I awoke. With a confused feeling in my brain that I could not account for, I watched the people going out until the peculiar odour, before alluded to, reminding me of my companion, I turned to see how she was faring. To my astonishment she was gone."

"Can this be Bolton?" I thought springing to my feet, not a little mortified at my involuntary remissness. As I did so, I stumbled over a reticule, on which one of my feet had been resting, and which my fair charge had left behind her. Catching it up I sprang from the cars. As I gained the platform I caught a glimpse of her hurrying along to the other side of the depot, where a long train of cars was standing. To my surprise she glanced back as I called out to her, but did not slacken her speed. The train for which she was making now began to move, but springing up the steps with a quickness of motion for which I was entirely unprepared, she disappeared from view."

"As the train thundered past me, moved by a sudden impulse, I thrust my hand into my breast-pocket. The package was gone!"

"Should I live a thousand years I shall never forget the sensation that came over me; the dismay, the horror that for a while benumbed every faculty. But it was not long before every nerve of my heart and brain was fully aroused and at work. Like a flash of lightning, by whom and how I had been robbed, all was clear to me."

"In the meantime the train which I had left had gone on, and I stood in the gray dawn alone on the platform. I ascertained that the place was not Bolton, but Warwick; that the train taken by the woman went by a more circuitous route in the same direction whence I had started; that it was a fast train, its first stopping-place being a large manufacturing town forty miles back. I immediately resolved to take the next train to that place. On learning that it would be two hours before I could do this, I turned my next thoughts to breakfast, contriving, in spite of my anxiety, to make a tolerably substantial meal from the bountifully-spread table of the hotel opposite, and feeling ten per cent. better in consequence."

"As I arose from the table I thought of the little satchel that the woman had left behind her, either from her haste to escape, or because she feared to wake me if she removed it from beneath my foot. Its contents surprised and puzzled me. Not on account of their extent and value, however. They consisted of a

dickey, a pair of socks, a black cloth—or tie, as it is now called—an odd glove and handkerchief. Not an article of women's apparel was in it. There was no name or initial on anything, with the exception of the handkerchief, on which were the letters F. H., worked in red silk. On shaking the satchel to make sure that there was nothing more, a wad of crumpled paper dropped out. Unrolling it I smoothed it out upon my knee. It proved to be part of a letter, that part on which the address was written in the days before envelopes were invented. The lower right hand corner was torn off, leaving the superscription to read thus:

'FRED'K HAR--  
'Stock--'

"The last four letters formed the first syllable of Stockport, the town where I resided. On turning the paper I found some pencilled memoranda which ran thus: Bonnet, veil, cloak, scarf, gloves."

"As I recalled the face beneath that veil—the short, wavy hair, parted in the middle of the forehead, the arched eyebrows, the intense blackness of the eyes, which never once directly met my own, there flashed upon me the secret of the indefinable resemblance to some one I had seen, which had struck me at first glance, but which made no particular impression on my mind at the time. It was just as clear to me now as twelve hours later. I had been robbed, not by a woman, but a man, and that man was Fred Harding! He was in the habit of often lounging in and out of the store, reading the papers and exchanging the news, and I had a distinct remembrance of his sitting by the stove, within hearing distance, when Mr. Crofton first mentioned the matter to me, but thought nothing of it at the time."

"In less than ten minutes I was on my way back to Stockport. What my thoughts and feelings were during the journey it would be difficult to describe, so conflicting was their nature. At one time I was strog in the belief that I should be able to circumvent the villain that had robbed me of more than life, and then my hopes were down to zero. I knew that Harding's eagerness to win sweet Lucy Crofton made him jealous of the favour with which her father regarded me, and was convinced that his object was not only money, but to ruin me in my employer's estimation. The result would be the same, at all events. Unless I could get back the package, farewell to all my bright prospects and the sweetest maiden in all the world to me."

"It was dusk when I reached Stockport, for which I was not sorry. I went directly to the hotel where I knew Harding boarded. He had been out of town for the last two days, so the porter told me, 'but had just got back.' Ascertaining the number, I proceeded to the room, and the door being ajar, I went in. Harding was not there, but the bright light and cheerful fire indicated that he was not far off, and I sat down and waited."

"I looked scrutinizingly around. On the chair near me lay an old glove; the mate to the one in the satchel, as I found by comparing them. Another link in the chain of evidence."

"I had scarcely time to secure this and decide upon my course of action when Harding entered. I have not power to describe his astonished and dismayed look as he saw me. Quickly recovering himself he advanced eagerly toward me."

"Ignoring the outstretched hand, I said sternly:

"Mr. Harding, here is the satchel you left behind you in the little masquerade you played last night. You acted your part well, but it is time to lay off the mask now. In this satchel is an old glove, the mate of which I found upon the chair yonder, and which may be of value to you. You can have it in exchange for the package you took from me."

"Taken entirely by surprise, and a coward at heart, the villain turned deadly pale."

"Will you give me twenty-four hours to leave town in?"

"Taking a revolver from my pocket I advanced one step nearer."

"Give me that package and you can have forty-eight hours; refuse and you have not five minutes to live!"

"It was about his person, as I surmised, and without another word he gave it to me."

"Only waiting to make sure that it was the same, and had not been tampered with, I sprang down the stairs, two steps at a time, in my haste to catch the train that I knew would soon be due. Twenty minutes later I was on my journey again, feeling like a suddenly freed bird as I sped along."

"By travelling day and night, and taking brief times for rest and refreshment, I so nearly made up the time I had lost as to be able to bring my business to a satisfactory conclusion within the limits assigned me. On my return I found a good many of my friends and acquaintances considerably exercised on the subject of Harding's sudden and mysterious disappearance. I kept my counsel, however, being more ashamed of the successful game that had been played with me, than by being able, by a fortunate combination of circumstances, to checkmate him in the end."

"It was not until Lucy had been my wife nearly a year, and I was junior partner of the firm, that I ventured to tell her father of his narrow escape from a serious loss, which, in its results, would have been more disastrous to me than to him, inasmuch as it would have involved the loss of the most precious of all my earthly possessions."

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers received. Thanks.  
Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 291.  
E. D. W., Sherbrooke, P. Q.—Solution received of Problem No. 291. Correct.  
B., Montreal.—Problems received. Many thanks.  
J. B., Montreal.—Letter received. Many thanks. Will send an answer.

We find the following in the Toronto Mail of the 25th ult., and congratulate our American cousins on their determination to give due attention to the noble game during the approaching autumn and winter.

"Chess promises to be particularly lively this coming fall and winter. Tournaments are being arranged in nearly every city of the United States where a club exists."

The long evenings will soon be here and indoor amusements will force themselves upon us. Amongst them we need not repeat that there is none of a more elevating tendency than the game of chess.

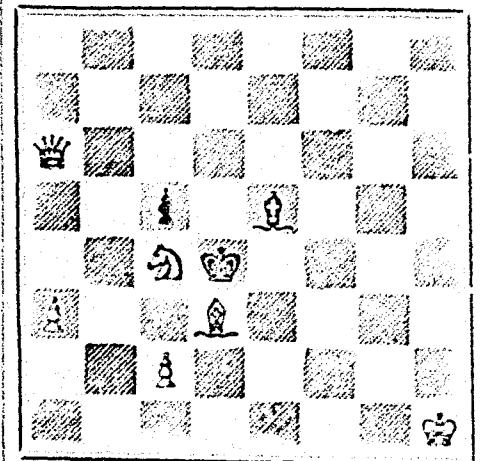
As far as Canada is concerned, we are afraid, however, that we shall not do anything like the players of the United States.

We have heard it hinted that there is some probability of the Canadian Chess Association having its annual meeting at Ottawa about the beginning of the new year, and trust that there is some ground for the rumour. We are informed by a gentleman who was present at the last Congress that a resolution to that effect was passed before the close of the meeting, and if such is the case the friends of the Association, who desire to keep it on its legs should use their influence to have the measure carried out. As we have repeatedly stated, the weakness of the Association consists in its strength being distributed over too large an area. With a Secretary at Ottawa, a President at Quebec and a managing committee all over Canada, we need not be surprised if there is difficulty in making arrangements which require united action on the part of those in authority. Nevertheless, there is nothing like making an effort, and we hope that the present obstacles will be overcome, and that should there be a meeting at Ottawa during the coming winter, it will be in every way creditable to Canadian chess-players.

It has been suggested that, during the time of the approaching Exhibition at Montreal, visitors who may take an interest in the game of chess should be invited to visit the room of the Montreal Chess Club. This room is well furnished with all necessary appliances, and should visitors be expected some of the members, we may venture to say, would be most willing to meet them either during the afternoon or evening.

PROBLEM No. 293.

By F. Healey.  
(From English Chess Problems.)  
BLACK.



WHITE.  
White to play and make in three moves.

GAME 422ND.

Played at London, Eng., some time ago between Mr. Macdonnell and an amateur.

White.—(Amateur.) Black.—(Mr. Macdonnell.)

1. P to K4
2. Kt to K B3
3. B to B4
4. Kt to Q B3
5. P to Q3
6. P to K R3
7. B to Kt3
8. B to K5
9. B takes B
10. Castles
11. Kt to Q2
12. B takes B
13. P to R3
14. P to B3
15. P to Q Kt4
16. P takes P
17. R to B2
18. Kt to K2
19. P to Q B3
20. P to Q4
21. Kt to Q B4
22. Q to Kt3
23. Kt to R5
24. B P takes P
25. R to Kt sq
26. Kt takes Q B P (en)
27. Q takes Q
28. Kt takes P
29. P takes Kt
30. K takes Kt
31. P takes P
32. R to Kt6
33. P to B4
34. R to Kt2
35. K to K sq
36. K to Q2
1. P to K4
2. Kt to Q B3
3. B to R4
4. Kt to K B3
5. P to Q3
6. B to K3
7. Q to K2
8. Castles (Q R)
9. P takes B
10. P to K R3
11. P to K R4
12. Q takes B
13. P to K R4
14. Kt to K2
15. P takes P
16. Q to Kt3 (ch)
17. Q takes P
18. P to Q R3
19. Q to Q3
20. Kt to Kt3
21. Q to K2
22. P to Kt5
23. P to Q B3
24. R to Q2
25. Kt takes K P
26. Q to K3 (ch)
27. P takes Q
28. Kt takes Kt
29. Kt takes R
30. P takes P
31. R to Q6
32. R to K sq
33. K to B2
34. R to B sq (ch)
35. R to K6
36. R takes P

And after a few moves White resigned.

NOTES.

(a) The Knight evidently cannot be taken.  
(b) A capital move.

**SOLUTIONS.**

Solution of Problem No. 291.

White. Black.

- 1. R to K B 5
- 2. Moves accordingly
- 1. Any move.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 289.

WHITE. BLACK.

- 1. R at K 2 takes B
- 2. Moves accordingly
- 1. Any move.

PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 290.

White. Black.

- K at K 7
- R at K B 2
- B at Q R 5
- K at Q B 7
- Pawns at Q B 4 and Q R 6
- K at Q B 3
- B at K 3
- K at Q B 6
- Pawns at K B 2 and G.
- Q B 4 and Q R 2

White to play and mate in three moves.

THE CITIZENS' EXHIBITION COMMITTEE is very much gratified at the response to an appeal for sleeping apartments, to provide for those visitors whom the hotels cannot accommodate. There are now registered over thirteen hundred and fifty rooms, but appearances indicate that many more will be required. Citizens who can spare one or two more rooms, will kindly send without delay their address and terms to the Secretary, 151 St. James street.



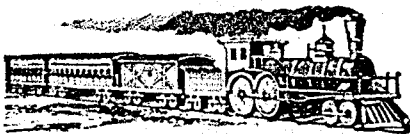
**CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.**

Tenders for Rolling Stock.

THE time for receiving tenders for the supply of Rolling Stock for the Canadian Pacific Railway, to be delivered during the next four years, is further extended to 1st October next.

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 26th July, 1880.



**C. M. O. AND O. RAILWAY.**

**Change of Time.**

COMMENCING ON

**Wednesday, June 23, 1880.**

Trains will run as follows:

	MIXED.	MAIL.	EXPRESS.
Leave Hochelaga for Hull	1.00 a.m.	8.30 a.m.	5.15 p.m.
Arrive at Hull	10.30 a.m.	12.40 p.m.	9.25 p.m.
Leave Hull for Hochelaga	1.00 a.m.	8.20 a.m.	5.05 p.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga	10.30 a.m.	12.30 p.m.	9.15 p.m.
		Night Passenger	
Leave Hochelaga for Quebec	6.00 p.m.	10.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.
Arrive at Quebec	8.00 p.m.	6.30 a.m.	9.25 p.m.
Leave Quebec for Hochelaga	5.30 p.m.	9.30 p.m.	10.10 a.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga	5.00 a.m.	6.30 a.m.	4.40 p.m.
Leave Hochelaga for St. Jerome	5.30 p.m.		
Arrive at St. Jerome	7.15 p.m.	Mixed	
Leave St. Jerome for Hochelaga			6.45 a.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga			9.00 a.m.

(Local trains between Hull and Aylmer.)

Trains leave Mile-End Station Seven Minutes Later.

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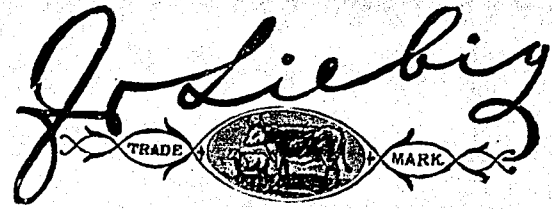
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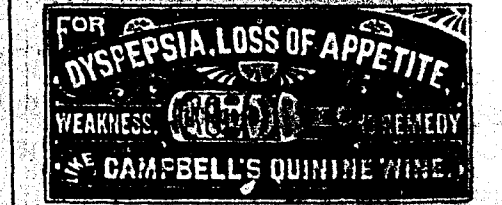
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