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Wholesale News

Vol. XIV.—No. 11.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1876.

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EXTRAORDINARY EXPLOITS OF A LONDON DETECTIVE.

One of the most remarkable of the London Police is Druskowitz. No one looking at the short, blond-moustached, and rather dandified young man would suspect him of being the cleverest of detectives. He is about thirty-four years old, but looks less. His father was a Dalmatian. He himself speaks any number of languages, and is thus nearly always sent abroad where any case occurs in a non-English speaking country needing the services of an English detective. In London his special work is among the foreigners who go there as fugitives from justice. It is generally found that such persons betake themselves to special localities. Usually they lie hiding for a few days, but they soon find it impossible to remain indoors any longer; and so, having shaved off their beard, if they had one, or having put on a false beard if they had formerly shaved, and wearing a wig and spectacles, they sally forth at night, and, being in want of amusement, they betake themselves to the Alhambra. That is a favorite resort of foreigners in London, and Druskowitz is therefore a frequent visitor there. He appears much interested by the performance, but his thoughts are elsewhere. He is watching some one individual in the audience, follows him when he leaves, tracks him to his hiding-place, and then sets to work to find out who he is. Woe be to the man who really is a criminal if Druskowitz be on his trail. There is little chance for him. Druskowitz has an extraordinary moral influence over criminals; it is something like that of the rattlesnake upon the bird. He carries no arms, yet he does not fear to arrest him; and, though armed and desperate, he succumbs. Druskowitz was engaged nine years ago in a remarkable case. In 1866 Vital Douat, a Bordeaux wine merchant, went to Paris and insured his life for a sum equal to £5,000. Shortly afterwards he went to London in order to escape the consequences of a fraudulent bankruptcy. Some time later his wife, clad in widow's weeds, presented herself at the insurance office with the necessary legal document attesting her husband's death. There was nothing suspicious in the papers. Nevertheless, the company determined to make some inquiries before handing over the amount of insurance. Druskowitz was called in, and he ascertained that on December 1, 1866, some one named Bernandi had called at the registrar's office in Plaistow and registered the death of Douat, and it was entered as due to heart disease. Druskowitz found out the undertaker who had conducted the funeral, and learned that everything had been properly ordered and paid for, and that the funeral had been performed at Leytonstone by the Catholic priest. One thing seemed strange. The coffin had not been sent to any private house, but direct to the cemetery. Further inquiry failed to discover any doctor of the name attached to the certificate of death. The next step was to obtain an order for exhumation, and on the coffin being opened there was found, not the body of Vital Douat, but a block of lead. Further inquiry elicited the fact that Douat had been present at his own funeral and afterwards gone to America, whence he supplied his wife with the documents intended for the insurance company. Some time afterwards he returned to Europe, went to Antwerp, bought a ship, sent her to sea with a lot of rubbish, and having previously insured her for a large sum, had her burnt. Arrested and brought to trial, he was visited by Druskowitz, who felt sure that this was the man he wanted. Douat was found guilty, and condemned to imprisonment with hard labor; but the French Government claimed him under an extradition treaty, and he was tried on the charge of fraudulent bankruptcy, found guilty, and sentenced to penal servitude for a comparatively short period.



NEW YORK:—STATUE OF LAFAYETTE.

PRESENTED TO THE CITY OF NEW YORK BY THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

A LIFE'S WORK.

The large collection of Mr. George Cruikshank's works, recently purchased by the Directors of the Westminster Aquarium, is now exhibited in the gallery of the institution, having been arranged by the artist himself, who has thus experienced the rare satisfaction of laying the whole work of his long and honourable artistic career before the public. As displaying the work of one man, the collection is most remarkable in the extraordinary number, not only of rapidly executed sketches and drawings, but of highly-finished etchings, not one of which is unworthy of his hand, while the genius of the artist in his keen perception of character, and his sense of the humorous and the ridiculous is felt throughout the whole range of subjects treated with the delightful extravagance of his pencil. From the first attempts of his boyhood in 1799 to the great work of his life, his picture of the "Worship of Bacchus," painted some 15 years ago, the exhibition shows us several thousands of works. These are all touched with the same life and vigour largely leaning towards caricature and satire, but with a fair proportion of really earnest and expressive pictures illustrating fairy stories; the comic scenes of the Waverley Novels; Dickens's "Oliver Twist" and Harrison Ainsworth's "Tower of London." Of these last the etchings are admirably well designed, and in point of expression and interest lent to the story, far before works of the present day. The etchings for the *Humorist*, the *Comic Almanack*, and various others publications of the kind, are too numerous to name. Historically, the caricatures have also a useful and instructive side; we are reminded, oddly enough, of the Polar Expedition of 1819, with a party of shaggy haired sailors landing a huge Polar bear; of the great Napoleon War, by the caricature of "Old Bonny" riding in the air upon an eagle from the field of Waterloo, with its companion print of John Bull wishing him good-by, addressing him as "Mr. Themistocles" in the stern of the ship that took him to St. Helena. His "Monstrosities" of fashion, done in the style of Gilray and Rowlandson, with more truth as to costume, form a sort of supplement to those caricaturists, and allowing for the dash of absurdity in them, they serve as a record of no small value and interest of such astounding vagaries of dress and manners as could not be credited without the testimony of this graphic picture. The park in 1812, with gentlemen with tall top hats and narrow brims, ladies with their waists under the armpits, and guardsmen in long white gaiters, and huge bearskins, or another, rather later, taking off the gentlemen's fashion of balloon trousers and small waists, with the ladies in long dresses, held up to show silk stockings and sandalled shoes, are not at all more preposterous than the fashion was. The "Bloomers" of 1852, with the Highlander cleverly contrasted with a very stout party in a pink shirt and full white trousers, and other grotesque figures, must have done something to make the attempt too ridiculous. But one of the most interesting of George Cruikshank's works to be seen here is the original of the bank-note which is said to have led to the stopping of execution for forging the one-pound notes. The story is told in a pencil note to the amount of this, how he was passing the Old Bailey, and saw several hanging, of whom two were women, who, he found, were hung for forging a one-pound note. His note was a promissory one, signed "J. Ketch," with ghastly accessories of fetters, halter, and gibbet, and the Britannia, with skulls and crossbones border. It was sold by Hone on Ludgate-hill, and such a crowd surrounded the shop that the Lord Mayor ordered the street to be cleared; and such was the demand for it that Cruikshank had to sit up all night to engrave a second plate. Hone cleared £700, and George Cruikshank says: "I had the satisfaction of knowing that no man or woman was ever hung after this for passing one-pound forged notes."

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NOTICE.

We are constantly receiving letters and messages for back numbers or extra numbers of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. Our friends should remember that, in every case, a sufficient sum should be enclosed to pay for the price of the paper and the postage.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,

Montreal, Saturday, 23rd Sept., 1876.

CANADA AND BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The relations between Canada and British Columbia are, says *John Bull*, extremely unsatisfactory, and the intervention of the Home Government may become necessary if a disruption of the Canadian Confederation is to be avoided. The Canadian Government has not fulfilled the engagements on which British Columbia consented to enter the Confederation. It was agreed that a railway should be constructed in connection with the Canadian system to the shores of the Pacific. The political advantages and importance of a line of railway running through British territory, and joining the Atlantic and Pacific seas are obvious. No attempt has, however, been made to construct the Pacific Railway. The physical difficulties were said by the Canadian Government to be insuperable. The Government of British Columbia complained of the breach of faith involved in the abandonment of the undertaking; by the influence of Lord CARNARVON a compromise was arranged. Instead of the Pacific Railway a railway was to be constructed across Vancouver's Island. The Bill for this purpose, has however, been rejected by the Upper House, and British Columbia is naturally indignant. The United States will see in the blunder of the Canadian Ministry their opportunity. It will be necessary for Lord CARNARVON to convey to the Ministry of the Dominion an intimation of the necessity of duly observing solemnly contracted obligations.

The *Times* observes that Mr. MACKENZIE has been supported by the prevailing sentiment in the Eastern Provinces in the Dominion, where commercial embarrassments and financial pressure have been lately felt most painfully, and where a jealous dislike of the Pacific Settlements has grown up. Negotiations have availed nothing to abate the irritability of the British Columbians or to subdue the obstinacy of the Ottawa Cabinet. The visit of the Governor-General to the Pacific colony was looked for with some hope that he might be the bearer of acceptable offers, but the Province took care to define its position before Lord Dufferin's arrival. A declaration has been drawn up and confirmed by the vote of a popular assembly, at Victoria, which has been placed in the Governor-General's hands for transmission as an ultimatum to the Colonial Office. The British Columbians demand that "either her Majesty be requested to grant them the liberty to secede from the Union, or that Lord CARNARVON's terms be carried out in their entirety." Secession is a political impossibility, and we do not see how the Colonial Office can exercise any other than moral pressure on the Dominion Government. But we have no hesitation in saying that such ought to be firmly and energetically applied, as doubtless it has been applied already by Lord CARNARVON. The Canadians must be told that in playing

fast and loose with solemn engagements they are not only jeopardising their young credit as a nation, but are discrediting the English name, of which they profess to be so proud.

A HINT FOR QUEBEC.

The late misfortunes of the City of Quebec have arisen from a state of things which have not grown up all at once, but which, if not courageously grappled with now, may result in the loss of the chief advantages on which she prides herself. If ever city seemed entitled to the freedom of her open spaces, with all their historical associations, it was Quebec, which successfully maintained nationality and Imperial protection for Canada, when all other strongholds had given way. Her Majesty, through her honoured Representative in this country, has shown her lively sympathy with these claims. It would be a scandal to build over those grand and historic sites, which command the finest views of the St. Lawrence and its distant shores—views that have been pronounced unequalled in picturesque beauty. So long as these lands were held by the Ordnance Department in London they were safe, but since they came into those of the Government at Ottawa, the prosaic idea has been entertained of bringing them to the hammer and cutting them up into building lots. The city should at once shew its appreciation of their value by obtaining a charge over them, and by causing them to be properly watched and guarded at all times, so as to make them available for the use of citizens and visitors. Quebec in the past protected these historic grounds from outside invasion and we cannot see that she ought to be deprived of them. We trust that her finances may be at least sufficiently reinforced, through the wisdom of her Council, to secure the safety of the citizens at all hours of the day or night, and the city itself as far as possible from the ravages of fire. A certain number of mounted police have been spoken of for the outskirts, and it is beginning to be admitted by all that the question of water supply, on which the extinction of fires depends, ought not to be delayed for another hour.

The latest news from the East, as we go to press, is a despatch from Belgrade stating that an agreement to suspend hostilities for ten days has been signed. A special from Berlin adds that simultaneously with the delivery of the reply to the Powers, containing the peace conditions, the Porte issued orders on its own initiative for the immediate cessation of all hostilities, on the assumption that Servia and Montenegro would issue similar instructions. The Powers received the Porte's reply favorably, and opened negotiations immediately for further joint action. The Porte has confidentially notified the Powers of its firm determination to redress the grievances of Christians. The Vienna official paper, while expressing its satisfaction at the fact that Turkish peace proposals present the first real basis for negotiations in favor of peace, dwells upon the necessity of considerable modifications in Turkey's conditions. It especially points to the necessity of including in the negotiations guarantees—which the Porte must give—for the improvement of the condition of its Christian subjects, and the execution of its promised reforms. A despatch from St. Petersburg officially denies the existence of an alleged treaty between Russia and Germany, providing for the settlement of the Eastern question in case of war.

LORD DERBY's explanations appear to have been, so far as their drift could be understood, more disappointing than otherwise to the friends of progress in England. They will hardly acquiesce in the principle "that the Turks should not be checked in their excesses for fear of their committing greater excesses." We do not know that any one has seriously talked of driving them out of Europe. What the

people seem to say is "will Lord DERBY use all the power he has to stop their outrages and slaughterings?" and that is pretty nearly what we should all say if we had any available influence in the European question. The jealousies of Christian nations are working more injury to the cause than any real fear of the impossibility of controlling the Moslem.

REVIEW.

"THE ARCHITECT'S AND ARTISAN'S PRICE BOOK AND COMPENDIUM OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE," &c., &c. By F. N. Boxer, Architect. Printed by the Lovell Printing and Publishing Co. Illustrations by the Burland-Desbarats Lithographic Co.

We consider the publication of this work will supply a want long felt, not only by architects and builders, but by a large class of the community interested in building and real estate, to whom much of the information contained within its pages has been unattainable in any single work published, as it embodies that description of instruction respecting cost of materials, mechanical labour, specifications, contracts, and other matters respecting building, so very necessary to those interested, and particularly to persons residing in villages and country places where there are no libraries to which reference can be made.

Most of the works published on architecture and building are very costly, and when obtained are found to contain very little of those necessary details of construction, which are often of much importance to young mechanics, and, also, to parties building. Authors generally consider such details of too elementary a character to be noticed, whereas they are really most essential for the information of many who have not the opportunity of acquiring this knowledge, and therefore this information is just what is required by many in the Dominion who are obliged to be their own architects; to them the work before us will be very valuable and a saving often of much expense and trouble.

A new feature in this book is that whilst the approximate value of every description of building material in one place is given as a basis for calculation, blank columns are left opposite to each item in which architects and builders can fill in prices suitable to the times and the localities in which they reside. The work, also, contains all the most useful tables of reference respecting the weight, strength, &c., of building materials, method for measuring artificer's work, forms of specifications and contracts, hints on building, arithmetic, geometry, perspective drawing, machinists' receipts, and a great variety of useful scientific information. Also, extracts from the Civil Code relating to the law of building and real estate, very valuable to proprietors; and a complete glossary of philosophical, architectural and engineering terms.

The book of plates which is a supplement to the work, is of quarto size, contains 44 pages of illustrations, and is a fair sample of the proficiency to which the Burland-Desbarats Lithographic Company is arriving in this beautiful art and cheap method of illustrating books. Many of the illustrations were photo-lithographed from the author's pen and ink drawings, and are quite equal to wood cuts and at not one quarter the cost.

We have reviewed this book at length, as we consider that every creditable production of a literary character published in the Dominion should meet with every encouragement and support; and the author, who is the editor of the *Canadian Mechanics' Magazine*, deserves great credit for the efforts he is making to diffuse useful and practical information amongst the mechanics of this country.

The price of both volumes is only \$4, being about four times less than the cost of similar scientific works published in either Great Britain or the United States. It can be obtained, post paid, on a remittance being made to the Manager of the Burland-Desbarats Lithographic Co., Montreal.

THE MAGDALEN ISLANDS.

These little known Islands are situated in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The following extract from a recent correspondence to the *Halifax Church Chronicle* may be of interest. "There are about 11 islands altogether, though some of them are not properly islands, being joined to other land by sand-ridges and marshes. The North Bird Rock is the furthest point North, and South Cape, in Amherst Island, is the furthest point South; whilst the Great Bird Rock and Deadman's Isle are the extremities East and West respectively. Amherst, the most important island in the group, is 50 miles distant from East Point, P. E. I., 60 miles from Cape North in Cape Breton, 150 from Gaspé, and 120 from Cape Ray, in Newfoundland. A pamphlet written some years ago says:—'In form and appearance the greatest diversity prevails. Some are mere rocky islets rising precipitously from the sea to a height of 140 or 170 feet, with concave and convex summits. At one place the sea may be seen rushing madly against cliffs 400 feet in height, and wildly dashing far up on the face of the rocks; in other places the white crested wave rolls heavily over acres of low shelving beach, and muttering its strength heaves its ponderous mass upon the yielding but impassable sand barrier. On the one hand is seen

a succession of conical sand hillocks, heaped up by the whirling blasts, and, on the other hand, the low and treacherous morass, or the wide-spread but shallow lagoon. Here you may walk over lofty heights of sedimentary rock, and a mile hence you may circumambulate the base of the crater of an extinct volcano. One island rears its dark irregular summit densely covered with wood, another presents its bare conical peaks at a height of three, four, or five hundred feet above the sea. You land at the spot, and you can place your foot on nothing but the small angular rocks of crumbling trap; you beach your boat at another place and the cliff before you presents its sandstone strata with no less than eight different colours,—grey, pink, yellow, red, blue, orange, brown, and variegated, and so soft as to crumble beneath the pressure of the fingers."

Of our three sketches the largest gives a view of the village of Amherst, the capital of the islands, with Entry Island in the distance, and shows one of the curious sand-ridges peculiar to the group. Another one gives an idea of the country, being taken about two miles from Amherst on the road to the next village; there is a curious sand-hill to the right. The third taken from the highest point in the islands shows Amherst Island in the distance, with the full extent of one of the sand-ridges belonging to it.

LOST.

You marvelled just now, my friend, to see that strong and well-poised man bowed in such an agony of grief beside that little coffin. You have known him as the courteous gentleman, and dignified master of a stately home and broad domains; the wisest statesman and popular leader of parties; and you could not see how a loss that seemed small to you could so utterly unman him.

You beheld only a small casket, with a silver plate upon the lid bearing the simple name of "Willie." Within a little waxen figure with closed eyes, and brown curls brushed smoothly back, the dimpled hands crossed upon the breast. "Surely," you say, "in two short years the little one cannot have made itself necessary to his life." He has not lost the child you saw; but shall I tell you what he has lost?

A bright-faced lad, with fearless, truthful eyes, lithe form, and ringing laughter, who has sat by his hearthstone and wandered by his side this many a day. One who needed no admonition to keep him in the straight path, but who chose it instinctively. A perfect child—the light of the house, and the sunshine of his father's heart.

Lost, too, a son, in whose dawning manhood all possibilities of good that life affords were gathered; possessed of every grace and charm that refinement and cultivation can give, with all sterling worth and powers of mind that the most royal gifts of nature can bestow. A loving and dutiful son—the support of his mother, the companion of his father; a steadfast friend, a kind and just master.

And then he has brought a fair young bride to the daughterless house, and she, too, has been a priceless possession, most perfect among women. And fair children have come to them, filling the old home with the music of merry voices. And peace has brooded above it, and happiness has filled its walls.

So the years have gone on, and on, and gradually the cares, the responsibilities, and the honours have dropped from the hands of the elder man upon the stalwart shoulders of the younger; and he in his noble manhood bears them worthily. Step by step he has risen in the councils of his countrymen, and now he stands among the leaders of the nation, with clear hands and spotless name.

And the years gather under the feet of the father, but they are filled with restful content. No cause for haste or anxiety, because all that he leaves unfinished, these younger hands will bring to perfection. And when, at last, he lays the sceptre down, he can trust family dependants, the honoured name he has cherished, with all interests of state and country, to these strong and steadfast hands so securely able to hold and guard them well.

These—the boy, the youth, the man— he has lost. They have vanished "without sound of wing or footfall."

But the baby boy you saw him bending above he has not lost. In quiet hours, in fire-side dreams, he will come to him; and he will feel again the nute caress of small hands wandering over his face; roseleaf cheeks will be pressed to his; soft arms creep themselves about him; brown curls nestle against his breast; and the cooing voice and baby laughter will fill his ears.

No; these will go with him all his life long, even down to his last hour, and the child will be his—his little one, always. More vitally living—more satisfying—more entirely his, than to the world he is lost.

The image is photographed in his heart, and the ways imprinted on the brain of that strong-minded, stern disciplinarian, who has a kindly place in his nature, hidden in the deep recesses of powerful feeling from the gaze of the world, which only knows him for his unbending rectitude of purpose and want of sympathy with evil doers and backsliders.

This manifestation of human weakness is only a phase of the law of compensation which pervades all nature, and is especially observable in the love of the living or the dead.

A BALLAD OF DREAMLAND.

I hid my heart in a nest of roses.
Out of the sun's way, hidden apart.
In a softer bed than the soft white snow's is.

END OF

TENNYSON AT HOME.

Like the better-known house at Farringford,
whence the poet has been almost driven by the
vulgar curiosity of mobs of tourists, this at
Halsemere stands close to the ridge of a noble
down, and there are groves of pine on either
hand; but instead of forming vantage points

To get firm foothold for the walls of the house
a broad platform had to be cut in the rugged
face of the sandstone cliff, and the level terrace,
stretching along the southern front, is only
kept from sliding down to the fields below by
sturdy brick buttresses and arched ramparts.

"What profits now to understand
The merits of a spotless shirt,
A dapper boot, a little hand,
If half the little soul be dirt?"

Few poets have been exposed to the same
kind of persecution as the Poet Laureate. The
sting of envious criticism was bad enough to a
proud spirit like Byron, but it could hardly have
been so bad as the pertinacity of the curious who
invaded the solitude so dear to a man of Tenny-
son's reflective temperament until he could
hardly venture to move from the door of his

home in the Isle of Wight. Americans first in-
jured him by stealing his verses, and then added
insult to injury by flaunting their nationality
constantly in his face, until the sight of a
stranger became hateful to him, and his sensi-
tive dislike to prying inquisitiveness goaded
him into treating all whom he did not know
as if they were in act or intention his perse-
cutors. This peculiarity has probably not less-
ened with increase of years. But if his first
impulse is to receive men brusquely, almost
rudely, he reads character with wonderful
quickness; and when he changes his first un-
favorable impression he is not slow to act on the
better opinion. His face betrays him at once.

Mr. Tennyson has not made many friends
among Sussex neighbors, and though he has
numerous visitors during the few months of his
annual stay at Halsemere, they are nearly all
companions of that charmed circle which is
narrowing so fast year after year. But his chief
delight is not in communion with his fellows.
Rather it is to sit here in this quiet, secluded
study, surrounded by a few choice books of
favourite authors, and, when not working at the
desk by the window that overlooks the pine glen
and the purple wood westward, to lounge by
the larger one that looks down on the bright
blossoming terrace over the dense belt of beeches
and hazels, where the whirling of nightjars
sounds ceaselessly in the twilight, away to the
gray lines of undulating hills and the streak of
silver sea. Whatever he is doing, the eternal
pipe is ever ready at hand, and a huge tobacco
jar, big enough for an ancestral urn, on the
floor beside him. At other times he will wander
down to the zigzag pathways that meander in
all directions through the tall hazel twigs
which hem his house around, where one comes
suddenly on a little secluded glade bright with
mossy verdure, or a garden laden with odors
from a score of pine-trees, or a bigger lawn de-
voted to the innocent pursuit of croquet or lawn-
tennis. Less frequently he may be seen walking
through neighboring ways and exciting the
curiosity of the village folk by the strangeness
of his mien and the eccentricity of his costume.
In all his out-of-door excursions he is sure to be
accompanied by one or other of his handsome
sons "full limbed and tall." She, the "dear,
near and true," whose sweet faith in him was
ever the incentive to greater labor and higher
aspirations, is no longer able to be by his side
in work, but invalid as she is she still finds op-
portunity for ministering to the wants of the
poor about her gates.

NATIONAL HEALTH.

The workers who stand at the head of vitality
are the barristers. The deaths recorded in their
class in the three years from which observation
is derived were one hundred and thirty-five;
the deaths that would have occurred amongst
them in the same period if they had been in
the mean rule of deaths, that is to say if they
shared the common rate of deaths with all the
others, would have been two hundred and fif-
teen. The rate of their deaths was sixty-
three compared by the standard. The next in
order on the list of those who present a high
vitality is the class composed of the clergy of
the Established Church of England. The deaths
in this class were actually one thousand one
hundred and five in the three years; the deaths
that would have occurred amongst them accord-
ing to the standard rate, would have been one
thousand five hundred and forty-seven. The
rate of their deaths compared with the total
of all the deaths of all the classes was
seventy-one to a hundred. The good health
and longevity of the clergy have long been ob-
served, both in England and in Switzerland,
but that it was so superior in its totality had
certainly not before been surmised. Under the
head of Protestant ministers are placed all the
other ministers of England and Wales who,
preaching Protestant principles, are not includ-
ed under the title of ministers of the Establish-
ed Church. These are a very slight degree
lower in the vital scale; they rank as seventy-
five by the standard. Next in order to these
ministers come the class of men in trade known
as grocers. These yielded an actual mortality
in the three years of three thousand one
hundred and sixty. By the mean standard they
would have yielded four thousand one hundred
and seventy-three. The rate of their mortality
compared with the standard of the hundred
was seventy-six. In another very large group
of traders who combine grocers' business with
other forms of shopkeeping the same favourable
condition did not precisely obtain, but still it
was not greatly altered. The deaths were at
the rate of seventy-seven. After the grocers
come a small class of a very different order, a
class not destined probably to remain always
on the books of the statistician. This class is
made up of game-keepers. The rate of their
mortality was eighty. The large class of su-
perintendent tillers of the soil known as farmers
and graziers are the next favoured. Their mor-
tality is eighty-five as compared with the stan-
dard of a hundred. They are followed by the
civil engineers eighty-six, booksellers and
publishers eighty-seven, and wheelwrights
eighty-eight. Next to the wheelwrights are
the silk manufacturers, who rate at eighty-nine,
and who are specially worthy of notice because
they contrast, as we shall see in due time,
most favourably by the side of some other
workers in textile manufactures. Labourers,
including the whole class of agricultural work-

kers, and carpenters and joiners, succeed in
order: they each present a mortality of ninety-
one, and compare in degree favourably with the
little class of men who are known as bankers,
and whose rate of death is ninety-two. Next
to them are the whole class of male domestic
servants, who yield a rate of ninety-three
deaths in proportion to the hundred. Sawyers,
a rather large class of working men, present a
little higher mortality, ninety-five. Brass ma-
nufacturers and braziers present ninety-six as
their rate, and paper manufacturers and musical
instrument makers present the same, viz.,
ninety-six. Gunsmiths and blacksmiths rise
to ninety-seven. Shoemakers, iron and steel
manufacturers, and tanners and curriers, rise
to ninety-eight. Bakers complete the list of
those who stand on the favourable side of the
standard in the scale. They exhibit a mortality
ninety-nine compared with the standard of one
hundred as the mean. We have now descended
step by step along the scale until we have ar-
rived at the classes of men who out of the se-
venty occupations under our cognizance yield
the average mortality. These are two in num-
ber. They are engine and machine makers,
and wool and worsted manufacturers.

A MEMORY OF THE PAST.

READER, did you ever have any pleasant
memories of long years gone by? If so, do they
ever recur to you? Do the angel faces that you
loved so long ago ever return to greet you in the
moments of your quiet solitude? Perhaps you
never loved, or had anyone to love; if so, let
me tell you a little romance of mine.

'Tis now, as nearly as I (the narrator) can
remember, twenty long, sad years ago. I was
young then, and people called me handsome,
simply because nature had been too lavish with
her charms, and gave me a Grecian cast of coun-
tenance, large, dreamy blue eyes, brown, curly
hair, and a frame sufficiently strong and well
developed to battle with the labours of life. I
suppose, like other young men, I was a little
vain; my love for woman was prompt and cor-
dial, and I would go as far and give as much as
anyone for a little fun or pleasure. Physically
I resembled my father—mentally, my mother.
I possessed her sympathetic disposition. I had
travelled considerably, and had seen a great
deal of life in different countries, had en-
countered many very handsome women, but
never had I come across my ideal until I reached
the city of New York, that babel of noise,
fashion, and lovely women. It was by the
merest accident that we met; I was not even
introduced to her; fate seemed to throw us in
each other's way. It was in the month of June,
when the birds put on their brightest plumage,
and flowers their gayest hue, and all God's crea-
tures seemed to be in their loveliest, sweetest
mood. She was a blonde, with deep blue eyes,
golden hair, sweet, dimpled hands and cheeks,
and a laugh so soft, yet so melodious, that their
echo never seemed to fade away. She was like
the rose whose name she bore—lovely to look
upon—all that man could wish to possess. I
knew but little of her disposition, although I
firmly believe if there had been no obstruction in
the way she was capable of loving passionately
—for her eye lit up the heart within.

We became fast friends, and I had tried to be
very kind, in order, if possible, to win her
affection. She seemed pleased with my atten-
tion, and in fact I believed that I ruined all my
hopes and aspirations in being over-zealous in
my love for her.

We parted, one evening, I promising to call
on the following Thursday. We lingered long
in the porch before I took my leave. Little did
I think then it was for the last time! But fate
seemed to will it should be thus, and kept me
away on the evening I was to call. I sent her
an apology, but received no answer. My pride
was wounded, and, although I believe she loved
me, we never met again—only in silence.

And in all these long years we have waited
for the wound to heal; and to-day at dear old
Westlands, my home for years, while plucking
the withered leaves from the fresh young bud-
ding plants, I accidentally severed a rose from
its parent bush. I raised it tenderly from the
ground, and sighed as I thought how soon it
would wither and die. I pressed it to my breast,
and wished it could always live and blossom
there. And then I remembered that other rose;
but, ah! how different from my garden flower!
She was a flower from above, destined to live
and bloom as long as it pleased the will of
Heaven! I would fain have cherished her; but
no; she, too, might have withered and died,
for love, like plants, will not thrive in a climate
not suited to their nature. So I press my flower
between the leaves of a book, and, as time rolls
on, I can look back and think of the time when
that flower was all life and beauty to me. But
now 'tis faded, and there is nothing but the dry
leaves left to remind me of my once beautiful
rose.

And so it is in life. We discover a fair human
flower, lovely to gaze upon, all that a man could
wish to possess. We struggle hard to win it,
and, just as we think we have attained the sum-
mit of life's ambition, it is plucked by the hand
of fate, and transplanted, to bloom and to
wither and die in some other garden, where per-
haps, it will not be cherished when it has lost
its bloom of youth and loveliness, and we have
nothing left to remind us of the fair flower but
the withered leaves of a once fair rose, and the
pleasant memories of the past.

MARCHMONT HOME, BELLEVILLE,
ONTARIO.

Most of our readers, no doubt, know at least
something of Miss Macpherson's work. This
Christian lady devotes her life specially to res-
cuing neglected children in Britain, who, if let
alone, would, in all likelihood, grow up in
wretchedness and vice. After having been
trained for a time in Britain, they are brought
out to this country, and placed in homes chiefly
among the farming population. Many of the
children are quite young. These are adopted
into homes where there are either no children,
or they are already grown up. Great care is
taken to place those brought out, where they
will not only be kindly treated, but also be sur-
rounded with good moral and religious influences.
Many of them are in good positions, doing well
for themselves. Some, it is to be hoped, will be
blessings to society. But for Miss Macpherson,
how very different it would have been with
them, humanly speaking! That some of the
older ones have not turned out well, is not to be
wondered at, considering their early training.
The wonder is that it is otherwise with so many.
It has been said that Miss Macpherson makes
money by what she does for the children. This
statement is a grossly false one, and, conse-
quently treats her with great injustice and
cruelty. She, and at least her principal helpers,
labour at their own expense. They exercise
great self denial, that they may be enabled to
serve the Lord in this way. They should, there-
fore, be highly honoured, instead of being
sneered at, and slandered.

Since this work began in 1870, over three
thousand children have been brought out and
distributed. There are 3 distributing "Homes"
in Canada—"Marchmont," at Belleville, and
"Blair Athol" at Galt, Ont., and "Knowlton"
at Knowlton, Que. The first is the principal
one, and is under the charge of Miss Bilbrough.
Those wishing to obtain children from it should
apply to her. Many write to "Miss Macpherson,
Belleville." It is useless to do so, as she is very
seldom there.

In this number, we give a picture of the present
Marchmont Home, from a photograph, by Mr.
J. W. Boyce, of Belleville, Ont. The last one
was burned down in April, 1875. It replaced
one which was destroyed in the same manner in
January, 1872. On that occasion, we are sorry
to say, a poor little boy, aged six years, perished
in the flames. Providentially, no lives were
lost on the other occasion. The present Home,
which is of more durable materials than those of
the former ones, is a very handsome and con-
venient building, and a credit to the friends in
Great Britain and Canada by whose gifts it has
been built.

LITERARY.

MR. W. E. H. LECKY is engaged in writing a
history of Social Life in the Eighteenth Century.

M. OFFENBACH has handed to the publisher,
Colmann Lévy, the manuscript of a volume in which
will be related, in all its curious and interesting details,
the journey of the composer in America.

AN interesting discovery has been made by
Professor Carl Hirsche, of the University of Heidelberg.
It is that of an original MS. of the "De Imitatione
Christi," in the Royal Library of Brussels.

Mr. William Morris has an epic poem in the
press, the subject of which is the great Northern story of
Sigurd and the Niblungs. The author has for the most
part followed closely the Eddic version of the tale.

Mr. Joseph Hatton is writing a history of the
White Star Fleet, in connection with which he is to visit
New York. Mr. Hatton returns in October, when he
will produce his new drama of "Hester Prynne," in Lon-
don.

WITHOUT counting daily newspapers and local
journals, but reckoning the whole of the other periodi-
cals, from those sold at one halfpenny to the quarterly
reviews, the serials published in London number near
upon 800.

The old Elizabethan survey, or John Norden's
map of Shakespeare's London in 1593, having been en-
larged to four times its original size by the New Shakes-
peare Society, and cut on wood, is about to be published
in the Graphic.

It is said that the passages in Mr. Trevelyan's
"Life of Macaulay," referring to the late Mr. Croker
have led to some correspondence with the author, and
that Mr. Trevelyan has offered to withdraw the passages
in question from future editions of the work. It appears
that Mrs. Croker is still living.

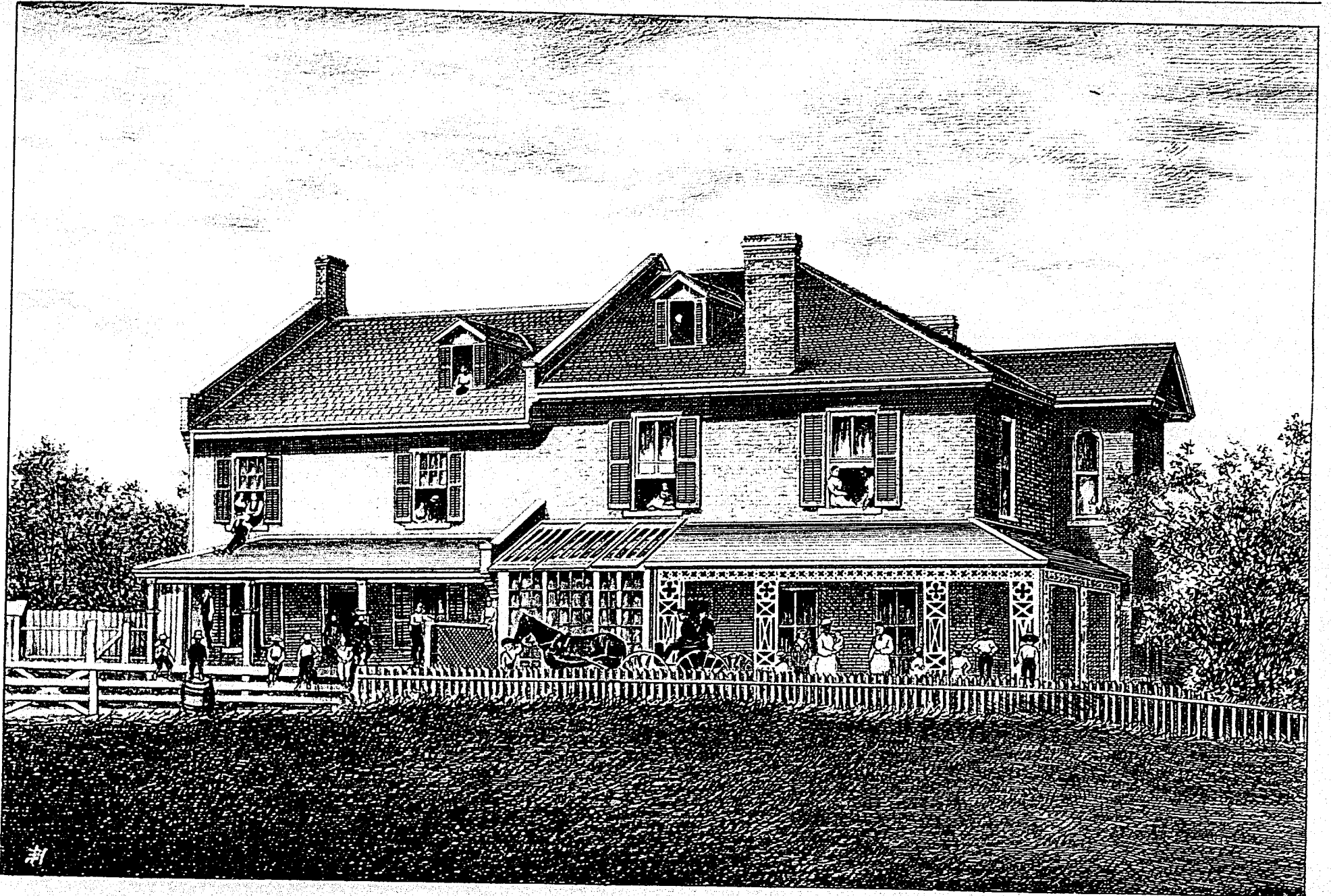
The New York Nation announces a forth-
coming "Memoir of Lieut.-Colonel Tench Tighman,"
an eminent patriot of the Revolution, the aide-de-camp
and secretary of General Washington. An appendix
will contain his private journal of the treaty at German
Flat, N. Y., between the Commissioners of Congress
and the Six Nations; his diary of the siege of York-
town; a number of his letters to his father from army
headquarters, 1776-1781; and several of Washington's
letters to him never before published.

The Academy states that a "Chronique de
la Pucelle Dorleans Jehanne Darc, Escript en la Ville
Dorleans en nostre Convent lan 1512" MS. has been
bought by the Museum authorities at Mr. Bragg's sale
in June. This is written on very thick parchment,
and has on the first leaf an equestrian portrait of Joan of Arc,
who is painted in armour, riding from the gates of the
city on a white horse, sword in right hand and flag in
left. Beneath the portrait is written "De par Dieu pour
la France et Mon Roi."

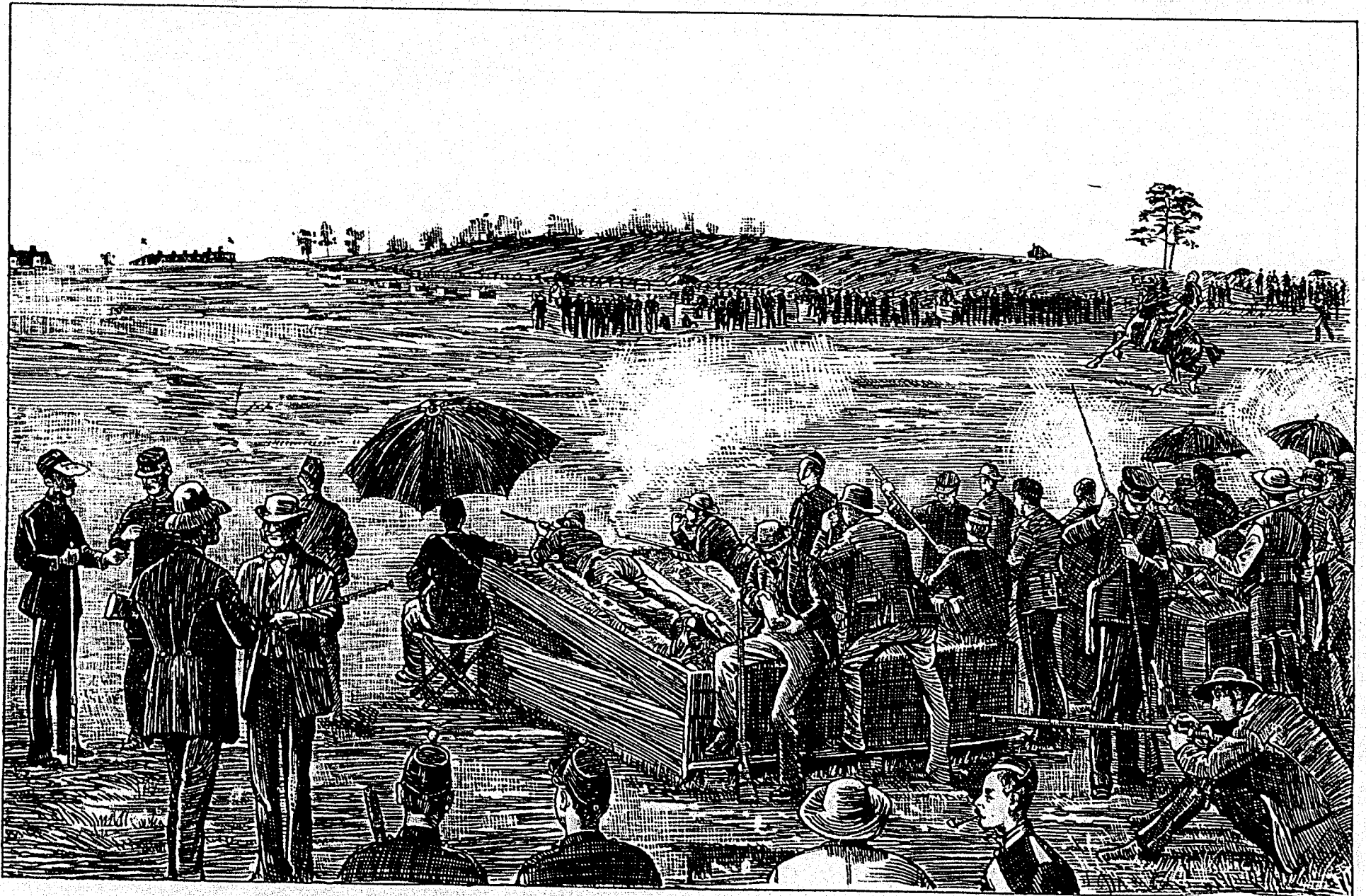
A WORK will shortly be published by Mr. W.
Ross, well known as a Homeric critic in the Edinburgh
Review, on Tacitus and Bracciolini, the object of which
will be to show that the "Annals" of Tacitus are not
genuine, and that they were forged by Bracciolini
(known otherwise as "Poggio") in the fifteenth cen-
tury. The arguments adduced in support of these con-
clusions are grounded partly on the fact that chronolo-
gically Tacitus could not have written the "Annals,"
and partly on the circumstances that the "Annals" show
singular differences from the style and treatment of the
"History," and that the peculiarities thus displayed are
precisely those most prominent in the acknowledged
writings of Bracciolini. The correspondence of Brac-
ciolini with his Florentine friend Niccoli clearly points
to some scheme of forgery connected with the name of
Tacitus.



MONTREAL:—EXHIBITION OF THE MONTREAL HORTICULTURAL AND AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



BELLEVILLE, ONT.—MARCHMONT HOUSE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. W. BOYCE.



TORONTO:—ANNUAL MATCHES OF THE ONTARIO RIFLE ASSOCIATION.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. CRUICKSHANK.

LOOKING BACK.

I sit by the side of the river to-night,
And gaze at the moon as it beams;
My soul is enchanted by its soft silver light,
And my heart is deep buried in dreams.

It is long since I married my husband and lord,
And twice since that terrible day,
I have brought him fair children whom I have adored
With a love that can never decay.

But tho' he's my husband, and tho' I should love
As the ivy clings fast to the tree,
Still my thoughts are away with the spirits above
With one who is dearer to me.

I sigh for the power to recall for a day
The lost time that can never come back;
To enjoy what has hastened for ever away,
And is lost on Time's measureless track.

I long for a voice that for ever is hushed,
Tho' the words might be bitter with pain;
And to-night o'er my brain all the memories have rushed
Of a love that is silent and vain.

If tears could recall all my folly and pride,
Or if prayers could awaken the dead,
He would sit at this moment down here by my side,
For the tears are sincere I have shed.

I remember he stood the last time that we met
By the foot of yon stately old oak,
And I never can think but with thoughts of regret,
Of the words of derision I spoke.

I remember him standing and kissing the place
Where our names had been carved on the tree,
Whilst he looked with a passionate love in my face
And whispered his feelings to me.

I can feel even now the firm clasp on my wrist,
And the kisses he gave with delight,
But now they are shrouded for ever in mist
That is black, and as dreary as night.

I remember the kiss that I gave in return
As I swore I would ever be true,
Tho' the lie made me quiver, and tremble, and burn,
As his ring from his finger he drew.

I remember the day that I went to be wed,
Still distinctly the picture I see;
And I started to hear up the aisle come the tread
Of my first love, my old love, to me.

Not a word did he utter, but I saw that his cheek
Was as pale as the whiteness of death;
His heart was too full to allow him to speak
And he winced as he struggled for breath.

Then I saw when too late, when the end was so nigh,
All the falsehood I'd sworn in his way,
And I cannot forget the despair of his eye
When he lost me for ever that day.

But down at the oak where so often I sang
With his strong arm supporting my head,
A sharp pistol shot through the still air rang
And the man that I loved was dead.

Oh! mother of God look down and see
The tears I weep on my bridal bed,
Judge me to-night by this old oak tree,
And my love for the well-loved dead.

Toronto. A. L. STEWART.

CHRISTIAN GOTTLIEB.

By DOLZROPOUS.

CHAPTER I.

It was a quiet Sunday afternoon in the city of London, and Christian Gottlieb, whose twentieth birthday was just smiling on him, had intimated to his old housekeeper, in the village of Maldon, some miles distant, that he intended to spend the anniversary of his arrival in this world of woe, among the only friends he had—the Smythes in the city.

Martha, kind-hearted loving old servant that she was, had clasped her hands, and cried, "why, lawks—a mercy on us! Master Christian, you're never going to that dreadful city, surely."

Poor Martha in the innocence of her loyal old heart, had a vague and horrible idea that man-traps and spring-guns were to be met with at every corner; to say nothing of terrible houses on fire; mad dogs, and run-away horses. But this time she pleaded in vain; for Christian after many invitations, had at last consented to spend his birthday with his friend Mrs. Smythe; her charming daughter, and majestic mate, in the city; and there he was, sitting in the drawing room of Mr. R. Melville Smythe's city residence, close beside his friend Mrs. Smythe.

Mr. R. Melville Smythe's gentle snore up stairs is just audible, making a sort of running accompaniment to the conversation in the drawing room; but the two people are too deeply interested to notice any outside matter.

When Christian's only friend—his father—had died ten years before, leaving him a comfortable income, his last whispered word, before he left this world, had been to Mrs. Smythe.

He said, in his strange, broken English, "Annie, you will love my boy—for my sake, when I am gone—will you not?"—and she, with the great tears welling from her eyes, had promised.

The old servant, Martha, however, had interposed; saying the big city was no place to "rare" a child; and so, had carried Christian off in triumph to Maldon, where he had grown up—pouring out his great burning soul, in music.

Christian, with his long fair hair flowing over his shoulders, would in the quiet summer evening sit for hours and hours at his piano, pouring forth nameless, wandering, passionate music—as Martha had once said, in an awe-struck whisper, to Mrs. Smythe, "talking to spirits with his fingers, man."

Though Martha had succeeded in carrying him off to the country, Mrs. Smythe didn't forget the dying yeoman's charge; and so often as her lord and master would allow, ran down to Maldon with her little daughter, and there they three would ramble about the beach together, till the sun had set, when they would turn homeward, to demolish Martha's hot buns,

and fragrant tea. And the time crept on quietly, and Christian had come, quite naturally, to call Mrs. Smythe, "Mother."

Her only child was her dark-eyed little daughter of seventeen summers; Margaret—commonly called "Madge"—"wild Madge"—Christian used to say, with his quiet smile, after she had done some extra mad freak, and crept to him, half frightened, to tell him all about it.

Christian looks rather excited as he leans from his chair toward Mrs. Smythe.

"Mother," he says, "I have been keeping something from you, for a long time; this is my birth-day and I can keep the secret no longer." His voice is sunk almost to a whisper, as he says this.

"Mother—I love little Madge—may I ask her to be my wife?" He looks so wildly in earnest, as he says this, that the happy little woman's heart goes out to meet his, and the bright, pleased look in her face, tells him all is well. But there is not much time left for pleasant thoughts or words, for the sire's ponderous step is heard descending the stairs. His nap is evidently finished.

R. Melville Smythe was a very short man, of that type vulgarly called "stubby"; but R. Melville Smythe didn't think himself short by any means, and an application of the word "stubby," to his pompous figure, would have given him refined and excruciating horrors, and caused innumerable raisings of the eye-glass, and flourishings of the stick—for R. Melville Smythe carried both these very necessary appendages—the eye-glass very large, and the stick very small. But although R. Melville Smythe was a very small man, he had an uncommonly big cough, which was most imposing, and carried great weight at Board Meetings, Vestry Meetings, &c.

R. Melville Smythe's first name was an imposing, not to say stupendous one—to wit—"Roxborough"; and this good gentleman's enemies used frequently to call him, (behind his back, of course) "Roxy Smythe," entirely ignoring the aristocratic vowels which served to emblazon, as it were, his goodly name; and indeed, some of those more case-hardened than the rest, were sceptical, nay, even sarcastic, in their remarks on the origin of the aforesaid vowels. But R. Melville Smythe's lofty soul could afford to look down, (metaphorically speaking) on such narrow minded and illiberal people, for he had what most men covet—a long purse, and a name as good as gold, in the market.

Mr. Smythe had a way of loading his wife with absurd and useless attentions, especially in the presence of strangers, and was always ready to drop on his knees and cry, theatrically, "my Queen, my own, &c." all of which the poor little lady was forced to submit to.

However, the worthy gentleman's love was of a peculiarly narrow kind, and if she so much as stooped to say a kindly word to a child on the street, he became "huffy" for the rest of the day, and on the slightest pretext, would break forth into torrents of abuse, hurled indiscriminately at the nearest objects. Now Mrs. Smythe loved Christian with all her heart, and as a natural consequence, her noble lord hated him most cordially; but as Mr. Smythe was in the habit of cloaking his feelings, under a guise of intense and gushing friendship, no rupture had ever occurred.

As he entered the room now, catching a glimpse of Christian, he stopped suddenly, dropped his eye-glass, clasped his hands and seemed to mutter a prayer of thankfulness; then darting forward, he seized Christian's hands—slapped him on the back—called him "dear soul"—"good lad"—"so glad to see you I'm sure"—"God bless me, how glad I am to see you"—and begging him about six times every five minutes "to be seated"—he kept pacing around the room, evidently in the highest state of ecstatic bliss, on having his "dear Christian" in the bosom of his family once more.

Poor Christian dropped into his seat, very warm and uncomfortable, and wished devoutly that his affectionate friend hadn't waked up. All things must have an end, however, and Christian's misery was brought to a close by the arrival of Madge, and Mr. Smythe's confidential clerk and friend, Robert Onslow, who had been to afternoon service at church.

Robert Onslow's quick determined eyes noted the blush on Christian's cheek as Madge entered the room, and he drew his own own conclusion, evidently an unpleasant one, for as he turned over the leaves of an album, his lips were quivering, and his eyes had a wicked look in them. He put down the album and came over to where Christian was sitting, and dropped languidly into a chair by his side, smiling, and captivated. They were friends in half an hour. Mr. Onslow very soon discovered Christian's weak point—music—and then of course, he became a passionate admirer of it, and went into long discussions of the old masters. His easy, gentlemanly manners won upon Christian, who found himself actually becoming quite confidential, and asking Mr. Onslow if he wouldn't run down and see him, at Maldon.

At last the afternoon wore away; tea was announced, and then came evening service at the Cathedral, where Mr. Smythe's pious heart had an opportunity of arousing itself, which opportunity he took great advantage of; praying very loud; singing the hymns with great gusto (though unfortunately a trifle out of time and tune) and being perfectly invincible in his sonorous "Amen's."

After church, the worthy soul dilated upon the follies and weakness of human nature, es-

pecially inveighing against hypocrisy; while Mr. Onslow, behind his back, amused himself by making the most horrible grimaces at poor Christian, whose efforts to maintain a facial gravity, were quite painful to witness.

At last the time arrived for Christian's departure, and accepting Robert Onslow's offer to see him to the coach, he bade his friends "good-bye," and had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Smythe wiping a tear from his eye, as he bade "his dear boy" farewell.

The two young men strolled down the street together, and as Mr. Onslow helped him into the coach, he wrung his hand heartily, and calling out a promise to run down to Maldon soon, he left Christian thinking he was the pleasantest fellow he had ever met.

II.

Mr. Smythe and family had removed to Maldon for the summer, and naturally Madge and Christian saw much of each other. Christian never could explain, even to himself, how the affair came about; but now it was an incontestable fact that the only thing that remained was to ask R. Melville Smythe's consent.

Christian and Madge had been sitting together on the verandah of his house, one evening, and Christian, slipping away from her side, had sat before his piano and told his little story of love. As the wild strains of passionate pleading came stealing out, on the soft summer air, Madge, as if impelled by some hidden power, rose from her seat and followed him, standing in the dusk of the evening by his side.

When Christian's story was ended, he held out his hand, and whispered softly, "Madge"—and Madge had crept to him, and nestled to his heart; and so it was, that the father's consent was required.

It was some days, however, before Christian could "screw his courage to the sticking point," and unfortunately for him, on the very day he had spoken, Mr. Smythe had received a telegram from Robert Onslow, telling him of an absconding debtor, who would "let him in" for about £1000. Mr. Smythe's temper was naturally spoiled, and when Christian had come to him, he had rubbed his hands together, smiled and said blandly—"should be so happy, my dear boy, but unfortunately, I have other views for her—pray say no more about it."

Robert Onslow arrived that night, and was closeted for some hours with Mr. Smythe. He came to Christian's house afterwards, and chatted so pleasantly that Christian, in the innocence of his heart, told him his trouble.

Robert Onslow laughed quietly, and said, "never mind, old fellow! you just run to London with me, for a few days, and keep out of the old man's sight, and when he has got over this loss, you will have nothing but plain sailing before you." Christian consented and, in spite of all Martha's remonstrances, they mounted the coach, early next morning, and a few hours after, Christian found himself in Mr. Onslow's chambers, ensconced in a large easy chair, and already beginning to feel happy and more hopeful.

Always yielding, and easily led, he was soon plunged into all manner of debauchery. Robert Onslow had introduced him to his club, and there they played cards every night, and somehow Christian always came home with lighter pockets, and very often with an unsteady gait; on which occasion he would seize Onslow by the hand and declare he would "never go home—never—never," and Onslow would invariably reply, "quite right, old fellow!—nothing like enjoying yourself when you're young." The next morning he would wake with a splitting headache, and Onslow, or Bob, as Christian now called him, would prescribe innumerable eye-openers and refreshers, in the shape of Brandy and Soda, Gin Cocktails, Sherry Cobblers, &c., which always had the effect of leaving him as drunk as before. And so the days crept into weeks, and Christian had no thought of going home.

His frequent drafts on the Bank began to make terrible havoc in his little estate, and one morning he woke, and found he had to meet a so-called debt of honour, amounting to five hundred pounds, and nothing to meet it with. Christian drank heavily all day to drown his misery and, at night, found himself standing on the club steps with Robert Onslow. It was a dark, murky night, and the rain descended in torrents. Christian felt desperate, as Onslow took his arm, and walked him out into the streets.

They walked on and on, never exchanging a word until at last Onslow stopped, and turning his keen piercing eyes full on Christian's, said in almost a whisper—"something must be done. You have no money, neither have I, and if this thing is not settled in some way, you'll have to go to jail—that's all; and then there'll be a pretty row, down at Maldon."

A look of utter recklessness and desperation came into Christian's eyes. "Onslow," he whispered, "tell me what to do, and I'll do it."

They turned into a low tavern, where Onslow ordered some brandy. Christian drank greedily like a desperate man. After a pause, during which Christian was gnawing the end of his cigar, and staring gloomily into the fire-place—Onslow touched him on the shoulder.

"Christian, in my desk, at Mr. Smythe's counting house, there is twice the amount you want."

Christian's head dropped on his chest, as he cried out, "don't say that, Onslow! For God's sake, take pity on me."

"You fool," the other hissed, saying—"are

you afraid?" "Drink more brandy, and try to get a little heart. We are cornered—we must have money—the thing is perfectly safe and you can repay Mr. Smythe afterwards—only you must have it immediately, or else amuse yourself by twirling your thumbs in a debtor's prison, and when that happens, your chance is all up the spout at Maldon."

Christian filled his glass, and with trembling hand, poured the liquor down his throat. They rose without a word, and went out.

III.

Christian, on the afternoon coach for Maldon, with his hat slouched over his eyes and his hands slung into his pockets, was a different being from the Christian who had travelled over the same road, a month before. His face was bleared with drink, and his eyes were staring straight ahead into vacancy—horrible, horrible vacancy—full of shame and misery for him. Martha was waiting for him at the door, and when she caught a glimpse of his face, the poor soul cried out—"oh! Christian! Christian!—what have they been a-doin' of to ye, lad!"

Christian stalked into the house; threw his hat and coat down, and dropped into a chair, with never a word of greeting for poor old Martha. She, poor soul, after waiting a moment, crept away to her kitchen, awed and half crying; and as she went, she muttered; "if I only just had Mr. Robert Onslow here, for a few minutes"—and the old woman's hands clenched, and a fierce look came into the withered face. Christian hadn't been in the house long, before a message come with a note for him. He tore it open with trembling hands, and read:

YOUNG MAN,—

"I have heard of your debauchery, and unseemly doings in London, and your efforts to lead my worthy young friend, Robert Onslow, into the vicious life you evidently glory in. Never let me see your face again. Never with your unholy feet dare to cross the sanctified threshold of my happy home. Young man, I will pray for you."

ROXBOROUGH MELVILLE SMYTHE.

Christian with his knees trembling under him, staggered like a drunken man, in the hall. "Martha! Martha!" he shouted fiercely, "why, in the Devil's name don't you bring me some supper," and Martha, frightened at the stern, hard tone, came running to him. She had been crying quietly in the kitchen, and when he saw the tears in her eyes, his heart melted. He caught her big red hand in his—"don't mind me, Martha—I'm not well, that's all—I don't wish any supper now—I am going out for a walk, and when I come back, you can have something ready for me"—and Christian took his hat and hurried out of the house.

It was late at night, when he came in, and Martha stood waiting in the hall, with a note in her hand. Christian tore it open: this time it was from Madge:

MY OWN DARLING,—

"I do not believe what they say of you. I feel sure that if you have been wild in London, it has been Mr. Onslow's fault. My father is most unjust to you, but Christian, I will love you, no matter what they say. Keep good heart and everything will turn out well."

Ever your own,

MADGE.

"Thank heaven she doesn't know all"—cried Christian, and he submitted quietly to Martha's entreaty to eat something.

All that night he tossed about on his bed, without once closing his eyes. The thought of the robbery never left him; its haunting shadow seemed to close about him and forbid rest or sleep. He was up and dressed by daylight, waiting eagerly for the London newspapers. At last they came, and Christian, sick and faint, crept to his room, and turning the key in the lock, sat down to read his fate.

"Daring robbery—Police on the scent"—were the first words that caught his eye: the paper dropped from his hand, and he cried out in his misery "thank God my father is dead."

He waited all day, he knew it must come, and when two men entered his garden, in the dusk of evening and walked up to him, with a warrant of arrest, on a charge of robbery, he gave himself up quietly, only begging for ten minutes alone.

"Gainst all orders sir!—cannot allow it," said one of the men, but Christian's eyes, so full of entreaty, prevailed. Humanity, so rare, so hard to find, was deep rooted in this rough man's nature, and it was proof against all the orders that were ever issued. The men sat down in the hall, and Christian went into the room, and sat before his dear father's piano. He had never before played as he did now: it seemed as though all his pent-up misery had at last found vent, and come bursting forth in strains so full of heart-rending sorrow, that one of the men, with great tears trickling down his rough cheeks—whispered to the other—"I say Jim, dash me, if this ain't the toughest arrest I ever made!" Christian got up and came out of the room, saying quietly, "I am ready now"—and so they led him away, leaving Martha in the darkened house, sobbing her old heart out.

IV.

"From the supercilious prince, to the graveling mendicant," said Mr. Smythe complacently, "there is but a step. They are both human; both subject to the same diseases; and

both within the reach of the law. Now in the case of this misguided young man, Christian Gottlieb, (by the way, what an extremely amusing sarcasm his first name is) I have no doubt that after his five years penal servitude have expired, that he will turn over quite a new leaf, and become a very tolerable mendicant."

Madge, with her little hands twisting and writhing, and her face flushed with indignation, cried out "shame! father, shame!" Christian Gottlieb is as honest, and God-fearing a man as ever lived; and the little lady with her eyes bright with anger, and the tears running down her cheeks, left the room.

"Poor father! poor father!" said Mr. Smythe, rolling up his eyes, and reaching out his large, flabby hand for his spouse's: "he's trodden on by his own flesh and blood." Here Mrs. Smythe had to submit to a great amount of clawing from the flabby hands, and had to soothe her lord's ruffled feelings, by kissing him, sitting on his knee, and acknowledging that he, of all the fathers, then or at any other time living, was the most ill-used and trampled on.

"My own," said Mr. Smythe, after a pause, during which he wiped his eyes a great number of times, "that inestimable young man, Robert Onslow, will be here to-night. He has served me so long and faithfully, has managed my business so well, and was so active and decisive in that robbery case, that really, my dear, I have been thinking quite seriously of taking him into partnership—and moreover," said Mr. Smythe, smiling genially, "methinks the youth, doth love mine offspring. What dy'e think of that, my dear!—but bless my soul," he cried, evidently with the full assurance, that he possessed one "here is the young man himself,"—and Mr. Robert Onslow, more captivating and handsome than ever, entered the room. The next day, the worthy master of the house contrived to leave his daughter and embryo partner together, while he took his spouse for "such a jolly ramble along the shore—just as we used to when we were lovers, my Queen"—and then he dragged the poor delicate little creature up rocks, down rocks, through bushes, and along the sands, with the sun staring down with all its might—and then brought his Queen home at night sick, and tired almost to death.

However, although Mr. Smythe thought he had arranged matters very cleverly—he would probably have felt less complacent and self-satisfied, if he could have obtained a peep into his drawing room where his daughter and clerk sat.

Mr. Onslow, for once in his life, was ill at ease, and Madge's monosyllabic answers did not increase his comfort. At last he said, "Miss Margaret, I have your father's permission to speak to—that is to ask—I mean—I mean—"

"You do not appear to know what you mean, sir," said Madge haughtily; "you must excuse me, I have some letters to write; my father will be home shortly, and you can transact your business with him;—you and I, can have nothing in common."

The man dropped on his knees, and caught her hand. "Madge! dear Madge! I know you will let me call you so, I wanted to ask you to be my wife. You will give me hope, will you not?"

Madge flung his hand from her, and stood over him, he cowering down under her stern, relentless gaze.

"Robert Onslow," she said lowly, "as I believe there is a God, I believe you to be a thorough villain; I believe it was you who committed the robbery, and not poor Christian. I believe you ruined him, because you hated him; and now you ask me to be your wife—the wife of a low-minded, cowardly wretch. If I had a man's strength I would lash you through the streets of London, miserable hound, that you are." She pointed to the door, the man rose, and with a cry more like that of a wild beast, than that of a human being, dashed out of the house.

When the brig "Mary Jane" sailed from London next day, she had, on her log, the name of "Robert Onslow, ordinary seaman."

The five years were creeping to a close; five weary, weary years of waiting and watching, and longing; and now these three women were all hope and expectancy; it wanted but another month till Christian would again be in their arms. The happy day at last arrived, and three bright, happy faces, were looking from Christian's house, watching, oh! how anxiously for his arrival.

It was about dark, when a carriage pulled up at the gate, and the three women, with palpitating hearts, waited till a tall slight figure, stepped slowly out, and walked up the pathway. Then, with a glad cry, Madge sprang to meet him, but no hand was extended to hers, and no voice answered her welcome.

They led him into the house; he looked at no one; spoke to no one; and when Mrs. Smythe ran to him, crying "Christian, don't you know me? your old mother, whom you used to love so much, and Madge your future wife, and dear old Martha. Have you forgotten us all?" he looked at her in a wondering way, and then stared about the room, like one trying to reason something out in his mind.

Madge had grown ghastly, as she stood looking at him. She came forward, and caught his hand in hers. "Christian, have you forgotten your little Madge; will you not say one word to her?"

He turned his eyes on her wearily; "so tired," he said, "so very tired; I would like to rest,"

and he dropped heavily into a chair, and sat looking from one face to the other, in blank wonderment.

At last, he caught sight of his old piano, and starting up, he walked over and sat before it. He touched the keys; his face changed and brightened; a new light seemed to have broken upon him, and as he played, his whole soul seemed rapt in the music.

Mrs. Smythe touched her daughter on the shoulder and beckoning Martha, whispered, "come away, come away, this is the only thing which can save our boy's reason," and the women left the room, crying softly.

They heard him playing far into the night, and when the music ceased, they crept into the room, and found him with his head lying on his arm, like one who had fallen asleep; but he was not asleep—Christian Gottlieb was dead.

It was a clear, frosty night, and the moon threw her soft rays over the snow-covered roads and hedges. A man was plodding along steadily towards the village of Maldon, and though the night was cold, he was but poorly clad, and the snow went whirling down his neck in great rifts.

As he strode on, he kept muttering to himself, "yes! yes! I'll do it now. I'll make amends for all the wrongs I did him." As he passed the little village churchyard, he glanced in half nervously, stopped as his eye caught a name, clutched at the railing and sank down in the snow. "My God! my God! am I too late? No! No! it cannot be," and the man started up, sprang over the railing, and approached two tombstones, side by side. The first was—

SACRED
to the
memory
of
CHRISTIAN GOTTLIEB,
who died
June 19, 18—,
aged 26 years
and three months.

The other read, simply
MADGE.

He sank into the snow once more, sobbing out, "too late! too late!"

He got up, vaulted the fence and went striding down the road, towards London.

It was about daybreak, next morning, that he reached a ship lying in port.

The captain was pacing the deck, and the man touched his hat as he passed him, saying, "Come aboard, sir!" and passed on to the fore-castle.

The ship sailed next evening and England saw Robert Onslow no more.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The Academy of Music has at length been appropriately inaugurated. For a mere theatre it is a misnomer, but when opera is introduced in it, it becomes true to its name. The French Opera Company of Mlle. Marie Aimée did honor to it, as we are glad to add it did honor to the performances of the troupe, by its scenery and properties, and its large, fashionable audiences. It is needless to say that never have the operas produced last week and this been done justice to before. Indeed, many of our citizens who had seen and heard them here before acknowledged that they had really no idea of the originals. The reason is that the works are produced entire, according to the Parisian traditions, and that all the actors are proficient in their art. Aimée, in her sphere, is excelled by few in Europe while in America she stands, as she has long stood, first. Her voice is all that is required for the exigencies of the score, while her acting gives that organ a prominence which it would not otherwise have. The secret of French acting was never so well displayed and no wonder that admiring crowds have greeted the gifted artist, night after night. Her support was excellent, Duparc, Guymard, Duplan and Raoult deserving a high rank in any combination. The management was also carried on in that high spirit of courtesy so pleasing to the public who are indebted to the agent, Mr. Zimmerman, for both his tact as a gentleman and his capacity as an administrator.

OUR PICTURES.

We published last week a full account of the ceremonies attending the inauguration of Lafayette's Statue in New York. It is needless therefore to repeat it in connection with our picture to-day. We give some views of the Exhibition of the Horticultural and Agricultural Society, at the Crystal Palace, last week. The display of flowers and vegetables was good, but the collection of fine arts was very poor, not to use a plainer expression. We also give a sketch of Cayuga jail where the Young murderers are in confinement, and whence they made an escape which has become memorable through their recapture. The jail is furthermore notorious as having held the infamous Townsend. From a scaffold erected in front three of his gang were executed. Cayuga, the county town of Haldeman, is situated on the Grand River. Almost the entire business part was destroyed by a large fire, but it is being rapidly rebuilt. The two works of art, The Storm and Happy Days, are not only gems of themselves, but appropriate to the season.

PROTESTANT INSTITUTION FOR DEAF-MUTES.

To Ministers, Mayors, Postmasters, Missionaries, and others:—The Board of Managers of the Protestant Institution for Deaf-Mutes, Montreal, desirous to obtain reliable information respecting the Protestant and non-Catholic deaf-mutes in the Province of Quebec, and to make known the existence and advantages of this institution for the instruction of this class of people, respectfully request you to forward to the undersigned the name, address, sex, age, circumstances and post-office address of parents or guardians of all non-Roman Catholic deaf-mutes between the ages of five and thirty years. By doing so you will not only confer a favor on the Board of Managers, but be doing an act of charity to the deaf-mutes, whose parents or guardians may be unaware of the existence of an institution for the instruction of deaf-mutes in the Province. When it is not convenient or possible to supply all the information desired, the name of the deaf-mute's parents or guardians, and their post-office address, or the name and address of their minister, will be sufficient to enable the officers of the Institution to communicate with the parties they desire to benefit. The conditions of admission into the Institution are such as to place it within reach of all deaf-mutes of school age, not mentally defective, so that poverty can be no excuse for keeping them in ignorance. These conditions and all information desired respecting the Institution can be obtained by addressing the Principal, Mr. Widd, Drawer 353 P.O., Montreal. The Board of Managers trust that all those addressed will kindly cooperate with them in their benevolent efforts, and aid them in ascertaining, as far as possible, the number of Protestant deaf-mutes of school age in this Province, which will materially assist them in determining the amount of accommodation required in the new Institution which they have in contemplation. Communications may be addressed to any of the undersigned:

CHARLES ALEXANDER, President,
Protestant Institution for Deaf-Mutes,
Montreal.
F. MACKENZIE, Hon. Sec-Treas.
THOS. WIDD, Principal.

BRAIN-WORK AND NOISE.

While any man may if he will, at least approximately, secure himself all the prime requisites of life in so far as cleanliness is concerned in them, the great majority of people have very little power to secure that condition of quiet and freedom from mental distraction by discordant noises which to many are every whit as essential to perfect health as pure air and wholesome water. There are tens of thousands of people in London to whom, if they are to prosecute their daily work with anything like ease and comfort, quietude is absolutely indispensable, and there are hundreds of thousands to whom it is at least very desirable, and whose working powers are exhausted nearly as much by the distracting sounds around them as by the labours in which they are engaged. This is a fact which will be disputed by nobody competent to express an opinion on the subject, yet it is one which neither the law or public sentiment will recognise. However important a man's work may be, either as regards himself or the community, his labours may be interrupted and retarded, his health affected, and his working life made a misery to him by a continual series of noises, from every one of which, by all that is civilised, he ought to be protected. Unless, however, he has the courage to engage in a very troublesome, a very unpleasant, and very uncertain legal proceeding, and can show that he is being rapidly killed, or prevented from pursuing his lawful calling, it is of no use complaining. It may be quite out of his power to take such proceedings, and with respect to some noises it would obviously be absurd to attempt it; but unless he does attempt it the law will not protect him. Hawkers and costermongers, organ-grinders, concertina players, and nigger troupes, may irritate and torment him all day long, and any attempt to suppress them will merely prove the impracticability of the thing, and bring upon him the odium of trying to prevent poor people getting an honest living. If, in deference to their rights and privileges, he at length foregoes all claims to the uninterrupted use of his day, and consents to postpone his work till night, he may probably find that the safety of his neighbour's conservatory requires that a wretched dog shall be tied up to bay the moon all night, and that luggage and passenger trains cannot be run into each other with customary regularity unless the night is made hideous with the distant screams and shrieks of engine-whistles. Up till eleven or twelve o'clock at night he may, perhaps, find that a poor man with an organ or piano-organ continues to make his "honest living" within earshot, and before he has done the public-houses begin to turn out little groups of melody-makers and concertina players. He may consider himself lucky, indeed, if these prove the only source of annoyance. There are in London innumerable stylish-looking houses—"semi-detached villas," "desirable residences," "eligible modern dwellings," and other equally pretentious structures—in which a frolic child or musical student on one side of a party-wall will very effectually put to the rout any nervous toiler who may happen to be on the other.

It is quite time that all this received a little more consideration than it has hitherto done. It is a subject well worthy of it. All the world over, quiet and freedom from distraction have been held to be indispensable to the full exercise of mental power. There are, of course, exceptions. There are some who are not easily disturbed, and a few who appear to find a mental stimulant in noise, but they are altogether in a considerable minority, and never need be in want of a little hubbub for long together. As a general rule, brain work requires silence, and if it is considered desirable to promote brain work, common sense should suggest the expediency of reducing, as far as possible, that which is unquestionably a hindrance to it. A cynic might well sneer at the civilisation which is fastidiously careful to put down anything that may offend gastronomic or olfactory sensibilities but that does so little to limit the irritation and injury to which a man's brain may be subjected by noises over which he himself in a general way has no control whatever. The pigs which Mrs. Brown, Jones, or Robinson finds unpleasant to her delicate nose must be sternly and promptly put down; but the dog or the cockatoo which the old lady may think proper to tie up within fifty yards of a philosopher's study-window must be endured, and even the mildest of protests will in all probability be resented as an unwarrantable interference with a person's right to do as she pleases in her own house. Of course, it may be said that the pigs are abolished because they may occasion disease. But ought not yelping dogs, organ-grinders, and unnecessary engine-whistles to be done away with on precisely the same ground? It appears to be the opinion of competent authorities, that after all allowance has been made for the increase of population and the efficiency of modern registration, insanity is absolutely on the increase among us. It is easy to believe this. The strain and pressure under which so many are compelled to work, and which seem likely to become even more intense, are just what might be expected to result in mental break-down, and there are very few who do not at least occasionally find this strain intensified by those incessant and irritating noises from which anywhere in the neighbourhood of London it is impossible to escape. Some of them are, of course, inevitable. We cannot repress the howling of the wind, the rattle of mail trains, or the crying of babies, but the necessary noises of life are quite numerous enough without the addition of unnecessary ones. Among the most trying of them all is the organ-grinder.

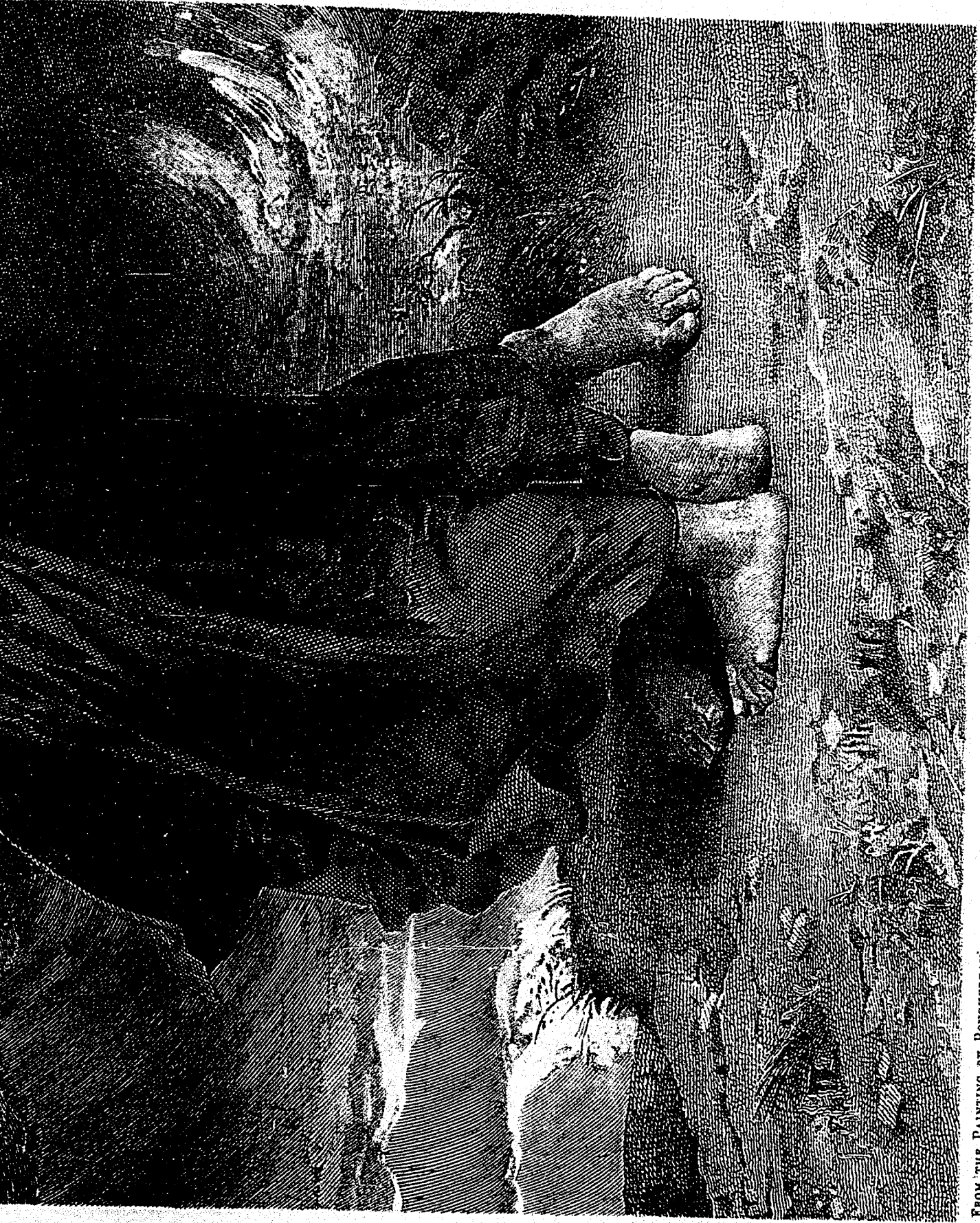
HOW TO READ SHAKESPEARE.

As to the play with which it is best for a young reader of Shakespeare to begin, I should not hesitate to say that the first play in most editions, "The Tempest," is as good as any, although it is among the last productions of his latest years as a dramatic author. Its charming story, its striking and clear characterization, its simple construction, and its exquisite although not involved or too finely wrought poetry, make it a creation that no one capable of pleasure from literary art can fail to drink in with delight. If not this, "As You Like It" might first be taken up; then "The Merchant of Venice" and "Much Ado about Nothing." To these "Romeo and Juliet" might well succeed, after which a return to the comedies would be advisable, among which the reader could not now well go astray, except that I should recommend that "All's Well that Ends Well," "The Winters Tale," and "Measure for Measure" should be left until the last, and indeed until the reader shall have made further acquaintance with the tragedies, and read at least two of the histories—the First and Second Parts of "King Henry IV." To these it would be well to pass from "The Merry Wives of Windsor," because of Falstaff, whose humor appears in its lowest (yet high) form in "The Merry Wives," and in its highest in the "Second Part of Henry IV." The reader cannot now well go astray; but I should advise that the Roman and Grecian plays should be left until the last, "Troilus and Cressida" being read last of all, not because of any superiority, although it is one of Shakespeare's greatest works, but because of a peculiarity which I shall speak of further on. — Richard Grant White, in the Galaxy for October.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Dr. LISZT has the intention to organize a festival in honour of Berlioz, at Weimar.
THE new Opera House at Dresden will be soon finished, at a cost of nearly £160,000.
THE death at Paris, at the age of seventy-three, is announced of the dramatic author Fabrice Labrousse. His pieces were mostly of a military class.
MIDDLE ALBANI—who will probably by this time have become Mrs. Ernest Gyo—is engaged by the Liverpool Philharmonic Society to sing in Beethoven's "St. Cecilia" in December.
ON the day after Tammany's failed in Paris Meyerbeer called on Rossini. The great Neapolitan was seated at the piano with the score before him. "My dear fellow," said Meyerbeer, "you have got the music upside down." "Oh, yes, I know!" replied Rossini. "I tried it the usual way, but it wouldn't go a bit. It's better now."
IN connection with the Hereford Musical Festival it is stated that M. Gounod, the composer, has supplied Mr. Townsend Smith, organist of the Hereford Cathedral, with the score of a new movement he has introduced into the service. It was performed for the first time at the Festival on Tuesday, the 14th of September, after Barnett's "Raising of Lazarus."





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THE STORM.

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OUR CENTENNIAL STORY.

THE BASTONNAIS:

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

By JOHN LESPERANCE.

BOOK IV.

AFTER THE STORM.

XVI.

THE HOUR OF GLOOM.

The interview with Cary Singleton was not delayed a moment. Both he and Pauline desired that Zulma should be present, but she imagined a pressing pretext and glided out of the chamber. As she did so, her face was irradiated. Meeting Batoche in the passage, near the entrance to the house, she threw herself upon his neck, and burst into silent tears.

"Courage, mademoiselle," he said in a pathetic voice. "You have been magnificent, and shall have your reward. Courage."

"It is over, Batoche. A momentary weakness which I could not resist. I am happier now than I ever was in my life."

Batoche looked at her with admiration and whispered—

"There was only one way of saving her life."

"Yes, and we have adopted it."

"You have adopted it, mademoiselle. Not I. Yours is all the merit and you shall be blessed for it."

The two then went into the room of M. Belmont to keep him company, while he awaited with resignation the result of the conference in the sick chamber.

We may not dwell upon the details of the conference. Suffice it to know that it was concluding in the extreme to the invalid and supremely painful to the young officer. At sight of the wasted figure before him, Cary lost all control over his feelings. He remembered only one thing—that this girl had saved his life. He saw but one duty—that he must save her's at whatever cost to himself and others. The long watches of those eight weeks at the Belmont house came back to him, the tireless attention, the gentle nursing, the sweet words of comfort. Her illness was the result of his. That was enough.

Pleased as Pauline was to hear his words of gratitude and protestations of devotion, she gave him no encouragement to believe that they would have the effect of restoring her either in body or mind. The poor girl shuddered at the alternative in which she was placed. Zulma was so near—only a wall separating them. Roderick was so far—the ramparts of Quebec seeming to have receded beyond an infinite horizon. Death was at hand. Why recoil from it? Why not hail its deliverance as a benison?

Not in words did Pauline communicate these thoughts to Cary. With all her resolution she would have been utterly unable to do so. But he gathered her meaning only too well, the acuteness of his own suffering making him read on the suffering face of the patient the recon- dition thoughts which, in ordinary occasions, he should never have been able to fathom. But, in spite of all this, Pauline was happy in the simple presence of Cary. There were moments when she scarcely heeded what he said, so intent was she in the enjoyment of the assurance that he was really once more at her side. If she could have had this boon indefinitely, without the need of pledges or protestations, without the necessity of recalling the past, or facing the future, she would have been content, nor asked for anything beyond. This dream of a tranquil passivity was a fatal symptom of completely broken energies and proximate decay. But even this dream had to be dispelled. An hour had gone by and darkness had filled the room, an admission to Cary that he must forthwith return to camp. When he informed the invalid of this she moaned piteously, and it was minutes before he could soothe her. Indeed she was not reconciled until he promised that he would be with her again so soon and as often as he could tear himself away from his military duties. Before leaving he leaned over her, and, while pressing her hand, imprinted a reverent kiss upon her forehead. He did it naturally, and as if by duty. She received the token without surprise, as if she expected it. It was the seal of love.

The calèche was waiting at the door, and Cary mounted it, after the exchange of only a few words with M. Belmont and Zulma. He was preoccupied and almost sullen. Batoche took a seat beside him and they drove away into the darkness. For nearly two-thirds of the route not a syllable passed between the two. The stars came out one by one like laughing nymphs, the moon sailed up jauntily, the low sounds of the night were heard on every side. Batoche was too shrewd to speak, but his eyes glared as he conducted the horse. His companion was buried in his thoughts. Finally the freshening breeze showed that they were approaching the broad St. Lawrence, a faint illumination floated over Quebec from its hundred lights, and the camp-

fires of the Continental army broke out here and there in the distance. They reached a rough part of the road where the horse was put on the walk.

"Batoche," said Cary hoarsely.

"Yes, Captain," was the calm reply.

"The end is at hand."

"Alas! sir."

"You see those fires yonder? They will soon be extinguished. The English fleet is coming with reinforcements, and we cannot withstand them. We shall have to flee. But before we go, I trust we shall fight, and if we fight, I hope I shall be killed. I am sick of disappointment and defeat. I want to die."

These words were spoken in such a harrowing way, that for once, Batoche was thrown off his guard, and could answer nothing—not a word of argument, not an expression of comfort. Whipping his horse to his utmost speed, he muttered grimly—

"Then we shall die together."

XVII.

THE GREAT RETREAT.

A few days passed and the month of May was ushered in. Cary Singleton was right in foretelling that stirring events were at hand. A crisis intervened in the siege of Quebec. Since the disappearance of the snow the Americans had given some symptoms of activity. There was more frequent firing upon the town, and feints were made with ladders and ropes for escalades at different points. An armed schooner, named the *Gaspé*, captured during the autumn, was prepared as a fire-ship to drift down and destroy the craft that was moored in the Cul-de-Sac, at the eastern extremity of Lower Town. Other vessels destined for a similar service were also made ready. At nine o'clock on the night of the 3rd May, the attempt was actually made. One of the fire-ships turned out from Levis, and advanced near to the Quebec shore without molestation, the garrison imagining that it was a friend. Success seemed almost within reach, when on being hailed, and not answering, guns were fired at her from the Grand Battery over the Cape. At this signal that they were discovered, the crew at once set a match to the combustible material on board, and sent the vessel drifting directly for the Cul-de-Sac. A moment more and she would have reached that coveted spot, and the shipping, with the greater part of Lower Town, would have been consumed. But the tide having ebbed about an hour, the current drove her back, notwithstanding that the north-east wind was in her favor. This failure was a terrible disappointment to the Americans. It was their last stroke against Quebec. Had the attempt succeeded, the army intended to attack the town during the confusion which the conflagration would necessarily have created, and the onslaught would have been a terrible one, because they were goaded to despair by their continuous ill-success, at the same time that they knew it was their final chance prior to the arrival of the British fleet which was every day expected.

That fleet did not long delay its appearance. At six o'clock, on the morning of the 6th May, a frigate hove in sight turning Point Levis. The whole American army witnessed her triumphant entrance. The ramparts of the town were lined with spectators to hail the welcome sight. Drums beat to arms, the church bells clanged, and an immense shout arose that was re-echoed from the Plains of Abraham across the river to the Isle of Orleans. It was the acclamation of deliverance for the besieged, the knell of doom for the besiegers. The frigate was well named the *Surprise*, and she carried on board two companies of the 29th regiment with some marines, the whole amounting to two hundred men who were immediately landed. She was speedily followed by other war vessels containing more abundant reinforcements.

At noon of the same memorable day, the garrison, supported by the new arrivals, formed in different divisions, issued through the gates, and moved slowly as far as the battle field of St. Foye, where Chevalier Levis won his brilliant, but barren victory over Murray, on the 28th April, 1760. Carleton, now that he was backed by a power from the sea, shook off his inaction, and determined to deliver combat to the Continentals. But beyond a few pickets who fired as they fell back, the latter were nowhere to be seen. They had begun a precipitate retreat, leaving all their provisions, artillery, ammunition and baggage behind them. Their great campaign was over, ending in disastrous defeat. They endeavoured to make a stand at Sorel, being slightly reinforced, but the English troops which pressed on under Carleton and Burgoyne, the commander of the fresh arrivals, forced them

to continue their flight. They were obliged to abandon their conquests at Montreal, Chambly, St. Johns and Isle-aux-Noix, and did not deem themselves safe, till they reached the head of Lake Champlain. Then they paused and rallied, forming a strong army under Gates, and one year later, wreaked a terrible revenge upon this same Burgoyne, who had superseded Carleton, by capturing his whole army at Saratoga, thus gaining the first real step towards securing the independence of the Colonies. Arnold fought like a hero at that battle, giving proof of qualities which must have insured his success at Quebec, if the fates had not been against him.

XVIII.

CONSUMMATUM EST.

The flight of the Continentals caused the utmost excitement, not only in Quebec, but throughout the surrounding country. They had so long occupied the ground, that their sudden departure created a great void. Those who were opposed to them broke out into exclamations, while the large number who sympathized with them were thrown into consternation. Bad news always travels fast. Long before sunset of that day, the event was known at Valcartier, and on the little cottage occupied by M. Belmont, the intelligence fell like a thunderbolt. It was useless for Zulma to attempt mastering her feelings. She rushed out into the garden, and there delivered herself to her agony. She had not foreseen this catastrophe, had never deemed anything like it possible. Now he was gone, gone in headlong flight, without a word of a warning, without a farewell. After what had been happening within the preceding few days, a single, final interview would have helped to seal her resignation and reconcile her to her fate. But now even this boon was denied her.

It need not be said that M. Belmont's grief was also extreme, as we know the many reasons—personal and political, on account of himself, his countrymen and his daughter—which he had to desire the success of the American cause. It was vain for him to attempt concealing his emotion in the presence of Pauline. She immediately divined that something extraordinary had happened. Cary's behavior during his last visit had been so peculiar as to leave the impression that he was under the shadow of impending calamity. Only the evening previous, as he bade her farewell, his manner was strange, almost wild. He was tender and yet abrupt. If she had not known that he was dominated by a terrible sorrow, she would have feared that he was yielding to anger. He protested his eternal gratitude. He poured out his love in glorious words. He stood beautiful in the grandeur of his passion. And yet there was an indefinite something which made his departure painfully impressive to Pauline. His last words were—

"If you will not consent to live, Pauline, there is only thing for me to do. You understand!"

She understood perfectly well. The words had been ringing in her ears ever since, and now from her father's appearance, the suspicion flashed upon her that perhaps they were fulfilled. Was Cary dead? Had he thrown away his life in battle? The doubt could brook no delay, and, gathering all her strength, she abruptly interrogated M. Belmont.

"No, not dead, my child, but—"

"But what, father? I beg you to tell me all."

"They are gone. The siege is raised. It was unforeseen, and done in the utmost precipitancy."

"And he too is gone?"

"Alas! my dear."

"That is as bad as death."

And uttering a piercing shriek, Pauline fell back in a swoon upon her pillow. The cry was heard by Zulma, in the garden, and she rushed back into the room. The alternation in the face of the patient was so terrible that Zulma was horror-stricken. Pauline lay absolutely as if dead. No breathing was audible, and her pulse had apparently ceased to beat. Restoratives were applied, but failed to act. Although they did not exchange a word together, both Zulma and M. Belmont felt that it was the end. With the setting sun, and the coming of darkness, an awful silence fell upon the house, through which alone, by the terrified listeners, was faintly heard the rustling of the wings of doom.

Then the tempest arose, fit accompaniment for such a scene. Thunder and lightning filled the sky. A hurricane swept the landscape, with a voice of dirge, while the rain poured down in torrents. For long hours Zulma knelt beside the inanimate form. M. Belmont sat at head of the bed with the rigidity of a corpse. But for the ever Watchful Eye over that stricken house, who knows what ghastly scene the morning sun might witness?

Through the storm, the sound of hoofs were heard, followed soon after by a noise at the door. Zulma turned to M. Belmont with a sweet smile, while he awoke from his stupor with indications of fear.

"Heaven! are our enemies so soon upon us? he exclaimed, rising.

"Never fear," said Zulma, rising also. "It is our friends."

She went to the door and admitted Cary Singleton and Batoche. They were both hag-

gard and travel-stained. It required but a glance to reveal the situation to them. The young officer, after pressing the hand of Zulma and M. Belmont, stood for several minutes gazing at the insensible Pauline. The old man did the same at a little distance behind. Then the latter gently touched the former upon the shoulder. He turned and the four held a whispered conference for a few moments, the speakers being Cary and Zulma, both earnest and decided, especially Zulma. A conclusion was soon reached, for M. Belmont hurriedly quitted the room. During his brief absence, while the two men resumed their watches near the couch, Zulma carried a little table near the head, covered it with a white cloth, set upon it two lighted silver candlesticks, and a little vessel of holy water in which rested a twig of cedar. She did this calmly, methodically, with mechanical dexterity, as if it had been an ordinary household duty. Never once did she raise her eyes from her work, but, from the increased light in the room, one might have noticed that there was a spot of fiery red upon either cheek. Cary, however absorbed in his meditations, could not help casting a look upon her as she moved about, while Batoche, although he never raised his head, did not lose a single one of her actions. Who can tell what passed in the bosoms of the three, or how much of their lives they lived during these moments?

Zulma's ministrations had scarcely been concluded, when M. Belmont returned with the parish priest of Valcartier, a venerable man whose smile, as he bowed to all the members of the group, and took in the belongings of the room, was as inspiring as a spoken blessing. Its influence too must have extended to the entranced Pauline for, as he approached her side, and sprinkled her with hyssop, breathing a prayer, she slowly opened her eyes and gazed at him. Then turning to the lighted tapers, and the snow cloth, she smiled, saying:

"It is the extreme unction, Monsieur Le Curé! I thank you."

The old priest, with that consummate knowledge of the world and the human heart, which his long pastorate had given him, approached nearer, and addressed her in a few earnest words, explaining everything. Then he stepped aside, and revealed the presence of Cary. The two lovers folded each other in a close embrace and thus, heart against heart, they communed together for a few moments. At the close, Pauline called for Zulma who was on her knees, at the foot of the bed and in shadow. The meeting was short, but passionate. Finally, one word which Zulma spoke had a magical effect, and the three turned their faces towards the assistants, smiling through their tears.

The ceremony was brief. There in that presence, at that solemn hour, the hands were joined, the benediction pronounced and Cary and Pauline were man and wife. The priest producing the parish register, the names of the principals and witnesses were signed. Zulma wrote hers in a large steady hand, but a tear, which she could not restrain, fell upon the letters and blurred them.

"Rest now, my child," said the priest, as he took his departure.

Pauline, exhausted by fatigue and emotion, immediately relapsed into slumber, but every trace of pain was gone and her regular breathing showed that she was enjoying a normal repose. Then Batoche, approaching Cary, silently pointed to the clock.

"Alas! yes," said the latter, turning to M. Belmont and Zulma, "it is now midnight, and the last act of this drama must be performed. Our camp is thirty miles away, and the night is terrible. I rode here to accomplish one duty. I must ride back to fulfil another. It is a blessing she sleeps. You will tell her all when she wakes."

He continued in fervid words recommending Pauline to both Zulma and M. Belmont. He protested that nothing short of his loyalty to his country could induce him to go away. Had his army been victorious, he might have resigned service and remained with Pauline and her friends. But now, especially, that it was routed, he could not abandon his colors and he knew that Pauline would despise him if he did. To-morrow they would resume their flight. In a few days they would be out of Canada.

When he had finished speaking, he threw his arms around the neck of Zulma, thanking her for her devotion, declaring that he would never forget her, and that he would always be at her service.

"I confide Pauline to you," he said. "To no other could I so well entrust her. She saved my life. Let us both be united in saving hers. She has promised me that she will now try to live. With your help, I am certain that she will do so. It is my only comfort on my departure, together with the assurance that you will always be her friend and mine."

Batoche, too, had a word with Zulma. He predicted the blessing of Heaven upon her abnegation, sent remembrances to his friends and, in most touching language, begged her to assume the care of little Blanche. When this was promised him, he told M. Belmont that Blanche knew the secret of his casket and would reveal it to him. Then the final separation took place. Cary and Batoche left the house together. The next morning the former had joined his companions on their retreat, while the latter lay prone on the wet grass, at the foot of the Montmorenci Falls—dead. The lion-like heart was broken. It could not survive the ruin of its hopes.

XVIII.

FINAL QUINSET.

Eight years had elapsed. It was the summer of 1784. The great war of the Revolution was over and peace had been signed. Cary Singleton, having laid down his arms, proposed to travel for rest and recuperation. His first visit was to Canada in the company of his wife, and of M. Belmont who desired to return to Quebec, and there spend the evening of his days. Having accompanied Pauline to Maryland immediately upon her recovery—which had been very protracted—he had led a tranquil life there, but now that age was telling, and that he had no further solicitude about the safety of Cary, nostalgia came hard upon him. It is needless to say that the journey was a most agreeable one. All the old places were revisited, all the old faces that had survived were seen once more. But the chief attraction for both Cary and Pauline was Zulma and Roderick. What had become of them? The latter remained in the army for a year after the deliverance of Quebec. Carrying his great disappointment in his heart, he joined the expedition of Burgoyne and, of course, shared its fate at Saratoga. But as Morgan was in that battle, where he caused the death of the brave English General Fraser, and Cary was with him, Roderick received at the hands of the latter the same treatment which he had extended to him, after the battle of Sauk-an-Matlat. Whereas all Burgoyne's men were kept prisoners in the interior of the country, Hurdge procured his liberation through the influence of Singleton with Morgan, and returned home renouncing military pursuits for ever. He retired at first to his estate in the country, but the solitude became painful to him, and he took up his residence in the old capital, where one of the first persons he met was Zulma who had just returned from Paris, after an absence of a couple of years. She was an altered woman, the fire of whose spirits had died out and who carried the burden of her loneliness as heavily as she could. But her wonderful beauty had not yet decayed. Rather was it expanded into full flower. Like Roderick, she was alone in the world, her father having died within a year after the siege of Quebec. It was only natural that these two should gradually come together, and no one will be surprised that, after a full mutual explanation, and with much deliberation, they united their lives. Neither will it astonish any one to be further told that their union proved happy in the solid fruits of contentment. They deserved it all, and it was literally fulfilled that the blessings of their great sacrifice came to them a hundred-fold.

Sometimes, when he was in a jolly mood, Roderick would say:

"You remember, dear, that I once predicted I would yet catch my beautiful rebel. I have caught her."

And he would laugh outright. Zulma would only smile faintly, as if the reminiscence had not lost all its bitterness, but she would return her husband's caress with effusion.

We shall not linger to describe the meeting of the four friends—after so many years. Our story is verging to its close, and we have space for only a last incident. One beautiful afternoon, they were all gathered together at the foot of the Montmorency Falls, around the humble grave of Batoche. It was a little tufted mound with a black cross at the head. In their company appeared the picturesque costume of an Ursuline nun. This was little Blanche, whom Zulma had placed in the convent after the death of her father, and who had decided to consecrate her life to God. By special dispensation from a very severe rule, she was allowed to accompany the friends of her childhood to the grave of her old grandfather. Zulma and Pauline planted flowers over it, and Blanche threw herself across it sobbing and praying. All wept, even the two strong men, as they gazed upon a scene which reminded them of so much.

Poor Batoche! What was there in the music of the waterfall that seemed responsive to this tribute of his friends?

During my first visit to Canada a few years ago, I met on the Saguenay boat a young lady whose beauty and distinction impressed me. I inquired who she was. An old gentleman informed me that her name was Hurdge, and on tracing up her genealogy, as old men are fond of doing, he made it clear that the two grandmothers were the heroines, and the two grandfathers, the heroes of this history. A son of Roderick and Zulma had married a daughter of Cary and Pauline, and this was their offspring. Thus, at last, the blood of all the lovers had mingled together in one.

THE END.

AMONG THE THOUSAND ISLANDS

There are really about 1,500 of the islands, and they extend a distance of fifty miles. They range in size from a mere rock, crowned with a single tree, to large and fertile islands that might hold cities. The passage through and among them, especially in the early dawn, is truly delightful. Their number is bewildering and the prospects that unfold themselves as the boat glides over the placid waters is enchanting. Fishing and duck-shooting are said to be famous sports here. We saw numerous encampments of gentlemen and ladies who were engaged in these pastimes, and notably one very large encamp-

ment that had continued for more than six weeks, and contained people from many of the States, even from California.

But the most exciting part of our voyage still was in prospect—the shooting of the rapids. There are eight or ten of these between the Thousand Islands and Montreal. Some are quite small and tame after the first curious sensation of going down hill on a steamboat has been experienced; but some are grand and terrific in the extreme. Cedar Rapids especially present a sight hardly inferior in breadth and tumult to the rapids above Niagara Falls. If you can imagine going in a steamboat through the strongest surf that is ever seen at Cape May, and going rapidly down hill at that, you will have some idea of the passage of the Cedar Rapids. The height of the surges is very great. In the midst of the descent the river makes a clear drop of about four feet over a ledge of rock through which our pilot found a way invisible to me. A curious effect is caused by the "white caps" being all turned up stream.

After sunset we approached the head of the last and most dangerous of all the rapids, Lachine. As we drew near the Indian village of Caughnawaga, on the southern shore, every eye was eagerly on the lookout for the canoe of Baptiste, the old Indian pilot of the Lachine Rapids. For forty years he has piloted vessels through this dangerous passage. No steamer ventures down unless he is at the wheel. At last he came in sight and rapidly boarded our craft. He was verily the observed of all observers. A tall, well-built, well-preserved man of about sixty years of age, with not very decided Indian features, but with a look of intelligence and firmness about him that at once inspired every one with confidence in him.

In a few minutes more we were in the midst of the whirl and tumult of the Rapids. At one moment we seemed to be inevitably dashing upon a large rock which lay directly in our course, and which was mercilessly lashed by the surges, but a sudden turn of the wheel brought us by that also, and soon we were in placid water again, and before many minutes had elapsed we had passed beneath the magnificent Victoria Tubular Bridge and were fast approaching the splendid wharves of Montreal.

HEARTH AND HOME.

SLEEP.—In the present day there is no fixed time for sleep. The world roars around us like a torrent of events. Everything is rapid; and we are whirled with velocity in the midst of a vortex as vast as it is incessant. Repose there is none; and instead of sleeping on a pillow of down, we stand continually on the tiptoe of expectation, awaiting the coming on of the morrow, big as it were with the doom of some great hereafter.

SPANISH PROVERBS.—Love, a horse, and money, carry a man through the world. Three things kill a man: a hot sun, supper, and trouble. To shave an ass is a waste of lather. If the gossip is not in her own house, she is in somebody else's. Don't speak ill of the year till it is over. The mother-in-law forgets that she was once a daughter-in-law. Men are as grateful for kind deeds as the sea is when you fling it a cup of water.

UNSELFISH LOVE THE SOURCE OF HAPPINESS.—Wherever unselfish love is the mainspring of men's actions; wherever happiness is placed not on what we can gain for ourselves, but on what we can impart to others; wherever we place our highest satisfaction in gratifying our fathers and mothers, our brothers and sisters, our wives and children, our neighbours and friends, we are sure to attain all of happiness which the world can bestow.

THE TRIALS OF LIFE.—If you do not bring any strain to bear upon timber, one kind is as good as another. A splinter of a broom is as the best ash if you do not put any weight upon it—if you lay it down on the carpet and do not do anything with it. The only thing which shows the relative excellence of the different sorts is a pressure brought to bear upon them. Lead is as good as iron, or iron is as good as steel, so long as they are not subject to any trial of their strength. And it is when men are tried in life that what they are is made to appear.

THE BEAUTY OF HOME.—The beauty of home depends more on educated and refined taste than upon mere wealth. If there is no artist in the house, it matters little that there is a large balance at the bank. There is usually no better excuse for a barren home than ignorance or carelessness. A little mechanical skill can make brackets and shelves for the walls. A thoughtful walk in the woods can gather leaves and lichens and ferns for adorning the unpicturesque rooms. A trifle saved from daily expenses can now and again put a new book upon the table or shelf. The expenditure of a few shillings can convert the plain window into a conservatory.

WOMEN AND WOMEN.—The chief quality of womanly woman is her motherhood—that is, her power of self-sacrifice and care-taking of those who need her care. From earliest childhood the difference between those who demand sacrifice and those who can make it is plainly marked, and in the nursery—as in the school-room and the home—there is always one who is ready to give up and always one who is to be given up to. The former develops into the mother—the womanly woman *par excellence*; the latter is never more than a toy, a thing to be caressed

and waited on, decked with jewels and clothed in fine linen, but never asked to work, to suffer, or to sacrifice. These are the things which she requires from others, not gives of her own grace—in which she is the exact opposite of her sister the womanly woman, who finds her greatest happiness in making the happiness of others and her best joy in sacrifice and duty.

THE GLEANER.

A PARIS letter says: "False hair will be a drug in the market when the frost comes. Short curls and natural hair, such as the picture of Mme. Recamier and Queen Hortense have made familiar to everybody, will be all the fashion."

The latest new idea is the "classical" dress for "ladies' evening wear." It is something worse than the trousers with only one leg, which *Punch* declares women now walk in. It is made in the most simple fashion. The trimming is of the slightest. There is nothing to disturb the graceful "classical" outline. The bodies are very low indeed; the trains are very far from what ladies call full; and the sleeves are just a narrow strip of braid. The arms, the shoulders, and the neck are quite displayed, and the figure in all respects is fully shown. This is the new notion in London during the recess.

THE resignation of General de Cissey as French War Minister at the request of Marshal MacMahon, and his replacement by General Berthaut, excite much comment in England and France, and some uneasiness in German political circles. The appointment of Gen. Berthaut implies that the President of the Republic no longer wishes the War Minister to be subject to Parliamentary vicissitudes, he being neither a member of the Senate nor of the Chamber. The *London Times* says, in comment, that France is striving to resume her old military influence, which Europe cannot dispense with.

A "BULL" is one who buys stock, whether investor or speculator; a "BEAR" is one who sells it. If any one buys a lot of stock as an investment, he "bulls" the market, and the price is likely to rise, because his investment has removed so much stock from the market, and the remainder is by so much the scarcer; while, if he sells, either for speculation or realisation, he "bears" the market, which is likely to go down in consequence of the stock he has thrown on to it making the supply more plentiful. The slang word "bear" is generally supposed to be derived from the old story of the man who sold the skin of the bear before he had killed the four-footed wearer.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

BEFORE a Turk gets married he asks all good men to pray for him.

WHY are good resolutions like fainting ladies?—Because they want "carrying on."

CALL the next baby Elaine, after Temyson's heroine. Then, when she is cross, call her the Madeline.

AN old bachelor says that every woman is in the wrong until she cries—and then she is in the right instantly.

"WHAT blessings these children are!" as the parish clerk said when he took the fee for christening them.

We often hear of a man "being in advance of his age," but who ever heard of a woman being in the same predicament?

THE young lady who always wanted her sweetheart close at hand explains it on the ground that 'twas only a nigh dear of her own.

"Yes, I want my daughter to study rhetoric," replied a Vermont mother; "for she can't fry pancakes now without smoking the house all up."

AN old pilot, on being asked why a certain point on the Mississippi was called Maiden's Bluff, innocently answered, "I s'pose it's cause it's a virgin' on the river."

"MR. JONES, don't you think marriage is a means of grace?"—"Certainly: anything is a means of grace which breaks up pride and leads to repentance." Scene closes with a broomstick.

"Is it possible, miss, that you don't know the names of some of your best friends?" inquired a gentleman of a lady.—"Certainly," she replied. "I don't know what my own may be a year hence!"

A young girl was telling a friend that she had a beau. "Oh," said the friend, "I guess that's all a yarn!" "Well, perhaps it is, seeing that I can wind him round my finger," allowed the first speaker.

THERE was some philosophy in the hen-pecked husband, who, being asked why he had placed himself so completely under the government of his wife, answered, "To avoid the worse slavery of being under my own."

"So," said a lady recently to an Aberdeen merchant, "your pretty daughter has married a rich husband." "Well," stately replied the father, "I believe she has married a rich man, but I understand he is a very poor husband."

AN American paper says:—"Seven runaway bridal parties recently arrived at a Kentucky hotel, one after another, on the same day; and seven engaged pairs were about two hours behindhand in every instance." That would make forty-nine engaged pairs.

A Milwaukee editor writes in this melancholy strain:—"We didn't want our wife to go to the auction, and so we hid her shoes to keep her at home. Having occasion to go out an hour afterwards, we looked for our boots, but they weren't there; neither was our wife. It isn't any use."

A married Aberdonian man and his wife have lived ten years without offspring, but last week they had a stepson. They found a "dear baby" on the steps of their door, and adopted him. These children are always of a grateful character and grow up in physiognomy like the male benefactor.

AN American editor announces the death of a lady of his acquaintance, and thus touchingly adds, "In her decease the sick lost an invaluable friend. Long will she seem to stand at their bedside, as she was wont, with the balm of consolation in one hand, and a cup of *rhubarb* in the other."

THE following epitaph upon himself is said to have been written by an old Aberdeen bachelor:—

"At threescore winters' end I died,
A cheerless being, sole and sad;
The nuptial knot I never tied,
And wish my father never had."

A DELICATE QUESTION.—"Why is the letter *d* like a ring?" said a young lady to her accepted, one day. The gentleman, like the generality of his sex in such a situation, was as dull as a hammer. "Because," added the young lady, with a *very* modest look at the picture at the other end of the room, "because *we* can't be *wed* without it."

LAST HOURS OF PAGANINI AND MOZART.

Paganini was a great admirer of Beethoven and not long before his death he played one of that master's sublime quartets, his favourite one, with great energy. In extreme weakness he labored out to hear a requiem of Cherubini for the male voices, and soon afterward, with all but his last energies, he insisted upon being conveyed to one of the churches in Marseilles, where he took part in the solemn mass of Beethoven. His voice was now nearly extinct, and his sleep, that greatest of consolations, was broken up by dreadful fits of coughing; his features began to sink, and he appeared little more than a living skeleton, so excessive and fearful was his emaciation. Still he did not believe in the approach of death. Day by day he grew more restless, and talked of spending the winter at Nice, and he did live on till the spring. On the night of May 27, 1840, after a protracted paroxysm, he suddenly became strangely tranquil. He sank into a quiet sleep, and awoke refreshed and calm. The air was soft and warm. He desired them to open the windows wide, draw the curtains of his bed, and allow the moon, just rising in the unclouded glory of an Italian sky, to flood his apartment. He sat gazing intently upon it for some minutes, and then again sank down drowsily into a fitful sleep. Rousing himself once more, his fine ear caught the sound of the rustling leaves as they were gently stirred by some breath of air outside. In his dying moments this sound of the night wind in the trees seemed to affect him strangely, and the summer nights on the banks of the Arno long ago may have flashed back upon his mind, and called up fading memories. But now the Arno was exchanged for the wide Mediterranean Sea, all ablaze with light. Mozart in his last moments pointed to the score of the requiem which lay before him on his bed, and his lips were moving to indicate the effect of the kettle-drums in a particular place, as he sank back in a swoon; and it is recorded of Paganini that on that fair moonlight night in May, as the last dimness came over his eyes, he stretched out his hand to grasp his faithful friend and companion, his Guarnerius violin, and as he struck its chords once more and found that it ceased to speak with its old magic power, he himself sunk back and expired, like one broken-hearted to find that a little, feeble, confused noise was all that was now left of those strains that he had created and the world had worshipped.

HUMOROUS.

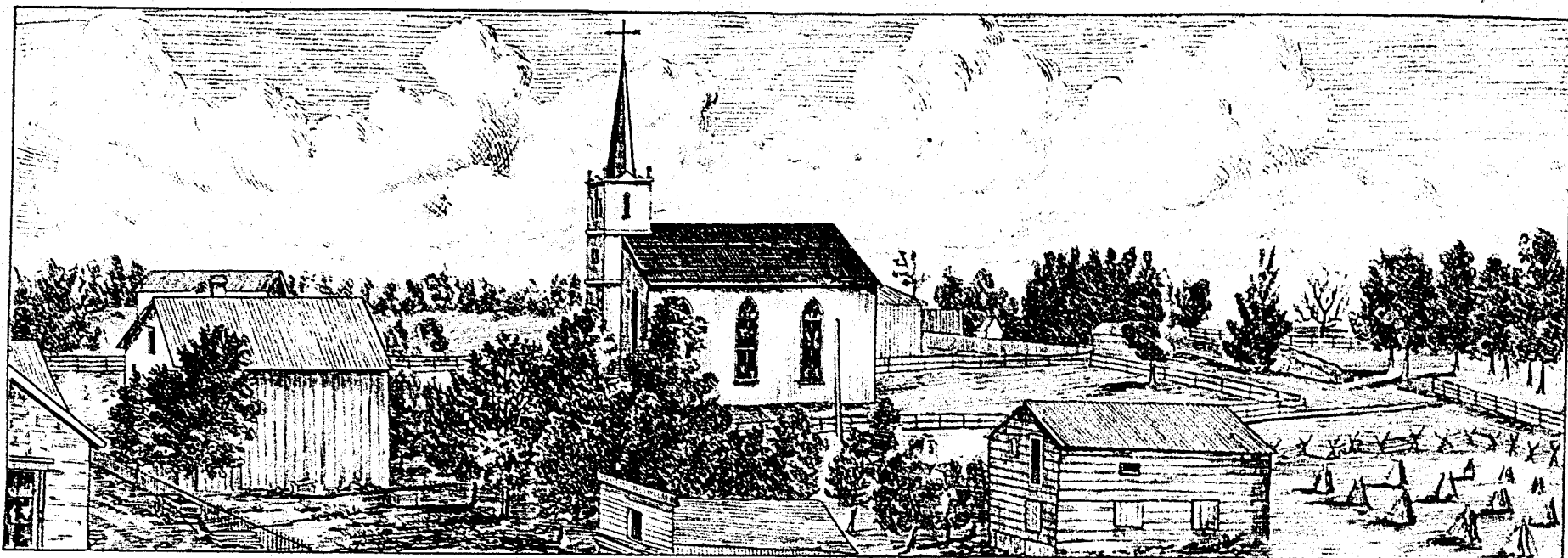
"It seems to me I have seen your physiognomy somewhere before, but I cannot imagine where."—"Very likely: I have been the keeper of a prison for the last twenty years."

"I DECLARE, Mr. Goldthumb, you have read everything."—"Why, ma'am, after working thirty years as a trunkmaker, it would be to my shame if I didn't know something of the literature of my country!"

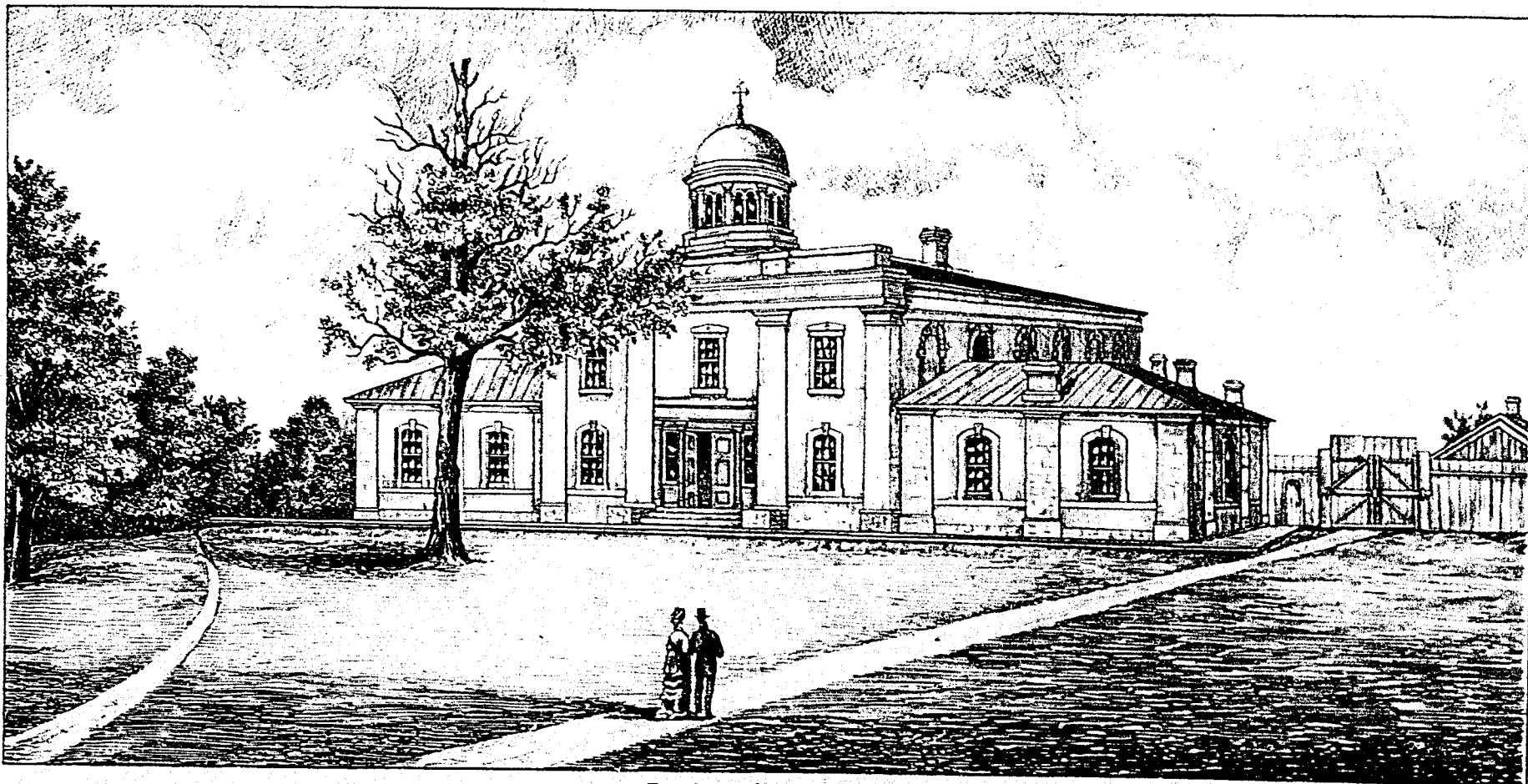
AN intermission of twenty-four hours preceded the second part of the Wagner musical festival at Bayreuth, in order, the Brooklyn *Trojan* says, to give time for the burial of those who died from exhaustion during the first part.

"A young man at Kember's Bluff, in this State," says a Texas paper, "acquired the habit of tossing a cocked and loaded pistol in the air, and catching it by the muzzle as it fell. The last time he caught it was just a moment before he died."

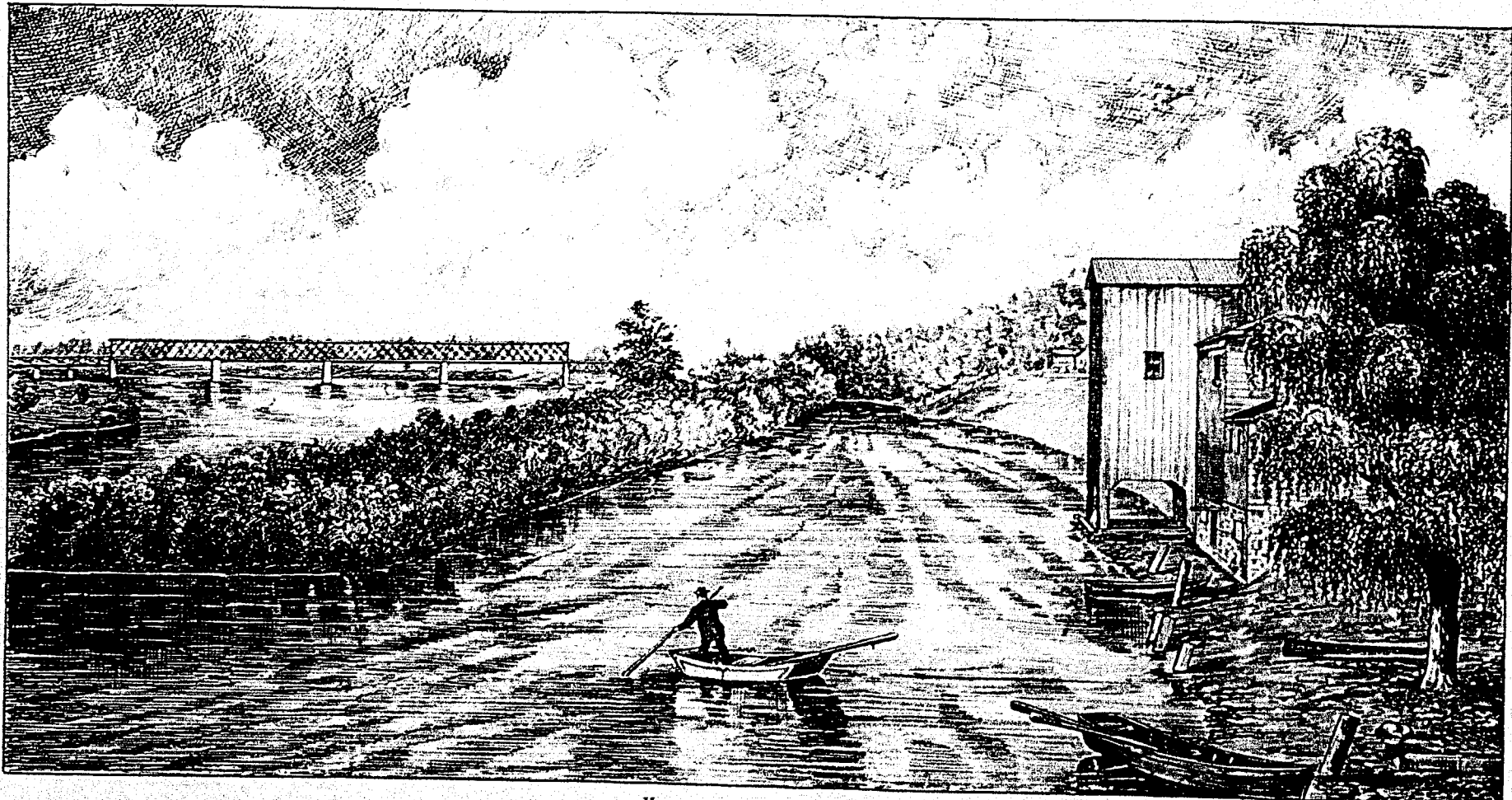
A bailie of Glasgow was noted for the simplicity of his manners on the bench. A youth was charged before him with abstracting a handkerchief from a gentleman's pocket. The indictment being read, the bailie, addressing the prisoner, remarked, "Thae uae deat ye did the deed, for I had a handkerchief ta'en out o' my ain pouch this vera week." The same ministerial logician was on another occasion seated on the bench, when a case of serious assault was brought forward by the public prosecutor. Struck by the powerful phraseology of the indictment, the bailie proceeded to say, "For this malicious crime ye are fined half a guinea." The assessor remarked that the case had not yet been proven. "Then," said the magistrate, "we'll just mak' the fine five shillings."



THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.



THE COURT HOUSE AND JAIL.



VIEW ON THE GRAND RIVER.

CAYUGA, ONT.—FROM SKETCHES BY JAS. MACKAY.



HAPPY DAYS.—FROM A PAINTING BY CHAPLIN.

RICHMOND ON THE JAMES.

A soldier boy from Boston lay gasping on the field. When the battle shock was over, and the foe was forced to yield.

He fell a noble hero, before the foe's aims. On the blood-stained field of Richmond—of Richmond on the James.

But one still stood beside him—his comrade in the fray— They had been friends together, in boyhood's happy day; And side by side they struggled, thro' fields of smoke and flame, To part that eve near Richmond—near Richmond on the James.

He said, "I charge thee, comrade, my friend in days of yore, Off far and distant dear ones, whom I shall see no more; Tho' scarce my lips can whisper their dear and well-known names, Oh, bear them back my blessing from Richmond on the James.

"Give my good sword to my brother, and the badge upon my breast To my young and gentle sister, whom I used to love the best; Give one look from off my forehead to my mother who still dreams Of her soldier-boy's returning from Richmond on the James.

"Close on my breast, dear comrade, oh, lay those neat brown braids; For they are of the fairest of all the village maids, We were to have been married, but death the bridegroom claims, And she's far away who loves me now from Richmond on the James.

"Say, does my pale face haunt her dear friend, who looks on me; Or is she singing, laughing, in careless, girlish glee? It may be that she's joyous, and knows but joyous scenes, And not that I lay bleeding near Richmond on the James."

"Tis far from those who loved him, this youthful soldier sleeps Unknown among the thousands for whom their country weeps; But no higher heart nor braver one was laid 'neath sunset's gleams, As was laid that eve near Richmond—near Richmond on the James.

Now the land is filled with mourning, from hall to cot left lone; And we miss the boyish faces that used to greet our own, And long lone wives and mothers will weep, with little dames, To hear the name of Richmond—of Richmond on the James.

A TALE OF A TEMPEST.

We were gathered after dinner in the Press-Room of the House of Assembly at Quebec, one brutal evening in February, 1874, enjoying a quiet smoke before the reopening of the sitting. The day had been an atrocious one. Blasts of sleet-laden wind had been roaring up the valley of the St. Lawrence ever since morning; the streets were almost impassable with heavy drifts that blocked them in every direction, and the unhappy mortals whom evil fortune obliged to be out of doors had their visage scarred remorselessly by particles that smarted wherever they lodged. The ramshackle pile of bricks wherein the legislators of the Province do meet and deliberate, sighed and groaned under the pressure of the tempest; the windows rattled, as if myriads of disconsolate ghosts demanded entrance, and every now and then, a searching blast would penetrate an unsuspected cranny, with a shriek like the last despairing note of a lost soul. The weather had a depressing effect upon the whole of us, and we sat, exhaling tobacco smoke, grumpy and conversationally annihilated. There was none of that sparkle of fun and excess of joviality that usually marked the evening gathering; indeed, the average aspect of the membership would have cast a gloom over a funeral. The generally unwelcome announcement that the Speaker had resumed the Chair was accepted as a blessed relief, and we took our seats in the gallery, perfectly resigned to sit out what we knew was going to be a profitless, spiritless, scurvy debate on a subject that we had all long ago sickened of—the Tanneries' Land Swap.

About eight, the House went into Committee, and we retired to the Press Room again, to smoke. The storm had increased in violence; but one who had just come in, remarked that the snow had taken a turn, and instead of being sleety, was dry and scabbinably penetrating. We closed the door upon the Babel of voices below, and commenced a pleasant talk, the first of the day when—

Cr-r-r-r-ash!!!

A low, thunderous roar broke upon us, and the old building rocked and quivered, as if a Titan had taken it unsteadily upon his shoulders. Then it settled down with a sort of a bump, and the storm rattled away as before. We didn't know what to make of it. The sensation was somewhat akin to that of an earthquake, but not sufficiently so to make us believe that there had been any disturbance in the bowels of our planet. The noise that had accompanied the motion was in every way uncommon, and I am not ashamed to confess that I was somewhat frightened. Ten minutes later, however, a powdery boy from the office of the paper which had the inestimable advantage of being secure of my services, announced to me that there had been trouble in Diamond Harbour, that I was requested to descend the Hill, yclept Mountain, at once, and that a colleague would do his best to fill my place in the journalistic tribune of the House for the remainder of the evening. This was a pleasing prospect. "Trouble in Diamond Harbour" usually meant a disagreement among gentlemen doing a fine business in the crimping line, accompanied by a free use of revolvers, and

some slashing with knives. I had been an unwilling spectator of a good deal of trouble there, and had seen, in my time, subjects for the Coroner which had been prepared with a despatch that must have been far from exhilarating to their families. I was not so sure that some of the worthies of the locality had not been engaged in a fresh game of mutual annihilation. The idea of carrying on faithful reporting in an atmosphere as thick with bullets as with the curses of the warriors, was not a cheering one to a naturally timid man with a small family, but duty was duty, and I prepared to go.

Arrived at the office, I found that there was, on this occasion, no fight on hand. But a great accident had happened, and would I kindly transfer my labours from the legislative to the accidental scene, and write up a good report thereof? Nothing could give greater pleasure. A cariole was waiting, and I was at liberty to incur what expenses I thought proper. Enchanted. And, while not in the slightest degree doubting my ability to do the subject justice, would I turn the thing out in such style as to make the rival city journals green with envy? Most decidedly.

After driving back to the Legislature to give final instructions to my substitute, I rushed away through the blinding whirlwind, through the gateway that Arnold had vainly attempted to storm on just such a night, nearly a century before, down the steep hill, where the men fell like sheep, past the old Neptune Inn, of famous memory, through the old Lower Town Market, past the site of Champlain's "Abitation de Québec," past the queer old church of Notre Dame de la Victoire, through the once infamous Cul-de-Sac, away under the cliff, below the Lower Park, and the ruins of the houses swept away by that awful avalanche of stone, through the narrowest gut of Champlain street, on beyond the cleft in the rock which bears the sign "Here Montgomery Fell," on over the road along which he toiled that dreadful night when Hugh McQuarters fired his fatal gun; on and on through whirls of snow and gathering drift, now jamming against a groping vehicle, now rattling against a rock, until a plunge into a crowd, and a rearing of the horse brought the heady career to a close.

The crowd was angry, apparently, at the intrusion. My onset was a vigorous one, and had I not been known, my chances of receiving a batin would have been excellent. As it was, I was lifted out of the cariole, and respectfully conducted to see what was to be seen, and hear what was to be heard.

What was to be heard? "Why, sor, there's the whole ov the Gibsons under the snow. God help them; and its us can't git at them, the shuff's so dry.

Before me was a mountain of snow. It rose high in air to meet the whirling clouds. The struggling light of lanterns showed in the rear a gray gap in the cliff, and it was plain that an avalanche had fallen and swept more than inanimate brick mortar and wood with it.

There was a terribly excited crowd. The disaster had been swift and sudden; the descending tons of snow had shaken the whole neighbourhood, and there were masses still hanging on the overshadowing precipice that threatened to overwhelm other homes than the one that lay buried beneath the white, unrelenting heap before us. Then the lanterns gleamed out fitfully in the whirling tempest, and above its angry shriekings rang the roar of many mad voices. Willing active hands were there, but confusion reigned. Spades and shovels were brought forth in eager haste, and it was dig! dig! dig! for human souls were in peril beneath the white impassive mass! Dig! for Gibson and his family were fifty feet under the tremendous heap. Dig! for they might die if a moment were lost. Dig! for they were in a living grave, unshriven. Dig and toil in the darkness and uncertainty, for there was a chance to save them from the snowy tomb in which they were buried. Dig! boys. Dig away for that mother and her pretty children, for that hard-working father who was a credit to the neighbourhood.

How they worked! To see those men and boys struggling with the snow that was beneath them, and being constantly increased from above them, to see man after man carried away exhausted from the strife with the elements, to see weeping women and shrieking girls around the hecatomb, and watch the despairing faces of those whose whole soul was in their self-appointed work, was agonizing. Confusion reigned for a while, for the labour seemed hopeless. The snow was of that feathery impalpable nature that almost defies removal; it was like so much calcined magnesia; move it in one way and it falls back in another. It was long before any impression was made, indeed until the storm abated, little or no progress was affected. But it was dig! dig! dig! As one relay became exhausted, another came on and took up the shovels, those broad brown wooden shovels that one sees nowhere out of Quebec. At last they made an impression. Through full forty feet of snow the workers penetrated, until they struck the bricks of the overwhelmed chimney. Beside it they found a child. It was a boy, a bright-eyed little fellow in a red flannel night-gown. He lay open-eyed with his arm over his head—a head that had an ugly gash from a falling brick. 'But he was dead; dead with a peaceful little face, and the smile of an angel. Dig again! boys. Dig, for there's hope for the rest! And the workers toiled on through the night, hoping against hope. Ah! here is an arm. Gently now; look out for the head. Dead. It was another boy,

with a sad wistful face; older than the first and handsomer. Dig! Here is the stove, and beside it the father, with a little girl in his arms. Dig carefully boys, he's warm yet, and they took the twain out carefully and carried them across the way, to the shop of a friendly grocer, and rubbed them with spirits, and did all in their power to resuscitate them, but to no effect. They were dead. Dig! boys! along the chimney. You'll find Mrs. Gibson and the baby. They dug, and they found her, an hour or so later. They found her lying over the cradle, and when rough but kindly hands laid her on the floor of the grocery beside her husband, the women present saw that her bosom had been uncovered to nurse her child, when the hell of snow overwhelmed her, and hurled her to a horrible death. Suddenly stricken, and probably stunned by the first onset, there was no change to speak of in her features, which were comely and particularly modest in their expression. She was laid in turn on the floor with the little crushed-out life in her arms, and matrons knew that there was another life that had never seen the light of this world. My God! it was a sight to curdle the coldest blood. I thought of my own baby girl at home, and the wife who, I knew, was watching for my coming, and thanked Heaven for their and my happier lot.

By and by the toilers in the snow brought in another child, a boy, whose body was yet warm, though he had been dead for several hours. Later on the body of an old woman was discovered, and added to the dismal row on the floor.

Midnight struck, and the workers desisted from their labours. All the corpses had been recovered, but the unflinching heroism that had been displayed had failed to save a single life. The ghastly harvest had been reaped, and the moon shone complacently down upon such a sight as I never wish to see again. On the floor, hastily covered, wet with melting snow, lay the whole of the Gibson family. Not a soul was spared; the name was completely blotted out of existence. The old woman who perished with them was named Haberlan, and her corpse lay in another room. The rooms, there were only two, and small and choky at that, were crammed with excited people. The first impulse of grief and fear over, they resumed their ordinary manner. Death in its horrible form had only a temporary interest with them, and when they had discharged the duty of muttering a "God rest their souls" and crossing themselves, they chatted and joked away as if nothing had happened. The men smoked and related their share of the night's work; the elder women talked in shrill falsetto, the younger giggled in the corner, and indulged in as much flirtation as the moral code of Diamond Harbour permitted of. The whole thing looked more like a suddenly improvised spree than anything else, and its incongruity was simply horrible.

Of course there had been medical assistance from the first, but nothing could be done for the victims of the disaster. The doctor remained until the priest, a member of the Order of the Redemptorists, arrived, and with his arrival came a lull in the hilarity that had up to then had full swing. The sudden devotion that fell upon the gathering was remarkable. The customary prayers were read, the customary responses made, and the clergyman retired. The wake assumed its ordinary course, and lasted till day break. Underneath all this apparent indifference to the awful event that had occasioned the gathering, and to the fate of the stark victims of the disaster whose bodies had actually to be stepped over to permit of any movement, there was undoubtedly much kindly feeling, but kindly feeling blunted by familiarity with scenes of accident and violence.

The next day the bodies were buried in St. Patrick's cemetery. There was a grand and impressive service in St. Patrick's Church. The coffins were piled high on a catafalque, and made to me a terribly sickening spectacle. Though the day was intensely cold, the greater part of the city turned out to view the procession, and testify sorrow and regret for the victims of an avertable catastrophe. Over the grave in the cemetery an obelisk has been erected by the citizens recording their names and untimely fate.

Under the beetling cliff of Cape Diamond still cluster homes densely inhabited and exposed, summer and winter, to destruction. The disintegrating effect of frost upon the rock produces continually increasing quantities of gravel which are ceaselessly tending downwards; here and there barriers of wood have been put up to check the downfall, but to no effect, for the movement is irresistible. There have been mighty avalanches of stone before to-day; whole families have been swept into crushed and mangled death without a moment's warning. Any instant the news may come that the "rock has fallen in Diamond Harbour," yet no steps are being taken to avert calamity. To some people experience teaches nothing.

TERENCE TYRWHYTE.

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MODERN BECKY SHARPS.

In New York at present Becky Sharp is omnipresent. She assumes many characters, but, like some popular actors, is the same in all. Her soft hands have confidently pawed the coat-sleeves of every man we know. Boarding houses are the chosen field of operations of the Becky Sharp of to-day, in American life, at least. She may appear as an unprotected orphan, whose only brother has gone to China on business; as a widow, whose poor, dear husband sleeps beneath the daisies in some far Western village; as a wife, whose husband has had to go to the Mediterranean for his health, or to Montana as a commercial traveller; as a demure young lady, who is in the city only for the purpose of studying music with an eminent professor, and who sings in some choir on Sundays; as a middle-aged lady, whose husband (a judge on the Pacific Coast) has sent her East to be treated for a chronic disease of the nerves; as an unhappy maiden, who cannot live at home with her cruel stepmother; as an artist, who always has the same unfinished picture on her easel; as a writer for the press, waiting to have her story accepted; as a music teacher, who hopes to get some pupils next week, &c.; but in all cases she is the same Becky Sharp. There are two things she seldom, if ever forgets. The first is a punctuality of payment which wins the heart of the landlady; the second, an ultra respectability and propriety which command the respect of her fellow-boarders. She takes care to dress elegantly, but does not neglect to explain that "dear hubby" has sent her that fine camel-hair shawl or "Brother Will" has presented her with the costly watch and chain, or she has received her new set of pearls and diamonds from "dearest mamma," or timely remittances from beloved relatives have enabled her to procure her superb spring outfit. With such gushing confidences she nips the early growth of that most inconvenient of queries.

"Where does she get them?"

Often, after dinner, you will hear her sweet voice singing in the parlor, especially if there are well-to-do bachelors in the house; but on such occasions she always prefers to have at least two or three persons present, and the door must be open; no quiet *teles-a-teles* for her; she knows that they give rise to whispers, which may grow to scandals. She will go to the theatre or opera if her dear friend, Mrs. X—, will go along. At table she blushes if such horrid things as the Beecher case are talked of. On Sunday she makes a point of not simply going to church, but of incidentally mentioning at dinner that she has done so.

Whatever else she may do or avoid doing, there is one purpose of which the unmarried Becky Sharp never loses sight—that is, catching a husband. She prefers an elderly man, who has already made his fortune, rather than a young one, who has it yet to make—not because she is mercenary, or for the still better reason that "there's no fool like an old fool," but, as she naively argues, because the former is "more staid and quiet, having sown his wild oats and settled down." It is not often, when she makes a "dead-set" at a victim, that he escapes. An innocent girl has no chance at all against her, and even a widow cannot afford to give her a single point in the game. After she is married her husband may notice, with some surprise, how many gentlemen give her partial or entire recognitions on the street, but he need not hope to find any old letters or make any discoveries which will enlighten him. Becky is too smart to be caught.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS

M. J. M., Quebec.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 85.

C. S. H., Halifax, N. S.—Letter and game received. The latter shall appear very shortly.

J. A., Montreal.—Letter and games received. They shall receive due attention.

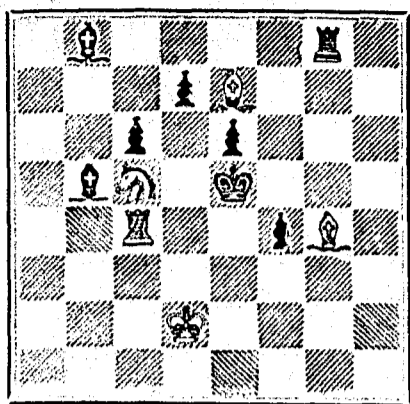
J. T. W., Halifax, N. S.—Solution of Problem No. 83 received. Correct.

C. H. B., Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem N 86 received.

From all accounts, it appears that the Centennial Tourney was to be commenced at Philadelphia, on the 15th of the last month, and that many players who intended to take part in the affair had arrived in the city. We do not hear of the arrival of any European celebrities, although we saw, some time ago, a statement to the effect that a noted foreigner was expected to be present. Mr. Bird and Captain Mackenzie will, there is no doubt, do their best to maintain their standing in the Chess world, and Mr. Mason will not fail to do all he can to retain his present high position among American players.

We are sorry to see in the public journals a notice of the death of Mr. G. Larmine. A few years ago, he was one of the editors of the "Montreal Trade Review," and during his sojourn in our city, he was an active member of the Montreal Chess Club. Mr. Larmine was highly esteemed for his genial disposition, and much regret has been expressed by his former associates at his unexpected departure. Mr. Larmine, at the time of his death, was commercial editor of the *Globe*, and also, we believe, had charge of the Chess Column of that paper. The late Tourney of the Counties Chess Association has been exciting much attention among Chess players in England. We have not space now to notice the particulars, but Mr. Burn, of Liverpool, came out first, in this encounter. But, indeed, we give one of the games of the match.

PROBLEM No. 88. By "DOMINO."



White to play and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN ENGLAND. GAME 125TH.

Played between Messrs. Burn and Ranken, in the late Tourney of the Counties Chess Association.

- (Counter Gambit in the King's Knight's Opening.) WHITE.—(Mr. Burn.) BLACK.—(Mr. Ranken.) 1. P to K 4. 2. Kt to K B 3. 3. B to B 4. 4. P to Q 4. 5. P to K 5. 6. P takes P en passant. 7. Castles. 8. Kt to Q R 3. 9. R to K 5 (ch). 10. Q to K 2. 11. Kt to K R 4 (ch). 12. Kt to B 3. 13. B to Q 2. 14. Q R to Q sq. 15. B to Q B sq. 16. Kt takes P. 17. Q to R 5 (ch). 18. B to K 4. 19. P to Q B 3. 20. R takes Kt. 21. R takes B. 22. K R to Q sq. 23. B to Q 7. 24. Kt to B 4. 25. B takes Kt. 26. R takes B.

NOTES.

- (a) The defence is altogether too risky for an important match, and the beaten track, P to Q 2nd appears to be safer than this. (b) Last time, as the retreat of the Kt on the next move shows. (c) A change of quarters was necessary for the Queen, as White now threatens to win the Kt of hand. (d) An oversight which causes the loss of a clear piece.

CHESS IN CANADA. GAME 126TH.

Played recently at the Montreal Chess Club, between Messrs. Henderson and Barry.

- WHITE.—(Mr. Barry.) BLACK.—(Mr. Henderson.) 1. P to K 4. 2. P to K Kt 3. 3. B to Kt 2. 4. P to Q 3. 5. P to K R 3. 6. Kt to K 2. 7. B to K Kt 5. 8. B takes Kt. 9. Q Kt to Q B 3. 10. Q Kt takes P. 11. P to Q R 3. 12. Q Kt to Q B 3. 13. Q to Q 2. 14. Castles Q R. 15. Q to K 3. 16. P to K B 4. 17. Kt takes P. 18. K to Q Kt sq. 19. B takes P (ch). 20. P takes B. 21. R to Q B sq. 22. Kt to Q R 4. 23. Kt to B 3. 24. K R to K sq. 25. Q to K 5. 26. Q to Q Kt 5. 27. Kt takes Q. 28. Kt takes P (ch). 29. Kt takes B. 30. R takes Kt.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 86.

- WHITE. BLACK. 1. R takes Kt (ch). 1. K to Q B 5. 2. R to Q 4 (ch). 2. R takes R. 3. R takes R mate.

Black has other defence.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 85.

- WHITE. BLACK. 1. Q to K 7 (ch). 1. K to Kt 2. 2. Q to Q 7 (ch). 2. K to Kt 3. 3. Q to Q B 7 (ch). 3. K to R 3. 4. Q mates.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 86.

By C. H. Baker, Montreal.

- WHITE. BLACK. K at Q B 3. K at Q Kt 4. Q at K Kt 8. Q at K Kt 8. B at Q B 7. B at Q R 3. K at Q Kt 2. K at R 6. Kt at Q 7. Pawns at K 4, Q B 4, and Q R 2. Pawns at K 4, Q B 4, and Q R 5.

White to play and mate in two moves.



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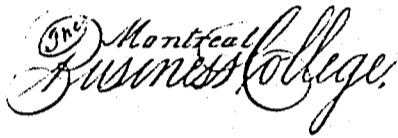
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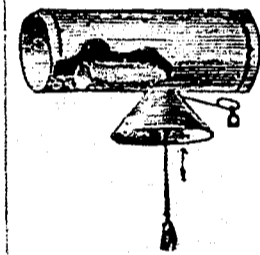
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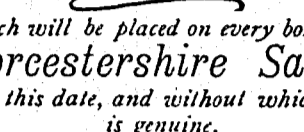
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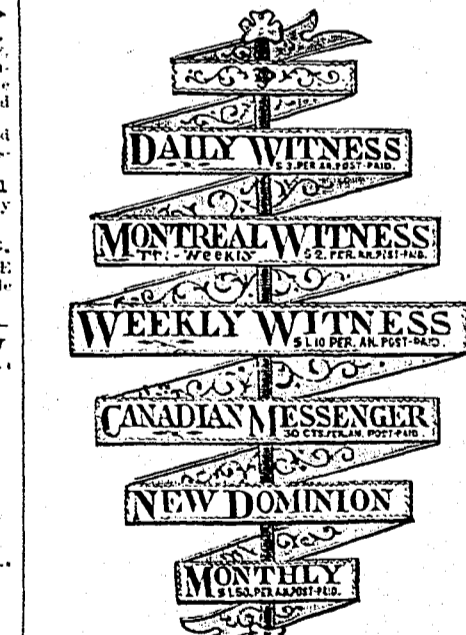
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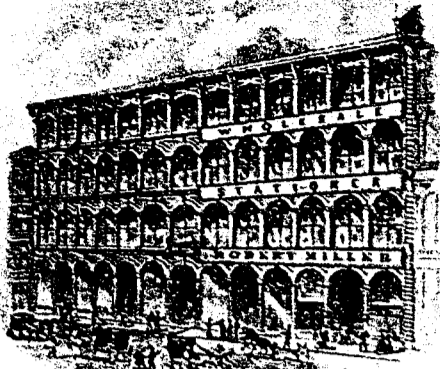
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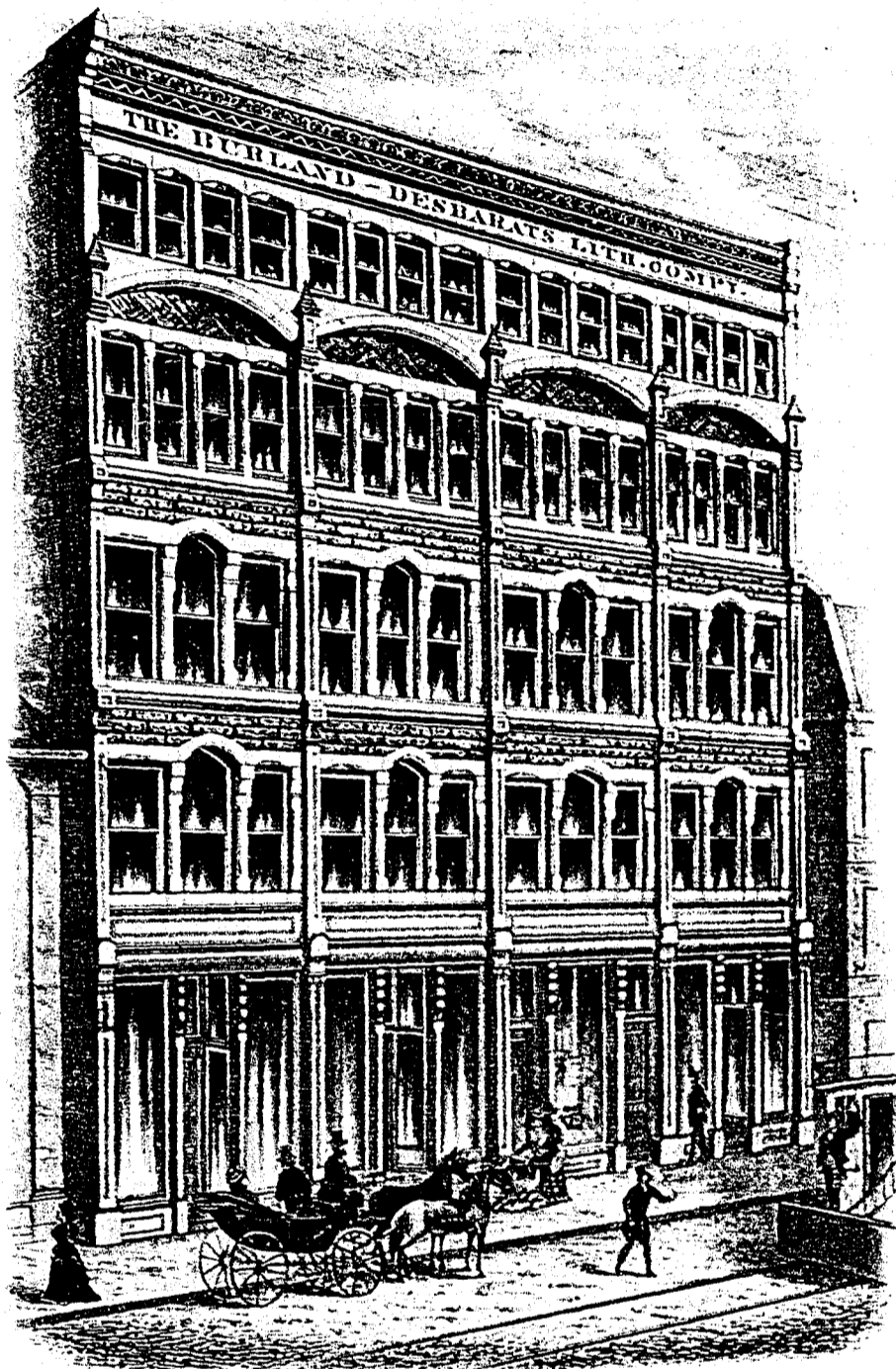


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