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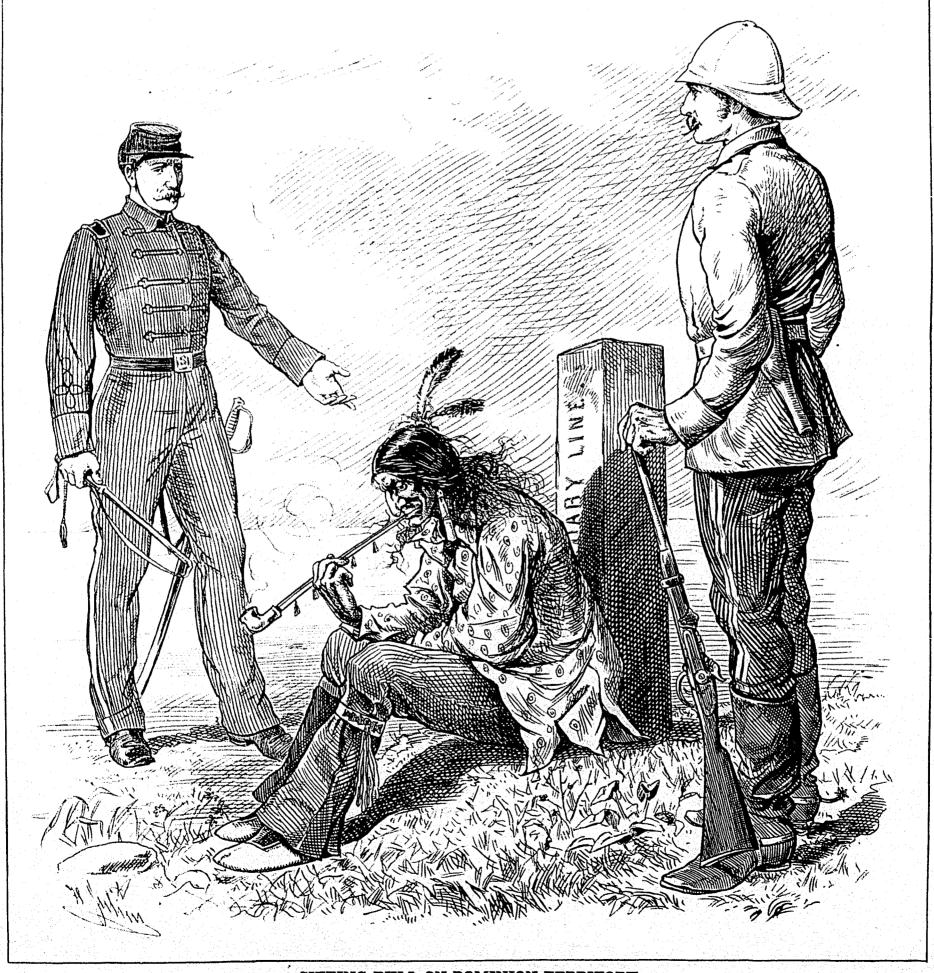
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Vol. XVI.—No. 12.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1877.

SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.



SITTING BULL ON DOMINION TERRITORY.

U. S. SOLDIER:—Send him over to our side of the line and we'll take care of him.
N. W. MOUNTED POLICE OFFICER:—So long as he behaves himself, the British right of asylum is as sacred for this poor Indian as for any royal refugee.

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# CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Sept. 22nd, 1877.

### THE FISHERIES COMMISSION.

Our Halifax exchanges bring us detailed information concerning a decision of the highest importance purporting to have just been given by the Fisheries Commission sitting there.

In arguing the value of the fisheries to the Americans, the British agents have laid much stress upon the great advantages the Americans enjoy in obtaining bait and provisions at Canadian ports and in transhipping their fish, their vessels being thus able to take much larger quantities of fish in a given time than they could if they were compelled to return to the United States whenever they were short of supplies or had a full fare. The Americans met this by the extraordinary plea that these valuable privileges could not be considered by the Commissioners, as the Washington Treaty only provided for the payment of compensation for the right to catch fish in British waters. The British agents assumed that the privileges referred to were included in the right to catch, and showed that these privileges were actually enjoyed. The Americans replied that if they enjoyed those privileges, they did so entirely irrespective of the Treaty of Washington, and as the Commissioners' duties were defined by the treaty, no outside matter could be introduced. After a protracted argument, the Commission unanimously decided that it was bound by the strictest construction of the treaty, and that as (according to the U. S. argument) the privileges of obtaining bait, ice, and provisions, and of transhipping fish, were not specifically granted by the Treaty, the Commission could not take them into consideration in fixing the compensation to be paid by the United States for the privileges accorded by the Treaty.

This decision narrows the question before the Commission, and no doubt will largely diminish the prospect of obtaining just compensation for the privileges now enjoyed by the Americans ı one re spect, however, the decision is favourable to Canada. It establishes the fact that the Americans only possess the right to catch fish within the three-mile limit. The other privileges they are receiving through the favour of the Canadian peo ple, and the Canadian Parliament may by an Act at its next session debar American vessels from purchasing bait, ice, or provisions, and from transhipping fish at Canadian ports-if, indeed, existing laws do not already debar them. Stripped of these privileges, the right of the Ameri- Empire has to do what it can and all that

cans would be reduced to small dimensions. Their own construction of the treaty places it in the power of Canada to practically defeat the treaty's apparent intention for the remainder of the period, as without the privileges mentioned the right to catch fish is of little value. Americans, of course, have not lost sight of this. Their shrewd agents at the Commission fully realize the effect of the decision they have procured. They do not believe, however, that Canada will take the extreme step that they admit is within her power. Their idea is that the purchasing of supplies and the handling of the fish are sources of profit to the Canadian people near the fishing grounds, and that those who are interested in this crade will be able to bring sufficient influence to bear upon Parliament to prevent the passage of any Act interfering with the business. There is some ground for this view, but probably not so much as the Americans think. A few years ago, when the fishery question was troubling the country, and the Canadian Government seut out a fleet of vessels to protect the grounds, a great many people thought that, pending the settlement of the difficulty, it would not be wise to enforce the extreme construction of the laws then existing, but rather to allow the Americans to purchase bait, &c. This, however, was a mere temporary feeling, arising from a hope that a Reciprocity Treaty would be made. Comparatively few people—and these directly interested in trading with the American vessels—will probably still be anxious to have the present arrangement continued. But the mass of the people, when they understand that the American Government counts on this feeling as a means of obtaining privileges that do not belong, to them, will justify the Government in enforcing the rule that the Americans have now laid down.

#### THE GREAT INDIAN FAMINE.

The successive accounts of the Indian Famine are more terrible in the future they foreshadow than in the already fearful records of starvation and loss of life. It is all as a great Thunder Cloud settling over the Empire, in its helpless defendents of the Indian Presidencies. The English race has now a tremendous occasion to prove itself Imperial in its instincts and habits of thought, and the late assumption of a dignified addition to the titles of the Sovereign is of itself insufficient for this. The ideas that have formed the British public opinion were evolved out of long contests for public freedom and do not at once embody the notion of control. Admitting that any race of people existing on the globe, whatever the breadth of its Christianity and right feeling, would be staggered by such a task as is now set before the statesmen and people of Britain, we may nevertheless begin in the midst of calamity to study the essential principle of Empire, and to get more enlarged views of the forethought and the self-sacrifice the relation demands. If the British people cannot be said to have thus far done the best conceivable in being so taken by surprise as they now find themselves, it cannot, we say, be asserted that any other race would have done better. But this unfortunately will not be sufficient to altogether remove the imputation of unwisdom, nor to undo the mischiefs. which the economic philosophy, when allowed to supplant and displace the human, will always be the occasion of. The trouble has come on too rapidly to be effectually grappled with, but it needs something in the nature of a shock to arouse the energies of a Government already overtasked with home affairs and local contentions. The statesman who makes the human constitution his postulate, and who would never think of setting men to work without enabling them to maintain the physical strength requisite for the work, must take the place of the conomist who still persists in resolving all human relations into a conflict of divergent wills, and for the enormous material provisions needed the

it can. As a mere saving of Imperial the young hoppers and will grow fat on interests that will be found now to be the only policy. The House of Commons is not sitting, but we should apprehend there can be no reason why there might not be an autumn session for India in an emergency the greatest probably that has ever overtaken an immense agricultural region in the history of mankind.

Of the outflowings of private beneficence either at home or in the Dependency, all that need be said is that excellent as are the dispositions they manifest, they cannot be looked upon as anything more than an adjunct to the chief resource which we understand to be the monetary and sumptuary action of the Imperial powers. For the mischief arising out of the delusions of caste, the Christian masters of these poor people cannot be deemed responsible. For physical impossibilities in supply and transport present blame will not accrue, whatever neglects in the past in transit communications, and the storage of water may have led up to them—but the human constitution in its depressed Indian aspects—and the material needs as the scientist and engineer can set them forth-are the true studies of the hour—and we make the broad assertion that in view of this dreadful isolated era and abyss of misery, deriving its destructive force from centuries of native error and governmental omission, the Imperial means should be permitted to flow as if for a great war. Such will actually be safest and most economically protective for the future of the Empire. The novelties in requirement and in method might well daunt the subjects of this great responsibility, but great things have already been accomplished in the same line, and we may all be brought to admit that the huge adversary has to be met in full panoply, and the corpse-strewn field made at least to show a mitigated carnage. This Dominion, a sort of Empire in itself, though certainly not too imperial in its ideas, or too sensible, as yet, of its relations with the other portions of the vast and comprehensive British Regime, may one day become an important defence for India against famine in the supplies of human food, in grain and cattle that its prairie lands will furnish from year to year, and the means that will be provided for transporting those supplies even to the ends of the earth. We may add that since the above was written, the London Times of the 1st September has come to hand, and that its leading article embodies a not very different view of the public duty from the one above presented.

#### THE DESTRUCTION OF THE GRASSHOPPER.

We lately devoted an article to the mechanical modes of destroying this pestilence of the North-West. To-day we supplement the information by giving a number of practical hints, devised by Professor C. V. Riley, the renowned entomologist of St. Louis, who has just returned from an official visit to Winnipeg:

1. Encourage game birds and locustfeeding species.

2. Let inducements be offered to the Indians to collect and destroy the eggs and young along the west side of the

3. Some system is wanted for preventing the extensive prairie fires in the fall that are common in the country where the insects naturally breeds, and then of the flames, is in the lessened expens subsequently firing the country after the young hatch, and before the new grass gets too rank.

4. Locusts are particularly fond of tansy, cocklebar, amarantus, and timothy these might be sprinkled with Paris green water or powder. A strip of poisoned timothy around a wheat field might save it.

5. Irrigation is the best preventive; inundate the land and drown the young locusts out after hatching, or use kerosene in the ditches.

6. Hogs and poultry delight to feed on | much of the thought of their citizens.

them.

7. When, in the spring, the young locusts hatch out in threatening numbers, delay the planting of everything that cannot be protected by ditching until the very last moment. The idea is to let the locusts devour all they can find and then to let them starve before any crops grow for them to feed on.

8. Grain should be sown in "lands" or strips 50 to 100 feet wide, to permit of ditching between them, and those who have fall wheat up and doing well, where the eggs are laid thickly, should make ditches at intervals through the fields, to facilitate the saving of the grain in the

9. As the disastrous swarms which each the south-eastern country come from the extreme north-west, it is proposed that the number of signal stations be increased in that region. The movements of swarms might thus be daily recorded, and the farmers of the east and south-east be apprised of their probable coming for weeks in advance.

10. Professor Riley thinks that the army might "be utilized to destroy locusts instead of Indians. A few regiments," he says, "armed with no more deadly weapon than the common spade, sent out to sections of country that are suffering from locust ravages, might in a few weeks measurably rout the pigmean army, and materially assist the farmer in his ditching operations."

#### ANOTHER FORM OF FIRE ESCAPE.

We have said already something about Safety Towers, and have perhaps hardly done sufficient justice to the admittedly inferior class of permanent fire-escapes the germs of which have presented themselves in the columns of the press. The most important of these were the iron ladders from balcony to balcony, and the reason these have proved hitherto unacceptable is that, while they would in many cases provide an efficient escape through the window from a raging fire within, they would also, if always extended down, form an equally efficient means of invading the premises by burglars or other evil-disposed persons in the night season. Now this defect at least may very easily be obviated. Let a certain number of windows in a large manufactory or hotel be provided with iron balconies and, attached to the flooring of each of these balconies, let there be an iron ladder folded up in several joints. There must also be a small trap in the floor of the balcony, and when a fire occurs, the ladder will be let down through this trap on to the balcony immediately below. A simple apparatus in the balustrade of the lower balcony will catch the foot of the ladder as it falls and hold it fast. There will then be a perfectly firm means of descent from the one floor to the next, and so on down to terra firma. The plan seems complete as a fire-escape in every respect but one. namely, the contingency of a body of flame pouring out of one or more of the series of windows between the highest floor and the ground. The only way to obviate this danger would be by increasing the number of windows in series so furnished with balconies and folding ladders. The sole advantage the plan presents over the permanent Safety Tower with iron doors, and complete exclusion which would be necessary to furnish a building in this way. That expense is small indeed compared with the appalling risks to human life which so many of our great buildings are now presenting, in fact, and observation, to the thoughtful students of the public safety. Our St. John friends, who have just been legislating in earnest on these questions, have their interest continued in solving problems in connection with them, and we respectfully claim their attention to the suggestions offered for a purpose engaging so

#### ECHOES FROM LONDON.

There seems to be some confirmation of the HERE seems to be some confirmation of the rumour that the illness of the young Prince Albert Victor may be attributed to Murlborough House rather than to Sandringham, from the fact that immediately on the departure of the Princess of Wales and her sons from London, the whole of the basement storey of their residence was ordered to undergo a thorough revisions. dence was ordered to undergo a thorough revision and reconstruction of its drainage system.

The Princess of Wales and her children are going to Denmark on a visit.

THE recollections of the Bravo case have last week been revived in connection with the sale by auction of the furniture, plate, pictures, wines, and other effects, together with the li-There was a very numerous attendance some time before the hour announced for the commencement of the sale lately. The portion of the property disposed of contained 208 lots, including the contents of all the bedrooms and the table and bed linen. The sale took place on the first-floor landing, immediately adjoining the room in which the unfortunate Mr. Bravo died. Most of the articles realized prices far beyond their value, and it was manifest that a desire to possess something belonging to the place prompted the bidding.

"BIG-BEN" has never recovered that awful occasion when Mr. O'Donnell kept the House sitting all night. The clock has never gone well since, and is stopped by repairs. It may not be generally known to you that there is a bitter feeling of hostility between our old friend St. Stephen's and the clock at St. Paul's Cathedral, and many a bet has been lost on the subject. Any one standing in the Palace-yard declares that the clock of St. Paul's is slow, while people in the city say the same of "Big-Ben." The explanation is a very simple one after all. Sound takes a considerable time to travel from one place to the other, quite suffi-cient, at any rate, to account for the difference.

A MONSTER clock has just been completed in London—a counterpart in many respects of the world renowned Westminster clock, with the exception of the striking and chiming apparatus. The dial is the largest ever yet constructed, being no less than forty feet in diameter, or nearly thirteen hundred feet in area; the hands, with their counterpoises, weigh nearly a quarter of a ton, the minute hand measuring some nineteen feet in length and moving an inch at every heat of the pendulum. The distance travelled by the point of the minute hand is necessarily cessarily nearly four miles a week. During seventeen days of close and accurate observation of this gigantic piece of mechanism the variation was found not to exceed eight seconds.

An incident has occurred on one of the suburban lines which will certainly be supposed by many to be only hen trovato, but it is a real fact. A lady who seemed perfectly well before the train entered a tunnel suddenly alarmed the train entered a tunnel suddenly alarmed her fellow passengers during the temporary darkness by exclaiming, "I am poisoned!" On re-emerging into daylight an awkward explanation ensued. The lady carried with her two bottles, one of methylated spirit, the other of cognac. Wishing presumably for a refresher on the sly, she took advantage of the gloom; but she applied the wrong bottle to her lips. Time pressed, and she took a good drain. The consequence was that she was nearly poisoned, and had to apply herself honestly and openly to and had to apply herself honestly and openly to the brandy bottle as a corrective, amid the ironical condolence of the passengers she had previously alarmed.

THE South Kensington collection has recently been curiched with half-a-dozen of models of cave-dwellings, agricultural settlements, and cliff fortresses, found in the vast tract of North America, on the west of the Rocky Mountains and the Slame Modern round and dwest extend and the Sierre Madre range, and almost extending to the Pacific—including the States of Utah, Colorado, and New Mexico. In the course of ages vast changes have taken place in this now semi-Sahara; relics have been found which go to prove that this barren land, where the savage now roams at his pleasure, was once fertile and productive, and supported a civilized people who followed peaceful pursuits, although they well understood the art of war. Except the ruined structures in the valleys, in the cliffs, and on the mountain tops, flint and stone implements, pottery and pictures cut into the walls, these people have left traces behind them as to whence they came and whither they went. Such material to the archæologist and geologist is invaluable, and from such foundations often very cogent theories are built up with reference to the antiquity of a race, their habits and social status.

### ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE comic songs of Paris are not a whit more sensible than our own. At present a lyric called Canada is being howled in every café on the Champs Elysées, and this masterly effusion boasts a refrain :-

> Anna Donna La canne à Canada!

Popol, too, is a great favourite with the street arabs, who shriek

Je m'nomme Popol, J'demeure à l'entresol, De Virgini' je suis l'Paul.

A FRENCH joke, giving the account of the nation, is not bad:

La nation	franç	ais	е						-	Α	В	(
Sa gloire	- '					-		-		F	A	Č
Les places	forte	s	-		-		-		-	0	Q	F
Deux prov	inces			-				-	•	$\mathbf{c}$	D	
L'armée	-		-		-		-		-	D	P	C
Le peuple		-		-		-		-		$\mathbf{E}$	В	Ί
Les lois	-		-		-		-		-	L	U	D
La justice		-		-		-		-		Η	T	
Les liberte	s -		-				-		-	F	M	R
Le crédit	-	-		-		-		•		$\mathbf{B}$	$\mathbf{c}$	
Les denrée	s -		-		-				-	L	$\mathbf{v}$	
La ruine	-	•				•		-		H	V	
La honte s	eule		-		-		•		-	$\mathbf{R}$	S'	Г

THE musical arrangements for the Paris Exhibition of 1878 will be of more than ordinary interest, as the Minister of Public Instruction and of the Fine Arts has issued a decree for performances to exemplify art in its highest forms, composition and execution, for which purpose a commission has been nominated, under the precommission has been hominated, under the presidency of M. Thomas, Principal of the Conservatoire. Among the names of the members are those of MM. Gounod, Jules Cohen, Delvedez, Dthois, Guilmont, Guiraud, Halanzier, Massenet, Saint Saen, Weckerlin, and the leading members of the Academy of Fine Arts. The sum of 250,000f. (£10,000) has been assigned to be applied to the context the context of the property of the context of t meet the outlay for what is intended to be a musical exhibition on the grandest scale. The concerts will take place in the vast saloon of the edifice now being erected on the heights of the Trocadero. The exposition is not to be exclusively French; it is to be essentially international as regards music.

THE Petit Moniteur devotes a long article to the inner life of Marshal MacMahon. We are told that he always rises at six in the morning. He shaves and dresses, and then descends into his cabinet de travail. At seven o'clock he receives the high functionaries of his civil and military households, with whom he works till nine o'clock. He then goes out for a ride for a couple of hours, when there is no Cabinet Council. The Councils sometimes last three hours. "The Marshal," says the writer, "very rarely speaks, but when he does his language is always concise, sensible, and to the point." At eleven o'clock he glances over a summary of the French and foreign papers, and "especially the attacks made on him by the demagogic press," which "make him shrug his shoulders with contempt, but nothing more." At half-past eleven he breakfasts with his family. At noon he again the inner life of Marshal MacMahon. We are breakfasts with his family. At noon he again goes into his cabinet de travail, where he remains up to four o'clock. He then takes a walk or a drive with the Duchess, and returns at six o'clock, when he reads the latest telegrams and military news. He dines at seven, and goes to bed at ten. The only pleasures he is fond of are riding and shooting. He eats very little and does not smoke.

#### HEARTH AND HOME.

How easy it is to Forget !- The summer passes over the furrow, and the corn springs up; the sod forgets the flower of the past year; and the battlefield forgets the blood that has been spilt upon the turf; the sky forgets the storm; and the water the noon-day sun that slept upon its bosom. All Nature preaches forgetfulness. Its very order is the progress of oblivion.

GENIUS.-There is a certain charm about great superiority of intellect, that winds into deep affections, which a much more constant and even amiability of manners in lesser men often fails to reach. Genius makes many Genius makes many enemies, but it makes sure friends—friends who forgive much, who endure long, who exact little; they partake of the character of disciples as well as friends.

PARENT AND CHILD .- Charity is not the only quality which begins at home. It is throwing away money to spend a thousand a year on the teaching of three boys, if they are to return from school only to find the older members of their family intent on amusing themselves at any cost of time and trouble, or sacrificing selfany cost of time and trouble, or sacrineing self-respect in ignoble efforts to struggle into a social grade above their own. The child will never place his aims high and pursue them steadily unless the parent has taught him what energy and elegation of humanage many that here they and elevation of purpose mean, not less by example than by precept.

CHILDREN .- To gain obedience, you must set yourself to deserve it. Whatever you promise your little one, however small the thing seems to you, and whatever trouble it costs you, perform it. Never let the doubt once enter that innocent mind that you say what you do not mean, or will not act up to what you say. Make as few prohibitory laws as you possibly can, but once made, keep them. In what is granted as in what is denied, compel yourself, however wearied, worried, or impatient, to administer always even-handed justice. This is a system much more likely so secure your child's real affection, than all the petting and humouring so generally indulged in, to give pleasure or save trouble, not to your little ones, but to yourself.

Youth .-- Youth, like everything else, must be cherished, and squandered; and if we waste it in idle, frivolous dissipations, age will come before years. The faster we travel, the sooner will we get to the end of our journey. Enjoy youth in every reasonable way whilst you have it, but always remember that every time you overdraw on it you are contracting a debt which A Russian proverb says: "Love your wife had been discovered, and that they were as dry as ever.

must be repaid with heavy interest in the future. Retain youth as long as you can, neglecting nothing which will assist you in doing so, but scorning everything which is false or deceitful. And when old age comes—as come it will, despite all your efforts to the contrary—accept the invitation gracefully, and do not attempt to disguise nor to disown it.

DEBT.—A great burden of the poor and people in moderate circumstances is debt. Debt is slavery. The debtor is always in the powe of his creditor. He who runs into debt pay ot his creditor. He who runs into debt pays more for everything he purchases than if he bought for ready money, and is liable to overcharges, double charges, and every kind of fraud. The debtor feels bound to buy of his creditor. With ready money he could look about and buy more cheaply. In the end he must pay, and the credit system takes a large slice from his income. Nearly every dealer will deduct five per cent. for cash; but the difference is much greater than that. To give credit a trader must get credit, which he has to pay for, and this also is charged to his customer. The had debt too of those who never pay are charged to those who do pay. There should be a difference of not less than twenty per cent. in favour of those who buy for cash; and the general adoption of the cash system would save millions every year to the labouring classes of this country.

FRETTING.—One fretter can destroy the peace of a family, can disturb the harmony of a neigh-bourhood, can unsettle the councils of cities and hinder the legislation of nations. He who frets is never the one who mends, who heals, who repairs evils; more, he discourages, enfeebles, and too often disables those around him, who, but for the gloom and depression of his company, would do good work and keep up great cheer. The effect upon a sensitive person in the mere neighbourhood of a fretter is indescribable. It is, to the soul, what a cold, icy mist is to the body—more chilling than the bitterest storm. And when the fretter is one who is beloved, whose nearness of relation to us makes his fretting at the weather seem like a personal reproach to us, then the misery of it becomes indeed insupportable. Most men call fretting a minor fault—a foible, and not a vice. There is no vice except drunkenness which can so utterly destroy the peace, the happiness of home.

A GOOD DAUGHTER.—There are other ministers of love more conspicuous than a good daughter, but none in which a gentler, lovelier spirit dwells, and none to which the heart's warm requitals more joyfully respond. She is the steady light of her father's house. Her idea is indissolubly connected with that of his happy star; the grace, vivacity and tenderness of her sex having their place in the mighty sway which she holds over his spirit. The lessons of recorded wisdom which he reads with her eyes come to his mind with a new charm, as blended with the beloved melody of her voice. He scarcely knows wearings; which he seem does not the knows weariness which her song does not make him forget, or gloom which is proof against the young brightness of her smile. She is the pride and ornament of his hospitality, the gentle nurse of his sickness, and the constant agent of those nameless, numberless acts of kindness which one chiefly cares to have rendered, because they are unpretending, but expressive proof of love.

THE COUNTRY. -- It is in the country that the soul expands and grows great. The town desoul expands and grows great. The town develops, cultivates, and amplifies all the senses, but its tendency is to contract that incomprehensible impulse of being we call soul. Out where the rugged hills point heavenward with ten thousand sturdy evergreen figures; where stand the woods in royal majesty: where the brooks dance along and clasp hands with the rivers, and rivers sweep on with unimpeded flow to the bosom of the sea; where the rocks rise like brawny giants, their nakedness covered with mosses, and drink in the sunshine and the rain proudly, disdaining to show how the elements caress them slowly into dust; where the birds sing their most jubilant songs, and the wild flowers wear their brightest hues; where the bees hum in lazy content from honey-cup to honey-cup; where Nature rules supreme, and man becomes a pigmy—there the true soul, unabashed and undismayed, aspires to compass all the profound mysteries of creation, and reads eloquent lessons in everything. Where villages dot the hillsides and nestle in the valleys; where the throbbing clangour of the church bell is the loudest sound heard; where the fields teem with homely promise of the coming harvest, and the voices of men are drowned in the prattle of nature—there are magnificent souls hidden beneath the humblest exteriors. The hand that grasps the plough and scatters the seed may be hard and brown, but there is a whole heart in its grasp; the face that has been snowed upon, and rained upon, and blown upon is neither marred nor scarred, but grave and gentle; it shows in every lineament how ennobling is close communion with nature. The eye that sees the first tiny bud on the trees, the first blade of pale green grass, the first frail blossom of the woods. watches the covert approaches of spring with a glow and lustre that we do not often see in the dissipated town.

### BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

To test a young wife's love for you, ask her to Rw some shirts on your buttons.

as your own soul, and beat her like your fur

"WHEN I die," said a married man, "I want to go where there is no snow to shovel." wife said she presumed he would.

A WOMAN was offered five pounds if she would remain silent for two hours. At the end of fif-teen minutes she asked, "Is the time nearly

"Great cry and little wool," said a facetious gentleman, as he placed his hand caressingly upon the head of an infant member of a family he was visiting.

LET a grown person cry with half the strength, volume and frequency of a babe and he would kill himself in twenty-four hours. Who can explain this appalling mystery?

WHEN a boy does something funny and you laugh at it, he will invariably keep doing it twenty or thirty times more till you have to knock him down with something.

"THE funeral was all that could be expected," says an aged lady who looks upon these events with an artistic eye. "The display of flowers was grand, and the widow wept like a born angel.

A PHILOSOPHIC Benedick says: "To be nagged at and blown up by a beautiful being of your own, who loves you all the while like apple pie, and whom you love like plum pudding, is, to my idea, the happiest privilege of matrimony.

Mr. Agassiz says that, in certain Amazonian trials, on the day of his marriage, while the wedding festivities are going on, the bridegroom's hands are tied up in a paper bag with fire ants. If he bears this torture smilingly and unmoved, he is considered fit for the trials of matrimony.

A SECRET society of servant girls, the members of which are bound by fearful oaths to contribute stated amounts of groceries from their employers' stores, in consideration of support when they are out of situations, is the latest terror to housekeepers.

A SOCIETY for the suppression of slang has been formed among the pupils of the Girls' High School of San Francisco. Said a reporter to one of its members, "Your object is a praiseworthy one. Do you think it will succeed in eradicating conversational slang?" Said she, You bet

THE cruel fates never appear half so grim and pitiless as when they marry a girl who has gone through Vassar and can play divinely, paint like an angel, dance like a fairy, and slam the front door in seven languages, to a man who owes for the clothes he was married in, begs his tobacce, and have his wood half a cord at a tobacco, and buys his wood half a cord at a time.

A GENTLEMAN walking in the fields with a lady picked a blue bell, and taking out his pen-cil wrote the following lines which he presented to the lady:—

"This pretty flower of heavenly hue Must surely be allied to you; For you, dear girl, are heavenly too."

"If, sir, your compliment is true, I'm sorry that I look so blue.'

whom the lady replied.

## HUMOROUS.

ONE little grain of sand in a gooseberry tart may cause a statesman to abandon for the time his de-fense of the best financial theory in the world.

Among the books that will make their appearonce at the commencement of the publishing season's same few weeks hence, will be one on "Eminent Irish women," by Miss Owens Robertson.

The school boys are again studying hard. One out of ten of them knows what is the capital of Austria, and nine out of ten of them knows which orchards within five miles of the school house bear the best eating apples.

An old Scotch lady gave a pointed reply to a minister who knew he had offended her and expressed surprise that she should come so regular to hear him preach. Said she, "My quarrel's wi' you, man, it's no wi' the Gornel." preach. Sau s... wi' the Gospel.''

ONE day Donald heard the swift notes of the bagpipe, and at once began to dance in the most hilarious manner, but, curiously enough, on one foot. "Why, man," said a neighbour, "what is the matter with the other foot?—are you lame, Donald?"—"Oh, no; not lame," he answered. "but that foot belongs to the church."

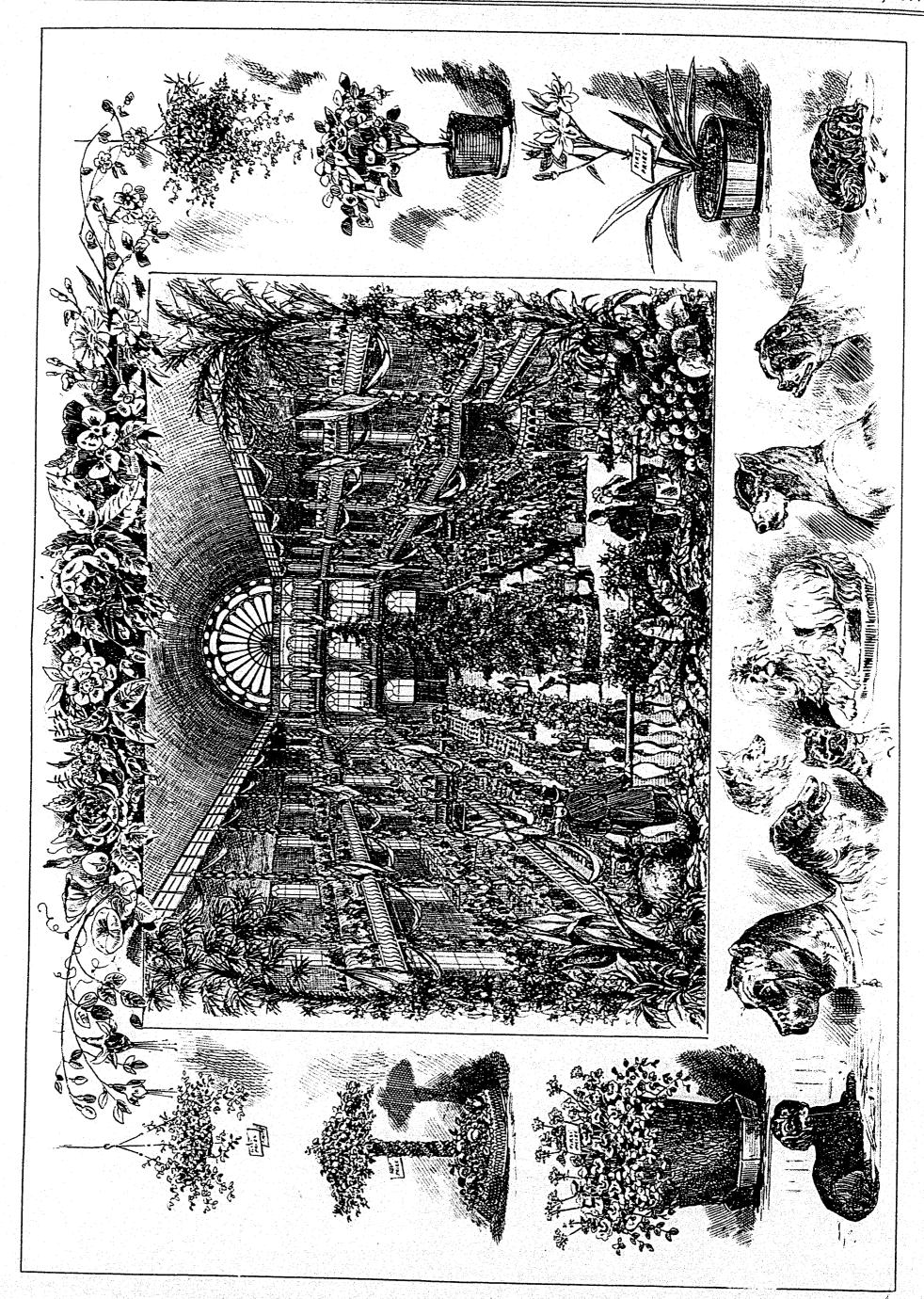
This cry of "My grandfather was a boot-black" is getting altogether to be too frequent and too thin among our statesmen. That a man who is self-made should be proud of it is not remarkable, but the flaunting of an humble ancestry in the faces of an audience, just to draw the contrast, is, it strikes us, rather rough on the ancestry, to say the least of it.

A LITERARY man who knows Joaquin Miller's early history, said to him: "Miller, there are half a dozen stories about you and where you came from: I should really like to know which you call the truth." The poet, who was swinging his legs on a table, looked up and replied: "Well, George, the fact is I've told so many lies about myself, I shouldn't want to confuse the record any farther."

HE was an enthusiastic fisherman. He had caught a half-dozen black base about the size of sardines and proudly placed the catch before a farmer for inspection. The granger turned the little fishes over with the blade of his jack-knite, and looking up in the face of the fisherman, remarked, in painfully measured syllables:

"Wouldn't—you—have—been—about—as—well—off—if—you—had—kept—your—bait—and—cooked—it?"

A Yorkshire clergyman, who was a landed proprietor, retired from the ministry, to spend the evening of his life on his estate. Having unwittingly left in the manuscripts on which he set a great value, he wrote to his successor about them, and ex-



EXPENSIVE SPORT -The amount of rent paid for shootings and pleasure fishings in Scotland has been estimated at about £250,000 or £300,-000 per annum, but this sum does not include rent paid for such lowland game as pheasants and partridges on ground in the occupation of and partridges on ground in the occupation of lairds or tenants otherwise assessed, say as agricultural land, or on ground partaining to a residential estate. The game rents of Scotland vary considerably, some of them being very small, and a few apparently nominal, such as a fishing at Delgaty leased to an honourable baronet at one pound. The value of the lowest shooting in Appleshire is nut down at £20, there being in Argyleshire is put down at £20, there being three entries of that amount; the highest valuation in the name of a sporting rental in Scotland is that of Blackmount Deer Forest, rented from the Earl of Breadalbane by Lord Dudley at a sum of £4,470. The next is that of Glenfeshie, sum of 21,770. The next is that of viello-safe, Lochalsh, Inverness, which is put down at 24,000. There are two at £3,000 each, viz., Invermusk, Forfarshire, and Ben Alder, Inverness-shire. Among the lessees are Her Majesty the Queen, who is tenant of Ballochbuie Forest, Braemar, at an annual rental of £1,500. The total game rental of Ayrshire may be set down at £5,000; Lanarkshire, £2,250; and Renfrewshire, £500. In Ayrshire there are seventeen shootings let at £100 or over that sum, the highest being Alton Albany and Donlarg at nignest being Accous Aronny and Domarg at £380 per annum. Scotland, it is said, supplies two-thirds of the total grouse consumed in the United Kingdom —probably 250,000 brace of these birds.

Gilmork's Trip to Europeau trip," said Mr. P. S. Gilmore, the other night, "are getting on famously, and I cannot hope for better prospects than we now have. The Vienna and Berlin papers speak in a tone of anxious expectancy of the band, and consider it a national affair. I am not afraid of competition with any of the European bands. The only one that can touch us is the Garde Républicaine, which is really made up of Conservatoire people. They have no band in Berlin that can play with us, and I have no fear of the English bands. I shall be satisfied if we start from here in May with \$50,000 as a fund. The members of the band alone can raise \$20,000 of this, and the exhibitors will also do a great deal. In a few weeks I shall come out with an appeal to the people of the United States, stating our objects and calling for a general subscription. I wouldn't go to Europe unless there were \$25,000 in a London bank when we get there. This would place us, with the worst kind of business, above the eventuality of failing.

THE LITTLE "MID" AND THE FIRST LORD.

A midshipman on board one of H. M.'s ships
at Plymouth discovered once a stout gentleman



THE HON. P. J. O. CHAUVEAU, THE NEW SHERIFF OF MONTREAL.

—the late Mr. Ward Hunt—making his way from the dock side on to the deck. Excepting the officer of the watch, there was hardly any one else on board but the youthful officer, for the ship had only just come in from abroad. The visitor desired to be shown over the ironclad, and the knowing "mid" immediately went in for a lark. He informed the gentleman how the capstan was used to grind the ship's coffee; he also told him how the ward-room officers always used the eighteen-ton guns for wine-coolers to ice their champagne in, and he likewise made him acquainted with the fact that it was only the admiral in command who was allowed to dry his Sunday shirts on the main-yards. The visitor listened to this with a bland and simple smile, but on taking his leave he said, "Young gentleman, you are a very smart youth, indeed, and full of very curious information, and I hope that you will see that there is no mistake in this card of mine finding its way to your captain." The youth took the small bit of pasteboard, and reading the name "Ward Hunt," suddenly discovered the awfulness of his situation. However, the First Lord of the Admiralty only treated him to another pleasant smile, and then departed.

First Things.—Envelopes were first used in 1839.

The first steel pen was made in 1830.
The first air pump was made in 1650.
Anæsthesia was first discovered in 1844.
The first balloon ascent was made in 1783.
The first lucifer match was made in 1829.
The entire Hebrew Bible was printed in 1488.
The first iron steamship was built in 1830.
Ships were first "copper-bottomed" in 1873.
Coaches were first used in England in 1569.
The first horse-railroad was built in 1826-7.
Gold was first discovered in California in 1848.
The first steamboat plied the Hudson in 1807.
The first watches were made at Nuremburg, 1477.

Omnibuses were introduced in New York in 1830.

The first newspaper advertisement appeared in 1652.

The first copper cent was coined in New Haven in 1687.

Kerosene was first used for lighting purposes

in 1826.

The first telescope was probably used in

The first telescope was probably used in England in 1608.

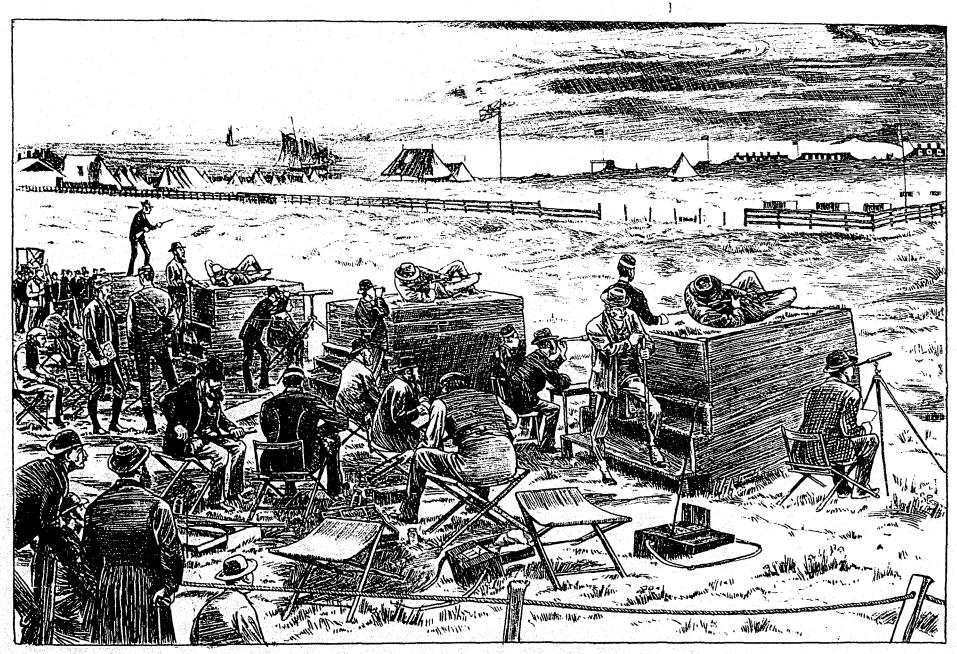
The first saw-maker's anvil was brought to

America in 1819.

The first use of a locomotive in the United States was in 1829.

The first almanac was printed by George Von Purbach in 1460.

The first chimneys were introduced into Rome from Padua in 1368.



TORONTO.-INTERNATIONAL SMALL-BORE RIFLE MATCH.-FROM A SKETCH BY W. CRUICESHANKS.

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# BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.

A NOVEL.

By Walter Besant and James Rice, authors of "Ready-Money Mortiboy," "THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY." &c.

CHAPTER V.

THE YOUNG PRINCE.

Ten years of boyhood followed. In taking us both away from Mrs. Jeram the Captain promised her on behalf of Leonard, and Wass-ielewski on behalf of myself, that we should be brought up, in his old-fashioned way of putting it, in the fear of God and the desire to do our duty. It was an eventful time, which has left few recollections. I suppose that kind of time—it has always been mine—is the happiest which leaves the fewest memories. Yet its happiness for the want of contrast is not felt. Perhaps it is better not to be happy, and to lead the life of action and peril such as has been granted to Leonard and denied to me. When the time arrives to lie down and go to sleep it must be good to leave behind the memory of bygone great days big with issues dependent on your courage, and self-possession. My life has but one episode, and because it is not likely to have another I have sat down to tell In the end I am like any rustic on a farm, a secluded dweller on a remote island, inas-much as any one day has followed another, marked with no other change than from sunshine to rain, from summer to winter.

Of course we soon went to school. The fact that I was a Pole, coupled with my deformity, produced in my favour the mingled feeling of respect and curiosity with hardly disguised contempt which boys always feel for a foreigner or a cripple. Of course, too, it immediately became known that we had been living in Victory Row, under the care of a charwoman. Contumely was the first result of the knowledge. Leonard, however, then about eleven, showed himself so handy with his fists—one consequence of his many combats with Moseswith a disregard of superior weight and strength as complete as any one of Nelson's captains might have shown—that any further reference to charwoman or accidents of birth had to be made with bated breath, and went out of fashion in the school. New boys, it is true, were instigated, as if it was a joke, to ask Leonard for information as to the price of soap and the interests of washing. The miserable victim introduced the subject generally with a grin of superiority, as became a boy who had a father living in the flesh. It was very beautiful, then, to observe how that new boy, after the short fight which followed, became anxious ever after to avoid the subject of charing and charwomen; for however big that boy was, Leonard went for him, and however often Leonard was knocked down he arose from Mother Earth bruised and bleeding, but fresh. The bigger the new boy, the more prolonged was the fight. The more resolute the new boy, the more delightful to the spectators was Leonard's bulldog tenacity. Once or twice the battle was drawn by foreign intervention. Never once was Leonard do intervention. Never once was Leonard defeated.

After each battle we walked home proudly certain of receiving the Captain's approbation when he learned the casus belli; for he always

when he learned the casus belli; for he always insisted on hearing the full details, and gloried in the prowess and pluck of the boy.

We led a frugal life, because the Captain had little besides his half-pay and the house we lived in, which was his own, and had been his father's before him. Sunday was the day of the weekly feast. On that day the Captain wore his undress uniform, and we went to church in the morning. After church we walked round the morning. After church we walked round the walls, and at half-past one we came home to dinner. It was Leonard's privilege to pipe hands for the meals, which always consisted of loast beef and plum duff, brought in by the Captain's one servant, while Leonard played on the fife the "Roast Beef of Old England." After dinner there was a glass of port all round, with a double ration for the chief, and fruit for with a double ration for the chief, and Iruit for the boys. In the evening we read aloud, the Captain acting as expositor and commenting as we went; we did not go to church because the Captain said it was ridiculous to suppose there was any necessity for church oftener ashore than afloat. But after I got a piano I used to play and sing hymns till supper, when the Captain told us varus.

When Leonard was fourteen another change When Leonard was fourteen another change was made. We left the school, and went, he and I together, to the Rev. Mr. Verdey Broughton, as his private pupils. Mr. Broughton, the perpetual curate of St. Faith's, gave us, as I have since learned, these lessons at his own restrictionally though for form quest, and gratuitously, though he was far from being a rich man.

Our tutor was a scholar of the old-fashioned school; he was an ex-fellow of Oriel, and openly held the opinion that nothing new had been written for about eighteen hundred years; he considered science, especially mechanical science, as unworthy the study of a scholar; he looked on Latin and Greek verse as the only safe means of educating the higher faculties; and he regarded the great writers of Rome and Athens as the only safe models of style, thought, and taste.

due, perhaps, to his fondness for port, his repugnance to physical exercise, and his habit of spending all the money he could spare on his dinners. A kind-hearted man, and a Christian up to his lights. His method of "working" his parish would hardly find favour in these days of activity, consisting, as it did, in nothing whatever except three services on Sunday and one on Wednesday and Friday evenings. mothers' meetings, no prayer meetings, no societies, no early celebrations, no guilds. His sermons were learned and scholarly, with a leaning towards morality, and they inculcated the importance of holding Church doctrines. the importance of holding Church doctrines. He was a Churchman high and dry, of a kind now nearly extinct. Those who wanted emotional religion went to other places of worship; those who were content with the old paths sat in their square pews every Sunday, and "assisted" in silence at a service which was a comfortable dust between parent and clark fortable duet between parson and clerk.

We were put through the classical mill by Mr. Broughton. The course made me, in a way, a scholar. It made Leonard a man of action. He read the Homeric battles, and rejoiced to follow the conquering Diomede in the "way of war." He read the tragedies of Euripides, and, He read the tragedies of Euripides, and, like all boys, espoused the cause of Troy the con-

He had, however, no inclination in the direc tion of scholarship, and persisted in looking on books as, on the whole, a rather disagreeable necessity in the training for after-life. For, with the knowledge of his first beginnings ever present in his mind, there grew up in him more and more strongly a resolution that he would make himself a gentleman. Somehow-he did not at all know how-but by some path or other open to lads who are penniless, alone in the world, and almost friendless, he would become a gentleman. Thus, when the Captain proposed that he should enter the Navy as a master's assistant, Leonard scornfully refused on the ground that he could be nothing under the rank of comthat he could be nothing under the rank of com-batant officer. Mr. Broughton suggested that the two Universities are rich with endowments, and that fellowships await those who are strong enough to win them; but Leonard would not hear of the years of study before the prize was reached.

"In the old days, Laddy," he said, "I should have been put into a monastery, I suppose, andmade my way by clinging to the skirts of a great ecclesiastical minister, like Richelieu and Maza-rin. But I cannot go in for the modern subbstitute of university and fellowship. Fancy me in a black gown, when I should like to be in a uniform!

fo" In the old days," I said, "men sometimes reed their way by joining the Free Com-

"Ay," he replied, "that was a life worth having. Fancy riding through the country at the head of a thousand lances, gentlemen adventurers every one, a battle every other day, and an adventure the day between. What pity the time is past for Free Companies. Let us go on the Common and see the soldiers."

That was his favourite resort. The march

and movement of troops, the splendour of the array, the regimental bands, the drill of the awkward squad, delighted his soul. And here he would stand contentedly for half a day, watching the soldiers at their exercises.

If one could only be a soldier, Laddy," he would say, "if there was any chance of rising, as there used to be in the French army! Every drummer boy with a marshal's baton in his

"And how many were able to take it out of their pocket?"

One here and there. I should have tried to be that one."

One day, as he was talking in this strain, a soldier's funeral passed us—his comrades carried the coffin. Before it marched the fifes and muffled drums playing the Dead March, behind it a file of men with arms reversed. We followed. After the short service the men fired a round over the nameless grave, and all marched off at quick step.

"That one has failed, Leonard," I said.
"Ay, he has failed. Poor common soldier! He had but a slender chance. None of them have any real chance."

He was dejected for a few minutes. Then a

thought struck him, and he brightened up.
"Perhaps he was only an ignorant, beeryou were both alike—gentlemen born"Use shall I foreign him?" asked. drinking clod. No doubt that was all. What chance could be have? Such a soldier was not a failure, Laddy. He rose in the world. He became drilled, civilised, and useful. And when he died he was buried with military honours."

At sixteen he gave up his classical work altogether, arriving at the conclusion that it was not by Latin and Greek he would reach his aim. Other things, he discovered, would be of more use to him. Among them was French. He found in the Polish Barrack two or three men who knew French as well as their own language, one of whom undertook for a very small fee to

feverishly, learning the language after his own way, by reading French books all day, by talkwith his tutor as much as possible, and by learning whole pages of the dictionary. As we had no French books in our little library, we picked up for nothing at a bookstall a packet of old French newspapers and pamphlets dated about the year 1809, which probably once belonged to some French prisoner in the long wars, and these formed Leonard's introduction to the French language. His spare time he devoted to mathematics and to drawing. Here the Poles helped him again, many of the poor fellows being full of accomplishments and knowledge, so that, for the last year of his home life, Leonard was almost wholly in the Polish Barrack. The exiles, to whom this bright and handsome lad was a godsend of sunshine, rejoiced to teach him what they could, if only as a break in the monotony of their idle lives. And while I was welcome among them for my name's sake, Leonard was welcome for his own sake. They taught him, besides French, mathematics and drawing, how to speak Russian, how to ride, with the aid of borrowed steeds, how to fence, and what was the meaning of fortification.

As Leonard approached manhood he assumed a prouder carriage, due partly to the resolution within his heart, and partly to the defiance natural to his position. Mrs. Jeram said he was a prince born. Certainly no one acted the character better. Everything that he did was princely; he are better than the did was princely; he spoke as one born to command; with his quick keen eye, his curly locks, his head flung back, his tall and slender figure, full of grace and activity, he was my hero as well as my leader and protector. He would not associate with any boys in the

town-those boys whose society was open to him—nor would he suffer me to know them.
"You are a gentleman of Poland," he said, grandly. "You may call yourself a Count if that would help you. I am going to make my-suff a gentleman who the said. self a gentleman, whatever my father was. We must not hamper ourselves by early friendships which might afterwards prove annoying."

It was not altogether boyish bounce, nor altogether self-conceit, because, full of sympathy in other things, in this he was inexorable, that nothing whatever should interfere with his demination to lift himself out of the ranks. almost the only reading he permitted himself lay in any books he could find which showed how men have risen from small beginning to great things. Not greatness in the way of authorship. He had no feeling for literary success. "I would like," he said, "to have my share in making history, let who will write it. Who would not rather be Hannibal than Livy, or Hector than Homer? If you were to offer me the choice between Sir Philip Sydney and Shakespeare, I would rather be Sydney. All the greatest men have been soldiers and sailors— fighting men." fighting men.

Then he would dilate on the lives of the French generals, and tell now Murat, Lannes, Kleber, Hoche, Augereau, and Marmont, feught their way valiantly up the ladder from the very lowest round.

lowest round.

How his purpose was to be accomplished, by what means he was to rise, he never explained. Nor did he, I think, ever seriously consider. But we all believed in him. The Captain, Celia, Mrs. Jeram, and I looked forward confidently to the time when Leonard should rise, superior to all disadvantages, a leader of men. If he had told us that he was going to become Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Chancellor, or even H. R. R. the Field-Marshal Commanding in-Chief, we should have believed that with the same con-

One day-it was Saturday, about Christmas time -Leonard did not come home to dinner. The Captain waited for no one, and we sat down without him. It was three o'clock when he returned, and it was evident that something had happened, for his face was flushed and his hands

"I have been with Mrs. Jeram, sir," he said, in reply to the Captain's look of inquiry. "She has told me about my mother," his voice breaking into a sah, "about my more mether." ing into a sob, "about my poor mother.

He buried his face in his hands.

"Ay, ay. Poor boy. Natural to ask." The Captain put out his hand and stroked Leonard's

curls.
"Mrs. Jeram," Leonard lifted his head and Went on, "gave me all she left. Only a wedding-ring. Nothing but a wedding-ring. See,

A strange message. 'Tell my and a message. A strange message. 'Tell my boy, she said, when she died, 'that if ever he boy, she said, when she died, that it ever he finds his father he must forgive him; but he had better not seek for him. And tell him, but not till he grows up, that his father is a gentleman and his mother was a lady.' That was the

man and ms moon.

message, sir."

"Ay!" said the Captain, clearing his throat,

"I knew it long ago, Leonard. Mrs. Jeram

"I knew it long ago, Leonard. Mrs. Jeram

"How shall I forgive him?" asked Leonard, "How shall I forgive him?" asked Leonard, springing to his feet, panting and trembling. "How shall I forgive the man who let my mother—his wife—die deserted and alone?" "The Rules are laid down," said the Captain, gravely, "clear and distinct. "Forgive us as we forgive." Likewise 'Honour thy father."

Leonard was silent.

"And as for this wedding-ring," said the Captain, taking it from the boy's hand, "I think, if I were you, I would wear it always." He opened a drawer and found a piece of black ribbon. "Uniforms," he went on, without my seeing the connection, at first, "miforms and

disgraceful in the Queen's uniform. Clergymen wear black to show they are in mourning for the wear black to show they are in mourning for the world's sins. Do you wear this ring as a badge only known to yourself, my boy. A wedding ring—it's a pretty thing," looking at the symbol lying in his hand—"it means purity and faith. If you wear it, boy, in that sense, your mother's memory will be honoured. Purity and Faith. Perhans we've given the ring to the wrong sex." Perhaps we've given the ring to the wrong sex.

The Captain turned in his chair, and took up book. It was his sign that he had no more to a book.

say on the subject.

Leonard touched my arm, and we stole out together. Then we took our hats and went into the street.

"I cannot bear myself, Laddy," he burst out.
"I am half mad to think of it. She was deserted; she wandered about, and came here. Mrs. Jeram picked her up, houseless and crying in the street. She had a little money then, but the doctor took it all, because next day, before she could say who she was, or where she came from, I was born, and my mother died. Not a line, not a letter, to say who she was; Mrs. Jeram took me, and promised her whose life-Oh! my mother—was passing swiftly from her—that she would being me un?—he stonged here

that she would bring me up"—he stopped here for a moment—"And then she died, and they buried her. . buried her. Do you know where the paupers are buried, Laddy? They buried my mother there.'

Yes, I knew. Some of the Poles were buried there. The old parish church, with its broad churchyard, stood a mile and a half from the town. The God's Acre was so crowded with town. The God's Acre was so crowded with graves that its surface was raised six feet above the level of the road, and the tombstones stood side by side, almost touching each other. But side by side, almost touching each other. But in one corner there was a large open space on which there were no stones, where the grass grew thinly, and where the newly-turned clay, if you looked closely, was full of bits of wood, remains of old coffins. There was no shape to the graves in this corner; only rows of shapeless mounds and irregular unevenness in the ground. This was the paupers' corner, the place where they bestowed those for whose funeral the parish had to pay, so that the contempt of poverty followed after them, and rested on their very graves. I knew the place well, and shuddered when Leonard turned his steps to the road which led to the church. It was nearly four, and the early winter's day was drawing to a close. From a sky almost black poured down great flakes of snow, silently falling and giving an appearance of light after the hidden sun had gone down. As our heels echoed on the iron bridges beyond the Gate, I looked round and saw the ramparts standing up white and smooth. like a great wedding cake against the gloomy heavens. Down in the moat, the sluggish water lay between two banks of dazzling white, flanked with scarp and counterscarp. Leonard burried on, and we passed in silence along the streets of the suburb, and so into the fields beyond, till we came to the church standing with its old

tower among the dead. It was growing dark now, in spite of the snow. The iron gates of the churchyard were open, and the church, where the choir were plactising for next day's service, was partially light d up. Leonard led the way to the far-off paupers'

It lay a quarter of an acre in extent, quiet and peaceful, wrapped in the pall of the soft white snow. About the rest of the crowded church-yard there were paths among the graves, up and down which were the footsteps in the snow of those who came to visit the dead. Here there were no paths and no footsteps. In the rest of the churchyard there was always some one to be seen—a widow leading her child to see the father's grave, an old man wandering among the monuments of those he had known in their youth, a sister weeping over a brother's grave, a mother over her son—always some one to connect the world of the dead with the world of the living. Here no one came to break the lonely silence of the forgotten graves. Elsewhere there were flowers in spring, cypresses and evergreens in and among the graves. Here there was nothing, not even a struggling briar, and even the grass was so often disturbed that it had not time to grow. For these were the graves, not of the poor, but of the very poor, of those hapless mortals who die in the misery of destitution and have not even money enough left to buy them a separate resting-place. They lay there, thickly crowded, and every one forgotten. For among their own class Death speedily brings oblivion. Who can remember those that are gone before when from hour to hour one has to think about the next meal? Whether they were buried ten years before or only yesterday, the hundreds who lay before us in that corner, covered over with a thin layer of mould and the sheet of snow, were everywhere as absolutely forgotten as if they had never even lived. Was it to rescue the dead from this ignoble oblivion that people once worshipped their ancestors?

And amongst them, somewhere, was Leonard's mother.

"Where is she?" he whispered. what spot did they lay her? A lady, born of gentle parents, the wife of a gentleman, to die neglected and be buried like a pauper! And not to know even where she is laid!" not to know even where she is laid!

"That does not matter, Leonard," I said weakly. "Her spirit is not in her grave." He made no answer, but flung his arms above

his head.
"My poor dead mother," he prayed, "my poor He was a stout, short man, with a red face, teach him. He worked at the new study almost badges are useful things. You can't do anything you can help me where you are, help me. If lost mother. I believe that you can see and hear me, though you cannot come to me. If

you can pray for your son, pray for me. If you can lift me upwards, lift me. But how can I forgive my father?"

Within the church, close by, they were prac tising the responses to the Commandments. as Leonard concluded they sang,

Incline our hearts to keep this law." He heard the words and applied them, for he

He heard the words and applied them, for he turned to me in that quick way of his,

'How can I honour my father, Laddy, when I don't know where he is, or what he is, and when n.y mother's last words were that I should forgive him?"

But his passion was over, and we walked away from the old churchyard.

#### CHAPTER VI.

#### CELIA.

I can hardly remember a time when I did not know Celia, but, as my memory of the life with Mrs. Jeram does not include her, our acquaintance must have sprung up some time after we went to the Captain. It was formed, I suspect, upon the walls where we were sent to play, and was allowed, or encouraged by Mrs. Tyrrell, Celia's mother, one of the Captain's friends. Our playground was a quiet place, especially at where the town children, to whom the ramparts elsewhere were the chief place of recreation, seldom resorted. There were earthworks planted with trees and grass, and the meadows below were bright with buttercups and daisies. We were privileged children; we might run up and down the slopes or on the ramparts, or through the embrasures, or even clamber about the outer scarp down to the very edge of the moat, without rebuke from the "Johnnies," the official guardians of the walls, who went about all day armed with canes to keep boys from tearing down the earthworks. It was this privilege, as well as the general convenience of the place for children to play in, which took us nearly every day to the Queen's Bastion. There never was a moderate of the summer the trees afforded in summer the trees afforded shade and in winter the rampart gave shelter. You were in a solitude almost unbroken, close to the great centre of life and busy work; you looked out upon the world beyond, where there were fields, gardens, and trees; there was our own round corner, with the stately elms above us; the banks of grass, all sorts of grass, as one finds where there is no cultivation translating finds where there is no cultivation, trembling grass, foxtail grass, and that soft, hushy grass for which we had no name; there was the gun mounted on its high carriage, gazing out upon the harbour, a one-eyed Polyphemus longing

for human food.

We walked and ran about the walls, we sat, read, and talked in Celia's Arbour. I was the principal reader, because Leonard used to act what I read, and Cis always wanted to do what Leonard did.

My usual seat was on the wheel of the guncarriage, or in warm weather I would lie extended full length on the grass, while I read, in the high-pitched voice which Nature or my rounded back had given me, the narrative which stole us from ourselves. Why does no one write such books now! We were Don Quixote and Sancho Panza; we were Robinson Crusoe and Man Friday, that is, Leonard was Don Quixote Robinson, while Celia was Sancho or Man Friday. Up to the harbour was a flat little island, a peninsula at low tide, on which was a farmhouse. I daresay it must have been a dismal place to live upon, and by no means free from rats. But to us it was channing, for it was Robinson's Island. To this day I cannot was modinson's Island. To this day I cannot look at the book without seeing the island again, and peopling it once more with the Solitary and his faithful Indian. When we read the "Pilgrim's Progress," Leonard with a stick personated Christian's terrific combat with Apolivon. Or if we choosed men the second part lyon. Or, if we chanced upon the second part, Celia was Merry, and knocked very prettily at the gate while Leonard multipled himself, and became in turns, or at the same time, the Dog,

Beelzebub, and the Interpreter.
It was Leonard who called this place Celia's Arbour, after a glee which I found among Mrs.
Tyrrell's music. The harmonies of the old fourpart song lie in my heart associated with those early days, and with our own retreat. It is a tender glee, whose notes are yearnings and sighs, whose cadences are love's hypocricies, breathing almost an arrogant confidence; while veiled behind a mask of pretended fear, assumed out of good manners, and certain to deceive no Celia that ever lived. We breathed no sighs, we hung no humid wreath by our Celia's Arbour, but it was a place where two horse Arbour, but it was a place where two boys learned to love one girl.

She was at first a wilful and uncertain little

She was at first a wilful and uncertain little maid, her moods like the April sky tor fitfulness, her way for the moment the one right way; her will law. She would have been a despot of the fiercest kind, but for one thing which saved her. It was her gift of reading the hearts of those she knew. If by that power of hers she read mine, and so could say with uncertain instinct the with unerring instinct the and so could say with unerring instinct the thing she had to say, always in the way it should thing she had to say, always in the way it should read others. be said, then, I suppose, she could read others. That wilfulness wore off as she grew up, but the mysterious power remained. She felt, or seemed to feel, what others thought. It is quite certified. tain that this power can belong to those who think little about themselves and comes from long watchfulness in observing the connection between thought and expression, and learning how to read the light flash of the eye. She was an only child, and her father was the greatest man in all the town. Not that he was greater than the Governor Commandant of the Forces-

or than the Port Admiral, but he was the great est man of the municipality. He held, or had held, all the offices. He was a borough magistrate, ex-Mayor, chairman of everything, churchwarden, Past Master in the Mason's Lodge, and leader in everything. In person he was tall and portly, bearing himself with an upright and solid carriage. When he passed down the street the shopkeepers came to their doors and bowed; mothers pointed him out to their boys as an object of emulation; all the town respected He deserved their respect for showing him. them what Leonard was so anxious to find out for himself-how a man may rise in the world. He had been errand-boy in a lawyer's office; he worked every evening, and so got learning, and he finally found himself at forty the leading solicitor and the most "prominent citizen" of the town.

He lived after the fashion of the time, in the ame house where he had his offices. It was a large red brick house, the very last in Castle street before you come to the town wall. It had the door in the middle opening into a broad hall with a large room on either side. These were the offices, and in addition to them was a certain structure built out at the side devoted to the clerks. The dining rooms and Mrs. Tyrrell's habitual sitting-room, called the parlour, were at the back, overlooking a garden, large for a town house, planted with standard apples and pears, and standing behind borders in which flourished the common old-fashioned in which nourished the common old-fashioned flowers, Virginia stocks, candy tuft, mouse-ear, London pride, double stocks, wallflowers, gilly-flowers, and the rest, including big hollyhocks, round which bees swarmed all the summer, planted in the corners. A gate at the end of the wall was unlocked all day, so that Celia and I could pass in and out without seeing or dis-I could pass in and the first floor was Mrs. Tyrrell's drawing-room, a salon which impressed the visitor with a sense of really aristocratic magnificence, so cold, so prim, and so very com-fortless was it. It was never used, except for a dinner party, that is, once or twice in the year. For lighter entertainments, such as "a few friends for tea," the parlour was thought quite good enough. Celia's piano was in the parlour; there was a grand in the drawing-room; downstairs you found comfort and ease; upstairs splendour and cold.

The daily life of a professional man, thirty ears ago, was a great deal simpler, though in many ways more conventional, than at present. He lived almost always, like Mr. Tyrrell, in the house where he had his office; he dined at one o'clock, and his dinners were extremely plain At five he took tea, with bread and butter; at eight he finished work for the day, dismissed his clerks, and sat down at nine with his family to supper, the most cheerful meal of the day,

going to bed at half-past ten.

There was no talk in those days of a mouth on the Continent, of the necessity for change, or an autumnal holiday; a dance for the young people might be looked for, in some quarter or other, three or four times in the year; to dance in the summer was unheard of; garden parties were never dreamed of; lawn-tennis—even croquet—not yet invented; pic-nics things to im-There was a large garrison in the town, agine. but the officers rarely appeared at the houses of the lawyers, and kept in their own sets; the best available society consisted of the numerous half-pay and retired naval officers, with the clergy and the professional men, and the mai dens, who were far more "proper" than are their daughters of rinks and Badminton, looked on a friendly gathering to tea, with a little music afterwards, or a round game, as the high-est dissipation consistent with properly brought up young ladyhood. Yet they were perfectly happy. They did not read so much; they did happy. They did not read so much; they did not know so much as their successors; their taste in Art, Dress, Furniture, and Decoration had not been developed; they had not, like Ulysses, seen many men and many manuers they had no doubts on religion; they had not become strong-minded; they did not sit on School Boards, nor sigh for Female Suffrage; they had never heard of the Subjection of the Sex; they did not envy the wild delights open to rich young persons of their own sex in London, because they did not know them, except in terms too vague to be harmful. Yet they were, I should think, happier than the girl of the present day, because their hearts were set on simpler things. They dressed themselves as prettily as they knew how and could afford. I looked the other day in an old illustrated paper, and saw with a shudder the dresses of the girls whom I knew as a boy; the picture of female beauty adorned in the fashion of the day, seemed a horrid creature; but then the artist had not caught the sweet look of faces which not even a hairdresser can disfigure; and failed in showing the graceful lines which no foolish fashion-copyist can the dress. They flirted a little, in their quiet way, after church on Sunday morning, and over the tea things in the evening. novels, of a decorous order, and not in the least like certain romances now in vogue, written by ladies for ladies." In the course of time. one by one, they got married, and became good wives and good mothers with old-fashioned

happy, but for the misfortune of monotony. A certain conventionality hung about every act of family life which was, or might be, public. People pretended a great deal. If a visitor called—I speak from information received,

notions. It was peaceful, this vie de province, and would have been virtuous, but for the sin of

gossip; it was calm, and might have been

and not from my own experience-the work which the young ladies were engaged upon was put aside hastily, and they were presented, on the rising of the curtain, so to speak, reading in graceful attitudes. There was a fiction that callers required refreshment, and the decanters were placed upon the table, with the choice of "red or white." I observed, at an early age, that Mr. Tyrrell, when he took wine, which was not every day, abstained from the decanters reserved for the use of visitors, and opened a fresh bottle for himself. I thought, in those days, that it was disinterested generosity on his part, so as to give his visitors the best, but l know better now. The duration of a visit was inversely proportionate to the rank of the caller. In the case of "carriage company," a quarter of an hour at the outside was granted, so much at least being needed to impress the street. Humbler friends, in whose case the decanters might be speedily put away, and the needlework resumed, could stay a whole afternoon, if they pleased. On Wednesday and Friday evenings those ladies who could boast of having "experienced" religion went to church, and gave themselves little airs on account of superior spiri-tuality. No one ever dreamed of inviting himself to any meal whatever, and if anybody was invited, he was made to feel that he was the guest, being press d to eat of things provided in his honour, and becoming, whether he liked it or not, the centre of conversation. There was, therefore, a good deal of ceremony in our social festivities. The handing of the muffins, the dexterous use of the kettle, the division of the cake at tea, the invitation to hot spirits and water after supper, the request to sing, the management of the album: all these things required grace and deportment; quite young men went through the prescribed duties with manifest anxiety; young ladies were careful not to allow their natural happiness over a little social excitement to interfere with the exigencies of propriety; middle-aged men took a pride in saying and doing exactly the right thing in the right way. Everything in bourgeois society of of that time had a right way. It is true that this anxiety to keep in the groove prevented originality of conversation; but then we all knew what to expect, were able to criticise the performances, afterwards, of a well-known rôle, and to congratulate ourselves on the very proper way in which everybody had behaved.

Pretence is vulgar, but when it is custom it somehow ceases to vulgarise. We have our customs still, but they are not quite so binding on There were plenty of vulgar people among us, but we were not necessarily vulgar because we dined at one, supped at nine, gave few parties, never went abroad, and observed little fashions, with little pretences which deceived nobody. So far we were only simple. Celia at least, who was brought up in the lap of this conventionality, could not, could never have

been vulgar. On Sunday we went to St. Faith's Church, which stands in St. Faith's Square. The building belonged to the reign of the Third George, and was, externally, a great barn of red brick, set in a courtyard, surrounded by a red brick wall, and with a roof of red tiles. Inside it was a large white-painted edifice resting on four pillars. There was a great gallery running all around, and, because the church was crowded, a second gallery higher up at the west end contained the organ and choir. The pulpit, reading desk, and clerk's desk, forming between them a giant staircase, stood in the middle of the church; all three were broad and roomy; round the altar rails sat a school of charity children, who pinched each other during the service. In the aisles were placed, between the pew doors, little triangular brackets, on each of which sat, in evident discomfort, an aged lady, clad in black. They used to rise, curtsey and open the doors for the gentlefolk when they came and when they went away. I used to wonder why these ancient dames came to church at all, considering the profound misery of those three-cornered brackets. But I believe there was a dole of some kind for them, and once a month they had the satisfaction of finishing the sacramental wine. The arrangement of the pews was irregular, the better sort among them being square. In those you sat upon high narrow seats of rough baize, with your feet on large hassocks, which made your flesh creep to touch. The square pews were a great stumbling block to children because they were convenient for making faces at each other and this often led to subsequent tears. The Tyrrells had a square pew, in which little Celia sat always as demure as a nun. During the Communion Service, while the Epistle and Gospel were read, we all faced to the east out of politeness to the clergyman. Social distinctions were observed in getting up and sitting down. Poor people obeyed the summo s of the illustrate got up in the Grand style, that is, slowly, and with deliberation. They were well on their feet about the middle of the second line in the hymn, and they held their hymn books with an air of condescending criticism, as if there might, after all, be something in the words of the poet. At the close of the hymn they sat down as slowly as they had got up, long after the organ had finished, even some moments after the last of the old ladies in the triangular seats had ended her final squawk. As they sat down they looked about the church as if to see that everybody was behaving properly. The Captain's pew, a long one, was behind Mr. Tyrrell's. Leonard often tried, but

never succeeded in making Celia laugh. Not a

single glance of her eye did she permit toward the pew where her two friends sat. Not a single smile when, Snnday after Sunday, the gle smile when, Snnday after Sunday, the Captain lugged a key out of his pocket when the hymn was given out, and audibly instructed Leonard to "get out the tools," meaning the hymn books. During the sermon, the seats were so high that there was no one to be seen except the preacher and the clerk; the latter was always asleen. And when we came out, we walked away with much solemnity, the elders discussing the sermon.

Time that is long past appears to have been

so much longer than any period of the present. In twenty years or so, I suppose I, for one, shall have finished my earthly career—perhaps before have finished my earthly career—perhaps before then. But it does not seem so long to me now, looking forward to the end, as it does looking back on those years of school and early life, on which I have dwelt, perhaps, at too great length. Being a lonely man, without wife, kith, or kin, I like to think of the days when I had a brother and a sister. To be sure, I have them still unaltered in affection, but they are them still, unaltered in affection, but they are am tired of pupils and melancholy, so tired sometimes that even Mendelssohn cannot bring me comfort, I sit by the fire and see little Celia once more, as she was, wayward and fitful, restless as a sprite, bright as a sunbeam, rosy fingered as Aurora, dancing in and out among our hours, making them gay as a bright June morning; or standing as Minerva might have done, had that most unfortunate goddess ever known childhood, pensively looking out on the sunlit harbour; or, when she grew older, de-claiming with passion against the wrongs she read of and the miseries she saw. For, in every town where soldiers and sailors congregate, and drink is provided, there were many much misery; wicked things which obtruded themselves upon even childish eyes. All evil

seems to the young so easy to prevent and cure.

Sitting now by the winter fire, and gazing into the coals, it is always Celia that I see.

She runs through my life like a scarlet thread in silk. And for five years—the five years of Leonard's "Wander Time," we were always together, for I was her tutor.

I forgot to mention that I was a musician. Music is my profession. I am a music master—
"Mr. L. Pulaski" is on the brass door-plate,
with underneath, "Lessons in Music and Singing." Music has been my joy and solace, as with underneath, "Lessons in Music and Singing." Music has been my joy and solace, as well as my profession. I believe I could play as soon as I was born; at all events I had no difficulty in learning; and when Mr. Tyrrell heard of my great gift, and generously presented me with a piano, I made myself, almost unassisted, a musician of skill as well as of feeling. For I played at every more and of feeling. For I played at every moment, and therefore I learned to play well. It was natural that I should help Cis in her music, and when I left school it was natural also, that I should become not only her music master, but her tutor in other things, and her companion. It was good of Mrs. Tyrrell to trust her to me; it was an education for me to have the chance. No brother and sister could have drawn more closely together than we two. And I am quite sure that no man could love a girl more than I at all times loved Celia.

(To be continued.)

#### LITERARY.

VICTOR HUGO is writing a novel.

MARK TWAIN will not lecture this season. He says he has reformed forever.

THEODORE TILTON has returned from Europe, and is now writing a lecture on "The Old World and

MR. EVELYN JERROLD is engaged upon "A Life of Honoré de Balzac," which will probably be ready in the winter or early spring.

THE report of the death of Mr. Justin McCarthy is unfounded. Mr. McCarthy is in the enjoyment of excellent health. MR. LIONEL TENNYSON, the second son of

the Poet Laureate, has been successful in a competitive examination for a post in the Indian Office. CHARLES READE is digging his grave with his teeth. He has a passion for hot cake—hot cake for breakfast, for dinner and for tea, and very sweet cake at that.

THE novel, "A Year's Letters," by Mrs. Horace Manners, to appear in the current number of the Tatler, is Mr. Swinburne's first attempt at novel writing.

UNDER the name of the Societa Romana di Storia Patria, an historical society is about to be founded in Rome for the publication of unprinted documents re-lating to the laws and history of the city and neighbour-

MR. TRELAWNY'S celebrated account of the two great poets whom he knew in his youth—"Recol-ductions of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron"—will shortly be republished, with large and important addi-tions, amounting probably to as much as a third of the original back

MR. ARCHIBALD FORBES, the war correspondent of the Daily News, who is beating all the other "specials" out of the field, gets from that paper a retaining fee of 21,000 a year, whether there is war or not, a liberal allowance in each campaign, and carte blanche in

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THE BASTERN WAR. -- GENERAL GOURKO AND STAFF VIEWING THE MUTILATED REMAINS OF RUSSIAN SOLDIERS AT THE SHIPKA PASS.

#### BESSIE.

A SEQUENCE OF SONNETS.

The opening rosebud kissed with dew, When day is fresh and morning new; The snowdrop, peeping from the ground; When all is drenry else around; The stately ash, the flowering thorn: The rise of sun on summer's morn; The lily's hue, the rose's dye; The tender music of a sigh; The sweetly-scented vernal breeze: The song of birds, the hum of bees—Are sweet to hear, to feel, to see. But Sweeter far than all to me.

My Bessie rules my heart supreme In waking thought or slumber's dream.

11.

Let other bards exhaust their skill In grinding out from well-worked mill Some simile or instance neat
The lover's lesser charms to greet.
Secure in peerless levelings. The lover's lesser charms to greet. Secure in peerless loveliness, My Bessie scorns such borrowed dress. And to the loveliers thing that lives A higher, lovelier standard gives. The music of her swelling throat Might teach the lark a sweeter note: For lovelier tints the rose must seek The blushes mantling o'er her cheek; And brightest star that lights the skies May pale before those sparkling eyes.

III.

Search all the world on Fancy's wings; View all its store of lovely things; Pick out from heaven its brightest star, The richest ray from sun-god's car, A rainbow's tints, the rose s blush, The sweetest note of warbling thrush. The laden vine's most luscious fruit, The breathings of the softest lute, The daintiest scent from Flora shed, — Parade what lovely things you will. My Bessie reigns the loveliest still; And Bessie rules my heart supreme In waking thought and slumber's dream.

H. B. HARROP.

THE

# GOLD OF CHICKAREE

# SUSAN and ANNA WARNER.

AUTHORS OF

"WIDE, WIDE WORLD," and "DOLLARS AND CENTS," "WYCH HAZEL," etc.

#### CHAPTER XX1.

THE LOSS OF POWER.

Wych Hazel ordered an early lunch for herself, and a fire in the red room, and fresh flowers for its adornment; and with these last she was busy—humming over them the spell of an old German choral—when Rollo came in. The air was dainty with fragrance and sweet sounds. He smiled at it, and at Hazel; but after the first greeting was grave again.

"I have got news for you to-day," he said.
"Have you?" said Hazel, intent upon placing a Safrano rose. Then the tone caught her attention and she looked up hastily.

"Not more sickness?"
He shook his head. "Paul Charteris has stopped work."

Is that all?" said Wych Hazel. "The wonder to me is that such men ever go on." "He has not failed. He has stopped work That is enough, if you knew what it means." Not that all his men are turned adrift?

"Just that. Three or four hundred families." "But they cannot move off and find work in the dead of winter! - What is the man think-

ing of?

"Only, I suppose, of what are called the exigencies of business. There is not a good market, just now, for his cloths; he would be largely out of pocket presently if he went on paying out, with nothing coming in."

"Could he do it?"

"I cannot tell."

She bent thoughtfully over her flowers for a ninute, touching them here and there; then looked up again.

"Have the same exigencies come near you?" He smiled. "No. I am sound yet."

But\_ -I have heard business enough talked, if I could only remember it !-does not such a state of things by and by touch all goods and mills and mill-owners?"

"Sometimes. But nothing threatens me at

present. Perhaps Charteris is less strong than he has been supposed. Perhaps he has been speculating.

Hazel finished her flowers with another touch or two, and gathering up the scattered rose leaves—crimson, white and buff—showered them gently down upon the hand that rested near h on the table. Then she glanced up with a

laugh.
"You know," she said, "the Charteris mills are my department."
"Indeed! How am I to understand that statement ?"

"O-you thought Christmas was not susceptible of extensions. Gentlemen's ideas, being

so strong, sometimes move slowly."

"Ladies' thoughts, being so subtle, are sometimes difficult to pursue," said Dane; but his brow was grave.

I am talking nonsense," said the girl, "but I mean sense. There is money enough and those people cannot starve, and those people cannot starve, either with hunger or cold. And you have all your own

men on your own hands, and I begin to understand corners.' what Dr. Arthur meant by ' possible corners.' Don't you see that the other part of the Hollow falls naturally to me? What is the matter? Are you afraid I will support them on pound-cake and sugarplums?"

Dane's eyes leapt, darkened and lightened;
but after all, his answer was sober.

"That will do; but you cannot permanently support Mr. Charteris's mill hands on charity-The only sure method of relief would be to buy

"Then we can run them against each other!" said Wych Hazel. "What a splendid thought! I shall be a better neighbour than Mr. Charteris. I will only undersell you just a little."

Dane smiled, but this time he said nothing-

Only watched her continually.

"Then as Mr. Falkirk's consent might be difficult to get,—he is a little insane upon mills just now, -- perhaps the purchase had better be made with the remains of my last winter's legacy. Over which, you know, nobody has any control but my own wise self."

"How much do you suppose the purchase of those mills might require?"
"I have no idea. The legacy was large—and there is a good deal left."

A few hundred thousands."

"No, not so much as that. Well, -then I must have another ugly talk with Mr. Falkirk. He would not listen to you, one minute."
"I should not listen to you, either, Wych;

and I should have to be taken into consultation, you know."

"Is not your consent enough, without con-

"I could not properly give it."
"Dear me," said the girl, "what a word properly is! I thing I never wanted to do anything, or go anywhere, that it did not rise up before me like a five-barred gate. What can I 'properly' do, sir, if you please, in the premiers?" ises

ises?"
Looking with his mighty gray eyes into her face,—soft they were too, and persuading, as well as mighty,—he said in a sort of whisper:
"Go with me to New York, Wych! Then we can make it all right."
Her face grew suddenly grave with a frightened look, as if she had stepped into a net, or caught herself in a trap.

caught herself in a trap.
"We were not talking of that," she said hur-

riedly,—"and there is no need to talk of that.

And you promised."

"There is no need to talk about it, if it is ever to be done," said Dane smiling. "If you will think about it—which I believe you never do, -you will perceive that unless we are to be separated all our lives, we must some time or other be married. And the best way with any-thing you are afraid of is to do it, and have

He had smiled, and his accent was very winning; but he grew grave again, and stood with folded arms looking at Wych Hazel. Even then he would not use persuasions; he would not have her against her will; but he watched her anxiously. If she refused him now, it might be long before he brought up the subject again. He would not tell her that, either; he left her free; and wait d to see how the delicate balances of her mind would turn. But he sighed a little as she hesitated, and then smiled again as he spoke; a smile very frank and

"Be brave, Hazel! If you are ever going to

trust me, you may as well do it at once."

Hazel turned away and sat down on her footcushion, and buried her face in her hands. Was she ever to be done with fights and perplexities? was she ever to be quietly happy, like other people? Last night she had been sober for very joy, at first; and now after all those long, bitter two months, there was no sweet sunshine to follow. For being married did not look at all sweet to Hazel: it was true, she had hardly thought of it at all. Well, she could do as she pleased. Yes,—but she knew, without seeing the disappointment to somebody else. That she did not quite understand it, did not hide the fact. And can a woman who loves, ever really prefer her own pleasure? She looked up with even a pale face, and the wet eyelashes that so few people had ever seen.
"You do not remember,"—she said. "You do not seem to understand!"

"You are the shyest bird that ever flew with-out wings!" said Dane drawing another low seat beside her. "I understand wet eyes too well. I remember only that I have been waiting a year and a half for you. But if I wait all life, Hazel, I will not have you at such cost as that. If your heart is not as mine,—that it would be our happiness to be together,—I will go back to my months." work and wait another six

He spoke gently and gravely, and stooped as

"Statements"—said the girl, in an impatient tone which yet faltered and broke before it got through.

You shall make the statements," said Dane, getting her hand in his, and holding it with that gentle, firm clasp which, in some hands, expresses so much; soothing and steadying and sympathizing, and claiming too; all at once. "What is the matter, my little Wych?"

Hazel paused, summoning her courage; enforcing quiet.

"It is no use to bring up such things," she said, speaking very slowly. "To talk of trust—and—liking to be together—mixing them up with 'if' and 'but." Unless I have proved all that, I never can. But there are a great many

reasons, -and you would call them fudge. And I know they are not fudge. And if you were to knock them down fifty times, they would rise up, fresh and strong as ever, after all."
"I shall not play at that game of ten-pins.

Do you think in your conscience I have any reasons?

"Something that goes by the name, I daresay," said Hazel sedately. "But it is all different on your side,—you wait, or you hurry, just you choose; and you are free through the one and through the other, and after both."
"Free! As a man whose heart is chained,

and whose hands are fettered. Was I free to marry you a year ago? or even to speak my thought! Am I 'free' now, Hazel?"

She half laughed.

"How would you like to cut short the one time of your life when you had a little power, even to say no? And—Mr. Rollo—you have been away two months. And October was very short. '-The girlish voice grew low and timid: Hazel knew that her arguments were strong only

Dane lifted to his lips the little fingers he

"And so you have made up your mind that your power will be at an end when you are married? Am I going to love you less?—or will you love me less ?

"I did not mean power over you," said Hazel; "I meant independent power. And I have not much now, except when you happen not to care about using your own. As last night

Dane could not help laughing a little again, but below that he was desperately

"I will not have you troubled," he said. "Rather than that, I will go back and wait for you as Jacob did for Rachel; though I will not emulate his estimate of time, the circumstances being not similar. But, Hazel, there is something more to be thought of, which we have not touched. I cannot have you living alone here as you have been for the last three weeks or more

"Mr. Falkirk may be back. And you will be near enough to exercise any amount of su-pervision. And I will be good. If I can "
"Mr. Falkirk writes that he may be detained

indefinitely. And at twelve miles off, 1 am quite too far to be an efficient protector. Winter days would give me only short and late visits to Chickaree, except occasionally. And you know how it has been, Wych, since and before Mr. Falkirk went away; it is not fitting that you should be alone as you are; and exposed— As your guardian, I cannot let this go on any longer.

It fell to Dingee just then, to appear as a witness for the plaintiff. He came, bearing a handful of hot-house flowers and a card.

handful of hot-nouse nowers and a card.

"I done told him you was engaged—des'pate!

Miss Hazel," said Dingee,—"and he beg for jes' three minutes."

"Say I cannot possibly give him three minutes!"—Hazel's brows were as near a frown as

they could come.

"Then he say, tomorrer," pleaded Dingee.
Any hour, Miss Kennedy. Three minutes, one minute. He done set out for home, Miss Hazel.

"I hope he will have a short, safe passage," said Hazel: "say that. And that I cannot see him either to-night or to-morrow or any day before he goes. And, Dinger !—not a word more or less!"—She waited till the boy was out of sight, and then flung the flowers from where she sat full into the fire.

If there was not a frown on Rollo's brow, there was a quiet set of the lips which told as much. But he waited. Knowing well that it made against her cause, but knowing too that it was his right, Hazel turned and laid the card in his hand: it was Sir Henry Crofton's. The frown came then, and the card was crumpled up in Rollo's hand and followed the flowers.
"Well, Hazel?" he said. "You must feel

the justice of what I said just now. There are only two remedies that I know. One of these you startle at. The other, is that you should take up your abode at Dr. Maryland's for the winter." winter.

"I could not do that!" she said hastily.
"But—Olaf—I have tried to do just right all
these weeks. And if you think! do not know what discretion means, you can ask Mrs. By-

question to be settled by a note from you, when you have thought it over? If you choose to go to Dr. Maryland's, I will make the necessary arrangements. If you can make up your mind to go with me, we'll arrange that. What do you say ?"

"But you said you were going next week! "I must. The day after Christmas. I wait to see these apples and pounds of tea safe home first. Then we will go and take care of New Year."

Wych Hazel leaned her head down in her Wych Hazel leaned her nead down in ner hands again. How easily he talked of it!— this matter that her whole mind had hardly found room for. Yet she knew, better than he did,—better than she liked to tell him,—that it

was not the thing for her to live there alone. Even discretion could not hinder what Mrs. Bywank called "a raid," at home; nor keep her from being met and followed and waited on whenever she ventured out. But she could not live at Dr. Maryland's. To the tips of her fingers, Hazel knew that she should fly at the end of a week there—up the chinney, if no other way appeared. Prim's calm advice, and Mrs. Coles' sharp watch; even the good doctor's easy discussion of her and her affairs, could not be borne. She tried to smother the sigh that came up from the depths of her heart, but enough escaped to betray the trouble and perplexity.
"Shall I leave it?" said Dane very gently,

though he on his part was swallowing deep mortification, not hindered by the fact that he did understand and feel for Wych Hazel's distress, in some measure. "Shall I leave it! and you will write to me?"

will write to me?"

"What about?" said the girl quickly. "As you put it, I have no choice. Because I will not go to Dr. Maryland's. Neither now—nor ever—for safe keeping."

"I do not want you to marry me for safe keeping," Dane said with a half smile. "How would you put it Hazal! Would you like to

would you put it. Hazel! Would you like to take time to think about it?"

"But there is no time to take!—And thinking for ever will not make two alternatives out of one."-So thought Hazel to herself, but the of one."—No thought Hazel to herself, but the words did not come out. She sat resting her cheek on her hand, studying this last hopeless fact; then by way of facing all her difficulties at once, looked up at her companion. Not meeting his eyes exactly,—a wistful, examining gaze; trying to strengthen her courage with the sight of what—after all—she layed heat in all sight of what—after all—she loved best in all the world. For a second. Then hastily, as if still doubting her own resolution, she put out her hand and laid it timidly on his. Dane did not show her the leap his heart made; and she could not see the flush that mounted to his brow. He made no demonstration whatever, except to the hand which had come to him appealing in its surrender, and those were out-wardly very quiet. And then, clasping the hand, he sat quite still; waiting to let Wych Hazel grow calm, if it could be, and ready for further talk.

(To be continued.)

#### ARTISTIC.

Miss E. Thompson (Mrs. Butler) is painting ome pictures on Irish subjects.

MR. AUGUST BELMONT, of New York, has been asked by the artist Bouguereau to lend for the great Paris Exhibition his "Twins," now in his possession.

Another painting by Constable has just been given to the Louvre. Though not as important as the two magnificent landscapes presented a few years ago by Mr. John Wilson, the present work is yet a very fair example of our English masters.

ARRANGEMENTS are being made at Keble College for the reception of Holman Hunt's picture, "The Light of the World," presented by the widow of the late Mr. Thomas Coombe, and valued at £10,000.

THE Louvre has recently acquired a fine drawing of a portrait of a man said to be by Albrecht Durer: also two or three pictures of the German and Flemish schools. One of these is dated 1536, and signed "Mabuse." It is the portrait of a nun, and was given to the museum by M. Gossart, of Valenciennes.

MR. D. G. Rossetti is now engaged on one of the most beautiful and poetical pictures he has ever produced. It is called "Hero." and is suggested by the following passage in Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy": —"When Leander was drowned, the inhabitants of Sestos consecrated Hero's lantern to Anteros; and he that has good success in his love should light the candle; but never any man was found to light it."

AN interesting discovery has just been made at Tamworth, in Staffordshire. While a man was engaged in excavating for the erection of a wall near the board schoels, he came upon a small leaden box, which on being opened was found to contain some 300 coins. Some of them bear the impress of Stafford, Berwick, and Hereford. They appear to belong to the time of William I., and William Rufus, but it is intended to submit the coins to competent authorities for examination.

MLLE. SARAH BERNHARDT is the most ac-MILE. SARAH BERNHARDT is the most accomplished actress in her country. She is also a sculptress. She is the thinnest lady in France—a whipping-post is voluminous in comparison with her. She invited her friends to a "thanksgiving dipciner," and received them in her studio costume—that of a man's. Then she displayed some works on which she is engaged for next year's exhibition, and subsequently received her "second category" of friends in full dress.

wank."

"I do not need to ask anybody for testimony concerning you, in that or any other respect. It is no question of discretion; except in your guardians; and that forbids them to leave you so."

"Mr. Falkirk is not Mr. Falkirk!" Hazel broke out. "He is all changed."

Rollo left this statement to take care of itself. "What do you think we had best do?" he asked cheerfully, after a minute. "I will not tease you and hurry you—Shall I leave the question to be settled by a note from you, when A FINE altar piece of the first half of the six-

# NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the Ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, os all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions Repaired with the gréatest care. Feathers Dyed as per sample, on shortest delay. Gloves Cleaned and Dyed Black only.

J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.

#### OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Montreal Horticultural Exhibi-We have made it a pleasant duty every year to visit the exhibitions of our Horticultural Society where the most agreeable and instructive sights are always presented to the eye, but this season, we are justified in saying that the show was superior to any of its predecessors, whether we regard the number of the entries or the excellence of the objects exposed to view. The officers of this important society, and the Secretary especially, Mr. H. S. Evans, deserve the thanks of the public for their successful efforts to provide so charming an entertainment. We devote a full page to the illustration of the event, which will convey more to the eye than a column of printed description.

HON. P. J. O. CHAUVEAU. - Pierre Jacques Olivier Chauveau was born at Quebec on the 30th of May, 1820, and is descended from an old French-Canadian family who settled at Charlesbourg, near that city, during the early days of the colony. He was educated at the Quebec Seminary; studied law under Messrs. Hamel & Roy, and afterwards with Mr. O'Kill Stuart; was called to the Bar of Lower Canada in 1841, and created Queen's Counsel in 1853. At an early age he divided his pursuits between law and literature. When but eighteen years of age he contributed to the press of his native city some poetical compositions of at least ample merit to give proof of the wealth of imagery with which the later productions of his pen are graced. He soon began to fish in the troubled waters of politics; as Canadian correspondent of the Li Courrier des Etat-Unis (New York), he wrote a series of letters which attracted much attention in Lower Canada; and he also contributed to many of the serial publications of his own Province. In 1852 he published at Montreal a more pretentious work than any that had previously been written by him, viz., Charles Cherin, roman de Maurs Canadiennes. This was a 8vo. volume of some 350 pages; and earned for its author very high praise. It was earned for its author very high praise. very favourably received in Canada, and read with great interest in France, where it won the commendations of literary circles. He also published in 1861 an account of the visit of the Prince of Wales to Canada; and besides his contributions to the press of Montreal and contributions to the press of Montreal and Quebec, literary and political, he has been a principal contributor to the Lower Canada Journal of Education. Hon. Mr. Chauveau is also distinguished as a contribution of the Lower Canada Journal of Education. also distinguished as an orator. His address at the laying of the corner stone of the monument to the memory of the "braves" who fell on the faithful criticism and historical research. His speech at Montreal on the occasion of the ter-centenary of Shakespeare's birth, and that de-livered over the grave of Garneau, the historian, have also excited much attention. But it may be said that before his re-entry into political life in 1867 his most substantial services had been rendered to his country as administrator of the Educational Department, For this impor-tant public service his cultivated mind and cant public service his cultivated mind and great love of letters admirably qualified him, and he exhibited a degree of administrative ability which more than justified his appointment to that important position in 1855. M. Chauveau entered the field of politics at an early age as a writer. He was only 24 when he entered Parliament for the County of Onebea. tered Parliament for the County of Quebec, having defeated the Hon. John Neilson by a very large majority. He continued to sit for the same continued. the same constituency until his retirement from Parliament in 1855. During his course in the Legislative Assembly he generally supported the Lafontaine party, and on the retirement of Messrs. Baldwin and Lafontaine in 1851, he was appointed the Lower Carada Solicitar. was appointed the Lower Canada Solicitor-General of the reconstructed Cabinet. The troubles with which this Government were beset necessitated another reconstruction in August 1853, and Hon. M. Chauveau was then ap-pointed Provincial Secretary. This office he pointed Provincial Secretary. This office he held up to the defeat of the Hincks-Morin Go-vernment in September 1854, and continued in the same position as a member of the Macnab-Morin coalition until January 1855, when he retired from the Government, and was succeeded in his office by the late Sir George Cartier. In the same year M. Chauveau retired from Parliament, and was appointed Superintendent

of Fducation for Canada East. In 1867 Mr. Chauveau was called to form the first Cabinet of the Province of Quebec, and retained the position of Premier for five years. He was then appointed to the Presidency of the Dominion Senate, where he presided for one session, sharing the fortunes of the Macdonald administration. With the exception of the Chairmanship of the Quebec Harbor Commission, Mr. Chauveau has been in private life since 1873, returning with pleasure to his studies and literary labors. His old party have done a graceful act of justice by appointing him to the highest legal office in its gift, and he will be wel-comed to Montreal by men of all classes, nation-His old party have done a

alities and creeds.

THE INTERNATIONAL SMALL-BORE RIFLE MATCH, AT TORONTO.—This event caused considerable interest last week in the Ontario capital. The match was shot in acceptance of a challenge of the Victoria Rifle Association of Ontario, as a return for their last visit to Creedmoor. The weather was unfavorable for fine shooting—a strong wind blowing across the range. At 800 yards the American N. A. R. team led by 9 points. At 900 yards this was

reduced to 3 points, with prospects of being still further reduced at the 1,000 yards' range, where the Victorias made an excellent beginning; but one of the team failing to find the target in three consecutive shots, they became somewhat demoralized; the Americans meanwhile making capital shooting considering the amount of windage allowance, particularly Hepburn, who scored eleven consecutive bull'seyes at this range. The highest individual score at any range was made by Lieut. Adam, 13th Batt., of Hamilton, he making sixty-eight out of a possible seventy-live, beating Hepburn by one point. They all assume the back posi-tion, as seen in the sketch, Fulton and Rathbone of the Creedmoor team making the only variety in this respect, by placing the left arm behind the head and grasping the back of the gun-stock. Had the Victorias cooperated, and shot less independently, the result might have been different; the Americans in this respect working together admirably, under directions of Col. Sanford. The match was to have been shot by eight men of each team, but they were -educed to six to suit the convenience of the Americans. SIR WM. BUELL RICHARDS .-- The President of

the Supreme Court is eldest son of the late Stephen Richards, of Brockville, a man of re-markable attainments whose memory will long be revered in the old Leeds District for the sterling uprightness of his character and his un-impeachable course through a long life. Sir William was born in Brockville in May, 1815. Brockville has produced many eminent men, prominent amongst whom may be mentioned the late Judge Sherwood, the late Judge Jonas Jones, the late Hon. Henry Sherwood, Sir Daniel Jones, Judge Wells, Hon. L. H. Holton, and Judge McQueen, of Woodstock. Educated at the old Johnstown District Grammar School, the exhibit of our sketch studied law with the subject of our sketch studied law with Andrew Norton Buell, the present Accountant-General of the Court of Chancery, who now by seniority holds the position of "Father of the Bar," he being the oldest surviving barrister on the rolls, and subsequently with the late George Malloch, afterwards for many years Judge of the County Court for the United Counties of Leeds and Grenville. Called to the bar in Michaelmas Term, 1837, he practised his profession first in partnership with his former patron Judge Malloch, until the latter ceased to practise, then with Mr. A.N. Buell, and lastly with his brother, Hon. Albert Norton Richards, Q. C., late M. P., for South Leeds. He was elected a Bencher of the Law Society in 1849, and was created a Q. C. in the following year. He entered political life in 1844, when he was nominated as a candidate for the representation of the County of Leeds in Parliament, but retired after address sing the electors in favour of Mr. Wm. Buell, the Reform candidate. At the general election in January, 1848, being again solicited, he accepted the Reform nomination and was elected for Leeds over Mr. Ogle R. Gowan by a majority of sixty, the vote standing—for Richards 984, for Gowan 924. At the general election of 1851 he was again returned for Leeds, this time increasing his majority over Mr. Gowan to 133; the vote standing -for Richards 1,205, for Gowan 1,072. On the retirement of Messrs. Baldwin and Lafontaine from power in October, 1851, he joined the Hincks-Morin Administration as Attorncy-General for Upper Canada, his colleagues being the present Sir Francis Hincks, the late Judge Morin, the late Sir E. P. Taché, the late Malcolm Cameron, the late Mr. James Morris, the late Governor Caron, the late Doctor Rolph, the late Judge Chabot, and Mr. Justice Drummond. Mr. Justice Sullivan, of the Common Pleas, dying, Mr. Richards was appointed to succeed him on 22nd June, 1853, and many will remember how unfavourable were the predictions made of his judicial career, owing to his seeming want of experience, but the result has shown Mr. Richards to be one of the hest Judges ever appointed to the Canadian Bench. The other two members of the Common Pleas at the time were the late Sir Jas. Macauley and the late Chief Justice McLean. Subsequently the present Chief Justice in Appeal, Mr. Draper, and Chief Justice Hagarty became members of the Court. In July, 1863, on the appointment of Mr. Draper to be Chief Justice of Ontario, Mr. Richards became Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and in November, 1868, on Mr. Draper's retirement to the Court of Appeals Mr. Richards succeeded him as Chief Justice of Ontario. Three years ago he was named arbitrator on behalf of Ontario in the settlement of the North-West boundary. He married in 1846, Deborah Catharine, daughter of Mr. John Muirhead, barrister, of Niagara, who was a great grandson of the celebrated Colonel John Butler, known in the revolutionary annals, and the organizer and commander of the Butler Raugers.

Mrs. Richardsdied March, 1869. It is a singular Mrs. Richards died March, 1809. It is a singular coincidence that the three sons of Stephen Richards, William, Stephen, and Albert, should have gone to the bar, become Queen's Counsel, and attained to the position of Ministers of the Crown. It would almost seem natural for the whole three to reach the Bench. An able jurist, the located mind and possessed of a large of a keen logical mind, and possessed of a large experience, Sir William is eminently adapted for the Presidency of the highest Court in the Dominion and his elevation to Knighthood is regarded as a tribute to undoubted merit.

SIR ANTOINE AIMÉ DORION. -- He is the son of the late P. A. Dorion, and was born at St. Anne de la Pérade, on the 17th January, 1818. In 1842 he was admitted to the Lower Canada Ba; and in 1863 created Queen's Counsel. He

was first returned for Montreal in 1854, and sat for that constituency until 1861. In 1862 he was returned for Hochelaga, and again in 1867, being elected by the small majority of 23 out of 2,600 votes. Mr. Dorion was the Lower Canada leader of the Brown-Dorion Cabinet of Auqust, 1858, and entered office in May, 1862, as Provincial Secretary in the Macdonald-Sicotte Government. This position he resigned in the following January, being dissatisfied with his colleagues regarding the Intercolonial Railway, the construction of which they were then supposed to favor. posed to favor. When that government was re-modelled, in May, 1863, Mr. Dorion succeeded posed to favor. Mr. Sicotte as Attorney-General and Lower Canada leader, which position he held until the defeat of the Cabinet in March of the following year. His gentlemanly manner and fluent and elegant diction soon marked him out as the foremost man of the party whose sympathies he shared, and he was for years the acknowledged leader of the Lower Canada Liberals. In 1872 he announced his intention of retiring from public life, and was tendered a complimentary banquet, along with Mr. Holton, by his friends in Montreal, but in the general elections of that year he was induced to stand for Napierville, where he was successful. He then resumed his old position at the head of his party, till the 5th November, 1873, when he was called to the Mackenzie Administration, as Minister of Justice. His appointment to the Chief Justiceship of Quebec bears date the 30th May, 1874.

MEHEMET ALI PASHA.—The present Serdar or Commander-in-Chief of the Turkish armies or commander-in-timer of the lurkish armies in Bulgaria, is a German by birth, and a Frenchman by origin, whose real name is Jules Détroit. He was born at Madgeburg in the year 1829. When he was fifteen years old, his father, who was a musician with a very limited income unable to provide for the further education. income, unable to provide for the further eduancoine, unable to provide for the further equation of the boy, took him to Hamburg, where he obtained an engagement as sailor-boy upon a merchant ship. The captain being a cruel and brutal master, and the crew treating the boy equally ill, young Détroit resolved to avail himself of the first opportunity that should offer in order to escape. This occurred while the ship was at anchor in the Bosphorus. Détroit reached the European shore at Balta Liman, and soon found a generous patron and kind friend in the then Minister of Foreign Affairs, subse-quently Ali Pasha. This was in 1847. While in Ali Pasha's palace Detroit embraced Islamism and adopted his present name. In 1849 Ali Pasha placed him as a pupil in the Military College, in which pupils were taught, fed, and supported by the State. The masters were the most efficient that high salaries could attract, nost efficient that high salaries could attract, some French and some Prussian. Mahomet speaking both French and German fluently, and being a sharp and active lad, became a general favourite, and the masters did their best to help him on. In 1853 he passed the final examination with credit and obtained a lieutenancy. The prospect of speedy promotion was held out to him if he would remain at the school as an assistant mester, but he preferred school as an assistant-master, but he preferred active service, and had the good fortune to be attached to the staff of Omar Pasha, with the rank of Captain, in 1854. In that position he took part in the campaign on the Danube and the Crimean War. He especially delighted in the company of the late General Prim and the French Colonel Dieu. He was appointed Major-General in the year 1868, when only thirty-nine years old, and became Mushir, or Field Marshal, in the early part of the present year.

SULEIMAN PASHA.—The *Times'* correspondent lately with Suleiman Pasha gives the following personal description of him:—"The General commanding, Suleiman Pasha, is a most unostentatious and reserved man. His headquarters are the very reverse of the gorgeous establishments one sees with many Generals of much less pretence than this the most successful and favoured of the Sultan's Field-Marshals. His tent consists of a simple piece of canvas stretched across two sticks, under which he crawls at night and sleeps on the ground, and, being once in, leaves no room to spare for a shake-down for anybody else. Guards, sentries, orderlies, and all the pomp and circumstance of military rank are dispensed with; and his two or three aides-de-camp bivouac in like style near him. His two horses are picketed in front of his tent, with their saddles on their backs, and to take their chance of forage with the rest of the cavalry in the same way that their master expects no different fare from the rest of the army. He is a man between forty and forty-five, tall and strongly built, with a rough weather-beaten face, a forehead very much wrinkled, and a short red beard and moustache. He speaks French a little. His character seems singularly simple and self-reliant, and presents contrasts which make it still more ex-ceptional. In detail and in matters of organization he seems to have great readiness, a quick perception of what is necessary as to provision. perception of what is necessary as to provision-ing, forwarding ammunition, or any other part of generalship, while at the same time he ap-pears to have the intuitive qualities of a born commander, which enable him to carry out a plan rapidly and successfully without going through any of the accepted and roundabout methods of modern warfare. I would instance in this respect the extraordinary way in which, in a few hours—I believe in 48—he transported the whole of his army from Adrianople to Karabunar. It is with a system which leaves him untransmelled, when his mind is not distracted by the manary of all kinds of obscure forms, or haunted by the idea of hurting some

touchy sensibilities of relative rank, that a man of self-reliant nature is able promptly to carry out a plan without the aid of complicated machinery. It is this which I imagine will be found to distinguish Sulciman Pasha from the run of ordinary Generals."

THE BRITISH RIFLE TEAM AT CREEDMOOR, N. Y.—J. K. Milner, is a genuine Irishman, and possesses all the characteristics of the nation. He is young, although an excellent shot, and was the winner of the Abercom Cup, and a member of the Irish Team in the Eleho Shield. In the match at Creedmoor last year he made the remarkable score of fifteen consecutive bull'seyes at 1,000 yards.

Lieutenant George Fenton is a six-footer, thirty-five years old, weighing 187 pounds, and has a soldierly bearing. He won the Abercom Cup and the championship of Ireland twice, and has shot every year in the Elcho Shield. At Windheld the heaven the Delta Shield. Wimbledon he has won the Dudley, the Lloyd's Cup, and a number of other prizes. He has carried off the American Challenge Cup, and last year, at Washington, won the badge presented by the Irish residents. He takes the military position, resting on his elbow and stomach

William Rigby is about forty, of medium height, has a face indicating dignity and repose, and wears a flowing beard. He was one of the Irish team who shot at Creedmoor last year. He is a member of the Eleho Shield, and has won the Abercom Cup and other honors. He is a partner of John Rigby, the inventor of the rifle

bearing his name.

N. K. Ferguson is a Scotchman, forty years old, with a keen eye, and has been an enthus-iastic rifleman for eighteen years. He has taken part in thirteen out of sixteen competitions for the Elcho Shield, and has borne off the St. George's Challenge Vase, the Army rifle and Snider rifle, Wimbledon cups, the Daily Telegraph cup and the Albert. He rests on his back while shooting, and places the muzzle of his rifle between his crossed feet.

A. P. Humphrey is twenty-seven, about six feet high, and of a youthful appearance. With the Suider rifle he has won the highest distinction, and with the military breech-loader he has won the much-coveted Queen's Prize, the Duke of Cambridge's Prize, and many others. He has twice shot in the English eight for the Elcho

H. S. Evans is twenty-six, has shot three times for England in the Eleho Shield, and has won the Cambridge Cup. He is five feet high, weighs 132 pounds, and shoots on his back. Like Mr. Humphrey, he is a member of the Execution Res. English Bar.

Sir Henry St. John Halford, captain of the team, is a representative ritle shot. He is forty-nine, has an open English face, is rather above the medium height, and his manner is sure to make friends of those about him. He has shot seven times in the English eight for the Eleho Shield, twice making the highest score; has won the Cambridge Cup, the Albert, and the Duke of Cambridge's Prize. He is five feet nine, weighs 157, and shoots in the Fulton position—lying on his back. Lieutenant-Colonel James Fenton is one of

England's best shots, and has won nearly every prize competed for at the Wimbledon and other meetings. He has represented England in the Elcho Shield eight times, and has twice won Cambridge Cup. He is five feet, weighs 170 pounds, and he shoots in the prone position.

# THE GLEANER.

Brigham Young leaves \$2,000,000.

SIR HENRY THOMPSON says that brain-work-ers should not take alcohol.

It is reported at Berlin that our Queen will pay a visit to that capital before the close of the NAPLES claims to have made the greatest preparations for the Paris Exhibition, and to

have the largest share of Italian space assigned MR. BUTT has intimated to his party that, in the event of a renewal of the obstructive policy in the coming session, he will promptly resign his leadership of the Home Rulers. It seems probable that, ere the next session commences,

the Home Rule party will be split up into numerous sections. THE new military helmet, which will soon be

served out, is very generally praised for its or-namental as well as its comfortable and serviceable qualities. Two or three of the crack volun-teer corps of London have made up their minds to adopt it in place of the existing inelegant shako.

SOME additional particulars relative to the Maid of Orleans has come to light in a manuscript discovered at La Rochelle. From these, it appears she was a dark girl, not the fair maid ideally depicted, and she had strong proclivities for the pants, as she always dressed like a young man of the period.

M. MAXIME DU CAMP, in some notes which he has been publishing about the Commune, states that 650 children, of whom the eldest was only sixteen, were seized with arms. No fewer only sixteen, were seized with arms. No fewer than 226 were but fourteen years of age. Two, who must have thought a rifle a splendid plaything, were only seven and eight. The authorities dealt leniently with these juvenile offenders; eighty-seven were, however, sent to houses of correction, and thirty-six of these had suffered individual transferred before the second correction. suffered judicial punishment before.

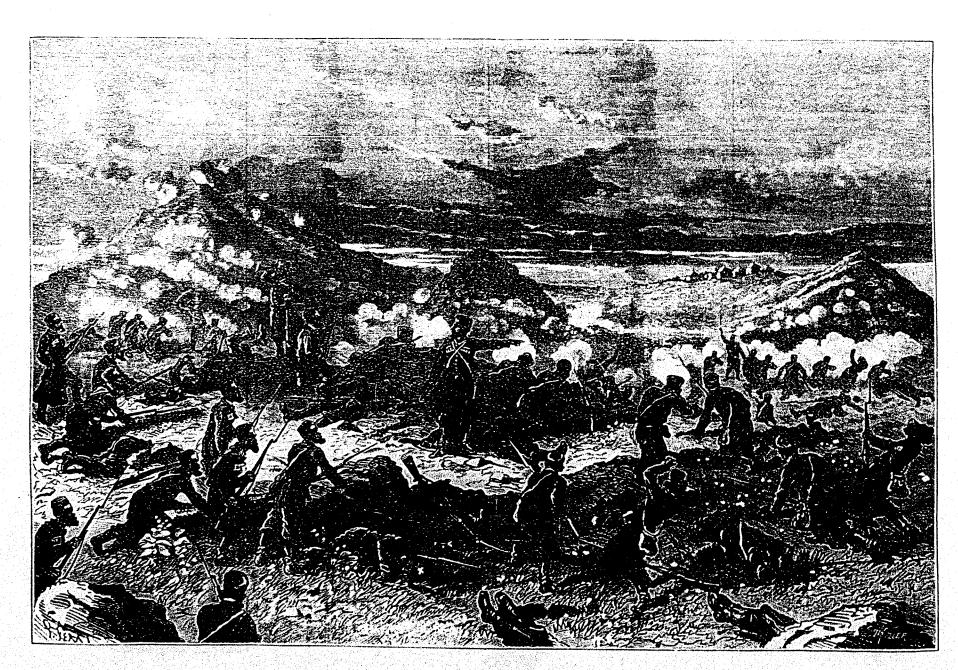
# THE EASTERN WAR.



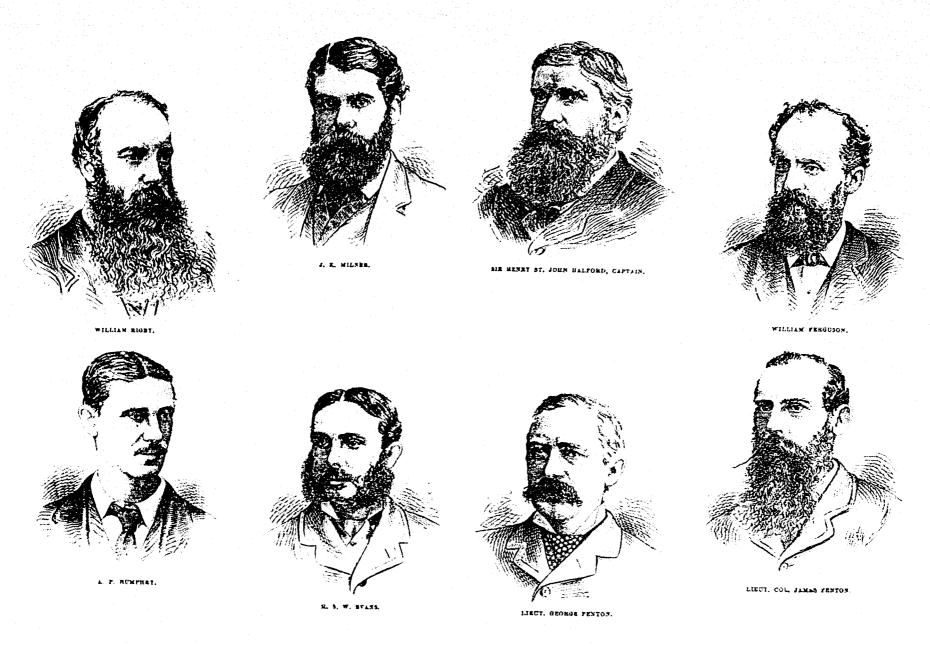


MEHEMET ALL PASHA, COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF THE TURKISH ARMY IN EUROPE.

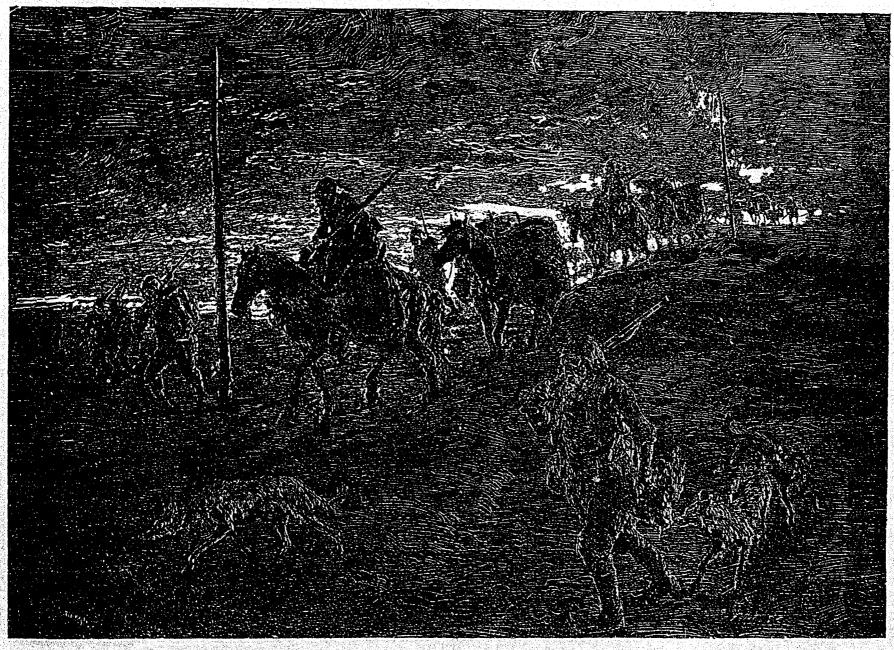
SULEIMAN PASHA, COMMANDER OF THE TURKISH ARMY OF THE BALKANS.



AN ATTACK ON THE RUSSIAN POSITION AT SHIPKA PASS.



THE BRITISH RIFLE TEAM IN THE INTERNATIONAL LONG RANGE MATCH FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD.



A TURKISH TRAIN IN THE BALKANS DURING A STORMY NIGHT.

THE EASTERN WAR.

#### VULT ANIMUS.

Thou bidst mine eyes look up and pierce the haze
That, like a mantle, wraps this weary world.
And see, in vistas infinite, unfurled
Visions of bliss beneath their raptured gaze.

Thou biddest my heart rise high above the sod Beneath which lie the dead in endless rest, And higher soar, and higher, nor cease its quest Until it reaches to the throne of God.

I raise mine eyes, until they reach to thine; But thine eyes, looking down, arrest them where They wond'ring cling, and gaze, as did they there In instrous depths a possible heaven divine.

I lift my heart, but only to the height Of thy heart, which comes forth to meet its guest. There finding what would seem content and rest, It seeks and wishes not a higher flight.

So looking down, to earth thou bindest me, E'en while thou wouldst release me from its thrall; And thy heart, thrilling to the world's loud call. Holds mine, e'en while thou biddest it be free.

Oh, lift thine eyes, and mine will follow true
Up through the haze, beyond the ether pure.
Let thy heart rise to God's own throne; be sure
That in its flight 'twill bear mine heav'nward too.

#### THE GRAVE DIGGER'S STORY.

I was strolling one evening in the little churchyard of a pretty village in the mountains of Wales, when I came across a bent and wizened old man, who was trimming the ragged edges of a grave over which was set a simple stone that had often attracted my attention. The evening was hot and sultry, and the old

man was evidently in no great humour for his work, for when I approached he seated himself on the grass and mumbled long and incoherent sentences, in which old age, hard work, and rheumatism seemed to be the principal points. By listening carefully to his complaints, however, and suggesting to his notice various remedies generally applied in such cases of lumbago as he seemed to be suffering from, I soon entitled would into his most great and he heren is the seemed to be suffering from, I soon enlisted myself into his good graces, and he began to amuse me with wonderful anecdotes of his solitary life. "You see," he said, in his broad tongue, "I beant mooch af a scholard, no how; howsomedever, if thee knawed all that I knaws, thee would write a main of books for all that."

Seeing he was bent on talking to me upon some subject or other, I asked him to tell me whose grave it was he sat beside. The old man's face was instantly lit up with a smile of satisfaction. Evidently I had touched a responsive chord, so filling my pipe, and leaning back in the pleasant grass that grew thickly round me, I settled myself to hear the grave

digger's story. "I have been working in this here paush," he explained, "as man and boy for sixty years. e laiced more than half the boys and girls that went to school with me, and I have dug every grave that has been dug here for thirtytwo years. Sometimes when I sit here of an evening, I fancy I can see the dead folk out and about again, and many a time there comes a laugh or a voice in the wind that I knew well enough when I was young and hearty. But this rheumatism is terrible hard to be suffering You see I can't get along as fast as I used to do, and the spade gets heavy very soon now to what it used to do, too. Well, well, it can't be long before another pair of hands will make a grave for me, and 1'll be away where there's no sorrow or pain, and where the ground will never be cut up for making graves. This here grave you ask about is one I always likes to be keeping clean and tidy; you see it ain't one of the ordinary run by no means, and there's a corpse below here that was a kind friend to me. God rest him! It's fifteen years come Easterday since I filled up this grave, but it don't seem that to me surely. There came to the village yonder one day a young man. Of course there are always strangers and great folk passing by this way, and so no person took particular notice of him; he settled down somehow to the ways of the place, and lived amongst the folk for nigh a year. He were a fine free lad as ever was, and so quiet with it all that never a soul knew what good he did in the place with his visits here, and visits there, till after he was gone. He wasn't what we'd call a rich man, d'ye see, or if he was he never spent his money on hisself, for he were plain enough to look at, as any one can say. But he had always a toy for the children, or a book for the old woman, and always a kind wood for me. Old man as I and always a kind word for me. Old man as am, he helped me more to place my trust and hope in God than all the parsons ever I hear. He would come, too, if any work was to be done up here and do it up hisself. 'Old man,' he would say, 'sit dawn and rest, and give me hold of your spade.' And how he did work, to be sure, with his long arms and his great strength —near as well as I could have done myself, I declare. I mind once when the river below was flooded; I never seed such a rushing of water in my born days. Dame Allen's little one was playing on the bank, when all of a sudden she trips and falls in. I was working up here, and he beside me, a singing a song and cutting the dead branches of this tree. Quite sudden like we heard a scream, and says I, I said, 'Like enough some one in the water.' With that he up and away, and jumps over the land gate, and over the dyke, afore I was able to draw a breath. I follows down as fast as I can, and when I gets

scold. Well, things went on pretty quiet for many a day, and he and I we got to be such friends that I couldn't work somehow unless he was up here beside. One day I says to him, says I, 'What are you thinking of, my friend?' Somehow I never asked his name, and not a soul here knew it. Says he, 'I'm thinking how glad I'll be when it's my turn to be carried in here and laid down.

"'Mercy on me, says I, I says, 'are you mad?'"

"'No,' says he, 'I wish it was over.'"

Well, I puts away my tools and says no more to him that day.

Just about that time the English gentry were coming visiting round the village, for you see there a deal to see up here tho I say it myself, so there is.

One day there came a young couple (I mind what a fair young lass she was, with her brown gold hair and her big blue eyes), and put up at the inn at the foot of the hill for a night. They went here and there, and saw all the sights, and, last of all, in the evening, they came up to see the churchyard. For you see them guide-books always pays attention to a well-kept place, tho' it's not for me to be speaking. We was sitting here when they came in, and he was reading her a terrible sad story that some great man wrote. When I saw them coming in, says I, I says, 'Here's some visiting folk, and maybe a shiling to me.' But, when he looked up, he got ling to me." as white as death, and the book he was reading fell down at his feet. I don't think they ever saw him, for he was hid, d'ye see, behind the stone he always leaned against, and they went away in a few minutes after. I went as far as the gates to see them out, and when I got back I found he had moved over to the place where I found he had moved over to the place where the lady had been standing, and was kissing the ground all over. I heard him sob and say, "My love! my love!" and then when he saw me he was himself again. He bade me "goodnight" soon after, but I didn't go home for a long time after that, and after I'd been sitting near an hour, thinking and thinking what it could all mean, I see him coming back and going to the very same place I found him at before. The tears was streaming down his face, and he sobbed like a little child. I didn't like somehow to speak to him just then, but howsomever I went up, and says I, I says, "Come home now, and don't take on so." He started home now, and don't take on so.

He statuted up as it he was ashamed of being found there, and says he, "I told you I was tired of life long, and says he, "I told you I was tired of life long," long ago, and to-night I'm wearier than ever.

So we goes off, and I leaves him at his room, and I goes straight to bed, for I had two graves to dig next day, and thought to be up with the

Next morning I rose and went off up the hill, Next morning trose and went on up the min, half expecting to see him coming after me as he often did. But when I got up to the graveyard I could'nt see him nowheres, so I think I'll go and take a peep at the place I found him at last night. When I got round, there he lay at the foot of the tree with a vietal in his hand and foot of the tree, with a pistol in his hand, and the blood pouring out of his heart like a river. In his other hand he had a handkerchief, which like enough the lady had dropped there; it was stained and stiff with blood, but I could see an "M." in the corner, and that is all I ever knew of her.

Whoever she be, sometimes I wonder if she ever missed that handkerchief, or if she would turn sick and white if she had seen what I did in this graveyard.

The villagers were for burying him by subwith them all through—but I says 'No,' says I. 'He was my friend,' says I, 'and,' I says, 'I'll dig his grave and bury his coffin, too.'

Well, I did that for him, and there was a

power of people at his grave, I mind. I hadn't enough money left to put him up a stone till Bill Parks the pedlar came round in the spring. sold him my old watch, my silver glasses, and I got enough to put up this with. You see it ain't much I could do, but I like to keep the place neat and clean, for he were always a good friend to me.'

Here a twinge of the inevitable rheumatism seized the old man, so doffing his cap and muttering the while, he collected his tools and passed slowly out at the gate, leaving me to think over the sad story he had just narrated.

A. D. STEWART. Toronto.

#### NAVAL OPERATIONS ON THE RESTIGOUCHE, 1760.

The historian Ferland, in his interesting narrative of a trip to the Lower St. Lawrence, in 1836, whilst describing Campbellton and Cross Point, thus recalls some of the warlike memories of the past, in connection with the river Restigouche :--

Bella, horrida bella Et Tyberim multo spumantem sanguine cerno.

"The horrors of war in days of yore disturbed those waters which at present flow in such placid silence over the bones of warriors of another era. Here, pride, hatred, love of glory, love of country, warmly disputed the laurels of It was in the spring of 1760, Quebec victory. the Marquis of Vaudreuil, the French Court there I sees him rolling and splashing in the middle of the stream, with the little one in his arms scared to death. My sake! how he laughed when he got ashore, and walked up with the little one in his arms to tell its mother not to and sent weak and tardy succor to the Chevalier de Levis, who was bent on attacking Quebec. The French fleet, however, had, on its way to Canada, wasted some of its time in giving chase to some of the enemy's ships; the English arrived first on the coast, to dispute the had sent weak and tardy succor to the Cheval-

entry of the St. Lawrence. The French squadron then took refuge in Baic des Chaleurs, and ascended the Restigouche, where the Admiral, M. de Danjac, found fifteen hundred persons who had sought a refuge on its banks, where who had sought a refuge on its banks, where they lived in the greatest misery. Captain Byron, probably the celebrated navigator, the grand-father of the poet Byron, at the head of the men-of-war "Fame," "Dorsetshire," "Achilles," "Scarborough" and "Repulse," (with the "Prince of Orange," "Rochester" and "Eurus," and three armed vessels from Quebec) sent to attack the French fleet, which he met on the 8th July, about this point of the Restigouche. The French ships of war were the "Machault," 32 guns; the "Esperance," the "Machault," 32 guns; the "Esperance," 20 guns; the "Bienfaisant," 22 guns; the "Marquis de Marloze," 18 guns. The French had made preparations to meet the enemy; several cannon had been placed on Battery Point. Lower down at Point a la Garde, from whence the eye reaches so far as the entry of the Restigouche, there was a detachment of soldiers who were charged with keeping watch over the course of the river and give notice of

the advance of the English fleet.

The wind being fair, Byron's ships ascended the stream without hindrance, until they experienced a brisk fire from the guns.

Two French ships were disabled and the guns of the battery silenced; the "Bienfaisant" and the "Marquis de Marloze" were compelled to withdraw towards the Indian village, whilst the English pushed forward until Pointe a Martin (now Campbellton) on the opposite side, where they suffered much from the fire of some guns placed flush with the water. However, their superior artillery riddled the French ships. One of these was run ashore close to the Restigouche Chapelle, whilst the commander of the other fired its magazine to prevent it from falling into the hands of the English. The destruction of the French fleet having left Commodore Byron master of the river, he gave orders that an assemblage of huts, which had been honored by the name of Nouvelle Rochelle, and were built on Pointe a Bourdon, three public bidger than the Pertigated will be a supported to the control of miles higher than the Restigouche village, should be razed. During the engagement, the French and the Micmacs had retreated to the woods, where they awaited in safety the departure of the English fleet.

The imagination of the visitor who contemplates the *locale* vividly brings to mind those stirring and terrible scenes. The ships of both nations then at war, closing, fleeing or grappling one another; their long pennants streaming to the breeze defiantly; amidst the thickets on the shore, groups of Indians curiously decked out or grotesquely clad; those sterile capes crowned with grim cannon, scattering death and surmounted with the white flag of France; the clouds of smoke hanging over the river and hiding the shores from the eye of the fierce com batants; the crash of broken spars and masts, and the stern voice of command; the popping of musketry and roar of artillery, the shouts of victory mixed with the groans of death or rage, such were some of the incidents of the drama which some seventy-five years ago were enacted on the narrow theatre where we now stand. was but one of the episodes of the long rivalry between France and England."—(Les Côtes de la Gaspésic, 1836.)

#### VARIETIES.

ACTOR AND POET.—While Thomson, the author of the "Seasons," was confined in a sponging-house for a debt of seventy pounds sterling, Quin, the actor, went to see him. "I have come to sup with you," said Quin: "and as I supposed it would be inconvenient to have a supper dressed here, I took the liberty of ordering one at the tavern hard by, and I have brought half-a-dozen of claret by way of pre-lude. Supper over, the actor said:—"It is now time we should balance accounts. The pleasure I have had in perusing your works I cannot estimate at less than one hundred pounds, and I insist on now acquitting the debt." Saying which he placed a note on the table and

DUMAS. -- Alexandre Dumas, the elder, happened to be in Switzerland at a roadside inn where German alone was spoken, and he did all he could to impart to the master of the establishment that he wanted some mushrooms Finding that he could not make himself understood by language, he took up a piece of charcoal and traced on the wall a likeness of the article which he wanted. The inn-keeper, on seeing the representation, seemed quite pleased, and gave unmistakable signs of believing he comprehended. "At last," exclaimed Dumas, "and not without difficulty. However, it is well to be a man of invention, as otherwise I should be without my dish of mushrooms. However, here comes the host: I hear him returning. so he did, holding in his hand—an umbrella!

THACKERAY. - Thackeray had a singular liking for rare plain dishes, which one never under any circumstances sees, except by chance One winter afternoon, about half-past four of the clock, a friend of the great novelist, enter-ing the coffee-room of the Athenaum, was sur-prised to find him dining by himself at an obscure table, evidently anxious to shun observa-tion. On inquiry, Mr. Thackeray confessed that he had been engaged out to a dinner party at half-past seven, but, seeing tripe and onions on the menu, he was unable to resist the temptation, and had sent an excuse to his intended hosts, on the ground that he had "suddenly

met an old friend and was unable to leave him." This reminds one of Lord Galveston inviting Pelham "to meet a haunch of venison."

BURNS AND HIS MAUCHLINE BELLE. - The Mauchline public green has a pleasing associa-tion connected with it. Burns became acquainted with Jean Armour on it one day when she was in the act of bleaching clothes. The incident is very racily told by Chambers. He says:—
There was a race in Mauchline in the end of April, and there it was customary for the young men, with little ceremony, to invite such girls as they liked off the streets into an humble dancing hall, where a fiddler had taken up his station to give them music. The payment of a penny for a dance was held by the minstrel as guerdon sufficient. Burns and Jean happened guerdon sufficient. Burns and Jean happened to be in the same dance, but not as partners, when some confusion and a little merriment was excited by his dog tracking his footsteps through the room. He playfully remarked to his partner that "he wished he could get any of the lasses to like him as well as his dog did." A short while after he passed through Mauchline washing-green, where Jean, who had overheard the remark, was bleaching clothes. His dog running over the clothes, the young maiden desired him to call it off, and this led them into conversation. Archly referring to what had passed at the dance, she asked if "he had yet got any of the lasses to like him as well as his dog did?" From that time their intimacy commenced." Of course, Jean was one of the "Mauchline belles," and, according to the poet's notion, was "the flower o' them a." After he was married to her he very sensibly and justly said that he could easily fancy a more agreeable companion in his journey of life, but had never seen the individual instance.

#### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

LISTZ'S face is disfigured by warts.

LULU, the "female" gymnast, is the happy father of two boys.

JOAQUIN MILLER is so much encouraged that he will try his hand at another play.

BOOTH'S THEATRE, New York, will probably oon be transformed into a business block

ENGLISH beer is doing its usual work. Christine Nilsson is getting unromantically stout, owing to pale ale and porter.

SALVINI and Rossi, the celebrated Italian tragedians, are both resting at their country seats near i

WHENEVER Mr. Henry Irving has a benefit, to Baronet Burdett-Courts, who admires his acting ex-tremely, sends him a purse of fifty guineas. She lately sent him a valuable diamond ring.

BEN DEBAR'S last words were, "Got the house ready to open right away." Two hours later he raised his arm, pointed upward, and died with a smile on his loss.

WITH the exception of Charles Fechter, no other actor ever rivalled the late E. L. Davenport in ex-quisite courtesy and delicate and even reverential treat-ment of women on the stage.

MR. MAPLESON contemplates having an October season of opera at Drury Lane, with cheap prices and without the evening dress regulations, and will have Marie Roze. Belocca. Bettini, and other well-known

It is a noteworthy fact that actresses of irreproachable private life draw audiences of larger and better class than those actresses who defy public opinion. The same may be said of the men. The divine spark of genius cannot atone for dissolute lives.

A GRANDSON of Jupiter Lablache, the famous A GRANDSON of Jupiter Lablache, the lamous basso-profondo, and a son of Signor Frederic Lablache, the professor of singing, has been playing at the Princess 8 Theatre in "After Dark." Mr. Luigi Lablache has not taken to the lyric drama, although he has a good voice, but has proposed to adopt the line of jenne premier on the stage.

"OUR Boys" at the Vaudeville, London, last Other Boys at the Valueville, London, last week, reached its 850th representation—a success unprecedented in stage annals. Some of the performers have long since reached that curious stage in continuous acting of the same piece in which, in spite of constant repetition, the memory begins to be treacherous, and the actors can never feel sure of themselves.

WHERAS thirty years ago it was difficult for a ballet-master to find for even one theatre a presentable corps of front rank coryphées, now there is no difficulty in supplying three-dozen establishments. The reason is that girls of the class from which ballet dancers are taken have more care bestowed upon them when they are young, and are better fed.

Young, and are better ied.

The composer of the song "Listen to the Mocking Bird" lives in Philadelphia, and is named Septimus Winner. His nom de plume is "Alice Hawthorne." He once published a song under his own tignature, which the Round Table criticised unfavorably, and compared, to its disparagement, with the music of Alice Hawthorne, who was described as "a gifted lady."

MINNIE HAITCE the American prima douga.

and compared, to its disparagement, with the music of Alice Hawthorne, who was described as "a gifted lady." MINNIE HAUCK, the American prima donna, who has been singing in Germany for several years, has met with greater success in that country than any other artist, with the possible exception of Lucca. After six months' time she was made Court-singer, a fact without a parallel in the musical bistory of Berlin, because this honorary title has only been granted heretofore after many years' success.

AIMÉE says that one can have no idea how AIMEE says that one can have no idea how hard it is to get good and presentable chorus singers; it they can sing they want to be prime donne; if they cannot sing we do not want them at all; if they are pretty they do not care to leave France, where good looks are amply appreciated; if they are not pretty they will not be, appreciated here. But she has done splendidly in this respect, and the general appearance of the company is better than ever.

company is better than ever.

SOTHERN says:—"One evening a man sat in the pit perfectly stolid through the first two acts. Suddenly he began to gurgle—you couldn't call it a laugh—but the poople laughed at him so that he interfered with the play. I wh spered to the prompter to send a policeman to remove the man. When the officer reached the spot he found a corpse. The man had literally laughed himself into apoplexy. Strangely enough, on that same night and about the same heur—for we compared notes—while Boucicault was playing the "Colleen Bawn" at the Adelphi Theatre, a woman, under the influence of deep emotion, gave birth to a child, and died before she could be removed. In one case it was death resulting from an excess of humor and in the other the effect of strong pathos."

#### 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 ILLUS-TRATED NEWS, Montreal.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 137 received. Correct.

Student, Montreal. - Solution of Problem No. 137

J. H., Montreal.—Solution of Problem for Young

Players No. 135. Correct.
W. B., Montreal.—The Quebec Tourney is not yet finished. The final results will be published in our Column.

Subjoined we publish in our Column to-day the Paired Teams in the International Postal Card Chess Tourney, for the list of whom we have to thank our enthusiastic correspondent J. W. Shaw, Esq., of Montreal, who is doing a good deal to maintain friendly relations between the Chess players of this continent and those of the mother country. The list as a record of Chess history connected with the present time will be valuable, and, may also prove useful, if preserved, to aid in comprehending the results of the great contest as they may come to hand in the course of time.

(Paired Teams.)

#### INTERNATIONAL POSTAL CARD CHESS TOURNEY.

Allen.

H. Brewer.
 Wm. Coates.
 J. T. C. Chatto.
 J. Copping.

J. Crake. G. W. Farrow.

G. W. Farrow.
 G. H. D. Gossip.
 Jno. H. Hood.
 E. H. Heath.
 D. M. Lotta.
 H. W. Molson.

12. H. W. Molsor.
13. Sgt. Major McArthur.
14. H. Monck.
15. Wm. T. Morton.
16. Wm. Nash.
17. Jos. O'Brien.
18. J. Parker.
19. J. T. Palmer.
20. Edwin Palmer.
21. R. H. Phillips.
22. Rev. C. E. Ranken.
23. R. J. Stranger.
24. G. W. Stevens.
25. Col.-Sergt. J. Scott.
26. H. Waight.
27. H. Williams
28. Col.-Sergt. Woods.

American.

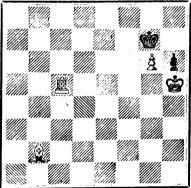
P. G. Trepfer. Eugene Delmar. Max Judd. T. E. Brenzingu. Danl, Jager. Thos. H. Foster. C. G. Lincoln. . Mrs. J. W. Gilbert.

C. H. Blood. Dond. C. Rogers. F. H. Curtiss. F. H. Curtiss.
Jas. Burke.
A. W. Gentil.
Jacob Frech.
Max H. Pieler.
Jno. C. Romey.
E. A. Kunkel.
J. E. Orchard.
F. A. Boothby.
Edward Hime.
L. W. Davis.
W. M. J. Berry.
T. B. Bull.
H. Holmes.
H. C. Lunt.
L. S. Atkinson.
Wm. Olcutt.
L. T. Brown.

The Glasgow News of the World has a first rate Chess Column from which we have culled some choice pieces for our own use on several occasions. The Editor of this Chess Column offered prizes a short time ago for competition among Chessplayers, one of the conditions being that the whole of the games should be opened with the Muzio Gambit. Of the games played, the one inserted to-day was sent expressly for our Column, and we are sure it will be acceptable to our Canadian players. Canadian players.

> PROBLEM No. 140. By M. J. MURPHY, Quebec.

> > BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves

CHESS IN CANADA.

GAME 203RD.

Played August 31st, 1877, in the Dominion Chess As iciation Tourney, at Quebec, between Messrs. Holt and

(Giuoco Piano.) BLACK .- (Mr. Shaw.)

WHITE.-(Mr. Holt.)

1. P to K 4 2. Kt to K B 3 3. B to B 4

2. Kr to K B 3
3. B to B 4
4. P to Q B 3
5. P to Q 4
6. P takes P
7. Kt to B 3
8. P to Q 5
9. Q to R 4 (ch) (b)
10. B takes P (ch)
11. P takes P
12. P takes B
13. Kr to Q 4
14. Castles
15. P to K B 4
16. Kt takes Kr
17. Kt takes Kr
18. Q to Q 4
19. Kr to Q 5
20. K takes B
21. B to K 3
22. P to B 5
23. P to B 6 (e)
24. Q to Q 3
25. R to K sq
26. B takes R P (f)

P to K 4 Kt to Q B 3 B to B 4 P to Q 3 P takes P B to Kt 5 (ch) P to K R 3 (a) Kt to K 4 Rt to K 4 P to K t 4 P to B 3 B takes Kt (ch) Q to B 2 (c) P to R 3 Kt to K 2 Kt to K2 Kt at (K4) takes P B to Q2 B takes B B takes R Q to R2 (d) Castles (K R) Q to Kt2 K to R2 P to Kt3 Q to Kt7 Q takes R P Resigns.

#### NOTES.

(a) Instead of this move it would be better to check by taking off the Kt with B.
(b) The beginning of Black's troubles.
(c) Taking Kt with Kt, checking, would be preferred by many at this point.
(d) The last few moves have been well and carefully played by Black except move 17 where it appears to us he ought to have taken the Kt
(e) The advance of this Pawn becomes dangerous and hard to resist.
(f) An excellent move and decisive.

#### CHESS IN ENGLAND.

GAME 204TH.

Played a short time ago in the Hull Church Institute, (Eng)., between Messrs. Farrow and Dixon.

(Muzio Gambit.)

Mr. G. W. Farrow.

2 P to K B 4 3. Kt to K B 3 4. B to Q B 4

4. B to Q B 4
5. Castles
6. Q takes P
7. K to R sq
8. P to Q 4
9. B takes P at B 4
10. B to K 5
11. B takes Q P
12. B takes Q P
13. P takes B
14. B takes K t
16. R to K sq (ch)
17. Kt to Q B 3
18. R to K 7 (ch)
19. Q R to K sq
20. Q takes R
21. R to K 8 (ch)

B checks Q to Kt 4 B takes P Q to Kt 3 P to Q 4 B to K 3 B takes B P to K B 3 Kt takes B Q to Kt sq Q to Kt sq K to Q 2 Kt to R 3 K to B sq

BLACK. Mr. H. Dixon.

P to K 4
P takes P
P to K Kt 4
P to Kt 5
P takes Kt

#### SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 138.

WHITE.

2. Kt takes P 3. Kt or B mates

BLACK. 1. P to Q Kt 3 2. Anything

Solution of 'Problem for Young Players, No. 136.

BLACK. WHITE. White plays P to to K R 6 and wins; any other move

#### PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 137.

WHITE.

gives Black the game.

Qat K B8 Bat Q Kt6 Krat Q8 Pawns at K4 K R Z K Kt 3, Q R 3 and Q B 6

K at Q Kt 4 Q at K Kt 3 R at Q R 3 B at K 4 Pawns at Q 3, Q R 5 and Q B 6

BLACK .

White to play and mate in four moves.

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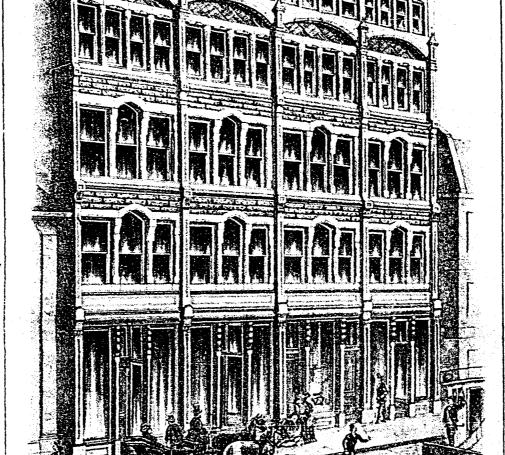
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