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# EDWARD HANLAN Whistocratic News

Vol. XX.—No. 4.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1879.

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EDWARD HANLAN,  
CHAMPION SCULLER OF THE WORLD.



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## PROSPECTUS OF VOL. XX.

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

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

J. G. BOURINOT, Esq., Ottawa.  
 REV. A. J. BRAY, Montreal.  
 DR. CAMPBELL, London, Ont.  
 S. E. DAWSON, Esq., Montreal.  
 F. M. DEROME, Esq., Rimouski.  
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 THOMAS WHITE, Esq., M.P.  
 REV. S. W. YOUNG, M.A., Toronto.  
 COUNT DE PREMIO REAL, Spanish Consul at Quebec.

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

I. It is the only illustrated paper in the Dominion; the only purely literary weekly, and in every respect a family paper.

II. It contains the only Canadian Portrait Gallery in existence, numbering already over 300, and containing the picture and biography of all the leading men of the Dominion in every department of life. This collection is invaluable for reference, can be found nowhere else, and ours is the only paper that can publish it.

III. It gives views and sketches of all important events at home and abroad, as they transpire every week.

IV. It has been publishing, and will continue to publish, illustrations of the principal towns, manufactures and industries of the country, which, when collected in a volume, will constitute the most complete pictorial gazetteer ever printed.

V. Its original and selected matter is varied, spicy, and of that literary quality which is calculated to improve the public taste.

VI. It studiously eschews all partisanship in politics, and all sectarianism in religion.

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

## Hanlan's Reception at Toronto,

Having this week presented our readers with a large portrait of Hanlan, a sketch of the Sportsman's Challenge Cup, and a view of the great Hanlan-Elliott match on the Tyne, we shall next week publish views of

### THE GREAT RECEPTION

of the Champion Sculler at Toronto, together with another page of

### TORONTO CELEBRITIES,

in addition to the page of the same which appears in the present issue.

## OUR NEW STORY.

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

### MY CREOLES:

A MEMOIR OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY, BY JOHN LESPERANCE.

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

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

## NOTICE.

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

### TEMPERATURE.

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

#### THE WEEK ENDING

July 20th, 1879.			Corresponding week, 1878		
Max.	Min.	Meas.	Max.	Min.	Meas.
Mon.. 83°	71°	77°	Mon.. 85°	72°	78° 5
Tues.. 85°	67°	76°	Tues.. 78°	65°	71° 5
Wed.. 86°	64°	75°	Wed.. 76°	64°	70°
Thur.. 81°	64°	72° 5	Thur.. 87°	70°	78° 5
Frid.. 73°	65°	69°	Frid.. 86°	75°	80° 5
Sat.. 74°	59°	63°	Sat.. 83°	76°	80° 5
Sun.. 77°	57°	67°	Sun.. 85°	71°	78°

## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, July 26, 1879.

### AN IMPORTANT DESPATCH.

We judge it opportune to call attention to a very important despatch of Sir MICHAEL HICKS BEACH, containing a sort of manifesto of Imperial doctrines respecting Imperial and Colonial relations. We have not seen any reference to it in other papers. It applies specially to the Province of Victoria, but the doctrines it contains are general. Everybody who has paid any attention to the working of responsible government in the dependencies of the Empire, cannot fail to have noticed with serious misgivings, the long struggle which has prevailed in Victoria between the Legislative Council and the Assembly. The former, having the advantage of the kind of irresponsibility which arises from indissolubility, has not hesitated to use its position. There has, in consequence, come exasperation between the Chambers, which has gone to such an extent that the Lower House has tacked on measures which it determined to pass to supply bills, and these the Council has thrown out. Hence a state of dead-lock, and hence an appeal to England.

The Colonial Secretary reviews the whole case in a very elaborate despatch, dated May 3rd, in which he states: "It is not necessary to discuss the merits of this or any other proposal, for, though fully recognizing the confidence in the Mother Country evinced by the reference of so important a question for the counsel and aid of the Imperial Government, I

still feel that the circumstances do not justify any Imperial legislation, for the amendment of that Constitutional Act by which self-government, in the form which Victoria desired, was conceded to her, and by which the power of amending the Constitution was expressly, and as an essential incident of self-government, vested in the Colonial Legislature with the consent of the Crown." Sir M. H. BEACH continues to argue that appeals to the Mother Country to settle disputes between parties in a colony, should not be resorted to except in cases of extreme urgency, and then, with the consent of the whole people. When made, however, with all these conditions, he contends that an appeal, "even if thus justified, would be attended with much difficulty and risk, and be in itself a matter for grave regret. It would be held to involve an admission that the great Colony of Victoria was compelled to ask the Imperial Parliament to resume a power, which, desiring to promote her welfare, and believing in her capacity for self-government, the Imperial Parliament had voluntarily surrendered." He continues to say that such a request could only be made "because the leaders of political parties from a general want of the moderation and sagacity essential to the success of Constitutional Government, had failed to agree upon any compromise for enabling the business of the Colonial Parliament to be carried on."

Here, then, is the whole question clearly and succinctly stated, on the authority of the Conservative Government of Lord BEACONSFIELD. We are told that the concession of self-government to a dependency of the Empire, carries with it the obligation of the proper working, without appeal to the Imperial Parliament which gave those powers; and that failure to work such institutions can only come from the "want of moderation and sagacity" in the leaders of the political parties. In other words, it is telling the heated leaders of factions, in young States, that they are, in addition to those other disqualifications, which tend to bring their country to grief, fools, or unfit for their position.

We learn thus a lesson taught on the highest authority of the Empire, which the heated factionists in the Letellier matter, who would bring the State to grief rather than not carry out their own way, may profitably ponder. The exhibition of such traits is not a sign that the men in whom they are found are fit for self-government.

Respecting the many rumours with which the air is filled as to the action of the Government now that Mr. LANGEVIN has got home, we believe we have reason to say that they are quite without foundation. There is nothing to alter the situation as it was presented in the letters of our Ottawa Correspondent. And if any assurance were wanted of the truth of this position, it might be found in the words of the important despatch which we have above quoted. The Imperial Government will not meddle with any concern that comes legitimately within the province of the Canadian Government, responsible to the Canadian Parliament.

### SENSIBLE PATRIOTISM.

In our appreciation of Prince JEROME, the new head of the Bonaparte family, published a fortnight ago, while declaring that his private life was not edifying and his public career worthless, we took care to do justice to his abilities, which are far above the common, and which abundantly fit him to do justice to the exalted and responsible position now occupied by him. Events have since proved the accuracy of our estimate. Last week he was waited upon by representative delegations from Marseilles, Lyons, and other cities of Southern France. They presented him with an address, accepting him as the legal head of the Bonapartist family, and as the rightful leader of the Imperial party. The Prince made an address, which had evidently been carefully studied and

prepared. He declared himself the head of the Bonapartist family and dynasty. This, he said, was by no act of his own. It was simply the result of the rules of succession established by Napoleon I., and now brought to bear in his own case by the death of the late Prince Imperial. As the head of the family and of the dynasty he would know how to fulfil his duties, and he trusted that in the end the verdict of posterity would be that he had discharged them well and faithfully. "But," he continued, "I must be allowed to choose my own time in all my actions and to await the course of events. The Republic is at present, by right, the legal government of the country, and so long as its administrators preserve the confidence of the people by peaceable and legal means, it is the duty of Frenchmen to support it. As chief of the Bonapartist family I emphatically oppose and discountenance every intrigue which may be set on foot for the purpose of placing the Bonapartists in a position inconsistent with their origin, their duties, and their cause." The address was received with many expressions of approbation.

This is very sensible language and patriotic as well. Coming from a Frenchman it means a great deal, but coming, beside, from the head of a powerful family which is the strongest rival of the Republic, its import is higher and more far reaching. It sanctions and strengthens the Republic by recognizing it as the legal expression of the will of the majority of the French people—and this action will go far toward helping the Imperial party later should the Republic fail or falter through unforeseen causes. Prince JEROME has simply raised himself in public estimation by the honorable stand which he has taken, and not all the wildness of the DE CASSAGNACS will be able to thwart him in the pursuance of his patriotic policy.

MR. GLADSTONE is returning to his theological studies. In a late publication on the Evangelical Movement, he cites among the fathers of the school such men as WHITFIELD, HERVEY, BERRIDGE, ROMAINE and TOPLADY, and claims that its main characteristic was a strong reaction against the prevailing standards of life and preaching. He holds, however, that the Evangelical movement never became dominant in England, although it did by infusion profoundly alter the general tone and tendency of the preaching of the clergy, after the Tractarian movement had begun and when it reached the forward stage at which it came rather to be known in a general and loose way by the name of Ritualism. In tracing the relation of Tractarianism to Evangelicalism, Mr. GLADSTONE describes the former as a movement obviously in the direction of the Church of Rome, whereas the latter was a movement not obviously in the direction of Tractarianism. Nevertheless, he contends that, if we detect in Tractarianism the parent of the Romeward movement, we cannot stop there, for the Evangelical scheme cannot escape a trenchant and prior responsibility.

THE fine arts, as is fitting, are to be enlisted to do honour to the memory of the late Prince Imperial. M. CAMPO TOSTO, the eminent Belgian painter, is engaged on a life-size portrait of him, which, when completed, will be publicly exhibited and then engraved for distribution. M. MEISSONIER, also, who began a portrait of the Prince some years ago, but was prevented by circumstances from finishing it, has resolved to complete it at once and present it to the Empress. The Army Memorial is likewise intended to be a work of art worthy of the occasion. The subscription is not to exceed £1, so as to be within the reach of all ranks. A large number of distinguished officers have agreed to a resolution to the above effect, and have consented to act as a provisional committee, of which Field-Marshal His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, K.G., will act as president.

THE WARNING.

The hand of Death is on my feeble frame, But painless is its dreaded touch, and all Content, I reverently, meekly claim

I am so old, so very old, and yet To-night, when gazing at the sunset o'er A wilderness of domes and spires, that met

Then by the open window, looking in, And gazing at me in his loving way, My husband stood, the while with jovial din

"I come," his tones were low and wondrous sweet, "To tell you that we soon will meet again, Where bending angels bow at Jesus' feet

I am so old, so very old, and yet To-night I feel no fear of Death, although I'm sure my star of life has nearly set.

Stayner, Ont.

C. E. JARROWAY.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

TORONTO CELEBRITIES.—This page is devoted to a series of sketchy likenesses of notable men of the Queen City whom every Torontonians will recognize.

VOYAGE OF THE JEANNETTE.—Particular interest attaches to the Arctic voyage of this vessel which lately sailed from San Francisco as seen in our sketch.

THE GREAT TYNE RACE.—In connection with the return of Hanlan and his enthusiastic reception in his native city, we have thought our readers would be pleased with a view of the great race on the Tyne, in which Hanlan beat Elliott, acquired the championship of the world, brought away the Sportsman's challenge cup, and deserved the honors which he received at New-York and Toronto.

THE Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY.—In describing the magnificent cars of this railway, which accompanied an engraving of the same last week, due honor should have been paid to Messrs. C. A. Scott, General Superintendent Western Division, and C. A. Stark, General Freight and Passenger Agent.

METROPOLITAN REGATTA ON THE HUDSON.—These races were remarkable specially for the four-oared (collegiate) shell race between Columbia and Wesleyan. The Columbia rigged false wash-boards on their boat, and Wesleyan did not, to which fact she probably owed the loss of the race.

FROM THE ANCIENT CAPITAL.

The past week has been one of hard work, though it commenced with a pleasure to many who had not previously had the honor of seeing and being presented to His Excellency the Governor-General and his royal wife the Princess Louise.

Friday, the 11th inst., was the day His Excellency was pleased to choose as that on which he would receive the address of welcome from both Houses. As a consequence the Houses met at 3 o'clock on that afternoon and adjourned during

pleasure. In the Council the ancient and honorable members appeared in official costume, that is Queen's Counsel's coats, white ties and lavender kids. On the benches on each side of the enclosure, within which is the sacred ground called the "floor of the House," were seated the beauty and fashion of Quebec, all dressed in the newest and most gorgeous costumes.

And here let me state that Her Royal Highness might with truth have remarked on the comparison of the beauty of the ladies who were present on the opening of the Dominion Parliament. Quebec has always been famous for the beauty of its women (no offence in using the word: one never sees the word "lady" in the Bible). I never heard that claim being made for Ottawa.

In the House of Assembly, on the evening previous, Mr. Robertson had asked the Premier in what costume the members were expected to appear. In reply Mr. Joly said he had neglected to ask the Governor-General, but he supposed morning costume with black coats, not swallow-tails, would be the correct thing. The following afternoon at 3 o'clock every member was in his seat, and many a member had on him an air of restraint arising from the black coats; one unfortunate, or perhaps careless member, appeared in the same suit he has worn since the opening of the session, a pale washed out blue in colour. They all sat waiting till half-past three, the hour fixed, the Usher of the Black Rod entered, informally, that is without the three knocks and the three obeisances, and having whispered something in Mr. Joly's ear, retired, then Mr. Joly informed the Speaker that the Governor-General had arrived, and then the members trooped in and occupied the ridiculous position allotted to them on all occasions when they appear in the Upper House, that is outside the rails facing the Throne. There they stood huddled together like a flock of sheep in a pen, while the Speaker, the two clerks and the Sergeant-at-Arms entered the sacred enclosure and joined the President, three clerks and Sergeant-at-Arms of the Legislative Council, the Usher of the Black Rod standing between them.

The Governor-General and the Princess Louise then entered the chamber and stood on the Throne dais, and the address was read, in English by the Hon. Mr. Starnes, President of the Council, and in French by the Hon. Mr. Turcotte, Speaker of the Legislative Assembly. His Excellency having read his reply in both languages, then intimated to Mr. Starnes that he would be glad to receive the respects of the members of his House, whereupon the ancient and honorable members were severally presented, made a couple of bows and returned to their places. Then the Speaker of the Legislative Assembly was presented, and an awkward pause ensued, at the cause of which His Excellency and Her Royal Highness could scarcely conceal a smile.

The cause was this: while the members of the Council were being presented, the members of the Assembly looking on became frightened at their having to do the same, and many of them left the chamber at a remarkably undignified pace, and their going out prevented Mr. Joly and Mr. Chapleau from getting to the front for some little time.

In a few seconds, however, they succeeded in struggling through, and arm-in-arm the Premier and the leader of the Opposition walked up to the Throne, made their bows and walked out, and then en qu'onse the members followed, made their bows in every variety of fashion and style, and followed their leaders.

The presentation over, the Governor-General and the Princess departed in the same state as they had arrived, that is, escorted by a troop of lancers and received at the entrance by a company of B Battery.

On the return of the members of the House the Speaker commenced to read the reply the Governor-General himself had handed to him, but was met with cries of "dispende," and he desisted and the House proceeded to business.

The subject of discussion on that afternoon was the proposition to expunge from the records of the House the entry of the vote of censure passed on Mr. Joly in February, 1878. The debate was carried on in moderation, and on the Opposition showing how dangerous a precedent it would be, Mr. Joly stated he would be satisfied with the insertion of the words for the use of which he had been censured. Then took place a remarkable occurrence. At the suggestion of Mr. Irvine, the Speaker had already ruled out of order a motion to do that very thing, and after all, at the suggestion of the same member, he had to put the same motion to the House and declare it carried.

On Monday, after a short discussion, a special committee was appointed to enquire into Mr. Turcotte's charges against the Government for having transferred their claims, \$17,000, on a property near Quebec, called the Notre Dame des Auges farm, for \$4,500 to the brother-in-law of Mr. Joly, one Hammond Gowen. The Committee has commenced its sittings and is now taking evidence.

SELF-CONTROL.—What we can do with the more mechanical habits of life we can also do with the moral nature. The irritable and impatient can, if they will, learn calmness and patience; the fretful can be cheerful, the brooding open-hearted, the passionate can tame down those wild beasts within their hearts, and the jealous can become less selfish, and learn self-denial and consideration for the good of others.

MUSICAL.

On Thursday evening, the 17th instant, the second grand promenade concert conducted by Dr. MacLagan, took place at the Victoria Skating-Rink where a far larger audience than on the first of these concerts had assembled to listen to the pleasing voice of the American prima donna, Miss Gertrude Franklin, whose services had been again secured by the management.

After the orchestra had played that ever-pleasing waltz "Morgenblaetter" by Strauss, in a very creditable style, Miss Franklin sang a concert air with variations, by Proch, and received well-merited applause which brought forth "Coming Through the Rye," as an encore.

Her singing "I Love my Love," by Pissuti, created enthusiasm, and Miss Franklin re-appeared with that old and ever new song, "Home, Sweet Home."

A selection from "Dinorah," by Meyerbeer, was her last song on the programme. On this like on previous occasions, the fair lady had to respond, and sang "The Last Rose of Summer" with very good effect.

We cannot but say that our good opinion of Miss Franklin and which we expressed in our issue of the 5th inst., was fully confirmed on Thursday night, and it was quite obvious that the prima donna has gained many admirers.

Those who can appreciate orchestral music must have been pleased to see the different instruments in able hands, which, with a true regard to the principles of a good musician, brought out in fullness and clearness what our old masters want to convey to us. This feature was particularly noticeable in the rendition of an andante from symphony in E flat by Haydn, in which the solos of the violin, clarinette and flute, as well as the cornet had their prominent parts.

But while we give due credit to all good performers we should like to see those who played the bass that evening pay a little more attention to their conductor, who experienced a difficulty on several occasions in keeping the playing in harmony. Not only that the effect of the *toute ensemble* would have been greater, but good time belongs to the musical art.

That these concerts are becoming more popular we had a proof of this time, as nearly every reserved seat was taken by an appreciative hearer. As to the programme itself, we hope to be allowed to say a word or two. The management overlooked to keep in view a variety of vocal music by different singers, which fact was especially noticeable among those who are only fond of singing, but who do not like to hear one and the same singer during the whole evening, particularly when only three weeks have elapsed since the same voice was listened to.

Had this point been kept in sight, the management, no doubt, would have met with a still larger pecuniary success, as many concert-goers were kept out of the Rink by the apparent lack of variety in the programme.

VARIETIES.

A FATHERLY PRINCE.—The Prince of Wales, who used often when a boy to be separated by court etiquette from his father and mother, insists as an imperative rule of his household, when his boys are at home, that whenever they wish to go to their parents they shall be allowed to do so. The lads run in to see their father at times when they are least expected, as at semi-official and business audiences in Marlborough House. He permits them to linger about him in the way affectionate boys will about a father, without regard to royal precedent.

VEGETABLE INSTINCT.—If a pail of water be placed within six inches of either side of the stem of a pumpkin or vegetable marrow, it will in the course of the night approach it, and will be found in the morning with one of the leaves on the water. If a prop be placed within six inches of a young convolvulus, or scarlet-runner, it will find it, although the prop may be shifted daily. If after it has twined some distance up the prop, it be unwound and twined in the opposite direction, it will return to its original position, or die in the attempt; yet, notwithstanding, if two of the plants grow near to each other, and have no stake around which they can entwine, one of them will alter the direction of the spiral, and they will twine around each other.

TRUE GENIUS.—Downright hard work is essential to success in anything that is worth doing in the world. No native ability relieves a man from the necessity of earnest and persistent application to whatever he undertakes, if he would be efficient in his endeavours. This is as true for men of brilliant genius as for those of moderate capabilities. Indeed, it is commonly recognized by them more readily than by inferior minds. "The fact is," says Ruskin, "that a man of genius is always far more ready to work than any other people, and gets so much more good from the work that he does, and is often so little conscious of the inherent divinity in himself, that he is very apt to inscribe all his capacity to his work, and to tell those who ask how he came to be what he is: 'If I am anything, which I much doubt, I made myself so merely by labor.'" So if a man thinks he has genius in one direction or another he will best prove it by working hard and persistently in anything he undertakes in that direction. His genius will prompt him to labor, not relieve him from labor.

ARTISTIC.

THE statue of Victor Emmanuel, to be erected in Turin, will rest on a pedestal of four Doric pillars, with symbolic figures.

THE city of Paris has just purchased from Bartholdi the model of his gigantic Lion of Belfort, which was seen at the French Exhibition last year.

M. FERRARI, the young artist who took the first prize for sculpture at the Paris Salon this year, sold his group, "A Gladiator playing with a Panther," to the municipality for 6,000 francs. It is to be cast in bronze and set up in some public place.

IN the drawing-room of Boughton, the London artist, is a lily painted on the mirror over the mantel, and so charming is it in its decorative effect that one would never suspect it had been put there by the host as a makeshift to hide a huge crack caused by the heat of a lamp.

A NEW porch, in the Ionic style, has just been discovered at Olympia, and will at once be unearthed. The head of one of the tympanum statues has also been found, and a metope representing the struggle of Hercules with the Amazons.

THE Imperial Museum at Vienna has lately become possessed of some of the instruments used by Australian savages to induce their gods to give them rain. These are small lancet-shaped pieces of wood smeared with red ochre and rudely engraved. They are used in mystical ceremonies, attended with incantations.

ROSA BONHEUR is now a little stout lady of masculine appearance; her hair is grey in places, and parted on the side; and she has bright black eyes, strongly-marked features, and a wonderfully resolute mouth. She wears a plain black silk skirt, with a vest and jacket of black velvet, and white linen collar and cuffs.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY has created Arthur Sullivan a Musical Bachelor.

MICHAEL LINDSAY, of Stockton-on-Tees, England, is receiving praise for his fiddles, into which he has introduced some changes in shape.

HENRY IRVING is giving several different plays each week at the London Lyceum, and the result of this policy is crowded houses and average receipts of \$7,000 per week.

WILHELM has returned to New York from his projected trip to California. He intends to stay this summer in New York, and is going to play in Saratoga twice.

A WIESBADEN hotel-keeper has recently been paying delicate attention to the Abbe Lisa. He was so considerate as to place a piano in the musician's bath-room.

M. SARCEY, the French dramatic critic, laments that London has no place to which play-goers can go when the theatres are closed to talk over the performance.

MR. LESTER WALLACK'S engagement at the California Theatre has proved a total failure. The attendance has been small, his reception cold, and his receipts far below the expenses.

SINCE its arrival at London the Comedie-Francaise has played seven times a week, and each day a different piece. Before returning to Paris on July 15, it will have played forty-two different pieces. It is safe to say that there is not another troupe in the world that could do as much in the course of six weeks.

COUNT REBERN, the Lord Chamberlain of the Emperor of Germany, has just been created Prince. He is a distinguished musician, who has written more than one opera and composed a great deal of highly meritorious chamber music. The new Prince is now seventy-seven years old, and has no son to succeed to his honors.

IT is said that Aimée has recently become interested in two theatres—one at Brussels and one at Rouen—and that, if she meets any success at all in the management, she will never return to America. At any rate, she will remain in Europe until she has definitely determined whether or not she can make her theatres thrive, and that may take considerable time.

LITERARY.

LORD LENOX remembers that the poet Byron used to pronounce his own name Byron.

BURNS wrote three versions of his song "The Banks o' Doon" before he finally suited himself.

LONGFELLOW writes to an inquirer:—"The Golden Legend" is founded upon a German story of the Middle Ages, written by Hartman von due Aue."

THE daughter of the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," Miss Georgiana M. Craig, is about to publish a novel in three volumes, entitled "Remorse."

P. W. JOYCE, LL.D., has written a grammar of the Irish language for the use of schools in Ireland. It is mentioned with regret by the London literary papers that the Irish language is fast dying out. Societies have been organized for its preservation.

OSCAR, the poetic King of Sweden, has written a book on Free Masonry, in which he seeks to defend and support that by quotations from the Bible. It is not to be published until authorized versions in German, English, French and Italian are in readiness.

HUMOROUS.

LITERARY requirements—Books borrowed and never returned.

WHAT is the riddle of riddles? Life, for we all have to give it up.

"THE poor ye have with you always," but the rich go away in summer time.

GOOD resolutions, like a squalling baby at church, should always be carried out.

SPELL "pupils" backward, and you will discover the nature of many a one among them.

"PEOPLE never cough after taking my medicine," advertises a doctor. Is it so fatal as that?

SEASIDE mosquitoes are now looking over the hotel registers to see what rooms are taken.

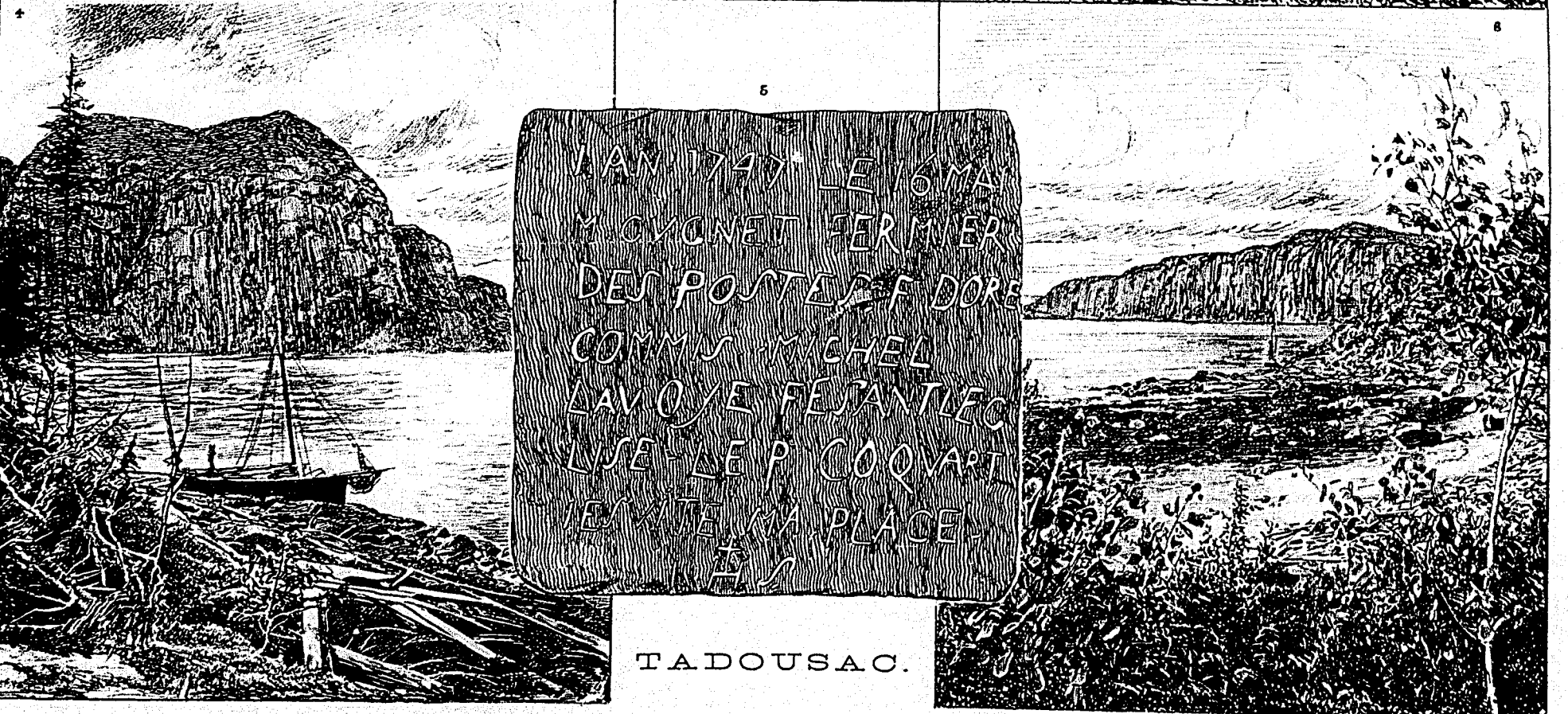
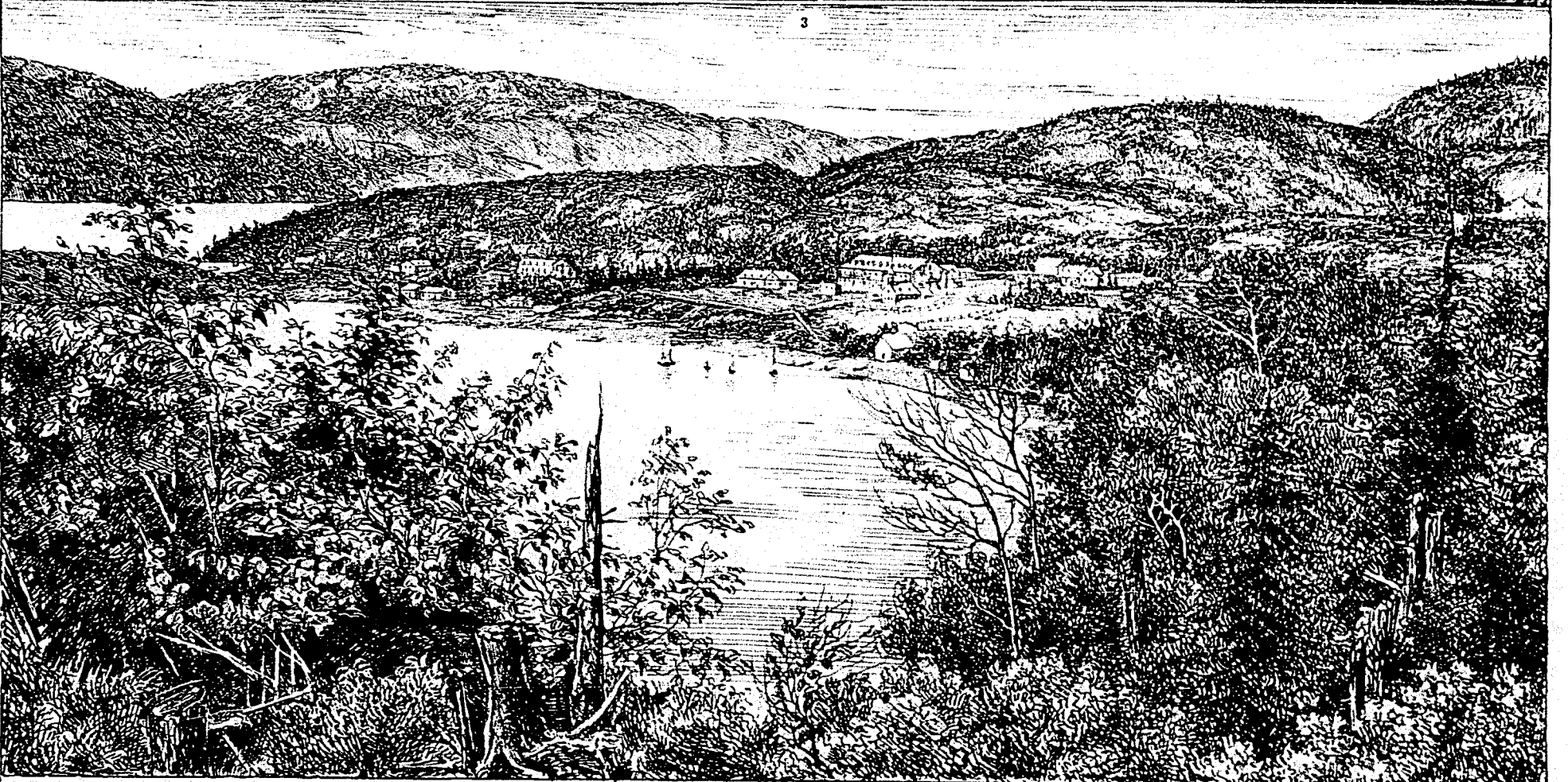
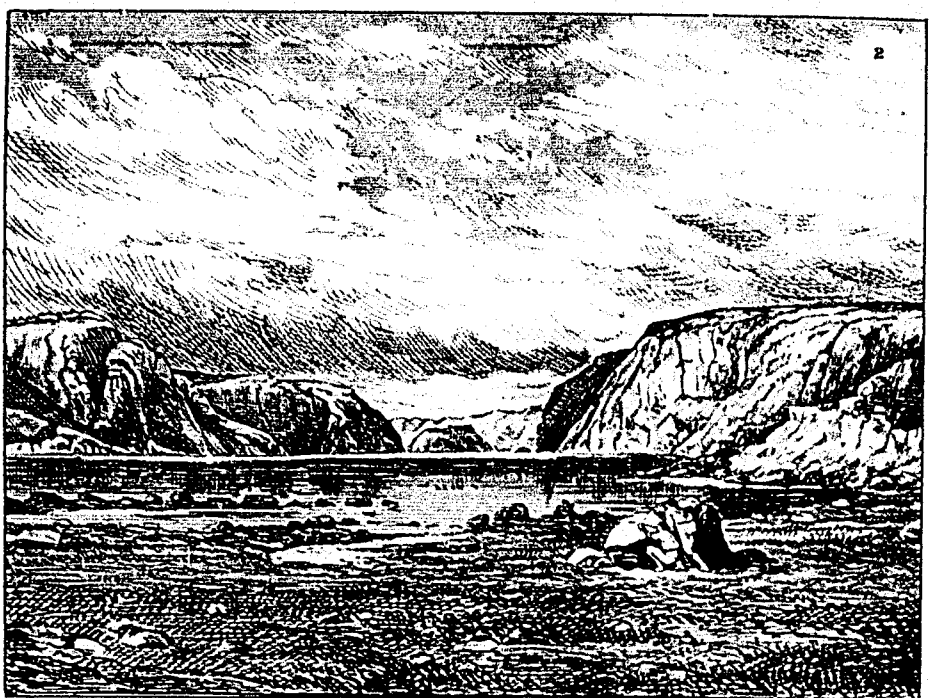
THE hum of a tea-kettle that is paid for is far more beautiful than an operatic air on a piano that is not.

How rapidly, says the Burlington Hawkeye, a man loses all interest in politics and national finance when he shuts a door on his own thumb!

IN a letter to a friend a young lady states that she is not engaged, but she sees a cloud above the horizon about as large as a man's hand!

A POET in the Whitehall Times exclaims: "I am haunted, wretchedly haunted, by the dripping of the rain." We would advise new shingles as a remedy.





TADOUSAC.

1. TADOUSAC IN 1829. 2. ON THE SAGUENAY, AFTER C. J. WAY. 3. GENERAL VIEW. 4. TRINITY ROCK, FROM CAPE ETERNITY. 5. FACSIMILE OF A LEADEN PLATE FOUND IN THE CORNER STONE OF STK. CROIX CHAPEL. 6. TRINITY BAY.



**THE "SPORTSMAN'S" CHALLENGE CUP.**

The Sportsman's Challenge Cup, which Hanlan brought back with him, and which we illustrate on this page, is of massive silver, mounted on an ebony pedestal. It is about three feet in height, and is surmounted by a figure of Neptune seated upon a dolphin. The cup itself is heavily chased, with the exception of a small space on either side of the bowl. On each side it is graced by a youth in boating costume, holding his sweep erect and looking out to sea. On a broad shield in the centre is inscribed the following legend:—

This Aquatic Champion Cup was presented by the proprietors of the "SPORTSMAN," of LONDON, for the encouragement of professional sculling in England. September 16, 1878.

On the reverse is a pretty water scene—two scullers fiercely contending for victory. On a smaller shield below, with a St. Andrew's cross in the centre, are the words:—"Fortiter defendens triumphat," and on the other "Dirigo." The ebony pedestal is ornamented with eight silver medallions, two of which are already engraved, as follows:—

WILLIAM ELLIOTT, of Blyth, Aquatic Champion of England. Beat JAMES HIGGINS, of Shadwell, for this Cup and the Championship of England, on the Tyne, February 17, 1879.

Won by WILLIAM ELLIOTT, of Blyth, Newcastle-on-Tyne. In a Sweepstakes with BOYD, HIGGINS and BLACKMAN, on the Thames, September 16 and 17, 1878.

Another of the medallions is to be inscribed with Hanlan's name, now that he has reached Toronto. This magnificent memento of England's defeat cost Mr. C. H. Ashley, proprietor of the Sportsman, Hanlan says, £130 sterling. He who wins it once gets a thirty-five pound medal; he who wins it three times £100 sterling and the perpetual ownership. Hanlan has with him another cup made of glass, some sixteen inches high, and capacious enough to put a little infant in. Neatly wrought in the glass is the High Level Bridge, with its four arches. Two Newcastle lads bestowed this sample of their own handicraft on the champion, and he treasures it not a little.

**HANLAN'S RECEPTION AT TORONTO.**

After enjoying an ovation at New York on his arrival from England, the champion sculler of the world made his way to his native city by rail as far as Niagara. Thence he left by the *Chicora* about 4 o'clock on Tuesday, the 15th inst. There was an immense crowd on the wharf, and as the boat moved off, lusty cheers were given. The champion, as soon as the boat got out in the lake, held a reception in the cabin, and all the passengers were presented to him. The Sportsman's challenge cup, a massive and imposing piece of work, was exhibited in the cabin, as was also the watch presented to the champion by his friends of this city a year ago. The articles attracted considerable attention. Hanlan was accompanied by Mr. David Ward, his backer; Mr. James Heasley, his trainer, and Mr. W. D. Shaw, brother of Col. Shaw, of Manchester. About ten miles from the Island, the *Chicora* was met by the *Filgate*, *Empress of India*, *Maxwell*, *St. Jean* and other steamers, crowded with passengers; nearly all the members of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club were out with their vessels. They all dropped into line in the wake of the *Chicora*, making a most striking procession. Hanlan stood upon the pilot house of the steamer, in full view of the multitude, and the cheers, mingled with the shrieking of the steamboat whistles, served to make a deafening roar of approbation. Coming into the harbor, the steamer kept close to the wharves, so that the crowds which lined them might have a good look at the popular favorite. The bands on the different steamers played, "See the conquering hero comes" and "Home, sweet home." The bay presented a race day appearance, thousands of small craft being out. The crowd on Yonge street wharf, where the champion was to land, and the street leading to it was immense. When the *Chicora* reached the wharf, Hanlan was transferred to a tug boat and taken to Simcoe street wharf, where a cab was in waiting, and he was driven home. Great disappointment was expressed that he did not pass up Yonge street, so that the crowd could give him a welcome. In the evening he drove to the Horticultural Gardens, where an enormous crowd was waiting to receive him. When he made his appearance on the stage, he was greeted with a grand burst of applause. His Worship the Mayor presented him with an appropriate address, to which he made a short and sensible reply. Miss Kerr read an ode to Hanlan, which was received with cheers. The Laurent Opera Company then sang *Pinafore*, and the proceedings terminated at an early hour.



THE SPORTSMAN'S CHALLENGE CUP, WON BY EDWARD HANLAN.

**HANLAN'S CAREER.**

Although we have published Hanlan's portrait and record on several previous occasions, we deem it proper to repeat both on this the celebration of his greatest achievement. Edward Hanlan was born at Toronto, July 12, 1855, and while quite young was taken by his parents to the Island opposite the city, where his father opened a hotel, and where the family have ever since resided. His first appearance in a race was made when he was sixteen years of age, when he formed one of a crew composed of fishermen. In the following year he figured as a successful competitor in a couple of skill races, and in 1873 first rowed a race in a shell, the contest being for the amateur championship of the Bay. He was again victorious, defeating Sam Williams and McKen. Next year he met Thomas Loudon in a race for the

championship of Burlington Bay, this being his initial professional engagement. The result added another to his list of victories. Loudon challenged him to row another race, over a mile course, for \$100 a side, in the summer of 1875, and they met on Toronto Bay, Hanlan again showing himself to be the better man, as he won by nearly two lengths. During the same season he won a medal offered by the Governor-General in a two-mile pull at Toronto, defeating Loudon and James Douglas. In the spring of 1878 he vanquished James Douglas and Wm. McKen, and on August 12th following became possessed of the belt emblematic of the championship of Ontario, offered by the Toronto Rowing Club, his only opponent being McKen. At this regatta Hanlan likewise won a fisherman's race, three pair of sculls, his partners being McKen and Elliot, and the craft engaged being boats actually in use that summer. All of these races

were of minor importance, however, and the reputation they brought was but local. It remained for Hanlan to give the rowing world a startling surprise at the Centennial regatta on the Schuylkill River, when his name became known on both sides of the Atlantic, through the ease with which he won the first prize in the professional regatta, defeating Harry Coulter, Pat Luther, Plaisted, and easily disposing of Alex. Brayley in the final heat, which was rowed in 21:09½—the best three-mile time on record until Courtney cut down the figures last year. In March, 1877, the secretary of the Ontario Rowing Club forwarded to the *Clipper* office one hundred dollars in gold as a deposit for a proposed match between Hanlan and Billy Scharff (then champion), to row three miles, for \$1,000 a side, on Toronto Bay; but as Scharff had just made a match with Eph. Morris, the challenge from the Canadian was not accepted. Hanlan next appeared at the regatta held at Silver Lake, near Boston, Mass., June 13th, when he was defeated by Fred. Plaisted, Frenchy Johnson, and others, owing to a mishap in the shape of an injured outrigger. On June 25th another regatta was held on the same water, when Hanlan won first prize, beating Johnson and Driscoll, Plaisted not starting. The Canadian next took part in the scullers' race at the Boston Fourth-of-July regatta, and was ruled out for fouling Plaisted, whom he ran into at the turning stake. His conduct on this occasion gave great offence to the regatta officials, who subsequently passed a resolution recommending that in future Hanlan be debarred from participation in all races under municipal management. This action was, however, upon appeal from Hanlan himself, and through representations of gentlemen who had taken him in hand after his return to Canada, reconsidered, and the bar against him removed. After the victory of Ross over Brayley in the fastest time on record for four miles, the Toronto sculler published a challenge to Ross, whose backers were not prepared to talk business on this basis. However, Wallace's defeat of Plaisted, coupled with the indifferent performances of Hanlan at Boston and vicinity, inspired them with greater confidence, and about the middle of August Ross came out with a challenge to row any man in the Dominion, Hanlan preferred, a five-mile race for \$1,000 a side, offering to give or take \$300 for expenses, to row at St. John, N. B., or Toronto, or to row at Springfield, Mass., each paying his own expenses. This suited Hanlan, and articles were signed to contend for \$1,000 a side. They pulled the race on Monday afternoon, Oct. 15th, on Toronto Bay, five miles, one turn, for \$2,000 and the championship of the British Provinces, the result being a very hollow victory for Hanlan, who was the non-favourite, but easily rowed away from his man. Wednesday afternoon, May 15th, the sculling match between Hanlan and Fred. A. Plaisted, of New York city, for \$1,000 a side, was decided over a straight-away two-mile course on Toronto Bay, the former again achieving a hollow victory. No official time was taken, and the reports estimated it all the way from 13:14 to 15:12. On June 20th the race between Hanlan and Evan Morris, of Pittsburgh, for the championship of America, five miles, was decided on the Alleghany River, and proved an easy victory for the former. Hanlan's next event was his second match with Wallace Ross, which, after repeated postponements, came off on the Kennebecasis course on July 31st, and left the race a walk over for the Toronto champion. The race was for \$1,000 a side, five miles with a turn. Two weeks after, on August 12th, Hanlan was first in the professional scull race, four miles, \$1,000, of the Barrie Regatta Club, rowed on Kempenfeldt Bay, Wallace Ross taking second money, and George H. Hosmer, of Boston, third. The contestants who failed to get a place were Pat Luther, McKen, Elliott, Plaisted, Morris and Coulter. His next contest was that at Lachine, in which he defeated Charles E. Courtney, the Union Springs sculler. The event, which took place on the 3rd of October last, created a great deal of excitement, because of the fame attaching to both contestants. The race was a keen one and resulted in favour of Hanlan; time 36 min. 22 sec.; distance five miles. Next Hanlan rowed with John Hawdon, of Delaval, on the Tyne, on the 5th of May last. The Toronto boy on that occasion came in as he pleased, his time being 32 min. 5 sec. His last victory was over Elliott, as we show in another page, for the championship of the world.

WHAT WE DRINK.—De Bock, of Leipsic, adds this testimony to the charge against tea and coffee. He says:—"The nervousness and peevishness of our times are chiefly attributable to tea and coffee; the digestive organs of confirmed coffee-drinkers are in a state of chronic derangement, which reacts on the brain, producing fretful and lachrymose moods. Fine ladies addicted to strong coffee have a characteristic temper which I might describe as a mania for acting the persecuted saint. Chocolate is neutral in its psychic effects, and is really the most harmless of our fashionable drinks. The snappish petulant humor of the Chinese can certainly be ascribed to their immoderate fondness for tea. Beer is brutalizing, wine impassioned, whiskey infuriates, but eventually unman. Alcoholic drinks combined with a flesh and fat diet totally subjugate the moral man, unless their influence be counteracted by violent exercise. But with sedentary habits they produce those unhappy flesh sponges which may be studied in metropolitan bachelor-halls."



EDWARD HANLAN.

AN EPINIKIAN ODE.

We take pleasure in reproducing these verses written by W. H. C. Kerr, M.A., of Brantford, and read by his daughter, Miss Kerr, at the Hanlan reception in the Horticultural Gardens, Toronto.

I. Hail to the champion sculler! Toronto's manly son, Who, across the line, and on the Tyne, Hath famous victories won! And with three cheers for Hanlan, The champion of the oar, Let us shout, Hurrah for Canada! The land which such hero bore.

II. In ancient Greece the victor, Who at Olympia strove, Was crowned with wreaths of olive In Jove's all-hallowed grove; His person was held sacred, Kings his competitions were; And envied the fate of the happy state Which claimed him for its heir.

III. At Pytho and at Corinth, The athlete's prize who won, Shed glory on his country, His kindred, and his town; His statue in the temples, In ivory and gold, By the side of gods and heroes The gymnast's prowess told.

IV. Returning to his people Fresh bays the conqueror waits, The city battered down its walls To make him wider gates, And joyous crowds in triumph The champion bore along, While a Pindar sang his praises In loftiest strains of song.

V. But no victor at Olympia, Nor by the Ictianian strand, E'er received such welcome On reaching his own land, As that awaits the champion Who ploughs the Atlantic's foam, With impatient keel and heart right leal Returning to his home;

VI. Save that no worthy poet For him shall breathe a lay, Since none with equal laurels Such victor e'erland may, He won at the Centennial, And by Ohio's waves, And where the Eastern river Past Hampton seaward raves.

VII. Toronto, Pittsburg, Barrie, The City, "Quaker" bight, And the love'y Bay of Burlington Bear witness of his might, He won in every contest, At each regatta was, Till at Lachine he overcame Columbia's foremost son.

VIII. Now, shame on the foul slander Of those who meanly tried At Courtney's cost to ponder To a boastful poet's praise; For Courtney was defeated, Not for the want of a will, Nor by the bribe of treason, But by superior skill.

IX. From sea to sea victorious, He left his home awhile, To gather bays more glorious In Britain's sea-girl isle; And how he played with Handon, And how sponged out his shell, With tears of mirth and laughter The Tyne-side pitman tell.

X. Last, matched with England's champion, On Tyne's excited tide, To see his daily practice They flocked from far and wide; Each taunting what-side ringer The mystic magic sought, Which the Canadian stranger Had lurking in his boat:

XI. With air-bags and machinery, The miners stolidly held, Or by some secret influence, His skill must be propelled; For never such a sculler, Of form so lithe and fine, Or such modest men, had yet been seen On the Thames, or on the Tyne.

XII. But no man knows save Hanlan, If even Hanlan knows, How fast his bark can travel When at his best he rows; Like the flight of an eagle's pinions, When to the sun he soars, Is the graceful sweep and powerful stroke Of his well-feather'd oars.

XIII. Now, not a few such striplings This broad Dominion rear; Since Wallace Ross and Warren Smith Are well nigh Hanlan's peers, Girded with North star vigour, And nurtured by the sea, By mountain, lake and river, A hardy brood they be.

XIV. West of the Rocky Mountains, Such youth you may behold Braving the Fraser's rapids, In exultant quest of gold; And where Muskoka's camp-fires Cast up a ruddy glare; Where Madawaska's spring-tide floods Their floating forests bear;

XV. Where Montmorenci's bridal veil Its shower of pearls displays; And where thro' mountain gorges green The Matapedia strays, These eastward turned and waited Impatient for the day, When their compatriot might win Tyne's championship away.

XVI. The day has come! From midnight Until the dawn broke clear, Crowds lined the banks in serried ranks, And every wharf and pier; With craft of all descriptions The river was alive; Each bridge with human beings Swarmed like a great bee-hive.

XVII. The champions take their stations, Promptly each takes his place, In the sight of all the nations Of the Anglo-Saxon race, "Now, three to one," roared Elliott, "That I lead all the way!" And his stalwart arm and lusty form Might feebler for dismay.

XVIII. Such challenge disregarded, Might not unnervethe youth, Whose speech on the unwon victory Was written out, good sooth! The boast was scarcely uttered, "They're off!" the umpire cried, And away they sped, but Hanlan led With oars superbly piled.

XIX. Like arrow from the bowstring, Swiftly he sped along, Past Grindstone Quay, past Redheugh Bridge And all the astonished throng, Past the meadow-side, whose human tides, Like billows, sway and roll, And by ten good lengths a winner, Swept gaily past the goal.

XX. Then from the river's crowded banks, From roof-top, bridge, and pier, Thrice thrice thousand lusty throats Sent up a mighty cheer: And many a British city Caught up the wild acclaim, And the Western world from sea to sea Resounded with his fame.

XXI. And while St. Lawrence to the Gulf Majestic takes his way; While through the Thousand Islands His sunlit waters play; While soft auroras chase the stars Athwart our Northern skies; While Indian summer tints the woods With iridescent dyes;

XXII. While the maidens shall weave chaplets In Huron's maple dells; While o'er Rimouski's jewelled snows Shall ring the Christmas bells; While great Niagara's thunder-stroke Th' affrighted rocks shall shake; While the long moonbeams nightly play, Across Ontario's lake;

XXIII. While Ottawa, from storied cliff, Uplifts her crown of towers; While modest merit still shall charm This Canada of ours; So long in distant story, As time rolls on apace, Shall it be told by young and old How Hanlan won the race.

XXIV. Now three good cheers for Hanlan! Our flag to the breeze unfurl'd, For the champion of two continents, The champion of the world! And three times three for Canada, Land of the brave and free, The youngest of the nations: The House of Liberty.

A PHOTOGRAPH FROM LIFE.

Great excitement was caused on a certain day in the usually quiet household of M. Borno by a letter from the married daughter, Mme. Artois, who resided in Rome, in which she informed her parents that a suitor for her sister Elise would soon appear at Villefleurs. And she further told them that this M. A. de Villani, a young man of good birth and with a comfortable fortune, had been struck with a photograph in a shop window—so struck and charmed that he felt he must try every means to win the original for his wife. This photograph turned out to be one of her young sister's that she had sent to be copied, and seeing that the young man was in earnest, she had promised to write and introduce him as an unexceptionable party. Mme. Artois wound up by reminding her father that Elise was no longer a girl, and that, in fact, it would be foolish not to accept this bit of good fortune. It was, therefore, agreed in a family conclave, the fair Elise consenting, and with the due approval of the family friend, M. de Belandi, that the coming guest should be graciously received. M. de Belandi even insisted on having him in his own house, as he laughingly said, in order that he might the better judge if this M. A. de Villani was worthy of the prize he sought. Among the numerous and various visitors to the beautiful southern city, Villefleurs, with its girdle of mountains and blue waves, few could help remarking in the gay crowd on the promenade or in the public gardens a girl almost always accompanied by a favorite dog, whose elegant and quiet toilet, as well as her graceful walk and piquant expression of her face, always made one wish to look again. It was an attractive face, rather than decidedly beautiful,

generally wearing a thoughtful look, which, however, was often brightened with a smile which prettily curled her lips. There was a quiet elegance about her, although different from the fashionable ladies, English, French, German and Russian, who rested on the chairs or paced up and down. Generally might be seen at her side M. de Belandi, a man past youth, but with a vigorous, spare frame, whose keen, dark eyes seemed to take notice of everything, but were often turned on his fair companion with the tender, familiar interest of a privileged friend. M. de Belandi was rich, and having no particular occupation, he made himself useful to his friends in general, but to those of the Maison Borno in particular. Thither he brought all the news of the place to amuse M. Borno, who was too old and infirm to go out. He would tell of the last offense given to the old inhabitants of Villefleurs by the new French comers, and the latest reform in town regulations. He could say what was the prospect of the olive and grape crops, etc. He was always ready to escort Mdlle. Elise to the theatre, or try a new song with her. He was a convenient partner at a ball, or a patient companion for a morning's shopping. Moreover, M. de Belandi's taste was a proverb. All this made his visits to the old Maison Pontneuf very welcome, and with him seemed to come a little waft from the outer world to the retired sombre street in which many of the old Villefleurs aristocracy resided, withdrawn from the newer part of the town to which visitors resorted. To look at it from the outside, one would not imagine the quaint and rich carvings which adorned the walls or the marble steps and handsome suite of rooms which belonged to this house.

In the simple and quiet manner common to the old inhabitants of the place, the principal amusement and luxury being to retire now and then to the Maison de Champagne, lived the Bornos with their youngest child, two other daughters having married satisfactorily. Nor were the old couple very eager for her to follow her sisters' example, in spite of the hints of their acquaintances, and M. de Belandi's serious warning, given every now and then, "that it was really high time to marry her." "Such an agreeable, amiable, gentle girl! it was a pity, and very astonishing. All her contemporaries were married, or about to be so, and Elise was nearly twenty-seven!" At this the old father would look troubled, and, shrugging his shoulders, ask what his friend would have. Could he do more? Had there not been two or three eligible proposals? But the girl had refused them all. Elise was dutiful and the light of their old days, and it was surely not their duty to force her into matrimony, if she evidently preferred to remain as she was.

To this M. de Belandi said nothing, but looked relieved; for his visits to the Maison Pontneuf would have been very different without Elise. But on hearing the letter of Mme. Artois speaking so highly of the young man, and even appealing to himself to use his influence in favor of the match, he threw himself gallantly into the spirit of the adventure, and took care to be at the diligence office to receive and welcome M. A. de Villani, whose first visit to the Maison Pontneuf was paid in his company, his easy genial manners and real kindness helping to put every one at ease, and to draw out the nervous and somewhat agitated lover.

When it was over they all agreed that not a word too much had been said in his praise. His manner was all that could be desired, while it was evident that he was very much in love. On the other hand, M. de Villani poured out to his kind host his contentment and satisfaction. There was no disappointment. Elise was better than her picture; and each time he saw her he found some new perfection. Truly she was one of those women who bear a close inspection, and whose beauty unfolds gradually—a woman who can brighten a home as well as a ball-room.

All the acquaintances and friends of the Bornos were eager and profuse in congratulations and inquiries. M. de Belandi told every one that it was a capital thing; that there was sure to be a gay wedding; and he joked Elise and encouraged M. A. de Villani. Every body observed what high spirits M. de Belandi was in; and yet for all this he caught himself sighing as he thought of Elise going away. But he was not a selfish man, and he felt that it was quite time for his little friend to marry.

After a little time, however, M. de Belandi fancied that the young lover returned from his visits to Maison Pontneuf rather too quiet and silent in mood, though any allusion to the family only made him warmly declare that the more he saw of the lady the more he admired her.

"Then pray hurry on the marriage, my friend," returned M. de Belandi, "for it is very clear that courting does not suit you. You grow thinner and paler every day."

But M. A. de Villani only laughed.

It was quite a gay time at the old Maison Pontneuf; so many people came to hear "all about it," and the father and mother were not at all disinclined to tell the romantic story over and over again, and receive the congratulations of their neighbors. But when any one ventured to speak to Elise herself, she drew up and said, that "congratulations were premature. It was true that the gentleman had done her the honor of asking her hand, but nothing was settled," which speech caused a great deal of surprise and talk. And then, as time went on and remarks were made on the evident gravity

and pale looks of the suitor, people began to speculate, and even a few bets were made as to what was to be the ultimate end of it all. After the first greetings, this question was asked by every one: "Well, and what does Mdlle. Elise say now?" And M. de Belandi, who knew every one, grew excited and anxious and warmly expressed his certainty that all would come right.

"You are right and I am getting ill," replied M. A. de Villani one day to his host and friend. "I can not bear this any longer, and I have written home to say I shall return immediately."

"And when is the marriage to take place?" "Never! No, I see plainly that she does not care for me—at least not as I care for her. I have struggled against this conviction, and I thought I might win her at last. But she says neither yes nor no, and I am sure she is partly led on by not liking to disappoint her friends—yourself first and foremost, for it is easy to see you have a great influence over her. Even if she were to say 'yes' to-day, I don't think I should wish it. I feel I have not won her heart, and it has always been my dream and wish to marry for love—love on both sides. So thanking you over and over again for your great kindness, I have decided to go and take my leave."

M. de Belandi was in the garden, smoking his cigar, when this conversation took place; and he continued to pace up and down between the orange trees in silence. Then suddenly turning to the other, he said:

"I shall go at once to the Maison Pontneuf, and you can follow me by and by."

M. A. de Villani shook his head, for he was convinced that his friend's well meant interference would do no good, and he remained thinking it all over, trying to find the new clue to Elise's feelings.

Meanwhile M. de Belandi arrived at the sombre old house, and, rushing up the steps quicker than usual, he thought himself lucky in finding Elise and her dog in the drawing-room.

She was at once aware that there was something unusual in his face, and this brought a bright and becoming color to her cheeks.

"How is this, Elise?" he said, trying to be angry. "I never suspected you of being a coquette."

And then he went on, in a somewhat excited manner, to upbraid her for keeping the poor young fellow in suspense so long.

"I don't think I have done that," she said in a low voice and with downcast eyes. "I always told him that—the truth, in fact. But he hoped I should change. And you see every one has taken it all for granted, and hurried things on so very much. And then papa and mama seem to wish for it so much, and—you—and—"

"Of course they did—of course we did, and do; and I'll tell you what, Elise, you are throwing away a chance you will never have again. There are not many young men like him, I can tell you. What can be your objection? Isn't he handsome, well born, young, rich, agreeable and very fond of you? The fact is, you are proud. Nothing will suit you less than a prince. But let me tell you, as an old privileged friend, that it is one thing to join a girl in her walks, and pay compliments and take a chair by her in the gardens, and dance with her, and so on; but quite another thing to ask her in marriage. Ever since that prince de—has been introduced to you I have observed a change. Don't be offended, mon amie, I speak for your good. It has made me sorry to see that poor young man so low and cast down, and after each visit he gets more and more so. Flesh and blood can't stand it, and I agree with him that it is best to end it at once. He says he shall return home, and is coming to say adieu. Now, it rests with yourself, Elise, if he really goes or not. And—there he is; I know his step."

Giving her an extra friendly hand-pressure to make up for his rough words, he left the place clear for a final explanation, and hurried off for a brisk walk. He felt the necessity for quick motion and fresh air, for he was agitated.

He could not help being keenly interested in this affair. He liked the young man much, and Elise was of course quite a pet of his own. Poor girl, her lips had quivered when he spoke so bluntly; but how pretty she was looking—such a graceful, winning style of beauty, lighting up the gloomy formal old room with her pretty gentle ways and womanly occupations! Yes, he should miss her terribly, no doubt. Rome was a long way off, and he almost wished that carte-de-visite had never caught M. A. de Villani's eye. After all, why should not Elise remain as she is? Then he checked these thoughts, and began to wonder how it would be settled. He turned back, feeling anxious and nervous, and by this time, the interview must be ended.

It was so, and M. de Belandi entered his own villa in time to see his guest just a few steps in advance and from his attitude he read that all was over. The tale was told in a few words, and the next day M. A. de Villani set off on his journey home, trying his best to forget that carte-de-visite.

They followed much commotion among the friends of the Bornos; nor did it end there, for it became the general topic of conversation. M. de Belandi felt dull, having lost his guest, and then there was the reaction and a flatness consequent on the unusual excitement. Besides this, Elise was never now in her old haunts; when he went to the house she was not in the drawing-room. He feared she was

annoyed with him, and purposely avoided him whenever she could do so. When a meeting was inevitable there was a greater reserve and an uncertain manner, so different from the old gentle pleasantness that it made him unhappy.

"I don't know what ails her," complained the old father one day to M. de Belandi. "She pleased herself or might have done so. But she is no longer the same girl. I was saying to her mother I wish you might call; for if any one can rouse her to find out what is the matter it is yourself."

To please the poor old gentleman, M. de Belandi went at once to find Elise in a small boudoir, where she sometimes sat. He had often been privileged to enter this room; and now as his knock met with no notice, he pushed the door open without scruple.

Elise had been crying, but as she turned and saw him a blush covered her face, and she nervously tried to hide what looked like a photograph, which she had evidently been looking at.

"What, another photograph?" he exclaimed, trying to carry off the little awkwardness he felt by a joke. "Why, Elise, is it possible that there was a reason for your failing to see the charms of Villani? Have you, too, been caught by a *carte de visite*?"

To his surprise, instead of meeting his joke with a smile or saucy retort, she bent her head, striving to hide her tears, and the hand which held the picture actually trembled.

"My dear Elise, what is it? Your father is quite unhappy about you. You are not an undecided person; but it is possible you regret saying 'No.' A lady is allowed to change her mind."

Still her agitation seemed to increase, and she could not keep down her sobs. Presently she snatched her hand to her head, stammering some unconnected words about not being well. She forgot for the moment the photograph, which was by this movement exposed to view. M. de Belandi's astonishment was great indeed to see a by no means flattering full length photograph of himself!

He stood transfixed for a few moments, while a veil seemed to be suddenly raised from his mind, disclosing old things in a different shape, clear and defined—things which hitherto had been but dimly guessed at, and then suddenly hidden again, and while he was so gazing and so thinking, she looked up and discovered what she had done.

By way of correcting the mistake made she made another; catching up the photograph with a little exclamation of alarm, and then with a sudden perception of what she had done, choking her sobs, she tried to explain "that she had been turning out her desk, and so—"

But his eyes were now bent so earnestly on her face that she was in a manner compelled to meet his look.

"Elise, is it possible?" he whispered. Then presently held out his arms. In a moment she was in them, clasped close, her tears falling softly. But a sudden change came over her face, and she struggled to release herself, saying—

"Leave me instantly! You have taken advantage of—I like you as a friend, of course, but—you misunderstand—"

"And I love you not as a friend, Elise. I have done so. But I would not allow it to myself even. I was too old for you; you only thought of me as a grave relation and mentor. I know now what it all means; my dread of losing you—"

"But you urged me on," she interrupted. "It was your words which nearly all but induced me to consent. You seemed to have almost set your heart on it."

"Not so. Let us sit down and quickly talk together a little," he said.

This they did, and he managed to convince her that if her heart had been given to him, it was not until she had full possession of his. But how could he, at his age, be so vain as to suppose that he had the shadow of a chance? He had to stifle every feeling bravely; too much so, indeed. But now, surely, she would not punish him for this?

The result of it all was, to the utter surprise of M. Borno, his friend, M. de Belandi, made a formal proposal for the hand of his daughter, Elise. The old gentleman had to seek for, and then put on his spectacles before he could believe that he heard rightly, looking first at one and then at the other in a way to bring up blushes as well as smiles on the face of Elise. When he really took it in, consent was fully given, and after a little more talk between papa and mamma, they began to wonder how it was they had never thought of this before. So this was why Mlle. Elise had shown herself so difficult to please.

In the course of time she confessed that she had only given up all hope when M. de Belandi had so urged her to accept Villani, and in the pain of that moment she had very nearly been driven, in a fit of pride and despair, to follow his advice.

There was a gay wedding, and when it was over, and the *Maison Pontneuf* was restored to its wonted quiet, old M. Borno, sitting in her easy chair, after the fatigue of the morning, exclaimed: "And it was all owing to a photograph after all!"

The *London Spectator* believes that a strong-minded woman can bear anything better than sharp criticism, more especially if the criticism is flavoured with a touch of humorous scorn.

NILSSON'S LONDON HOME.

Wherefore Mme. Christine Nilsson-Rouzaud and her husband—the son of a French merchant, who married her after nine years' courtship—a Parisian of the best type, live very quietly in the house in the Belgrave road which formerly belonged to their old friend Mrs. Richardson. Singing days, as already remarked, are passed absolutely, save for an hour's drive in an open carriage, in seclusion, and the invitations which descend in showers are firmly but gratefully declined. It must not be supposed, however, that either M. or Mme. Rouzaud is averse to social pleasures. On the contrary, few enjoy truly good intellectual converse and harmless gaiety more than this model pair, who endure the taunts of their friends with infinite good humour. "My husband is *tres bon enfant*. You must know him. You are made to understand him," Christine Nilsson will say, with a steady glance of her great candid eyes at titled Crutch-and-Toothpick, who has just drawn an elaborate compliment, and who "can't understand Nilsson, you know." Singing days being out of the question, and ante-singing days being prohibited for dining out purposes, it may be imagined that not much time is given to festivity, especially when it is recollected that every spare evening is devoted, not to the opera or to concerts as one of the audience, but to the theatre, English or French. It is not many days since Mme. Nilsson said she had enjoyed herself beyond everything the night before; she had been to the theatre and had seen Mrs. John Wood, who had recognized her instantly, in Nilsson or Nothing, an incident which reminds the old play-goer of the visit of Ristori to the Olympic Theatre to see poor Robson play in Robert Brough's travesty of *Medea*. The Rouzaud ménage is given to early hours, a habit acquired by the lady of the house in childhood, and continued during her friendship with Victoire Balfe and her father, whose "Now, girls, it is time you were in bed," was not long to wait for after the return from theatre or concert.

A bust of the late Duchess De Frias occupies the place of honour in the Belgrave road drawing-room, and its mistress is never weary of extolling the beauty of her friend, and the admirable qualities of her excellent father. Beyond this bust and the picture of "Ophelia" by Cabanel, the drawing-room contains few works of art. It boasts, however, a wonderful collection of photographs with autograph signatures, of course, of the crowned heads and other members of the Royal families of Europe—the Emperor of Austria, the Empress of Austria, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the Queen of Naples, the King of Sweden and many others, including the Czar. There is concerning this last-named photograph a story indicative of the sharp line drawn by Mme. Nilsson between the artist world and *ces autres*, the great by birth or wealth alone. On the last night of her Russian engagement, at the conclusion of the performance she remained on the stage, bidding farewell to the other artists, and especially to the ladies and gentlemen of the chorus, to whom she displayed great liberality in the distribution of photographs. In the midst of leave-taking she heard a quick step behind her, and then the voice of the Czar, "*Ei moi donc*," pointing to her hand full of photographs, "*je n'aurai rien*," asked the master of all the Russias and of some Russians. Now, the Czar is very chary of giving his own portrait, and the cantatrice at once saw her advantage. "On condition that you give me your picture, you shall have mine," she answered, in her own manner; and the head of the Romanoffs bowed to his fate with excellent grace.

Mme. Nilsson sets great store by her photographs; but beyond these—beyond even the bust of Victoire Balfe; beyond the Cabanel "Ophelia," with its "fey" look beyond the golden laurel crowns of Russia, Austria, France and America; beyond all the treasures acquired during a life of unceasing devotion to art—she cherishes that little box containing the earliest musical instrument with which she was acquainted. Opening it daintily and delicately, she will produce a battered and patched specimen of the genus violin—no costly Stradivarius or Guarnerius, no milky-toned strainer; but a plain "fiddle," cracked and stringless, a sorry specimen of the most perfect of musical instruments. As she takes it from its retreat she falls naturally into the position of the violinist, and in a voice of that subtle, penetrating force which constitutes what is loosely called a "sympathetic quality" continues: "I love the violin, and would play it every day if I were permitted to do so; but I am not permitted. It is suspected that the constrained attitude and the powerful vibration would by no means improve either my physical or musical tone for the evening. But I regret the violin, nevertheless, and love this one very much indeed; for it is the instrument I played on at fairs round the country to help my people to money while I was yet a little child. I am, as you hear, a peasant born, and am glad of it!" and the fair head is flung back, the blue eyes throw out a brighter ray, the soft curls are shaken, as the well-known position of Mme. Normann Neruda is copied with life-like accuracy.

So many stories have been told of the early career of Mme. Nilsson that it may, perhaps, be well to give a few authentic particulars of a romantic life. The violin, of which mention has been made, suffered its most serious injuries in the course of a journey from fair to marketplace on the horse of a friendly farmer. Little Christine's melody became objectionable to the

steady-going animal, who at once got rid of the musician and the instrument, to the damage happily of only the latter. The child had been taught some music by her father, a peasant of the good school, who sung in the village choir on Sundays, and to whom the itinerant violin-playing of his daughter brought an important accession of income. A small sum of money went a long way at Waderslof, and Christine went on playing until at the age of thirteen. As she was playing at the fair of Ljungby, it occurred to Mr. E. G. Tornerhjelm, one of her audience, and a gentleman of some influence in the neighbourhood, that it was a pity so much talent should be thrown away. Mr. Tornerhjelm sought a friend of his, the Baroness Leubusen, and induced this lady, who had herself, while Mlle. Valerius, been a professional singer, to take charge of the young Swedish violinist. Christine's protectress soon discovered that she had a voice which promised in time to become remarkable, and at once took charge of her education. From the school at Halmstad she went to that at Stockholm, where she studied under M. Franz Berwald, and next went to Paris to complete her musical education under M. Wartel, and appeared for the first time at the *Théâtre Lyrique*, as *Violetta* in *La Traviata*, on the 27th of October, 1864. An engagement for three years followed her successful debut, and she appeared successively at the *Zaubeffote*, *Martha*, *Don Giovanni*, etc. In 1867 she played a highly successful engagement at Her Majesty's Theatre, and in the autumn of the same year returned to Paris to appear as *Ophelia*, in Ambrose Thomas' opera of *Hamlet*, since when she has become identified with that role, and to an almost equal extent with that of *Marguerite*, in Gounod's *Faust*. Her trip to the United States resulted in a fortune of 1,000,000 francs, about one-half of which was lost in the fires at Chicago and Boston. Few of the artistic or great world will forget her wedding with M. Auguste Rouzaud, solemnized at Westminster Abbey in 1872 by Dean Stanley, whose wife was one of the bride's most sincere friends. Mme. Nilsson, whose singing in aid of the Westminster Training School for the Nurses brought to that institution something like £3,000, is never tired of praising the virtues of that perfect woman, whose obsequies were attended by every person then in London illustrious either by rank or intelligence. As she speaks of Lady Augusta Stanley, however, she raises her eyes and see opposite the picture of *Tiny* and *Hamlet*, her pet dogs, the face of *Faust* as he appeared before his interview with *Mephistopheles*. "That picture," Mme. Nilsson continues, "was painted by my best friend, to whom I owe my present position, Mme. La Baronne Leubusen, once a professional singer like myself—one of us."

HONEYMOONS.

A Honeymoon on the Continent is mostly somewhat of a failure. The many discomforts of hurried travelling and strange lodgings are unwelcome during the romantic month after marriage. Besides, what bride could look beautiful if the passage be at all rough? Malvern is a good centre for honeymoons. Three or four cathedrals can easily be visited from it, much beautiful scenery, several ruins, and battlefields. No one should spend a honeymoon in Wales until July, or in Scotland until August. Within an easy circuit from Exeter many interesting sights can be visited, while North and South Devon scenery and climate may be advantageously compared. The Land's End is an admirable place to visit during the honeymoon, because the chances are you will never see it again in after-life, and something of the mystic glories of Lyonesse yet hangs about its grand wave effects. Places like Skegness or a Northumbrian sea-side village should be diligently avoided. At those dull spots the newly married pair must quarrel, if only for a little excitement. It is a great nuisance to take servants with you on a honeymoon trip, whether the staid female who has been fifty years in the bride's family, the flighty ladies' maid or the provoking courier. Besides continually falling out with each other, and requiring much supervision, they are apt to behave towards their master and mistress much in the spirit of Swift's well-known "Advice to servants." Poor Albert Smith used to tell of the numberless brides to be seen on the Rhine packets, each sitting with her feet upon her dressing-case. The husbands are certain to be occupied in looking after courier or maids lest the former should drink too much and the latter lose themselves "in those ere furrin parts."

Spite of the popular view that the honeymoon is the special month of felicity, the old-fashioned idea of matrimony is certainly more true which does not regard its beginning as by any means the most happy time of wedded life. When passion gives way to deep-settled love, husband and wife can afford to look back upon the honeymoon with a smile, and join youthful mockers in laughing at any luckless couple about to enter the fool's paradise. Besides the novelties of temper and disposition which then becomes apparent to the young husband and wife for the first time, many untoward accidents may befall them which at this interesting epoch press upon them with unusual hardness. Thus the unlucky bride loses all her luggage, including the most valuable of her wedding presents; or she catches a crying cold in her head, or the measles—all which we have known to occur; or she has her most becoming bonnet irrevocably ruined by a shower; or the happy pair ramble too far afield, and find themselves footsore and out of tem-

per; or else they are intercepted by the tide, and rescued at some risk, too happy if they have not to be drawn up the cliff by ropes, to the intense delight of the watering-place's visitors. If the honeymoon can be safely tided over without a quarrel, the happy pair may cherish good hopes of the Dunmow flitch. They must be supernaturally amiable. Another incident of honeymoons at the sea-side is that landladies and lodging-house keepers think the youthful pair suitable victims to their greed. It is taken for granted that they are so absorbed in gazing into each other's eyes that they will never look into such common-place matters as bills; consequently we have known a couple straying through the fairy land of a honeymoon utterly forgetful of so sublimely a commodity as money, until rudely awoken by a very substantial series of bills. Indeed, a honeymoon often costs a happy pair in a good position of life as much in proportion as a funeral does to a poor person.

Amid all the sweets of the honeymoon, it is probably a relief to the parties concerned when it is over. The man secretly longs for his regular work, and chafes under perpetual *petits soins*. The wife, too, yearns for her new sphere of duties as a matron, and cannot help thinking how her wedding presents will look in the new house. Her little court has yet to be held, visitors received, and the usual round of entertainments gone through. It is scarcely in feminine nature to abide quietly amongst lakes and mountains, with these attractions in front, which permit, too, of wearing the more gorgeous articles of the *trousseau*. So the honeymoon gradually falls into its appointed place amongst the fragments of life. It is no longer, indeed, the trance of love and happiness which it seemed when touched with the rosy hues of anticipation, but it has been a period of calm, trustful delight, such as may well colour the future of wedlock, an adumbration of what every really happy marriage should resemble throughout its continuance. Of course it is out of the question that its settled bliss should pervade all the future years of the young couple, but it becomes, at all events, a test by which the happiness of their succeeding years may be gauged. Though we ridicule it in after-days, we may well regard a happy honeymoon as an integral portion of all nuptial joy.

Die Leidenschaft flieht,  
Die Liebe muss bleiben.  
Die Blume verblüht.  
Die Frucht muss treiben.

FASHION NOTES.

THE newest combs are of jet and are in the shape of a horseshoe, with balls of jet attached. The veritable point de Paris, a cheap and handsome lace, has been revived and is on our market.

TUNICS that open in front are now caught together by large cut steel buckles placed slightly askance.

SOME of the new sashes are finished with hand-painted ends instead of embroidered ones as formerly.

THE Pompadour fancy is carried out in garnishing black grenadine dresses with gay brocade ribbons.

SILK over-dresses are made with basque and skirt or the princess style; some prefer the polonaise model.

IT is said that good coverlets may be made of strips of cotton woven together in the same way as rag carpet.

PLAIN linen mulls, with half-quarters, are an improvement of the linen house shoes of the last several seasons.

BONNETS of breton lace bordered with jet are worn for light mourning. Some jet beads are added on the inside of the brim.

THE rage for black and gold increases in England. Yellow is becoming to women who have as much color as most English dames.

FASHIONABLE shades are decidedly those beautiful faded tints of ancient tapestry; garnet, rose color, Russia blue and panther gray.

BRACELETS with lead pencils attached are novelties. These pencils are run through a ring attached to the bracelet when not in use.

THE prettiest new scarf wraps for summer are shade of cream tinted lawn or crepe lisse sprinkled with flowers and edged with Breton lace.

BRACELETS now serve for ornaments and also for holding in place the long mits worn at present. They are in all styles and shapes and quality.

PANIER effects are general, and their drapery expression is universally accepted; hence the word common is applied to this method of dress disposing.

THE most fashionable veil is of white net, with seed-pearl dots, worn on masque or in a long scarf pinned on the back hair with an ornamental brooch.

FASHIONABLE ladies who make a pretense at sewing have thimbles with a pebble inserted at a top. The agate, onyx, and crystal are the handsomest and hence the most popular.

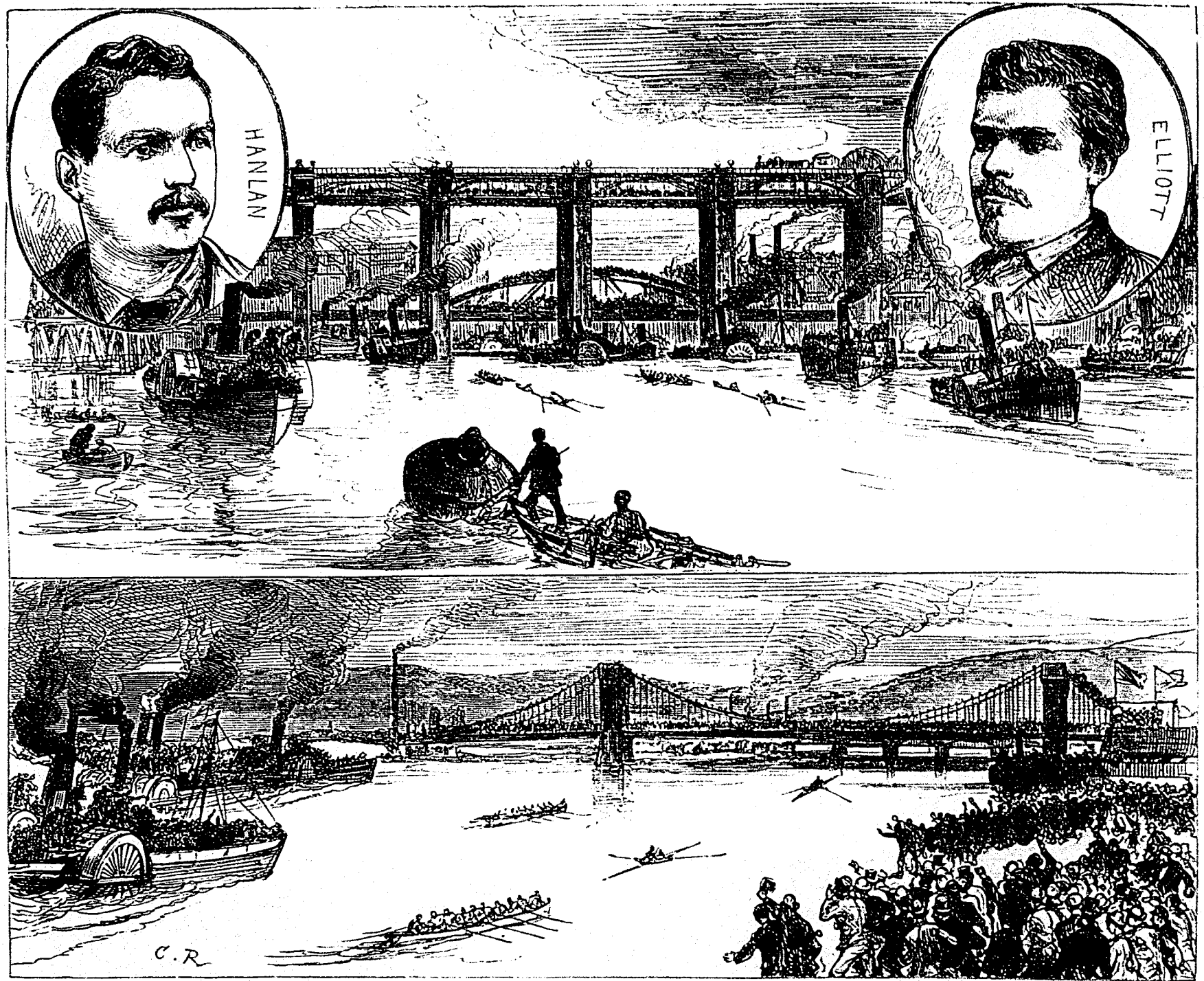
WHITE silk cord tassels can be cleansed, if not stained, in dry corn meal. Rub the meal over them with your hands, and renew with clean corn meal till they are thoroughly clean.

LADIES abroad now carry to evening receptions or the opera floral baskets in place of bouquets. The most fashionable are filled with English violets and pale yellow tea roses and buds.

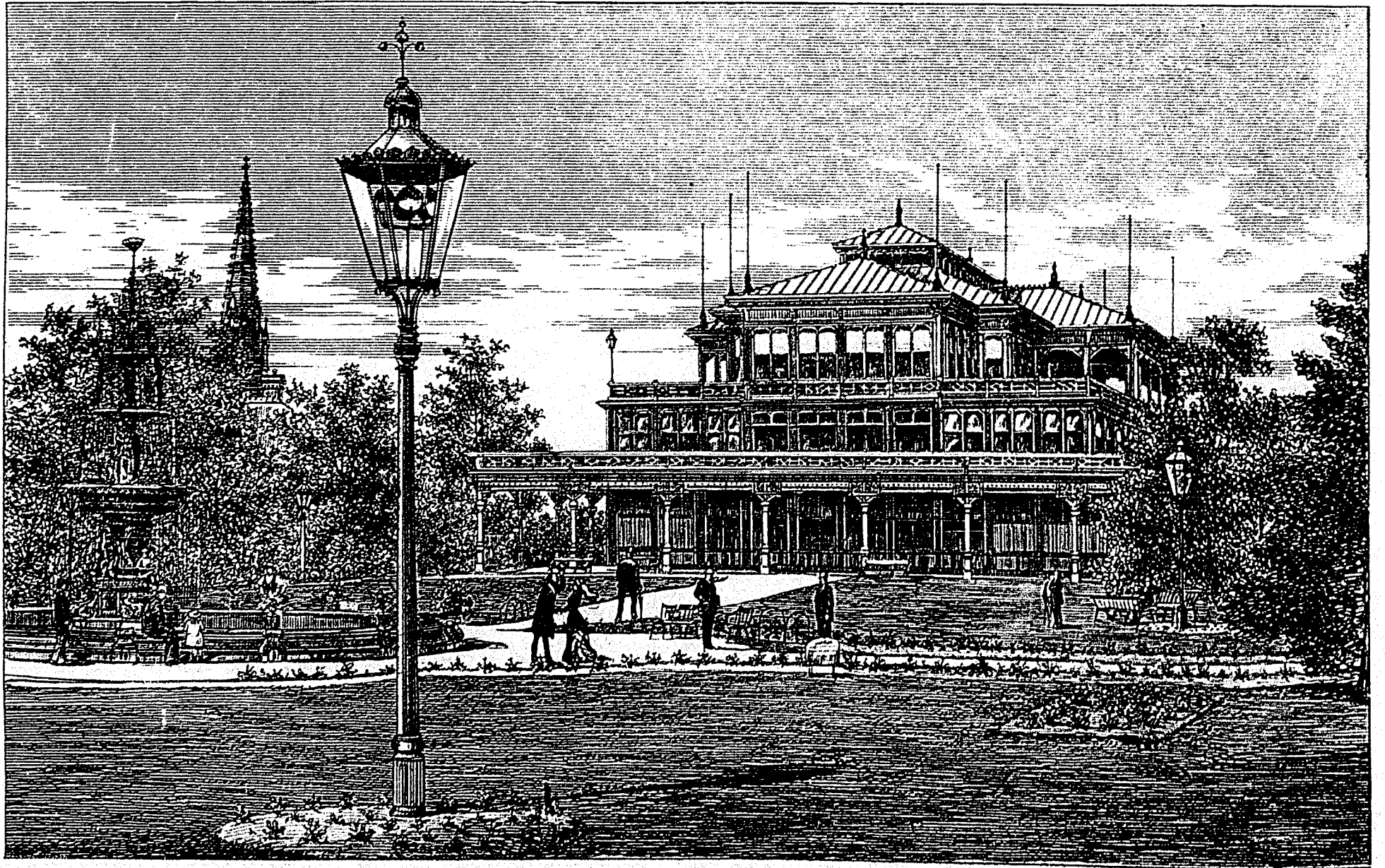
A CARD.

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

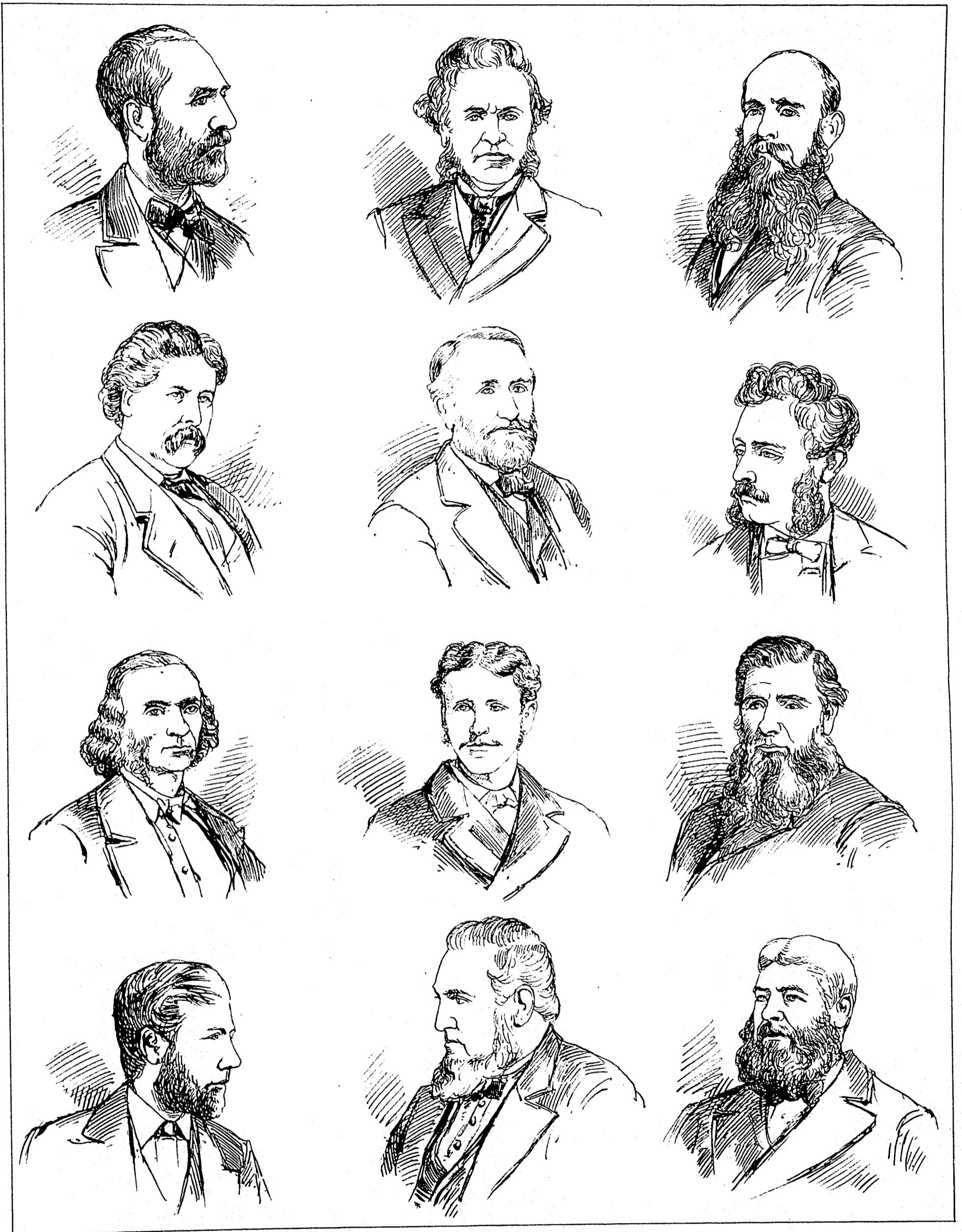




THE HANLAN-ELLIOTT RACE FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD.



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A GALAXY OF TORONTO CELEBRITIES.



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# MY CREOLES:

## A MEMOIR OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

By JOHN LEPERANCE,

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

Book I.

AT THE QUARRIES.

IX.

THE HIGH-LOW GAME.

My resolution was soon taken. Of course, I would accept the tryst. It was the first adventure I had ever had, and was thus invested with all the fascination of the perilous and the untried. I did not lose my head at all, though I hurried homeward as if my feet did not touch ground. I calculated all my chances: there were many obstacles in the way, but to penetrate that secret at last for which I had waited so long I was determined to brave everything. Before I reached the College gates, my plan was matured.

The "big dormitory" or sleeping-hall of the senior students occupied the entire third floor of a very large building which formed the north-west boundary of the quadrangle. The ten windows of its north face looked into Vert street; the ten windows of its south face opened on the play-ground; the two windows of the west gable frowned darkling on a vacant lot outside the limits; the two windows of the east gable smiled on the brown roof of a frame building, many feet lower, which served for class rooms. This old frame building, the theatre of many a classic scene, has since disappeared, but I will never forget the service it rendered me.

Why I thought of the dormitory to-night will appear from the following incident. On reaching college, I went straight to the prefect of discipline—that is, the officer whose business it is to give leave of absence. I asked him to remain out over night.

"Just in, Carey?" he asked with his inquisitorial look. One of those looks of his was usually sufficient to determine whether the boy who had been out came in "all right;" that is, sober and clean.

"Yes, sir. Just in," I answered, smiling faintly with a view to propitiation.

"And want to go out again?"

"Yes, sir, if it is possible."

"You have been out pretty often of late, Carey," continued the prefect, looking over some official tablets which lay on his desk, "and, besides, I see here that you have astronomical circle to-morrow at ten, for which your name is down. You will have to stay at college to-night, Carey."

"But I will be here to-morrow morning at six, sir."

"I hope you will, Carey."

I knew what that meant. This particular prefect of discipline—his memory has ever been dear to me—knew how to refuse in the most gentlemanly manner, but when once he had refused he was inflexible as iron. So I bowed respectfully and sought the door.

"Beware of the girls," said the prefect gaily, as I turned the knob.

"I have not seen a girl, sir, in these visits of mine for ever so long," I replied, laughing.

The prefect smiled, too, shook his finger at me and then turned round to his desk.

"You must take the responsibility of your refusal," said I to myself on closing the door. "You force me to adopt another course. It will be more difficult, but less commonplace, if that is any comfort."

It was then that I thought of the dormitory. The hour of going to bed was half-past eight. There were "night studies" till half-past nine for such as desired them; but on half-holidays they were very slily attended. This night I was one of the last to go up to the dormitory. I should not have gone at all, but I was certain my absence would be observed and reported. The sub-prefect, who had charge of the dormitory, made it his duty to walk up and down the middle aisle, between the double rows of beds on either side, until all the boys were, or were supposed to be, asleep. In this long, meditative walk, he had full time to note every bed, a memorandum of which he made and presented the next morning to the prefect of discipline. If I had been absent that evening, he would surely have discovered it, for my bed was right under his eye, on the outer row nearest the aisle, and under one of the two eastern windows. That night I remained on my knees at my bedside much longer than usual, hoping to tire the sentinel out. But it was in vain. So, when his back was turned, I partially undressed and slipped under the coverlets. The weary minutes passed, and still the sub-prefect walked on. Ten o'clock struck, and ever the steady tread thrilled through my brain. Finally, at a quarter after ten, the vigilant guardian went down the long stair at the extreme west end of the dormitory, where I heard his bunch of keys rattle and the outer door at the bottom grate on its hinges. A moment after a black form stood silently under the solitary central lamp, a long black arm turned it down to a pale

blue gleam, and then the shadow glided to the inner row near the southern wall, where was the sub-prefect's bed. The dormitory slept. These hundred wild, noisy boys rested like gentle girls, scarcely breathing. My ears were distended; my eyes rolling right and left. The centre of the vast hall was only dimly lighted; the two other extremities lay in masses of gloom.

When at length I judged that the sub-prefect must himself be asleep, I arose and went forward with that rolling motion of the shoulders and ducking of the head which are peculiar to tip-toe walking. I rested my hand on every bed-post in passing, as though I was paid to count them. I came up to the sub-prefect. He was sleeping the deep sleep of the just. If I remember rightly, he even snored a little, which is less ideal. What was still less ideal was that the tired man lay in his clothes. He had, therefore, his keys about him and I could not filch them. This had been my first hope, which I had now to give up. I, therefore, went on, creeping toward the stair. Step by step, rounding my feet like balls, so as to make them noiseless, I descended that interminable incline. I had heard the lower door close, but not lock. Perhaps it had not been locked. I knew it was locked every night with infallible regularity, but who knows? It might have been left open for my special behoof to-night. I turned the knob ninety degrees, stopped a moment, and afterwards completed the circle. Then I turned it all back, tried the first process a second time, gave one gentle push, then a second, somewhat stronger. The whole frame of the door creaked a little, but the lock remained inexorable. It was useless. Standing down at the foot of that almost perpendicular stair, wrapped in darkness and somewhat unnerved, a dreadful thought beset me. What if a fire broke out in this huge building and enveloped these steps, the only issue from the dormitory? How could the hundred young sleepers possibly save themselves? And what would become of me?

Returning by the way I had come, I laid my hand on the sill of the western window which stood at the head of the stair. I looked down in the vacant lot outside. The distance was far too great to attempt. I glanced at the northern row of windows, but my heart failed me there, too, for Vert was an ill-famed street and generally well guarded by police. I could, therefore, not escape that way without being caught. My last refuge was the eastern window, opening just over my bed.

My resolution once taken, I proceeded rapidly. I took both my sheets and knotted them together; then I attached one end in a strong loop to the lowest of the three iron bars which crossed the sash. On account of the heat, all the windows were thrown up, so that I had no difficulty on that score. Another lucky circumstance on which, indeed, I had calculated, and probably my correspondent also, was that the night was dark as soot. It was the new moon.

The frame building which lay beneath me about thirty feet did not touch the dormitory building. There was an interval of about three feet between the two. In swinging out, therefore, I must be careful to get as much "go" as would land me clear of this open space and fall on the roof of the frame building. The roof had somewhat of an old-fashioned Norman pitch, but if I could once set foot on it, I thought I could cling to it as firmly as the polyp does to the rock, or as La Florestan to her slippery pyramid of bottles in the circus.

I dressed completely, except that I made a small parcel of my shoes which I attached to the upper part of my left arm, and then committed myself to the rope. The first sensation of swinging in space and the night, with no support under my feet and no light overhead, was decidedly queer, but I was far too excited to be frightened, and bravely allowed myself to slide. Fortunately I managed to oscillate sufficiently to hook the extreme edge of the roof with the point of my right foot. I thus secured a standing, and gradually righted myself. Then I let go the sheet, attaching it so that I could immediately use it on my return. I was aware that this long white object in a dark background and especially on a moonless night might betray me during my absence, but there was no means of hiding it. In all daring adventures something must be left to fate. Human ingenuity is never thoroughly self-sufficient. This white sheet was my weak point, but I would risk it. Fortunately, on the side of the yard where the danger of discovery was greatest, there was a very tall and wide-spread locust which partially screened the sheet from view.

I slipped down the roof and crept along the gutter till I got to a little wooden partition which served as one of the off-sides of a hand-ball alley. I sat upon this and put on my shoes. As there was nothing to break my fall, which was still some fifteen feet, I did not relish the idea of coming down in my stockings. I slid gradually till I hung to the partition at the full length of my arms, then summoning up courage

for the last effort, let go my hold. I fell plump on my feet. The clock struck eleven.

There was a special watchman for the college grounds, an oldish man named Francki. Accompanied by two mangy white curs, he used to beat about the premises all night, now inside the wall, now outside. The only rest he took was from eleven to twelve. At eleven he went into the kitchen to heat his prodigious cup of coffee, and lay out his supper or rather his breakfast. Seated before the fire, his great lamp on the table, his two dogs under the table, he invariably spent an hour eating, drinking, moping and throwing crumbs to his faithful companions.

Knowing well this habit of Francki's, I boldly crossed the playground diagonally from the northwest to the southeast. Half way I discerned the watchman's lamp in the kitchen and distinctly heard him scold at having burned his fingers with his tin cup. I got to the iron gate, scaled it without difficulty, and at last found myself on the pavement of the avenue.

X.

THE CHARM AND THE CHARMER.

For the first time the real peril of my adventure flashed upon me. Here I was outside of the college without leave, which I knew to be a cause of expulsion. I had jumped over the walls, which was an aggravating circumstance. And for what was I thus exposing myself? Was not the whole thing a farce or a snare? And who, after all, was this Ory? Who ever heard of such a name? Was it that of a male or a female?

But bah! It was too late for reflection. Caesar hesitated on the northern bank of the Rubicon, not on the southern. Agathocles paused before he sailed from Sicily, not after he had burned his triremes on the beach of Carthage. Napoleon feared before he bridled the island of Lobau, not after he had sent forward the forlorn hope. I raised both arms above my head and muttered: *en avant!*

There was need of advancing, for I had full two and a half miles to the place where I was to find the boat. I made the distance in about half an hour, walking very fast, and sometimes running at the top of my speed.

The boat lay under the alders. I leaped into it and in a few moments was at the mouth of the first quarry. I had my itinerary by heart. I saw a clear path of limestone, which I followed without difficulty. Then I scrambled over hills of scraggy rock across the second quarry. On reaching the entrance to the third quarry I spied the white light of the platform. I made a bound forward, laying my left hand heavily on my heart to quiet its throbbings. I cannot describe what I felt. It must have been some such feeling as that of Romeo when first he saw that illuminated casement in the garden of the Capulets.

I rallied sufficiently to cross the bottom of the quarry at my leisure, and slowly commenced the ascent of the natural stair. The delay was required to collect all my energies. When I attained to the level of the platform I was surprised to find no one there to receive me, but I did not hesitate to mount the platform itself and walk direct to the lighted door of the cavity. Advancing a step in the interior, I found myself in a little cabinet lighted by a bright chandelier suspended from the ceiling. The walls were decorated with creepers and evergreens; there were a work table, a sofa, a couple of easy chairs, and a number of flower vases. The floor was strewn with rushes. I had stood looking at these things not more than a second or two, when a lady in black made her appearance from behind a leafy screen in the background. She courted to me and pointed to a seat. I sank into one of the elbow-chairs, while she sat on the edge of another, in that particular attitude of a person who has come forward only to receive a visitor, take his orders and then disappear.

"Your name is Mr. Carey Gilbert?" she asked.

"That is my name, Madame."

"And you have come at the summons of Ory?"

"Here is the note," said I, producing the paper.

"You have followed all its instructions?"

"To the letter."

"Then you are quite alone?"

"Quite alone."

"And no one knows of your coming?"

"Not a soul."

"It is well. Please wait a moment here."

While she is gone—though her absence is but momentary—let me sketch this lady in black. And first let me say, that immediately upon seeing her I knew instinctively that she was not the person whom I had come to meet. She certainly was not the person whom I had seen on the platform some five weeks before. This was probably the reason that, though somewhat surprised to find her there, I remained calm enough to examine her closely during the brief colloquy which took place between us. She was tall, and apparently twenty years of age; fully that, but not more. She had a splendid broad forehead, as polished as ivory. Her hair was jet black, glossy and slightly undulated. Her eyes, too, were black, but they were quenched as from much weeping, and there were dark lines under them. She was very pale. Her complexion was what painters call a dead white. She surely was not a blonde, and yet she was not a brunette. Her mouth was large and her lips were sensuous, but they moved gracefully

when she spoke. Her voice was rich and proceeded from the throat. Though her face was attenuated a little, she was full-formed. Arms, chest, shoulders were ample. Her waist was tightly belted, but it flowed in full curves over her hips. It was not one of your taper waists like the apex of an inverted cone, the base of which is represented by the shoulders. Though evidently quite young, there was something mature about this woman. It seemed to me that she had been a mother. Perhaps she was a widow. This would account for her being draped in black.

Gracious heavens! What is this that I see? What is this glorious light that flashes through the room? What are those two orbs that shed their radiance upon me? O, those eyes! Where have I seen them before? One year ago, and sought in vain through all that time—can it be that they are the same? *Ojos Criollos!* Like to no others on this earth. Well might Creole Gottschalk celebrate them in a wild revelry of tones. There is no such other source of inspiration, nothing like them to fire the soul with rapture. Yes, I am not mistaken, these are the witch eyes that I saw on Commencement Day, one year ago, and a week later, in a watery mirror, as I dreamed on the parapet of Big Fork bridge. I sprang from my seat and fell upon one knee. The white figure of the quarry was before me.

"Rise, Carey Gilbert," said she, holding out her hands, which I kissed reverently.

"Rise; we have only a few moments."

I obeyed mechanically, resuming my seat. She occupied the end of the sofa nearest me; the lady in black buried herself in the other.

"You must have been surprised," she pursued, "that I summoned you to such a place and at such an hour. Imperious necessity is my only excuse. I am aware of what I risk. Were this interview known, I should be ruined forever. My good name would be gone, spite of the fact that I have here (turning to the lady in black) a companion and a witness of all that I shall say and do."

I was far too absorbed to make reply. My gaze was fixed on the wonderful eyes of the speaker. She continued:

"You do not know me, Carey Gilbert, but I have long known you. I saw you from the platform when you stood among the bushes on the opposite brink of the quarry. I saw you when you first came to the garden gate. I saw you at each of your several visits to the house. I overheard your conversation this afternoon, the inquiries which you made, and the awful threats which they provoked. It was I who fainted and screamed on the landing. It was very silly and imprudent of me to do so, but I could not help it. I beheld the danger with which you were menaced."

"You astound me," I said, profiting by a pause in her recital, during which she tried to master her emotion. "What danger could possibly threaten me during my quiet and friendly interview with M. Paladine?"

Her beautiful eyes filled with tears, as she replied:

"What danger? A danger all the more dreadful that you could never divine its cause, nor suspect the direction from which it was to come. Time presses and I cannot enter into details, but you remember you inquired of M. Paladine if he lived alone at The Quarries?"

"Yes, I made bold to ask that question, and I was sorry to find that he was somewhat annoyed at it."

The two females exchanged sorrowful glances.

"But he answered it all the same?"

"Yes, he did, certainly."

"He told you he had a family of blacks living on his grounds?"

"Yes, and that he usually kept them at a distance. It was curiosity made me inquire, having seen the garden in such prim order. I suppose it was one of his hands that I met as I left the house this afternoon."

Ory started at the words, and asked eagerly:

"You met some one this afternoon in the grounds?"

"Yes, a fine, strapping young black who nudged me violently in passing and then turned several times to examine me. Possibly, as it was getting dark, he may have thought it was I that nudged him, which will account for his eyeing me so hard."

Ory and her companion looked at each other with terror depicted on their countenances. The former approached nearer to my chair, and the lady in black sat upright in her seat. I was getting perplexed, and hardly knew what to make of it all.

"Did he say anything to you?" inquired Ory.

"Not a word."

"Would you recognize him if you saw him again?"

"I think I should. His face was very peculiar."

Here the lady in black hissed a word to Ory. It must have been a name, but I could not catch it.

"Where did you meet him?"

"Not many steps from the spot where I received your note. In fact, I was still reading the note when he passed me."

"And he was coming in the direction of the house?"

"Yes."

"Then it is he. That man is your enemy. From him you have everything to fear. Not yet, indeed, for his plans are not laid; but soon. This afternoon he would not have dared touch a hair of your head. But to-morrow it may be

otherwise. This is why I have called you. I alone have the means of saving you."

And saying this, without giving me time to reply, she glided out of the room and soon returned with a little box in her hand.

"Here," said she, opening the box and extracting the trinket, "is an Egyptian cross, wrought out of a bit of calcined bone, and dyed black by some process of which I know nothing. Take it and wear it always about you. It will be your talisman."

Considering how fascinated I was by the eyes of the speaker and how conscious I really was of the mystery by which I was surrounded, it would be natural to suppose that I was impressed with the words and gift of Ory. But even under the circumstances the levity of my character asserted itself for a moment. With a smile upon my lips, I replied that I accepted her present and would obey her instructions, but that I should be better pleased if she herself performed the ceremony of investiture. She seemed neither surprised nor offended by my smile, but faintly smiling in return, proceeded to detach from her own neck a scarlet ribbon which held an object apparently similar to the one she had given me. Having slipped the ribbon through its little ring, she passed it through that of my ebony cross, and rising, while I bent my head down to receive the token, dropped it around my neck.

I raised my eyes and looked upon her, as she still stood before me. She was radiant. There was new light in those glorious eyes, her face was flushed, and the expression of yearning tenderness, with which she gazed upon me, transported me beyond myself.

"Hitherto I have been silent," I exclaimed, "because I understood nothing. At present I do not understand much more, but I must speak. You say that you have long known me and that I do not know you. Tell me, did you not assist at our Annual Commencement one year ago? Did you not acclaim my successes, and did not our eyes meet, as they do now?"

She dropped these eyes, and her cheek blushed deeply. I continued:

"I have not forgotten that day. I have sought you in public crowds and private by-paths. I have never despaired of meeting you. I had the presentiment that you were destined to be for me something more than a glorious apparition. When I saw you the other day on the platform, casting roses into the depths, though I was too far off to read your features, I felt drawn by irresistible force towards you and the desire of seeing you was the real motive I had in seeking admission to The Quarries. What spurred my desire the more was a vague suspicion that you were the same person whom I had seen and admired at the Commencement. Hence you can judge of my terror when I heard your cry this afternoon; of my excitement when your note was put into my hands, and of the courage and confidence with which I obeyed your summons hither, in spite of almost insurmountable obstacles. To be told that I am incurring mortal danger is terrible, though how and why is still a mystery, but to have the assurance of protection from you makes the danger sweet and I love it for your sake. Thank you for calling me here; thank you for your timely warning; thank you for this cross, a token of your regard."

I seized her hand and pressed it to my lips. She did not withdraw it, but looked upon me with tenderness and tears were in her eyes.

"I must soon go, for time is flying," I resumed, "but before going, allow me one question. Your name is Ory—?"

"Paladine," she whispered, with a kind, sad smile.

"And M. Paladine—?"

"Is my father."

"I thought as much and am glad to know it. Henceforth I shall have double pleasure in coming to The Quarries."

"My poor friend, you must not return to The Quarries."

And covering her face with her hands, she fell back upon the sofa.

"How! Not return? What can that mean?"

"Alas! it must be."

"But M. Paladine invited me to call again."

"My father does not know all."

"Then it is you who banish me."

"Oh! do not speak so. I am powerless. Later perhaps—but not now. There is too much danger."

"But this charm?"

"It will preserve you from death; not from attack and annoyance. And then we must avoid publicity. A scene at The Quarries would be terrible. For my sake, if not for your own, remain away till such time as I shall tell you."

"When you will explain to me the key word of this enigma?"

"Yes. To-night, beyond pointing out your mortal enemy and giving you the secret of defence against him, I cannot go further. If even I could have done these two things by letter or by messenger, I should have spared yourself and me this painful interview, but it was impossible. I had to see you; make myself known to you and deliver the amulet with my own hands. This is now done and let us part."

Though I knew my time was up, I could not help murmuring:

"So soon?"

"We shall meet again," she added, "under happier auspices. Good night. God speed you through the darkness. I will pray for you while you wander back home."

She held out her hand and tried to summon

her courage. But the effort was too great—for she slipped to the floor and appeared about to swoon away. The lady in black caught her in her arms and with my assistance transported her to the sofa.

"It will be nothing," whispered the lady in black. "But obey her, my dear sir. She has suffered enough. She must not see you on re-awaking."

I could not resist the appealing gesture. Casting a last look on the white, outstretched form, I seized my hat and hastened out of the room. Rapidly, in spite of the darkness, I reached the boat. Rapidly I rowed up stream to the extremity of the hedge, where I disembarked. Pausing one moment to make sure of the direction I should take, I fancied I heard the bushes stir. A cold shiver passed through me. I looked about and simultaneously felt for Ory's cross in my bosom. I made a step forward, and again the bushes rustled. "Who goes there?" I cried out. No answer. I approached the sound and laid my hand on the bushes. I found nothing there.

"It is the breeze rising on the river," I muttered to myself as I walked away, but spite of me I accelerated my steps and walked freely only when I got out of that wood.

Two o'clock struck as I stood under the iron gate of the College.

XI.

THE ESCAPE.

It was still very dark. I had no difficulty in getting inside the walls, but a rapid glance over the court yard revealed at once a point of danger. I saw the light of Francki's lantern, like a low gliding star, in the direction of the dormitory. I stopped to observe it. The old watchman was coming from the extreme end of the building toward the frame class-rooms.

As he approached, he began swinging his lantern backward and forward, a sign of good humor with him. Suddenly he came to a stand under the locust tree. He set his lantern down on the paved court. My heart beat violently.

"What!" I exclaimed, "I have arrived just in time to find myself caught. Francki must be looking in wonder at my sheet."

I durst not advance, but remained near the gate, resolved, if my surmise was correct, to leap the wall again and fly the college forever. But presently my fear was converted into fun and I could not suppress a giggle. I saw the two detestable little dogs poke their noses into the circle of light traced by the lantern on the pavement, and heard the old man cry: "Catch him, catch him." I knew it must be rats. One of the aged man's habits, as I then remembered, whereby he broke the monotony of his long, solitary watches, was to set a number of traps opposite dark holes, for the capture of different kinds of vermin. Many a time he had entertained me with his nightly exploits in this line. He had evidently just discovered a prisoner which he was showing to his companions. To satisfy their legitimate impatience, he lost no time in raising the wire door, for lo! the two scampered off with a snort in pursuit; he, picking up his lantern, hobbled after them, and away went the whole crew to the other end of the playground.

Here was my opportunity. Following the shadow of the buildings, I ran forward to the partition of the ball alley. My shoes were off and tied to my arm in a twinkling; I ascended the little wall wit-out effort, and crept up the roof like a cat. The end of the sheet was there as I had left it. I gave it a vigorous pull or two to ascertain that it still remained tightly fastened above, then leaping up into its folds, climbed it hand-over-hand with all the celerity and skill of a middy. I was astonished at my hardihood. At length I got safely over the iron bars into the dormitory. After loosening the sheets and throwing them on the bed, I looked out upon the heavens. It was the summer solstice, and the shortest night of the year. On the edge of the eastern sky which I faced appeared a faint gray line of light. I saluted the dawn with my hand.

Being safe and confident now, I took a turn through the vast sleeping-room. The lamp burned low, and by its uncertain light I saw the boys lying about in all sorts of shapes and attitudes. The night had been very warm, and they had tossed on their pillows, kicking their covers far from them. The air from so many breaths was heavy and vitiated. I visited the sub-prefect's bed. He lay still, as I had left him, in his clothes, and enjoying a gentle rest. With an indescribable feeling of relief, I returned to my own cot, threw myself upon it, and closing my eyes, felt the cold breeze of morning steal over my brow, while I went over sweetly and leisurely the exciting events of the night.

At last, on the stroke of five, the sub-prefect sprang to the floor, and with one hand brushing back his hair, while the other seized his big bell, he strode through the dormitory, shouting in a voice that might have scared the dead from their ceiments: *Benedicamus Domino!* No answer came from the yawning, unstartled boys, but with a cheery tone, I sang out: *Deo Gratias!* The sub-prefect passed by me and smiled.

I was the first to rattle down the long break-neck stair that morning. After hanging up coat, cravat and hat in the lavatory, I filled my tin basin with cold water from the court-yard pump and gave myself a splendid ducking, which brightened me up amazingly and left me very fresh. I was quite attentive at morning prayers, making the responses with most edifying loudness. Then

came the study hour, during which I plunged deep into my astronomy, preparing myself as well as I could for the circle in which I was to figure. Indeed I did so well at the black-board that forenoon that the board of examiners, who generally delivered their opinion in writing only after the sitting, showed plainly by their smiles and approving nods that I had gone through the ordeal with more than usual success.

(To be continued.)

TADOUSAC AND THE CHAPEL OF STE. CROIX.

The object of this paper is not to dwell on the grandeur and even sublimity of the wonderful Saguenay, which some travellers think is fit to rank with Styx and Acheron, and that Lethe must have been a purling brook compared with its wild, gloomy and savage character. The awful majesty of its mountainous and rocky shores, and its dark-grey cliffs of sienitic granite, in the crevices of which are rooted sombre-green firs from the pitch black water-line to their lofty summits, fringing the blue sky, has been the theme of poets, and the admiration of all who are impressed with the austere beauties of nature, in her most wild and rugged aspect. To all lovers of the sublime it exercises a fascination which is irresistible. The contrast in its scenery and that of Lakes George, Champlain and Memphremagog, or of the River Hudson from West Point to the Palisades, or the River St. Lawrence, through the Thousand Isles, is as great as that between *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* of Milton.

In the one landscape we may imagine Euphrosyne with her

Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,  
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles;

and in the other Melancholy in her

Sable stole of cypress lawn,  
All in a robe of dark-st grain,—  
Of verberus and blackest midnight born  
In Stygian cave forlorn.

After the voyageur has traversed the river in either one of the well appointed and ably commanded steamers, the *Union*, or the *Saguenay*, or the *St. Lawrence*, and entered into communion with savage, unconquered nature, it would be well if he remained for even a week and enjoyed the quietude of Tadousac, which, according to Mr. J. C. Tache, "is placed like a nest in the midst of the granite rocks that surround the mouth of the Saguenay. It is a delicious place." It can neither be called a town, nor village, nor hamlet; it is not beautiful, yet there is to the writer an enchantment in the place, it breathes a charm of ancient days, its very name takes us back to the cradle of the history of Canada, and to the beginning of its commerce with Europe, and more, to the very dawn of the Christian religion and missionary enterprise on this continent. Jacques Cartier landed here in the beginning of September, 1535, about thirty years after the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus, and the discovery of Newfoundland by John Cabot. In the mirror of the past we can see in the rapid mariner and his hardy companions planting the cross on the site of the little chapel of Ste. Croix de Tadousac, of which more anon. For its restoration, enlargement and decoration I shall presently plead.

At Tadousac Champlain found ships in 1610, and remarks that they had arrived as early as the 10th May; in 1622 it became a regular trading post, and in 1648 the Tadousac traffic yielded more than 40,000 *livres* in clear profit, and the commercial transactions, in amount, exceeded 250,000 *livres*; the weight of the furs being as much as 24,000 lbs.

The harbour of Tadousac is on the eastern side of the entrance to the Saguenay. It is a semi-circular bay, with a sandy beach at its head, and rather more than half a mile wide and a third of a mile deep, and is so well sheltered in every direction that no sea of any consequence rises to prevent even a boat from entering the harbour. This bay or harbour played an important part in our early history as a stopping place for French and Basque vessels engaged in the fisheries, and we learn from Mr. J. M. LeMoine's *Chronicles of the St. Lawrence* that Chauvin had founded a fishing port at Tadousac as early as 1599, but whether the ships, or frigates, with portly sail, which first brought to our shores Cartier, de Roberval, Champlain and Kertk, made use of the bay, or the small picturesque, and we may say unique, cove of *L'Anse à l'Écu*, the chronicles do not tell. It is very probable the bay was used as the harbour, because we learn by Mère de l'Incarnation that the Tadousac Fort was burnt through the dwelling quarters and church in 1665. The fort must have been in existence prior to 1628, for in that year the English Admiral, William Kertk, took possession of it, and subsequently it was restored to the French in 1634. In 1636 Father Paul Le Jeune, a Jesuit missionary, came to Tadousac to convert the Indians; in 1642 Father Jean Dequer entered upon the mission with great courage, and was received with welcome and demonstrations of joy by the Indians, who erected a cabane, part of which was dedicated to the worship of God and served as a chapel. In 1644 Father Jacques Buteux reconstructed the cabane partly with bricks imported from France, and herein the Indians used to assemble for religious instruction. Madame la Peltrie, accompanied by two nuns from the Ursuline Order,

came this same year to Tadousac and became godmother to the Indians, many of whom were baptised and initiated into the Christian Church, and, doubtless, they embraced their new religion with zeal, for in 1646 they erected a grand cross with great joy, accompanied by a *feu de joie* from the arquebusades belonging to the fort. On the foundation of Religion, as on a Rock, is ever built the permanent advancement of a country,—its reputation and its happiness. And Canada may well thank those noble hearts,—who as pioneers in the wilderness, and struggling with all its difficulties and dangers, maintained with courage and devotion the faith and habits of their fathers. We cannot measure the influence the Religion installed into the minds of the Indians in the Province of Quebec has had upon their civilization. A writer in 1855 says:—"The traveller through the back woods of Canada often recognizes the clergyman, not by the habiliments common to his calling, but by the weather beaten and mud bespattered look of one who travels far over the rough ways of the earth, to visit and to bring consolation to the poor and lonely." If such hardihood and devotion as the same writer records having seen in Western Canada;—"the clergyman was dripping with rain and bespattered with mud, having travelled thirty miles, and two more services to perform that day in the neighbouring district, and then to retrace his way homewards another thirty miles,"—what can be said of the hardihood and devotion of these old Jesuit Fathers who were in the winter at Tadousac exposed to a degree of cold and its effects, which Milton, in his description of Satan and his companions, after adverting to Styx, thus describes:—

Beyond this flood a frozen continent  
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms  
Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land  
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems  
Of ancient pile: all else deep snow and ice.

What must we think of them? Ought not the present memorial of their work, the little chapel de Ste. Croix de Tadousac, to be rehabilitated and embellished? Ought it not to be held as sacred as a shrine? What suffering and misery, what sad and painful episodes there must have been in the lives of these devoted missionaries, the pioneers of the civilization and evangelization of the once benighted regions of the Saguenay! The writer of this appeal, for such it will be, is an Anglican, one who has for many years enjoyed the boating or yachting in the Lower St. Lawrence, and the fishing in the Saguenay, the Bergeron and the Bersimis. After having had a rough passage in one of the decked fishing boats belonging to the family OUVIGNON, whose name is as familiar as household words to all frequenters of the Tadousac Hotel, he has felt a relief to go into the little chapel of Ste. Croix and offer up his Hymn of Thanksgiving.

But to return to the history of the chapel:—In 1647 the Jesuits brought a bell for the chapel, said to be the gift of Louis XIV. of France; it was not injured during the fire of 1665, and is now hanging in the belfry of the present little church or chapel of Ste. Croix. The Jesuit Fathers held the mission until the year 1752. Father J. B. de la Brosse was the last, and it was he who built the confessional which is now to be seen in the sacristy, which is a very undignified portion of the chapel, and as devoid either of architecture or embellishment as one of the ordinary cabanes of the district.

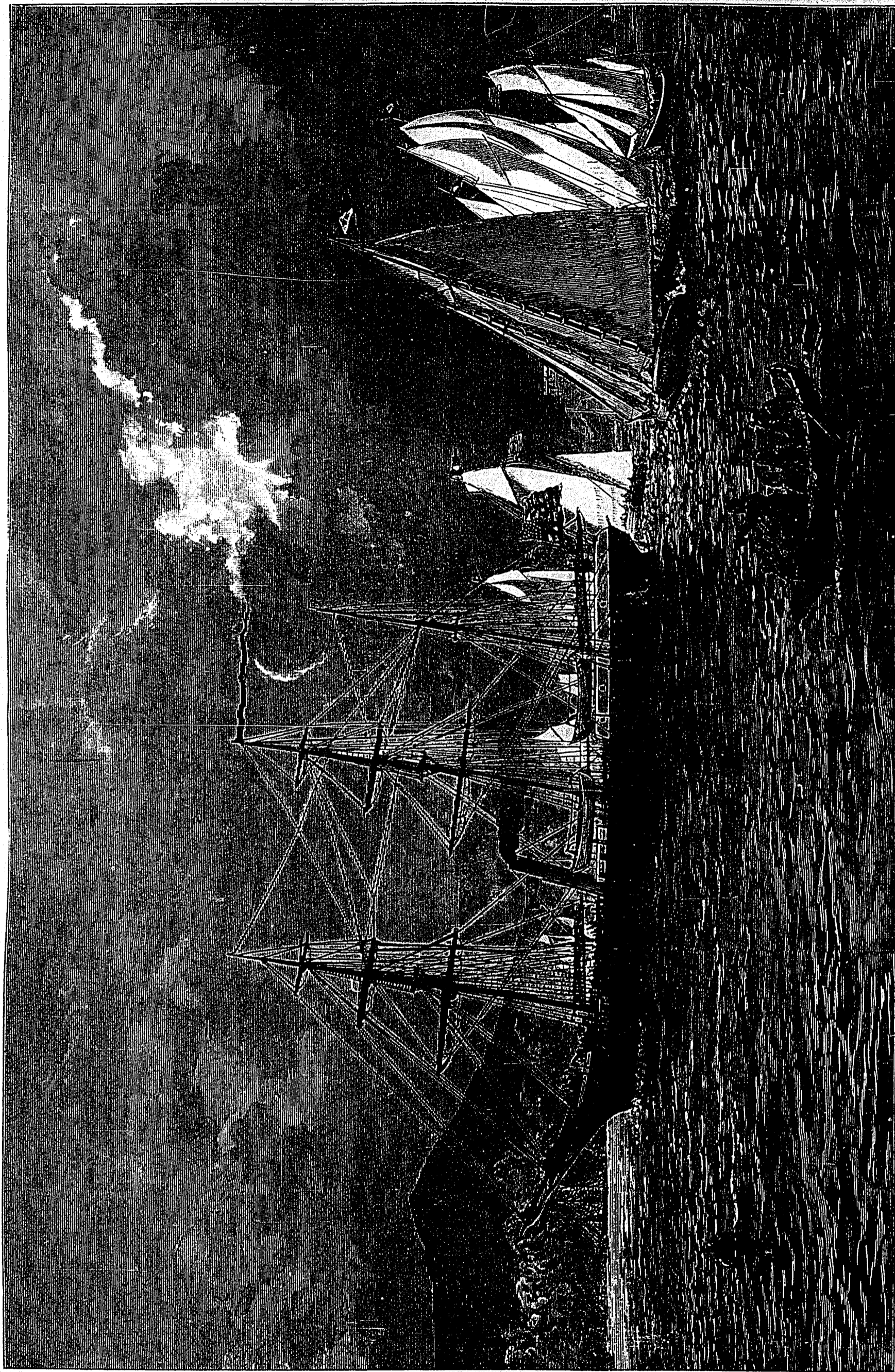
In 1747, during the bishopric of Mounseigneur Dubriel de Pontbriant, of Quebec, Father Coquart, Jesuit, blessed the ground on which the present chapel is built, and drove the first wedge. Mons. Hocquart, Intendant of New France, granted all the planks, beams, shingles and nails necessary for the building. On the 16th of May, 1747, the foundation was laid, and it is recorded upon a piece of lead about 3/4 of an inch thick and 6 1/2 inches square (see fac-simile of the original). From it we learn that in the year 1747, the 16th of May, M. Cugent, was farmer of the Establishment; F. Doré, Clerk or Agent; Michael Lavoye, Builder, and Father P. Coquart, Jesuit, being in charge of the Mission, and laid the foundation of the edifice. In 1749 Father Coquart received 260 *livres* (francs) for the chapel, which was covered over (roofed in) that year. On the feast of St. John the Baptist, 1750, the chapel was completed and valued at 3,000 *livres* (\$500) by Mr. Guillerim, one of the Council of Quebec and King's Commissioner.

The interior of the chapel is very rude, ill garnished, and altogether dilapidated; it evidences a sign of poverty amongst the inhabitants— which poverty is alas too true, and although the visitor does not see the goblin cheek, the wretched eye, nor hear the long lamentable groan or whining tale of distress, yet the poverty is observable in the cabanes of the "natives," who depend chiefly in the summer months upon the visitors for their subsistence.

The chapel and the hotel, as shown by an illustration, after a photograph by Henderson, occupy the front edge of a plateau on the summit of an escarpment facing the bay or harbour, which has a fine sandy beach. This beach is a safe play-ground for the children, and, in calm weather, is free from surf and convenient for boating and bathing. It is also a safe resting place in a tempest for the sail boats of the fishermen, whose cabanes skirt the shores of the bay, and are within the sound of the chapel bell, which is very sonorous.

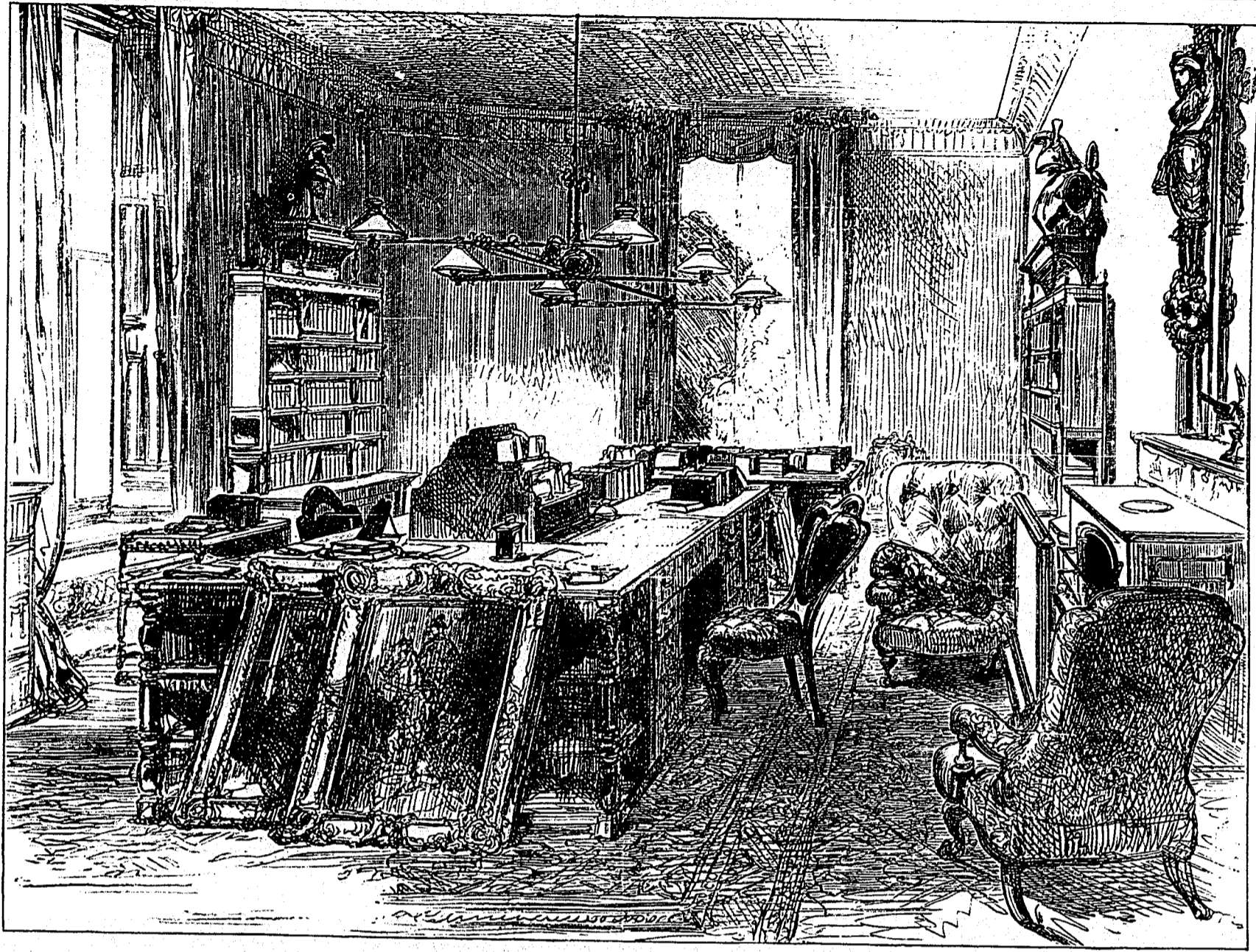
The chapel itself is very small and not large enough to accommodate the people committed to the charge of the priest, Pere Felix Gendron; its dimensions being only 30 feet long by 25 feet



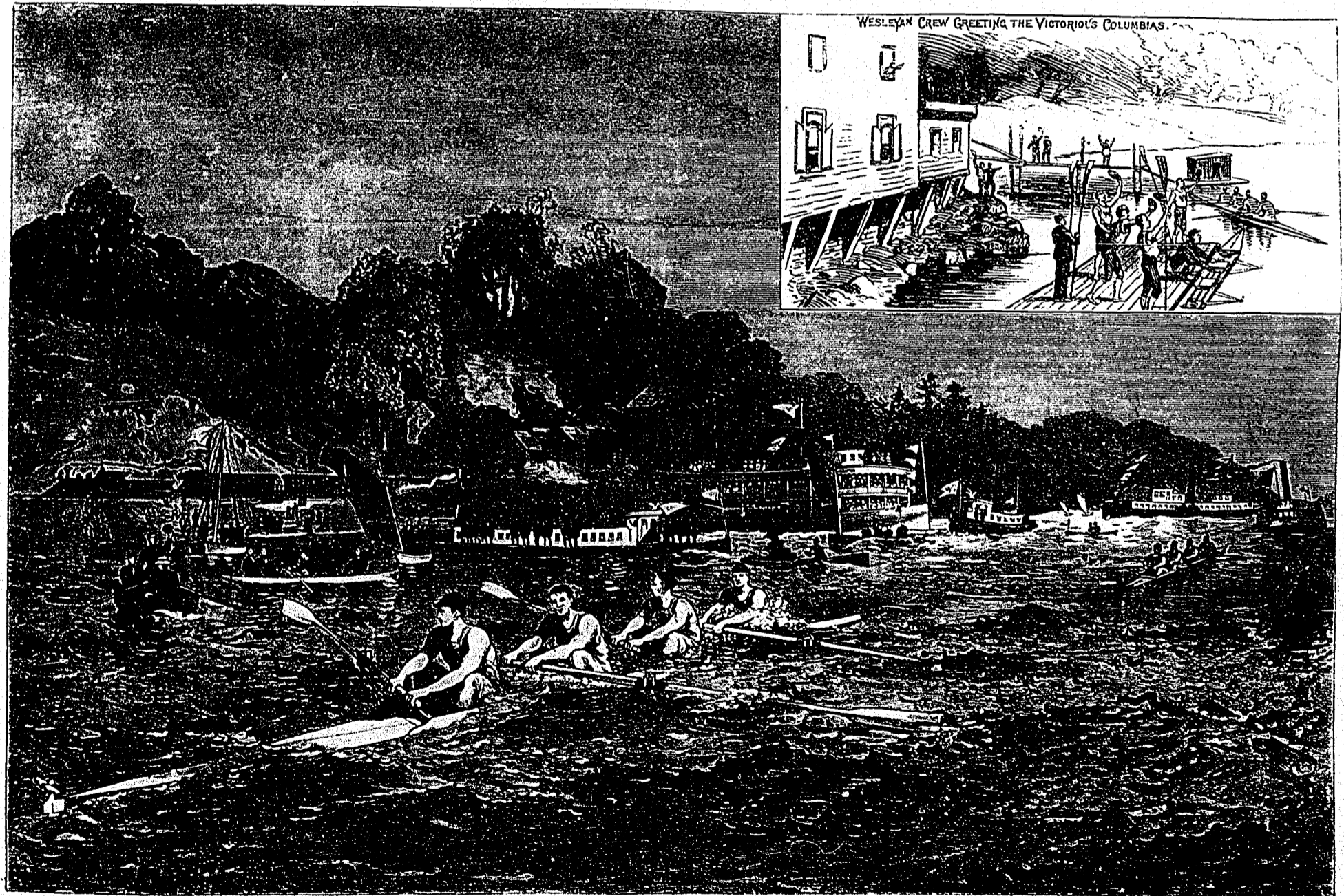


THE JEANNETTE LEAVING SAN FRANCISCO FOR THE ARCTIC REGIONS.





THE PRINCE IMPERIAL'S STUDY AT CHISELHURST.



METROPOLITAN REGATTA ON THE HUDSON.



wide, with a rudely constructed gallery in the west. In the so-called chancel there is a "gilded tabernacle," the gift of a Mrs. Conolly, wife of one of the "burgesses" of the Hudson's Bay Company. There is neither altar-piece nor altar screen. The altar itself is poor in design, and devoid of apparel save some common wall paper of a floriated pattern, which material serves in the plain lancet-shaped windows instead of mullions, tracery, and stained glass, with effigies of our Lord, the Blessed Virgin, and the Apostles and Evangelists. Within the altar rails are two oil paintings, artists unknown, probable date the 17th century; they are meritorious pictures, and are, deservedly, objects of great attraction. The one on the right is called "The Guardian Angel." The principal figure is an angel reaching forth his helpful hand and conducting a child in the right way—it is emblematic of the text in Psalm xvii. 5, "Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not." The other on the left is the "Presentation of Mary in the Temple." Unfortunately, in consequence of the smallness of the windows, and the absence of light where there should be light, the good qualities of these meritorious paintings can neither be appreciated nor studied. There are also three small paintings, not by any means equal to the others as works of art. One is the effigies of our Lord, another that of the Virgin Mary; the former dates from the time when the Mission was under the charge of the Jesuits, and the third is one given by Father Duplessis to Father Jean Baptiste Maurice, S.J., who died in 1746, and was the immediate predecessor of Father Coquart, who laid the foundation of the chapel as already recorded. There are still preserved some chandeliers carved by the Jesuits; beyond these and the "Louis Quatorze Bell," there is nothing of interest in point of architecture in the chapel, but there is, and always ought to be, an archaeological interest in the site, and we should like to see erected on the spot a chapel rivaling in beauty any on the continent, may even the famous La Sainte Chapelle, Paris, or the chapel of St. Stephen, Westminster Palace.

Not deeming such a consummation probable or possible, let those who have any veneration for their country's history aid the restoration of the chapel. Let the descendants of those who played so important a part in the stirring times of Champlain, Dupont Gravy, Montmorency, Maisonneuve, Laval, de Frontenac, la Salle, and de Longueuil, help to rescue the chapel of Ste. Croix from its present degraded condition. The western porch with the steps leading thereto are in a wretched plight, the building itself requires not only renovation, but enlargement and decoration; for this purpose subscription boxes will be placed in the chapel and at the Tadousac Hotel, and it is to be hoped that no visitor to this place of rest and recreation will omit to drop his spare silver into them. Assuredly every Christian soul ought to feel, no matter to which denomination they belong, that this cradle, as it were, of the Gospel in Canada ought to be had in everlasting remembrance. We have given as much information as we could collect from the resident priest, who deploras not only the architectural condition of his chapel, but the poor condition of the people committed to his charge. Relative to the history of the Mission—those desirous to obtain more will doubtless find it in the "Relations," or in some of the works collected in the library of the Historical Society of Quebec, now presided over by Mr. J. M. LeMoine, who has contributed much to the chronicles of the St. Lawrence. Enough has been written, we hope, to stir up the wills of not only the Roman Catholic, but the Protestant churchmen of the Province of Quebec to make the Chapel of Ste. Croix worthy the name it bears. The source of the stream of evangelizing and christianizing the Indians of Canada, the Iroquois, the Chippeways, Algonquins, &c., must be traced to Tadousac, from whence it has flowed to places which the mighty waters of the River St. Lawrence with its chain of lakes have not reached. The benefit of having these savage and warlike tribes peaceful and industrious is not to be measured by their basket work or by their lacrosse playing. The precepts of the Christian religion first taught them by these Jesuit missionaries have destroyed the turbulence of their passions and softened their manners. If Runnymede, where the "palladium of liberty" and the basis of the English laws and constitution was commenced in the Magna Charta, is considered a hallowed spot by Englishmen, so ought Tadousac to be so considered by Canadians for the introduction of a greater liberty, a charter, written in a language understandable by the unlettered and ignorant and implacable Indian.

Enough and enough. The enlargement and restoration of the Chapel Ste. Croix rests with the readers of this appeal. But there is another appeal which ought to be answered at once.

Adjoining the chapel is a "graveyard" grown over with thorns and thistles, wild raspberries and rank weeds, which overtop the rude wooden memorials sacred to the ashes of those reposing within its precincts. The cost of clearing it and of the erection of a large cross, symbolic of the faith of all Christians, can be defrayed at the expense of thirty dollars, which the descendants of those buried in "God's Acre" cannot through their poverty do.

Hoping and believing this appeal will not be in vain, I commend the restoration of the chapel, the clearing of the graveyard and the erection of the cross, to all whom it may concern, and simply sign myself

THOMAS D. KING.

**CURIOS OLD COIN.**

In 1865, when workmen were making excavations for a pier in the harbour of Digby, they found a considerable number of old copper coins below the surface at low water mark. I heard of the circumstance too late to be able to obtain more than two of them; one of the size of a halfpenny, but worn entirely smooth; of the other, which is about as large as an English penny, I send you a fac-simile, having placed the original in the museum of King's College, Windsor. Antiquarians and numismatologists may be interested in divining the age and purpose of this singular coin, or medal, or whatever it may be. While the "Avalonia," and "Spina Sanctus" would seem to refer to the ancient See of Glastonbury, in Somersetshire, and the legend of Joseph of Arimathea and the "sacred thorn" connected with it, the modern characters of the inscriptions would indicate a more recent date. Might it not have some connection with Lord Baltimore's old Colony of Newfoundland, which I think was first named by him Avalonia, in honor of the old Christian traditions of that See? If so, the feminine noun with the masculine adjective of the Latin would seem to indicate that His Lordship's classical education was by no means on a par with his zealous devotion to the faith he had lately embraced, while the mitre, cross, and crozier contrast oddly with the lyre of Orpheus on the reverse side. Again, can any of your readers translate the Greek inscription? Possibly the letter H (the Greek  $\eta$ ) is intended for E (epsilon) in the middle word; but even then, what can be the meaning, sense, and origin of the expression? And what could have brought such a coin and its companions into the harbor of Digby and immersed them beneath its waters and sands?

A. W. SAVARY.

Digby, N.S., June 30, 1879.

**BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.**

MANY young persons believe themselves natural when they are only impolite and coarse.

If you would render your children helpless, never compel or permit them to help themselves.

It is better to be laughed at for not being married than to be unable to laugh because you are.

MRS. FAWCETT, wife of Prof. Fawcett, the blind member of Parliament, is lecturing once a week at Oxford, to an audience of ladies, on political economy.

**HEARTH AND HOME.**

**HABITS**—For one who is born careless and procrastinating it is exceedingly difficult to be methodical and prompt. The instinct is not to do to-day what can by any possibility be put off till to-morrow; and trying to take time by the forelock involves a struggle and much exertion. Yet both method and promptitude are to be learnt; and, human nature being on one side of it automatic, habits are formed whereby that which was in the beginning beyond measure distasteful becomes comparatively easy.

**PURSUIT OF PLEASURE**—We smile at the savage who cuts down the tree in order to reach its fruit; but the fact is that a blunder of this description is made by every person who is over-eager and impatient in the pursuit of pleasure. To such the present moment is everything, and the future is nothing; he borrows therefore from the future at a most usurious and ruinous interest; and the consequence is that he finds the tone of his feelings impaired, his self-respect diminished, his health of mind and body destroyed, and life reduced to its very dregs, at a time when, humorily speaking, the greatest portion of its comforts should be still before him.

**POLITENESS**—The ordinary rules of politeness will not apply to everybody, but must be varied to suit the occasion. For example, an amount of attention which would be almost painful to a retiring young woman may be very acceptable to others of a more exacting temper. Nothing but really kind feeling and a quick desire to please can ever dictate all the fine details of gentle manners. The genuinely courteous man will always be distinguished by many signs from the man who is coarse and rude in feeling, but who manages just to execute the externals of etiquette. Many people are probably apt to overlook the fact that genuine courtesy involves an indwelling sentiment, a fine sense of the fitness of things. Without these a very kindly-disposed person will no doubt frequently err.

**NATURAL SCIENCE**—Those who have in them a real and deep love of scientific research, whatever their position in other respects, are among the happiest of mankind. No passion is so absorbing, no labour is so assuredly its own reward, and they have the satisfaction of knowing that, while satisfying one of the deepest thoughts of their own natures, they are at the same time promoting in the most effectual manner the interests of mankind. Scientific discovery has this advantage over almost every other form of successful human effort, that its results are certain, that they are permanent, that whatever benefits grow out of them are world-wide. Not many of us can hope to extend the range of knowledge, in however minute a degree; but to know and apply the knowledge that has been gained by others, to have an intelligent appreciation of what is going on around

us, is in itself one of the highest and most enduring of pleasures.

**THE RELIABLE MAN**—The reliable man is a man of good judgment. He does not jump at conclusions. He is not a frivolous man. He is thoughtful. He turns over a subject in his mind and looks at it all round. He is not a partial or one-sided man. He sees through a thing. He is apt to be a very reticent man. He does not have to talk a great deal. He is a moderate man not only in habits of body, but also in mind. He is not a passionate man; if so by nature, he has overcome it by grace. He is a sincere man, not a plottor or schemer. What he says may be relied on. He is a trustworthy man. You feel safe with your property or the administration of your affairs in his hands. He is a brave man, for his conclusions are logically deduced from the sure basis of truth, and he does not fear to maintain them. He is a good man, for no one can be thoroughly honest and truthful without being good.

**THE QUEEN OF ALL**—Honor the dear old mother. Time has scattered the snowy flakes on her brow, ploughed deep furrows on her cheeks, but is she not sweet and beautiful now? The lips are thin and shrunken, but those are the lips which have kissed many a hot tear from the childish cheeks, and they are the sweetest lips in all the world. The eye is dim, yet it glows with the soft radiance of holy love which can never fade. Ah, yes, she is a dear old mother. The sands of life are nearly run out, but feeble as she is, she will go further and reach down lower for you than any other upon earth. You cannot walk into a midnight where she cannot see you; you cannot enter a prison whose bars will keep her out; you can never mount a scaffold too high for her to reach that she may kiss and bless you in evidence of her deathless love. When the world shall despise and forsake you, when it leaves you by the wayside to die unnoticed, the dear old mother will gather you in her feeble arms and carry you home and tell you of all your virtues until you almost forget that your soul is disfigured by vices. Love her tenderly and cheer her declining years with holy devotion.

**OUR CHESS COLUMN.**

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

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

- J. W. S., Montreal.—Paper received. Thanks.
- Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 229.
- J. B., Montreal.—Communication received. Have answered by post.
- R. F. M., Sherbrooke, P.Q.—Correct solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 227.
- E. H., Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 223.

**CANADIAN CHESS ASSOCIATION.**

We have received a circular of this Society from the Secretary, the Rev. Thos. D. Phillips, Ottawa. It contains a list of the officers for the year, and also the following statement:—

"Dear Sir.—The Eighth Annual Meeting of the Association will be held this year in Ottawa. The last week in August, or that of the Provincial Exhibition has been suggested for the meeting. Although the members of the local club—whose convenience is usually consulted—incline to the latter, the Committee of the C. C. A. would like to have the views of your club and of yourself on the subject and, if possible before the 15th instant.

"If you would kindly see that your club subscription is forwarded at the same time, as well as that of any individual member (each \$1) in your neighbourhood, you would assist the committee in their effort to arrange for the Game Tourney of 1879 a good Prospectus, which should be issued on or before the 15th inst.

I am yours truly,  
THOS. D. PHILLIPS, Secretary."

With reference to the above we can merely remark that we are afraid that the bustle and excitement connected with the Provincial Exhibition will not well agree with the quietness and concentration of mind which are so important to all who enter their names for a hard contest over the chequered board.

**MOVE OR NO MOVE?**

(From the Weekly Courier, Brantford.)

In a game lately played by telegraph between the Toronto and Seaforth Chess Clubs, a dispute arose as to whether a certain message conveyed a move or not. As the disputed question was unprovided for by any rule in Staunton or of the Canadian Chess Association, the matter was referred by the Toronto Club to Prof. Heke, Montreal, Dr. I. Ryal, Hamilton, and Mr. F. T. Jones, Toronto, in a circular from which we condense the following statement. A, plays B, by telegraph, and at a certain stage of the game A's Q R is at Q 7. A, having to play despatches a message "B Q R to Q 7." B, replies that this is an illegal move, and demands a penalty. But A., having found that he has mistaken his King's file for his Queen's file, contends that his message conveys no move at all, his Queen's Rook being already at the square indicated, and Praxis defining a move to be "the transfer of a man from one square to another." That the message has the same effect only as if over the board he had touched the Q R, the consequence in both cases being merely the moving of the rook.

Mr. Jones was perfectly satisfied that the message conveyed an illegal move. He urged that A, having intended his message to be a move, it therefore became a move so far as he was concerned; and of course if it was a move it was illegal. "Q 7" must be taken to indicate a square to which the piece could not properly be played.

Dr. Ryal, by no very clear process of reasoning, arrives at the same opinion. He commences by saying, "Q R to Q 7 is an impossible move, it is therefore an illegal one"—a statement which we think he fails to sustain.

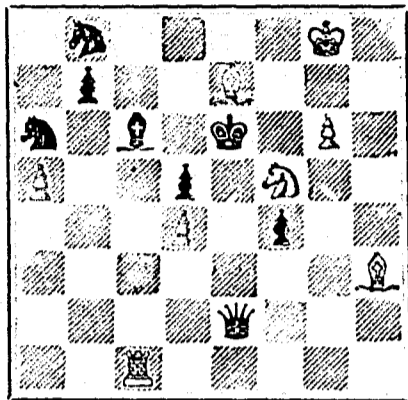
Prof. Heke, from the definition of a move already given, could not find that the message was illegal. He thought the message conveyed no move at all.

Since the above opinions were given J. W. Shaw, Esq., Montreal, has written to the Globe a very clear statement of his opinion on the subject. He thinks the message in

question was "identical with the action on the board of lifting the Q R and placing it on the same square from which it was taken. Whatever A.'s intention might have been is irrelevant to the question; the fact of the piece having been touched involves its transfer to some other square than the one presently occupied. "Touch and move" is one of the first principles of the game, recognized by chess players in all countries."

Thus the question is still undecided, and probably must remain so until the next meeting of the Association, when it will no doubt be thoroughly discussed. We believe that the contention of "A" will be upheld. The case seems perfectly analogous to touching a piece while playing over the board.

PROBLEM No. 234  
By J. Pierce and H. Meyer.  
BLACK.



WHITE  
White to play and mate in four moves.

**GAME 374TH.**

(From the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.)  
Played at the Café International, New York, in December, 1875, between Messrs. Bird and Mackenzie.  
(Roy Lopez game.)

- |                        |                         |
|------------------------|-------------------------|
| WHITE.—(Mr. Bird.)     | BLACK.—(Mr. Mackenzie.) |
| 1. P to K 4            | 1. P to K 4             |
| 2. Kt to K B 3         | 2. Kt to K B 3          |
| 3. B to Q Kt 5         | 3. P to Q R 3           |
| 4. B to Q R 4          | 4. Kt to K B 3          |
| 5. Q to K 2            | 5. P to Q Kt 4          |
| 6. B to Q Kt 3         | 6. B to Q B 4           |
| 7. P to Q 3            | 7. P to Q 3             |
| 8. P to Q R 4 (a)      | 8. P to Q Kt 5          |
| 9. Castles             | 9. Castles              |
| 10. B to K Kt 5        | 10. B to K Kt 5         |
| 11. B to K 3           | 11. Q to K 2            |
| 12. Q Kt to Q 2 (b)    | 12. Kt to Q 5           |
| 13. B takes Kt         | 13. B takes B           |
| 14. R to Q Kt          | 14. Kt to K R 4         |
| 15. Q to K             | 15. B to Q R 2          |
| 16. K to R             | 16. Kt to K B 5         |
| 17. Kt to K Kt         | 17. Kt to R             |
| 18. P to K B 3         | 18. B to K 3            |
| 19. Kt to K 2          | 19. Kt takes Kt         |
| 20. Q takes Kt         | 20. B takes B           |
| 21. Kt takes B         | 21. P to K B 4          |
| 22. P takes P          | 22. R takes P           |
| 23. Q to K 1           | 23. Q R to K B          |
| 24. Q takes Q Kt P (c) | 24. R to K R 4 (d)      |
| 25. Q R to K           | 25. Q to K Kt 4 (e)     |
| 26. Q to K Kt 3        | 26. Q to K R 3          |
| 27. P to K R 4         | 27. R to K Kt 4         |
| 28. Q to K 4           | 28. P to Q B 3          |
| 29. P to K B 4 (f)     | 29. R to K R 4          |
| 30. Q to K B 3         | 30. P to Q 4 (g)        |
| 31. P to Q 4           | 31. P to K 5            |
| 32. Q to K Kt 3        | 32. K R to B 4          |
| 33. Q to Kt 4          | 33. P to K Kt 4         |
| 34. P to K Kt 3        | 34. P takes P           |
| 35. R takes P          | 35. R takes R           |
| 36. P takes R          | 36. R takes P           |
| 37. Q to B 8 (ch)      | 37. R to K B            |
| 38. Q to K Kt 4        | 38. R to K Kt           |
| 39. Q to K B 5         | 39. Q to K Kt 2         |
| 40. Q to K B 2         | 40. R to K B            |
| 41. Q to K Kt          | 41. Q to K B 3          |
| 42. P to Q B 3         | 42. B to Q Kt           |
| 43. Kt to B 5          | 43. Q to K R 5          |
| 44. R to K 3           | 44. R to K Kt           |
| 45. Q to K             | 45. B to Kt 6           |
| 46. Q to K R           | 46. B to B 7 (h)        |

And wins.

**NOTES.**

- (a) Letter perhaps to have first brought out the Q Kt to B 3.
- (b) B takes B though it doubles a Pawn, would be in judicious play.
- (c) We are inclined to think that Q to Q Kt 7 would have been more troublesome for Black.
- (d) Intending 25 R K B 5, followed by R takes R P (ch) &c.
- (e) If now R B 5 White simply takes it with Queen.
- (f) Should Queen capture Q B P, Black's reply would probably be R takes K Kt P, &c.
- The next move, however, is weak, and gives Black a powerful attack.
- (g) It is evident that he cannot take B P with Rook.
- (h) Because if:
 

47. R K 2, then follows	47. R Kt 8 (ch)
48. Q takes R	48. R takes R P (ch)
49. Q R 2	49. Q B 8 (ch), &c.

**GAME 375TH.**

A brilliant game played some time ago between Mr. Blackburne and Mr. Mensing.

(Algebraic Gambit.)

- |                          |                       |
|--------------------------|-----------------------|
| WHITE.—(Mr. Blackburne.) | BLACK.—(Mr. Mensing.) |
| 1. P to K 4              | 1. P to K 4           |
| 2. P to K B 4            | 2. P takes P          |
| 3. Kt to K B 3           | 3. P to K Kt 4        |
| 4. P to K R 4            | 4. P to Kt 5          |
| 5. Kt to K 5             | 5. B to Kt 2          |
| 6. P to Q 4              | 6. Kt to K B 3        |
| 7. B to B 4              | 7. P to Q 4           |
| 8. P takes P             | 8. Castles            |
| 9. Kt to Q B 3           | 9. Kt to R 4          |
| 10. Kt to K 2            | 10. R to K sq         |
| 11. Kt takes P (at B 5)  | 11. B takes Kt        |
| 12. Kt takes Kt (a)      | 12. B to Kt 6 (ch)    |
| 13. K to B sq            | 13. R to K 8 (ch)     |
| 14. Q takes R            | 14. B takes Q         |
| 15. B to K Kt 5          | 15. Q to Q 3          |
| 16. R takes R            | 16. B to Q 2          |
| 17. R to K 5             | 17. Q to Kt 5         |
| 18. B to Q 3             | 18. Q takes Kt P      |
| 19. B to R 6             | 19. Q to R 8 (ch)     |
| 20. K to Kt 2            | 20. Q takes R         |
| 21. R to Kt 4 (ch)       | 21. K to R sq         |
| 22. B to Kt 7 (ch)       | 22. K to Kt sq        |
| 23. Kt to B 6 (mate)     |                       |

NOTES.

(a) A daring but successful move.

SOLUTIONS

Solution of Problem No. 32.

WHITE.

- 1. Q to Kt 2
2. R to Q 6 (dis ch)
3. R mates

BLACK.

- 1. Q to KR P (a)
2. K takes P

(a) If 1 Q to K 5, White plays 2 Q to K Kt 8, and mates next move.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 231.

WHITE.

- K at K 2
R at QR 6
B at QR 4
B at KR 4
Pawns at Q Kt 2 & 3
and K Kt 4

BLACK.

- K at Q 5
B at K 4
Pawns at K 6
Q B 4 and Q Kt 5

White to play and mate in three moves.

Compton Ladies' College, Compton, P.Q.

An Incorporated School for the Higher Education of Young Ladies. Embracing also A Junior and a Preparatory Department.

ESTABLISHED 1874.

President and Visitor - The Lord BISHOP OF QUEBEC. Principal - The REV. J. DINZEY, S.A.C.

Lady Principal - MRS. MINES, M.C.L., London, (Eng.) Lady Superintendent of the Household - MRS. DINZEY.

This well known School for the daughters of gentlemen, so noted for the Healthiness and Beauty of its situation, WILL RE-OPEN SEPTEMBER 10TH, with an able and efficient staff of teachers.

The facilities offered in this Institution for a thorough and finished education are second to none in the Dominion, while no effort is spared to make the School a REFINED, CHRISTIAN and HAPPY HOME for the PUPILS.

The Musical Department is under the able management of Miss Holland.

French, by a French teacher, is taught daily in the School.

Young Pupils will be the exclusive charge of a kind and experienced Governess specially engaged for that purpose, and will also be tenderly cared for by the Lady Principal and Mrs. Dinzey.

TERMS:

Board, Laundry, and Tuition fees, including the whole course of English, Latin, French and other Modern Languages taught in the School, Drawing, Painting, Calligraphy, Needlework, Medical Attendance and Medicine, \$185 per annum. Music, with use of Piano, \$30.

A reduction of \$20 per annum for each pupil is made in the case of sisters and the daughters of clergymen. For "Circulars" with full particulars, including references, address the Principal.

REV. J. DINZEY, Ladies' College, Compton, P.Q.

D. MORRICE & CO., Ice Dealers, 24 VICTORIA SQUARE.

Prompt Delivery and Pure Ice.



INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY, 1878-79. Winter Arrangements.

EXPRESS PASSENGER TRAINS (and DAILY except Sundays) as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Train Name, Time. Includes Point Levi, River du Loup, Trois Pistoles, Rimouski, Campbellton, Dalhousie, Bathurst, Newcast, Moncton, St. John, Halifax.

Pullman Cars on Express Trains. These Trains connect at Point Levi with the Grand Trunk Trains leaving Montreal at 9:00 o'clock p.m.

Pullman Car leaving Montreal on Monday, Wednesday and Thursday runs through to Halifax, and on Tuesday and Thursday to St. John.

Pullman Car leaving Point Levi on Monday morning runs through to St. John. Car from Montreal on Friday evening remains over Sunday at Moncton.

For information in regard to passenger fares, tickets, rates of freight, train arrangements, &c., apply to

G. W. ROBINSON, Agent, 177 St. James Street, C. J. BRYDGES, General Supt. of Gov't Ry's.

Montreal, 18th Nov., 1878.

25 FANCY CARDS with Name 10c. Plain or Gold Agents' Outfit 10c. 150 Styles. Hull & Co. Hudson, N.Y. CARDS-10 1/2 by the Valley, 10 Scroll, 10 Engraved 10 Transparent, 1 Model Love Letter, 1 Card Case name on all, post-paid, 15c. 4 packs 50c. WARD & CO., NORWICH, CONN.



Tenders for Steel Rails.

TENDERS addressed to the Honourable the Minister of Railways and Canals will be received at the Canadian Emigration Office, 31 Queen Victoria Street, E. C., London, England, until JULY 15th, next, for Steel Rails and Fastenings, to be delivered at MONTREAL, as follows:

- 5,000 tons by October 1st, 1879.
5,000 tons by June 1st, 1880.
5,000 tons by October 1st, 1880.

Specifications, Conditions, Forms of Tender, and all other information will be furnished on application at this office, or at the Canadian Emigration Office, 31 Queen Victoria Street, E. C., London, England.

By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 13th June, 1879.

52 Perfumed Ocean Gems and Gilt Edge Assorted Cards, name in gold, 10c. ELLA RAY, W. Haven, Conn.



Pacific Railway Tenders.

TENDERS for the construction of about one hundred miles of Railway, West of Red River, in the Province of Manitoba, will be received by the undersigned until noon on Friday, 1st August next.

The Railway will commence at Winnipeg, and run north-westerly to connect with the main line in the neighbourhood of the 4th base line, and thence westerly between Prairie Portage and Lake Manitoba.

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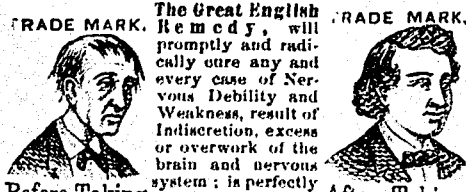
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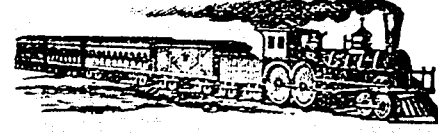


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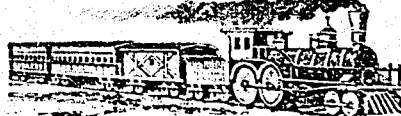
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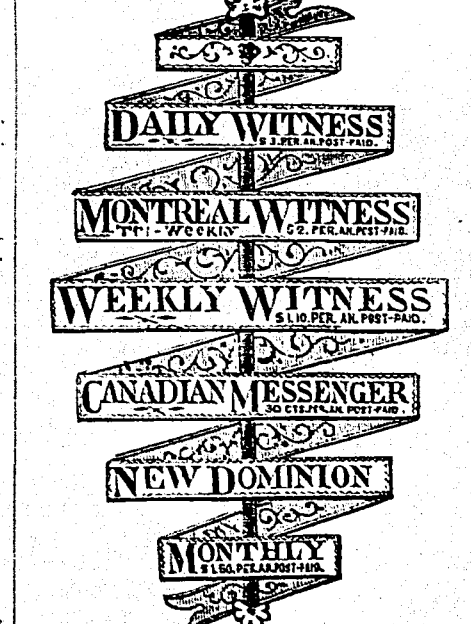
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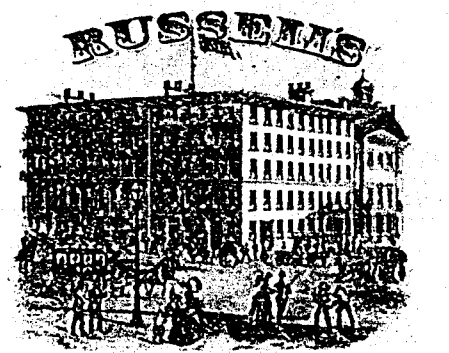
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