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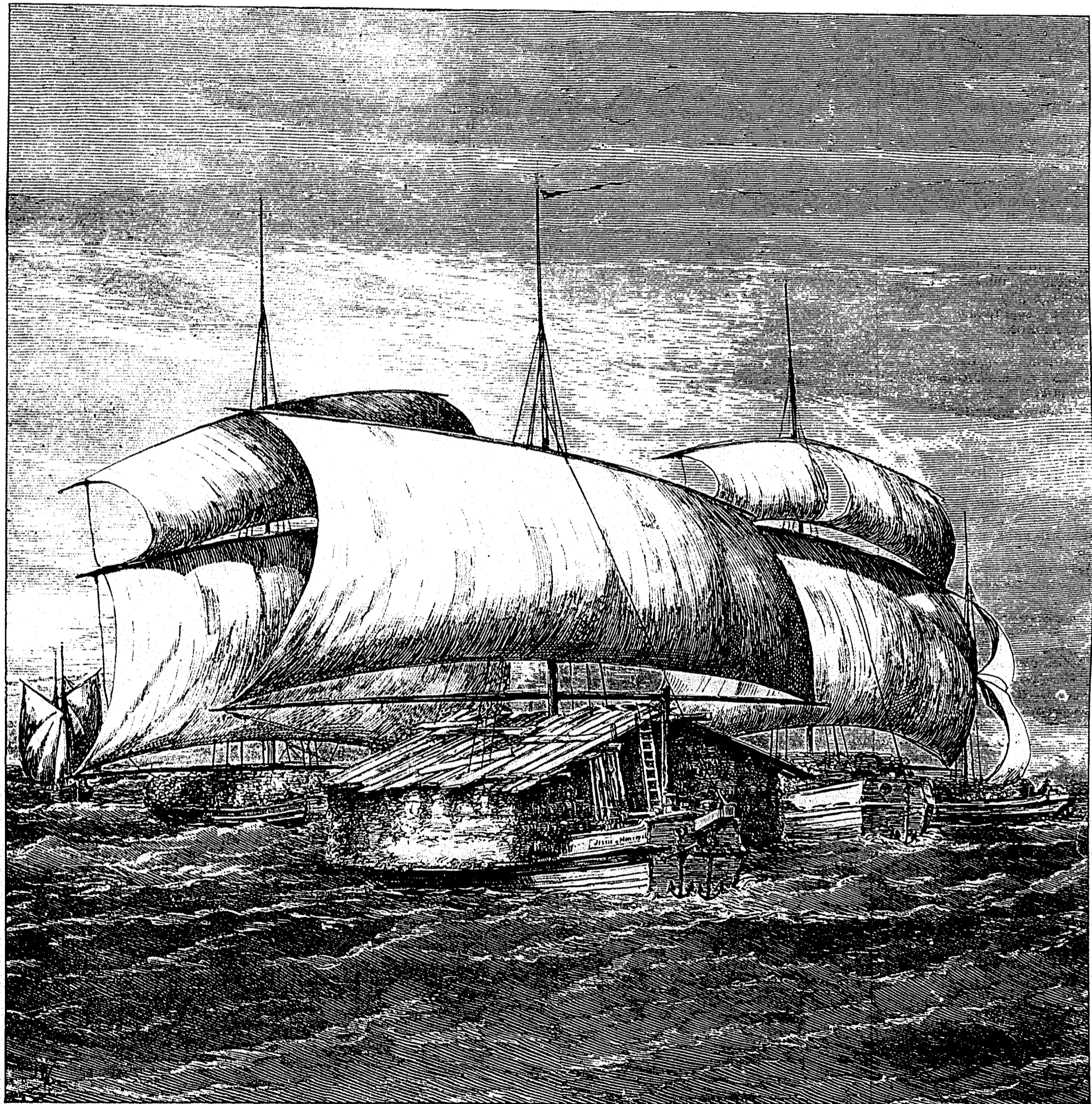
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Illustrated News

VOL XX.—No. 2.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1879.

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MONTREAL.—BARGES BREASTING ST. MARY'S CURRENT.

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PROSPECTUS OF VOL. XX.

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

- J. G. BOURINOT, Esq., Ottawa.
- REV. A. J. BRAY, Montreal.
- S. E. DAWSON, Esq., Montreal.
- F. M. DEROME, Esq., Rimouski.
- F. L. DIXON, Esq., Ottawa.
- N. F. DAVIN, Esq., Toronto.
- GEORGE M. DAWSON, Esq., Montreal.
- BARRY DANE, Esq., Montreal.
- MARTIN J. GRIFFIN, Esq., Ottawa.
- JAMES HARPER, Esq., Montreal.
- J. GEORGE HODGINS, LL.D., Toronto.
- W. D. LESUEUR, Esq., Ottawa.
- J. M. LEMOINE, Esq., Quebec.
- CHAS. LINDSEY, Esq., Toronto.
- Mrs. R. E. LEPROHON.
- H. H. MILES, LL.D., Quebec.
- HENRY J. MORGAN, Esq., Ottawa.
- HON. E. G. PENNY, Senator, Montreal.
- REV. JAMES ROY, M.A., Montreal.
- JOHN READE, M.A., Montreal.
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- THOMAS WHITE, Esq., M.P.
- REV. S. W. YOUNG, M.A., Toronto.
- COUNT DE PREMIO REAL, Spanish Consul at Quebec.

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

- I. It is the only illustrated paper in the Dominion; the only purely literary weekly, and in every respect a family paper.
- II. It contains the only Canadian Portrait Gallery in existence, numbering already over 300, and containing the picture and biography of all the leading men of the Dominion in every department of life. This collection is invaluable for reference, can be found nowhere else, and ours is the only paper that can publish it.
- III. It gives views and sketches of all important events at home and abroad, as they transpire every week.
- IV. It has been publishing, and will continue to publish, illustrations of the principal towns, manufactures and industries of the country, which, when collected in a volume, will constitute the most complete pictorial gazetteer ever printed.
- V. Its original and selected matter is varied, spicy, and of that literary quality which is calculated to improve the public taste.
- VI. It studiously eschews all partisanship in politics, and all sectarianism in religion.

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

OUR NEW STORY.

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

MY CREOLES:

A MEMOIR OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY, BY JOHN LESPERANCE.

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

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

NOTICE.

To prevent all confusion in the delivery of papers, our readers and subscribers are requested to give notice at this office, by post-card or otherwise, of their change of residence, giving the new number along with the old number of their houses.

NOTICE.

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

TEMPERATURE.

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

THE WEEK ENDING			Corresponding week, 1878				
July 6th, 1879.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	July 6th, 1878.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon..	75°	57°	66°	Mon..	92°	72°	82°
Tues..	78°	65°	71° 5	Tues..	93°	74°	83° 5
Wed..	83°	61°	72°	Wed..	94°	76°	85°
Thur..	86°	68°	77°	Thur..	91°	77°	84°
Frid..	82°	69°	75°	Frid..	87°	70°	78° 5
Sat... 75°	55°	65° 5	Sat... 85°	75°	50°	67° 5	
Sun.. 80°	56°	68°	Sun.. 81°	66°	73° 5		

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, July 12, 1879.

THE ENGLISH FARMING QUESTION.

About four weeks ago we indicated there were signs of a coming cry in England: and now we learn by the cable telegraph that there has been a great debate in the House of Commons, the result of which has been the appointment of a Royal Commission to take evidence respecting the agricultural depression. There are some signs which seem to point to a bitter class contest, as it may be taken for granted the manufacturing and artisan interests of England will never again consent to a tax on food.

Looking at the question as calm spectators from this distant standpoint, it seems to us that it is scarcely necessary to go through the ceremony of appointing a Royal Commission to find out what is the matter, with the plain fact before our eyes that the English farmer would scarcely be able, if he got his land for nothing, to compete with the supplies from this continent in the two great staples of meat and wheat, when there is nothing between him and the vast producing areas of America, except very low freights from the West to the sea-board and thence East across the Atlantic.

Lord DERBY has made a speech on the question to the farmers of Lancashire; and while he admits that the crisis is one of great severity, he thinks he sees some hopes of recuperation. But, in support of these brave words, he gave some generalities about elasticity of British agriculture. He spoke, moreover, of rumours of great wars and the actuality of little ones—hobbies which he seems to have on the brain—as causing, to some extent, the depression. If that were the cause, it might

be got bravely over. Then he told the farmers that there were too many of them, and many of them had better emigrate to some of the colonies, mentioning particularly Canada, where there is yet plenty of room. This may be true as respects thinning out the farming class and preventing some distress among them; but if these same farmers, as soon as they come to Canada, help to swell the great volume of cheap meat and cheap wheat, already pouring into the markets in England, it is difficult to see how that will assist to improve the price of the produce of those who remain behind, and so enable them to pay their way. Emigration will not lessen the expenses of those left behind. It will, on the contrary, tend to increase them.

It is found by practical experience that an acre of wheat may be cultivated and handled on the Western prairies up to the point of putting on the railway car, for eight dollars, the land on which it is grown not being worth more than from one to five dollars an acre, requiring no manure, it containing the unused deposits of ages, and being of such easy cultivation that one man, with the improved methods now practised in the West, can, by his own labour, manage 100 acres up to the point of putting the sheaves through the threshing mill. It is the same also, in degree, with cattle. Immense herds fatten and attain to large size on the rich pastures of the Western prairies. Wheat can now be taken from Winnipeg to Montreal for about 30 cents a bushel, and a few cents more take it across the ocean. The cost of transporting cattle from Chicago to Montreal is even proportionately cheaper, and in the competition of the open market they have been carried across the ocean at about three pounds sterling per head, although higher prices have been contracted for and paid. The question, therefore, arises, how can the English farmer with his high rents and little fields, and the expensive artificial manures he is obliged to apply to long-cropped soils, enter into competition with production of that sort, either in wheat or meat? He simply cannot do it. It is a sheer impossibility. And in the face of a great plain fact of this nature, it seems to be idle to talk about great wars or little wars or emigration as at all affecting its essential elements. The prospect, moreover, is not one of mitigation, but, on the contrary, of systematized aggravation. And the coming question is: How long can British agriculture stand such an unequal contest? and what will be the end of the class struggle which must necessarily come?

FRENCH IMPERIALISM.

The situation created among the Bonapartists by the unforeseen and lamentable death of the Prince Imperial is curious enough to merit a little discussion. The testament of the great Napoleon left the crown to the family of his brother Louis, in default of a male heir of his own. The birth of the King of Rome, later the Duke of REICHSSTADT, supplied the link for several years, and thus a Napoleon II. existed, although his official existence is an amiable legal fiction. On the death of the latter, the sons of Louis again came to the front, and when the elder of these died in Italy, the second pressed the claim and finally succeeded in ascending the throne as Napoleon III. The crown was to remain in his family so long as there was regular male issue, but, failing that, the will of the first Napoleon provided a reversion to the family of JEROME, and then to his eldest son by the Princess of Wurtemberg. This last clause effectually bars out the Patterson-Bonapartes and sets aside the sensational stories of the American papers. The eldest son of JEROME by the Wurtemberg Princess is the present Prince JEROME NAPOLEON, and he is therefore heir apparent to the Imperial throne without any doubt or controversy. The very fact that there is no disputing his claim is precisely what makes the situation so embarrassing for loyal Bonapartists. If

he could in any way be ignored or put by, the relief would be immense. There is, indeed, a will left by the late young Prince, appointing Prince VICTOR, JEROME's eldest son, his successor in case of death, and calling on his mother, the Empress EUGENIE, to co-operate in carrying out these dispositions. But manifestly this document is null and void, especially from the circumstance that its author had not himself reigned. Neither the Empress EUGENIE nor the late Prince Imperial could abide JEROME, and after the scission caused by the German war, the animosity between the two branches of the family was quite pronounced.

No wonder, therefore, that this feeling should have been protracted after death. M. ROUHER, the real head of the Imperial party, and the best adviser of the late Prince, has recognized the inevitable, and bowed to it. Not finding it in his heart to co-operate with JEROME, he has announced his withdrawal from public life. The fiery DE CASSAGNAC, on the other hand, has unfurled the banner of VICTOR at the head of his columns, but this championship of the son, to the exclusion of the father, is only a bit of fanfaronnade, worthy of its author. The master of the situation is, therefore, JEROME, and a great responsibility rests upon him. That he is a worthless man, both publicly and privately, is unquestionable, but he is a very able man and quite competent to take care of himself. With a little time wherein to take his bearings, we may look out for a manifesto from him which may yet bring order out of the present confusion into which the Imperial party has fallen.

THE Empress EUGENIE learnt the news of her son's death by accident. Some friend of M. PIETRI hearing of the disaster which had befallen the Prince, wrote him a letter, which he sent by rail, warning her to prepare for sad, and, indeed, painful intelligence. Somehow or other the Empress opened this letter, and although unable exactly to comprehend its import, feared unhappy tidings. She knew her son had been ill, and she naturally dreaded to hear that he was worse. However, no more intelligence came till the next day, when Lord SYDNEY, who had received a message from Lady FRERE, and also the command of the Queen, came round to communicate the terrible news to the Empress, together with the expression of Her Majesty's sympathy. The Duc de BASSANO thus describes the unhappy scene: "I received him, and upon me the duty devolved of breaking the fearful news. I asked permission to see the Empress, who noticing probably from the expression of my countenance that I was greatly troubled, begged to know at once all I had to tell her. I said, 'Madame, the Prince is very ill, more dangerously ill than he was when we last heard.' Immediately Her Majesty exclaimed, 'I will go to him; I must go,' to which I replied nothing, and retired. A quarter of an hour elapsed, and then I returned to her. I told her that further news had come, which made the aspect of affairs still graver. She cried out, 'I will go at once; where is he?' To which I replied, 'It is too late, Madame,' on hearing which Her Majesty burst into a flood of tears, exclaiming, 'Mon fils, mon pauvre fils,' and I left her."

We learn from our correspondent at Ottawa that the state of Sir JOHN MACDONALD's health quite put out of question his going to England by the steamer of the 5th, as it was rumoured that he intended to do. We understand that he is threatened with that old painful illness from which he suffered in 1870, and which then caused great anxiety among his friends. It is sincerely to be hoped, however, that the threatened attack may be warded off. But we understand that Dr. GRANT prescribes absolute rest and freedom, for a time, from even the ordinary cares of State.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

BARGES IN ST. MARY'S CURRENT.—This purely local view will be found interesting from its characteristic features. Nowhere else, in America at least, are such sails seen. The cargoes of the barges are hay and wood.

THE LAST CALL.—This sketch by W. C. Birch has attracted great attention in the art circles of London, and we reproduce it as a remarkable study. The foreshortening is superb, and the drawing generally very superior.

THE GALLAGHER MURDER.—We give only the exterior of the accursed house in which took place the murder of the unfortunate woman Gallagher. The curious crowd stands in front of it. The woman's head and one of her hands were chopped off and found in a tub. The excitement over this atrocity is not yet over.

CRAZY JOAN.—This remarkable picture illustrates a curious episode of the life of the Spanish Queen, popularly known as *Dona Juana la Loca*. When the body of her husband, Philip the Fair, was transported from Burgos to Granada, the Queen Joan accompanied the procession, and in the excess of her grief would allow it to travel only at night because, as she said, a widow, who has lost the sunshine of her soul, should never expose herself to the light of day. The scene is in the open country, and on a wintry night.

THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKET MATCH.—The principal cricketing event in Melbourne since the return to Australia of the Eleven that so ably upheld the credit of the colonies in England was the match between them and Lord Harris's English team of cricketers, which took place on the Melbourne cricket ground. The Australians gained a decided victory, winning the match with 2 runs and 10 wickets. The fielding of the Englishmen throughout was good, but they were deficient in bowling. The two professionals, Emmett and Ulyett, were the most effective trundlers. Spofforth was by far the most successful bowler for the Australians. Those who witnessed the match must have been convinced that the best team won. The Australians have now played their last match, and will immediately disband, having completed a very successful tour.

THE CEMETERY AT RORKE'S DRIFT.—This sketch represents the little cemetery at Rorke's Drift, where lie the remains of the brave men who were killed in the defence of the post on Jan. 22, and of those who have succumbed to fever or other disease. It is situated half way between the now famous "store" and the hill at the back called "Oscarberg." The monument consists of an obelisk standing on a massive square base, and these on two solid stone steps, all of the hardest white freestone, and is 10ft. high. The whole work has been done by the men of the second battalion 24th Regiment, under the superintendence of Lieutenant Gonville Bromhead, and is to replace a rustic wooden cross previously erected by Lieutenant Chard, R.E. On one face is a wreath of laurel inclosing the number of the regiment (XXIV.), who furnish the greater part of the graves; on the other side are the names of the dead, twenty-seven in number.

A TRAGEDY IN WOLFVILLE, N.S.—The quiet village of Wolfville was thrown into a state of unusual excitement on the evening of the 18th June, by the report of a pistol and the fall of a young woman, mortally wounded, in the street. She died shortly afterwards. A coroner's inquest and a post-mortem examination, held with the least possible delay, revealed the fact that her death was occasioned by a pistol shot fired by Dr. Albert DeWolf, a medical practitioner of the village, the ball having taken effect by severing the spinal cord of the neck. The unhappy and fatal act was the result, it is said, of questionable relations between the parties, the details of which being only of local interest, need not be recounted. Dr. DeWolf had been, about two years previously, an inmate in the hospital for the insane in Halifax, and was discharged as restored. Since then, however, his conduct has given grounds, in different respects, for the opinion that he was not entirely sane, though, as common with lunatics, his reason and judgment on many subjects were perfectly sound. Shortly after the lamentable occurrence recorded Dr. DeWolf was apprehended, and, as the facts were fully substantiated, he was committed to prison to await his trial for one of the gravest offences known to the law, at the next session of the Supreme Court of the Province. The accompanying faithful view of the spot where the awful deed was committed, was taken in the morning after the occurrence by the resident and skilful artist of the village, J. B. Davison, Esq.

COLLISION ON THE SOUTH EASTERN RAILWAY.—There was a fatal collision between the regular passenger train of the South Eastern Railway, bound for Acton and Sorel, and the engine of a construction train, at Waterloo, P. Q., on the morning of the 26th ult., at half-past seven. The regular train had left the Waterloo depot and proceeded about half a mile, when it collided with an engine running backwards at great speed to reach the station in time to avoid that train. The two engines came together round a curve. The engineer and fireman of the regular train jumped off and saved their lives. The driver of the other engine, John Daly, and his fireman, Moise Norreau, were killed instantly. Fred. Cutler, Jr., of Sutton,

and the two men named Taylor and Tetreault are seriously injured. Both engines were a complete wreck, one being on top of the other. Almost miraculously the passengers all escaped with slight bruises. It took all day to clear the track. Doctor Phelan attended to the wants of the wounded men, and other physicians arrived on the scene. The engines are nearly ruined. We are indebted for the photograph from which our sketch is made to the kindness of Mr. Robertson, of the Eastern Townships Bank, Wat-erloo.

OTTAWA UNIVERSITY.—Saint Joseph's College (Ottawa University), was founded in 1848 under the name of the College of Bytown. It was incorporated in 1849 by Act of Parliament, and in 1867 received its present charter from the Federal Parliament. This institution of learning, now one of the foremost in the Dominion, is under the direction of the O. M. I. Fathers, to whose care it was confided by its venerable founder, the late Right Rev. Joseph E. Guigues, D.D. The staff of professors is composed of twenty members of the Order, and the course of study embraces all the branches of learning requisite to a first-class training in the commercial, classical and civil engineering courses. The commencement exercises on the 17th and 18th of June this year were of a very marked and agreeable character. The Right Reverend Thomas Duhamel, Bishop of Ottawa, a former student of the University, conferred the Roman degree of D.D. on the Rev. Joseph Tabaret, Superior of the College, by special permission of the Pope Leo XIII. On this occasion there was a grand re-union of the old students of the College, who mustered to the number of about 300.

The order of proceedings was as follows:— June 17th.—Welcome of the students of the College to their guests and predecessors. The addresses of the former in English and French were responded to by T. P. Foran, M.A., LL.B., of Montreal, and L. Duhamel, M.D., M.P.P., (County of Ottawa). Charming music enhanced the welcome.

June 18th.—Votive Mass in St. Joseph's Church, adjoining the College. Here the insignia of Doctor of Divinity were conferred upon the Very Rev. President, by the Right Rev. T. J. Duhamel, D.D., Bishop of Ottawa.

After Mass the assembly repaired to the College Hall, where a large and richly framed portrait, the work of the gifted artist, Mr. J. C. Forbes, of Toronto, Ont., was presented to Dr. Tabaret, with addresses in English and French from G. J. O'Doherty, Barrister, Ottawa, and A. Robillard, M.D., Ottawa.

The next enjoyable feature of the re-union programme was the grand banquet in the College Hall, at which His Lordship the Bishop of Ottawa presided. The following toasts were proposed: "The Pope," "The Queen," "The President of the United States," "Dr. Tabaret," "His Lordship," "The College," "The Alumni." The signal was thus given for a grand and prolonged display of eloquence. At the evening's scholastic entertainment, the students exhibited to their admiring guests their proficiency in music, literature and philosophy. J. J. Curran, Q.C., B.C.L., of Montreal, one of the former students of the College, delivered the valedictory to the students in his usual happy manner. J. Tassé, M.P., the eloquent member for the city of Ottawa, and editor of *La Gazette d'Ottawa*, also addressed the assembly.

The students at present following the different courses in the University number 200. The College buildings, of which we give an engraving, are situated in one of the most healthy localities of the city. The position unites all the benefit of country atmosphere and aspect with the conveniences of city life. The buildings are spacious and well calculated to insure the health and general well-being of the students. The heating system employed is of the best kind. The city water works supply pure, fresh water. In addition to many other salubrious results thence arising, the students have free access at all seasons to the bath-room, which is fitted up in the most approved style. The grounds are enclosed and well shaded, and afford every desirable facility for youthful exercise and amusement. All the attractions of the recreation-room, the gymnasium and ball-court are provided. The country-house of the College occupies a beautiful site on the banks of the Rideau. It is surrounded by extensive playgrounds, which offer special attractions to the students during the holidays.

A GLIMPSE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

"Prince Edward Isle! fit subject for the lays Of sweeter minstrel; how shall I aspire— As best I may—to celebrate thy praise; Whose praise might well employ the noblest lyre! . . . nearest to my thoughts, while thoughts remain, Must be thy flowing streams, thy woods and fertile plain."

THE ISLAND MINSTREL.—John Lepage.

"Flowing streams, woods and fertile plains," such indeed would be an appropriate motto for this green, fertile and populous little kingdom. There it stood, the sea-girt isle, basking in sunshine, fanned by old ocean's cool zephyrs, from the commencement of time, through that remote age when sighted in 1497 by Sebastian Cabot, discovered in 1523 by Verazani, down to the happy times, centuries later, in 1797, when its legislature, under the guidance of its Speaker, J. Stewart, and Lieut.-Governor Ed. Fanning, passed an Act of Parliament (the Act 39 Geo.

III. Cap. 1.) to substitute to its old French name of *Ile St. Jean*, Saint John's Island, that of the Commander of the Forces in the Maritime Provinces, Prince Edward, fourth son of His Majesty George III. Though the preamble of the Act avers that it was thus intended "to perpetuate (*in omne volubile avum*) the grateful remembrance of that peculiarly auspicious and happy period of this Island having been under the command of Lieutenant-General His Royal Highness Prince Edward, Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's Forces in the District of Nova Scotia, Islands of St. John, Cape Breton and Newfoundland, &c," there was something more than a gush of loyalty towards the House of Hanover. A drop of the practical, an atom of utilitarianism permeated the "grateful remembrance." The inmates of this fairy land no more than less favoured mortals, are free from the taint of utilitarianism. The Act adds that the new name ought also to have for effect to prevent English letters, parcels and merchandize intended for the Island from miscarrying and being conveyed by mistake "to St. John, New Brunswick; St. Johns, Newfoundland; St. Johns, on the Labrador Coast or elsewhere."

This providential admixture of self-interest into their native, guileless and pastoral ways, has helped on more emergencies than one to bring the Islanders to the surface, without excepting the grand national scheme of Confederation, so gracefully accepted by them in 1873, at the hands of Sir John.

At the moment we write these lines, cosily seated, facing the rippling waters of the Hillsborough river, in view of Government House, whose Khedive, Sir Rob. Hodgson, is preparing to abdicate on the morrow, and from whence issued, in 1873, the mighty scheme of Confederation, pregnant with a far-reaching future, we are confronted by the Island press, teeming with bitter denunciations and remembrances, this time not "auspicious," which Dominion Day evokes. For the life of us, we fail to see how the jaunty little Island has suffered by the terms of the co-partnership entered into with her big sister Provinces. That era of Acadian bliss, of the 10 p. c. tariff, when Dominion Day existed not, has, indeed, passed away. Why then mourn, as if there were no hope, because a blight has fallen on shipbuilding—because timber should have been manufactured in excess of the market demand—bank dividends should have shrunk? Is Prince Edward Island worse off than its neighbours? We opine not. Confederation exists as a *fait accompli*. It has opened to our insulated brethren the markets of all British North America; provided funds, some \$800,000, to extinguish vexed proprietary questions and rights, thereby healing a festering sore of old standing; completed the line of Island Railway, at an enormous cost—continues to run it at an enormous loss. The Dominion even paternally undertook to solve at a heavy outlay the naturally insoluble problem of winter steam navigation, to connect the Island with *terra firma*; provides for the expense of the civil list, of the fishery and other services; all this in exchange of what? Why, in exchange of a meagre custom, excise and postal revenue. To an unsophisticated outsider, Confederation for the Island means tangible and substantial benefit. Prince Edward Island is, undoubtedly, smarting, though not to the same extent as the rest of the world, under commercial depression. Shipping may be under a cloud—a dark cloud, &c., but the backbone of the Island, its agricultural resources, is sound; and in spite of bad times and low prices, its industrious and intelligent farmers are hoarding up their spare cash, not in stockings, like our friend *Jean Baptiste* of the Province of Quebec, but in solid, well-managed savings banks.

In addition to their larger returns in oats, potatoes, hay, stall-fed cattle, the farmers, and they are the bone and sinew of the place, are resuming, and with marked success, the culture of wheat, the raising of which the weevil had for several years interrupted.

Unlike the bustling communities on *terra firma*, the Islanders, though a little depressed, are not restless, turbulent, steeped in crime and social rebellion. Foreign customs, new-fangled ideas, 'tis true, are not encouraged; they are quite happy without these; they luxuriate in their own thoughts. They are progressive, too, but in their own traditional way. They look to legislative action for perfectibility in the human species; they believe in the efficacy of an Act of Parliament, even beyond the most sanguine hopes of Lord Eldon or any Chancellor of the Exchequer. Their last and most praiseworthy effort is to moralise the people by Act of Parliament. True patriots have found it, 'tis said, in the Dunkin Temperance Act, and total abstinence is the order of the day in Charlottetown, Summerside, and various other seaports, crowded a portion of the year with jolly tars and old salts, who would as soon give up the ghost as abjure their pipe and their glass of grog. The hotels are run on the cold water and spruce beer principle—a blissful change, we are told. Let us hope the Draconian edict may flourish more in Charlottetown than it did in Boston.

The omnipotency of an Act of Parliament, however, was believed in nearly a century back. Thus we find on their statute book, page 90, the Act of George III., Cap. VI., intitled, "An Act for quieting the minds of His Majesty's dissenting Protestant subjects." This "quieting of the minds of His Majesty's subjects" by Act of Parliament opens out a rich vein of inquiry; 'tis quaint, if not original; perhaps it is both. We should like to be informed whether another legislative decree achieved all it purported to do

by its title, viz., the 26 George III. Cap. XIV., "An Act to prevent the multiplicity of lawsuits."

A law sanctioned by the Legislature six years previous, viz., in 1780, places in a curious juxtaposition objects very dissimilar. The title runs thus: "An Act for preventing the running at large of stone horses . . . and the killing of partridges at improper seasons" (20 Geo. III. Cap. V.) Grouse were likely meant. Is not this making game of the birds? Our readers must forgive us for serving up these airy nothings; the only plea we have to offer in extenuation is a rapid change in the atmosphere, which makes the consideration of serious subjects a task *ultra vires*. In our next we shall mount the historical horse.

JONATHAN OLDBUCK.
Charlottetown, P. E. Island,
3rd July, 1879.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

TRINITY COLLEGE, London, has 3,141 candidates for examination in music.

THE villa tenanted by Rossini during the last years of his life, and where he died, is to be let or to be sold.

THE late Mrs. Howard Paul was completing arrangements for a long professional tour at the time of her death.

LA PETITE GUERRE is the title of a new comedy by Meilhac and Halévy, to be played in the Paris Vaudeville next summer.

JENNY LIND is said to have sung in the chorus at the first concert given during the past season by the Bach Society, of London.

FRANK MAYO has made his first appearance upon the English stage, acting in Liverpool as David Crockett. He is said to have won instant success.

It is likely that Mr. Conway, a young English actor who has been warmly praised by London critics, will support Miss Neilson during her approaching tour in the United States.

THERE was talk of reducing opera prices in London to counteract the prodigious attraction of the French Comedy Company, which has lured away all the high-priced patronage.

MR. HENRY SMART, an English composer, well known for his organ music, and his authorship of "King René's Daughter," and other pieces, has been put on the pension list for £100 a year.

CUPID, a comic opera, in three acts, by an amateur of Portland, was given in that city a year or two since. Mr. Cheever Goodwin is now writing a new libretto for it, and it will shortly be given in Boston.

THE first performances of the Patti-Nicolini troupe in Paris are announced for the 14th February, 1880. It is stated that an arrangement will be made with M. de Caux, who will leave Paris during Patti's engagement.

AT Her Majesty's Theatre Signor Poli laid a wager that he would cross the stage, as *Mephistopheles*, in three steps. In the garden scene, when Mme. Lablache was running after him, Signor Poli won his wager.

THE project of erecting a statue of John Knox in Edinburgh has been revived, and a committee formed to carry out the intention.

THE health of Prince Leopold has of late so sensibly improved that His Royal Highness has intimated his intention to go into society much more.

SOME one has been measuring to find out the largest houses in England; he says that they are Wrest, Earl Cowper's; Wentworth, Earl Fitzwilliam's; and Knole, Earl Delawarr's, where there are five acres of roof.

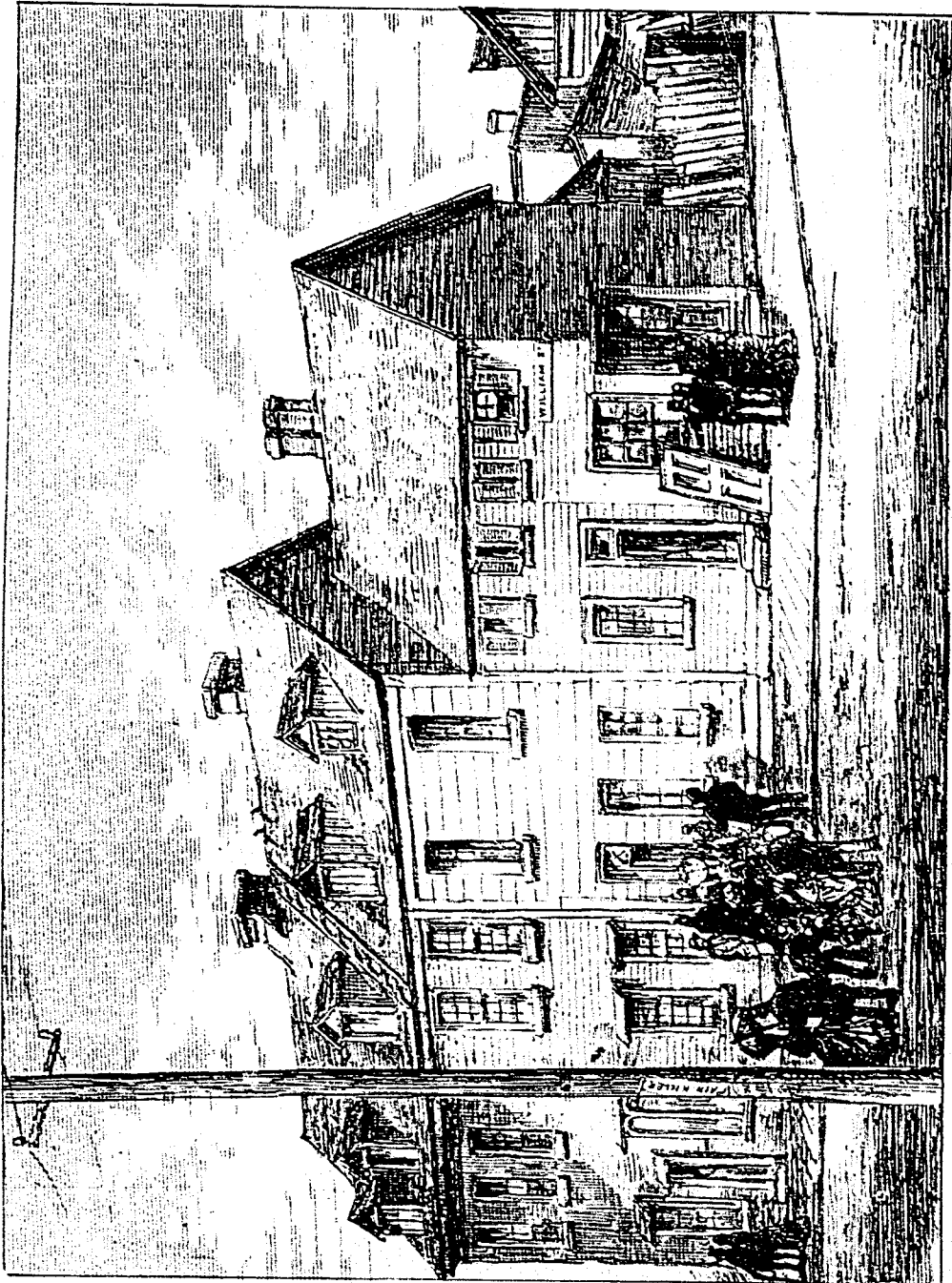
A BRONZE coinage for Cyprus has been struck, comprising 650,000 pieces of the nominal value of £2,291, and has just arrived in the island. The coins bear the effigy of Her Majesty and the date on the one side, and on the reverse the figure and the word "one piastre," "half-piastre," or "quarter-piastre."

WE suppose few people know, or have taken the trouble to inquire, what was the value of the commissions of the officers who have lately lost their lives in the Zulu war. It will, no doubt, astonish a good many to learn that no less than £13,500 was lost by eight officers of the 24th Regiment alone in the battle of Isandula.

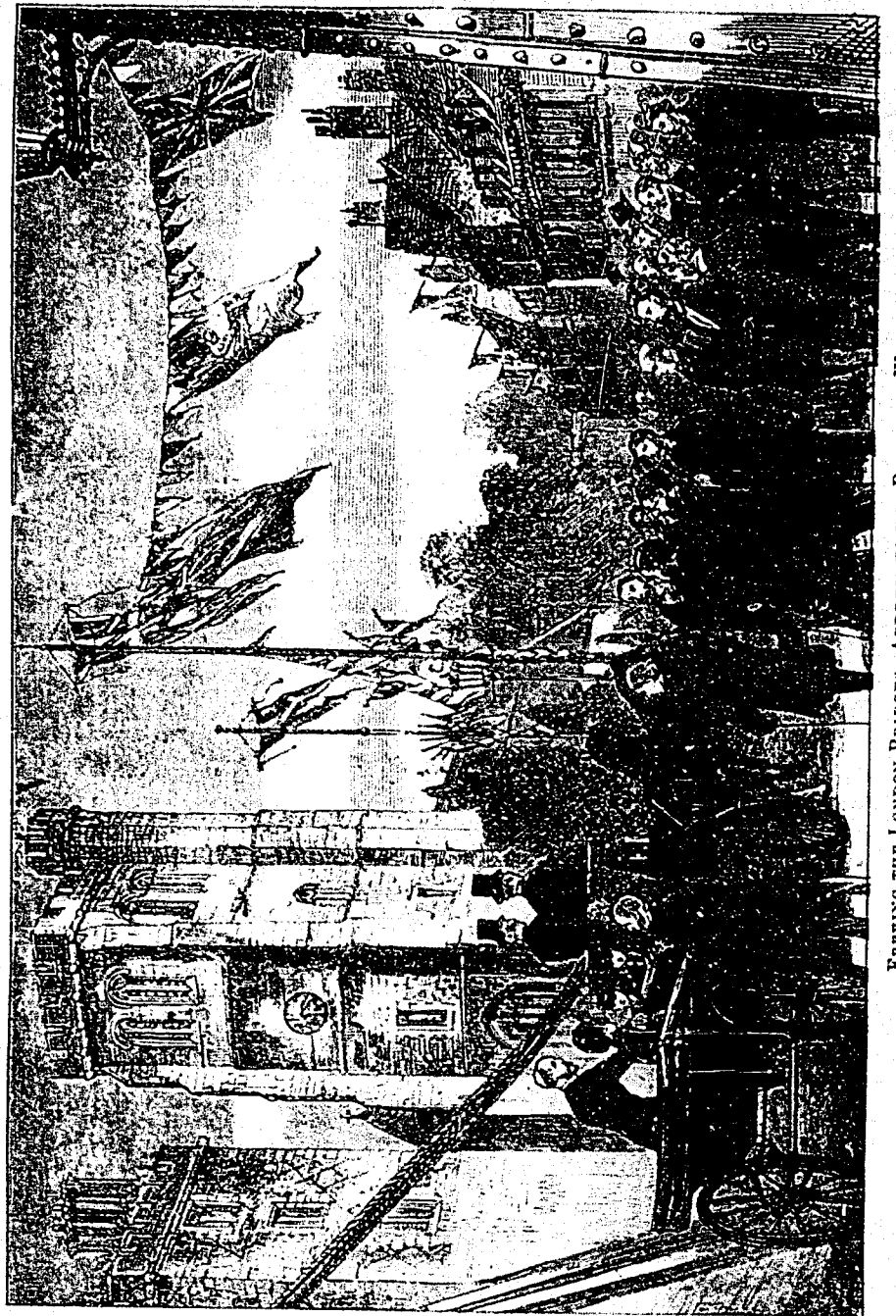
SINCE asphalt has been adopted in London a number of youths and young men pass along the streets on skates. Impelled upon the wheels or rollers with which this class of foot gear is fitted, they can move at more than double the rapidity of those not so equipped, and for this reason some are employed as messengers by officers in the city. Stout gentlemen are rather afraid of their equator.

THE Panama Canal scheme has already taken such shape that M. Lesseps is, it is said, prepared to float a company which shall at once undertake this important water-way. Should it succeed, its effect on the commerce of the world will be simply incalculable. It will at once halve the distance between England and Japan; and before very long revolutionize the course of trade, as much as, or even more than, the discovery of the Cape by Vasco di Gama did.

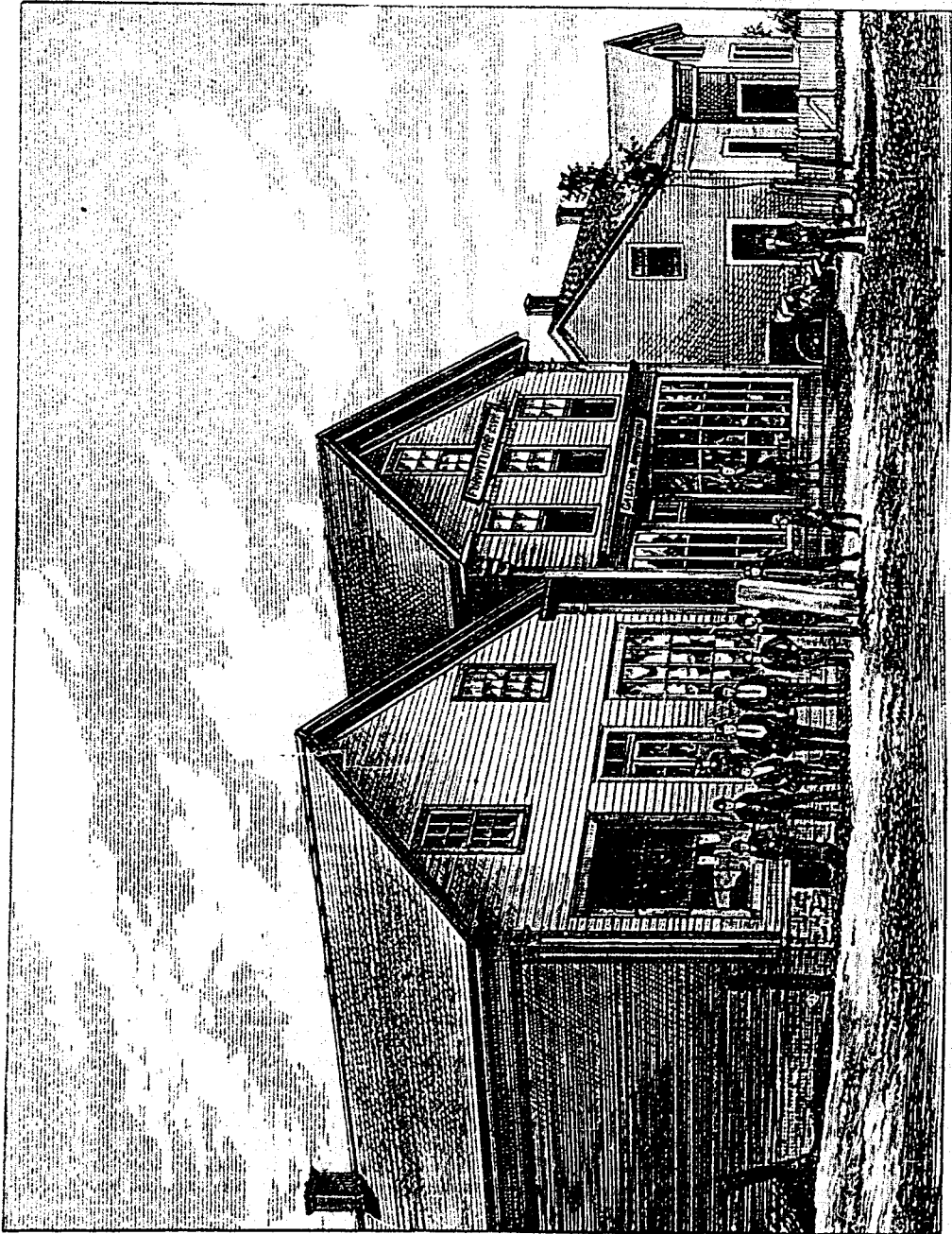
PROGRESS IN SPAIN.—Spanish farmers use precisely the same sort of ploughs as the Moors did when Isabella exiled them. Sowing and reaping machines are not known, and the grain is not threshed, but the oxen tread it out, as they did in the days of Moses. It is winnowed by women, who toss it into the air to scatter the chaff. In many parts of Spain wine is thrown away because there are no vats to keep it in, and but few purchasers. In Upper Aragon masons wet their mortar with wine instead of water, because there is a scarcity of the latter. The thousand and one conveniences of domestic work used elsewhere are unknown in Spain.



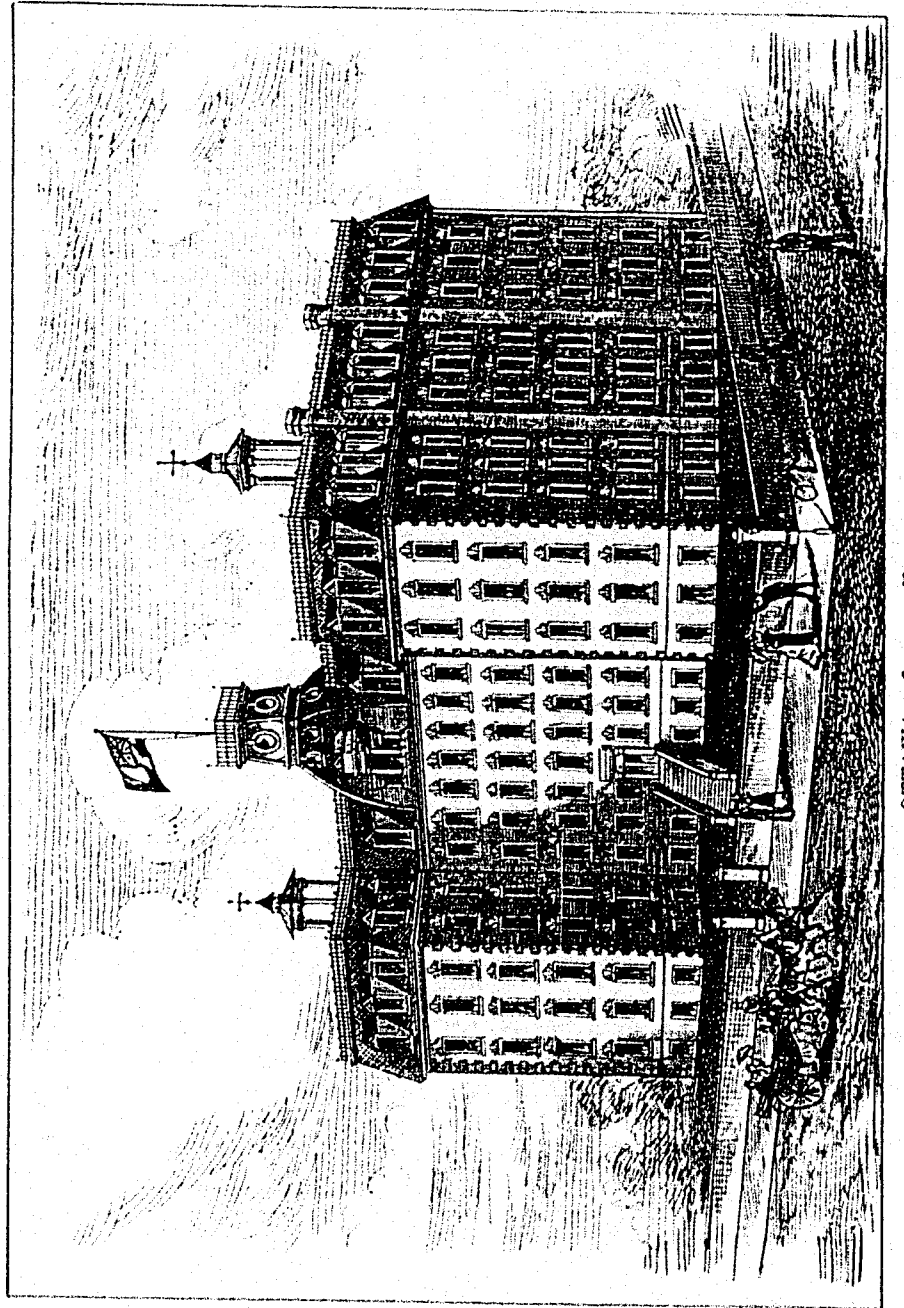
MONTREAL.—SCENE OF THE CALLAGHER MURDER, WILLIAM STREET.



FREEDING THE LONDON BRIDGES. ADDRESS TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.



WOLFVILLE, N.S.—SCENE OF THE DEWOLF MURDER.



OTTAWA.—OTTAWA UNIVERSITY.

HONORABLE JOHN ALEXANDER
MACDONALD, J.P.

His ancestors emigrated from Maydart, Invernesshire, Scotland, about the year 1780, and settled in North Bedeque, P. E. Island. He was born at North Bedeque the 2nd October, 1838, of Angus Macdonald, Esq., by Jean, daughter of the late Angus McDonald, Allisary, and sister of the late Bishop McDonald, of Charlottetown. He was also educated in North Bedeque. He removed to Indian River, Lot 18, in 1867, and was then married on the 17th June, 1875, to Annie C., only daughter of the late Robert McKelvie, Esq. He was appointed Chairman of the Board of Railway Appraisers in July, 1873, which office he held up to August, 1876, and was appointed Governor and Trustee of the Prince of Wales College, in September, 1876. He was first returned to Parliament in 1870 as one of the representatives of the Third Electoral District of Prince County and assisted in carrying the railway bill through the Legislature. On a dissolution he was again returned at the head of the poll. In 1873 he again went to the country on the question of Confederation, was again returned by a large majority, and assisted in carrying the bill for Confederation through the House. At the expiration of the term he was again elected in 1876, and also at the general election in April, 1879, and at the meeting of the present Parliament was unanimously elected Speaker. In politics he is a Liberal Conservative.

BUSINESSLIKE.—A provident and businesslike American, on leaving the city for a trip with his family, placed a placard just inside the hall door, couched in the following language: "To burglars or those intending to burgle. All my plated jewelry and other valuables are in the Safe Deposit Company's vaults. The trunks, cupboards, etc., contain nothing but second-hand clothing and similar matters too bulky to remove, on which you would realise comparatively little. The keys are in the left-hand top drawer of the sideboard—if you doubt my word. You will also find there a certified cheque to bearer for fifty dollars, which will remunerate you for your loss of time and disappointment. Please wipe your feet on the mat, and don't spill any candle-grease on the carpets."

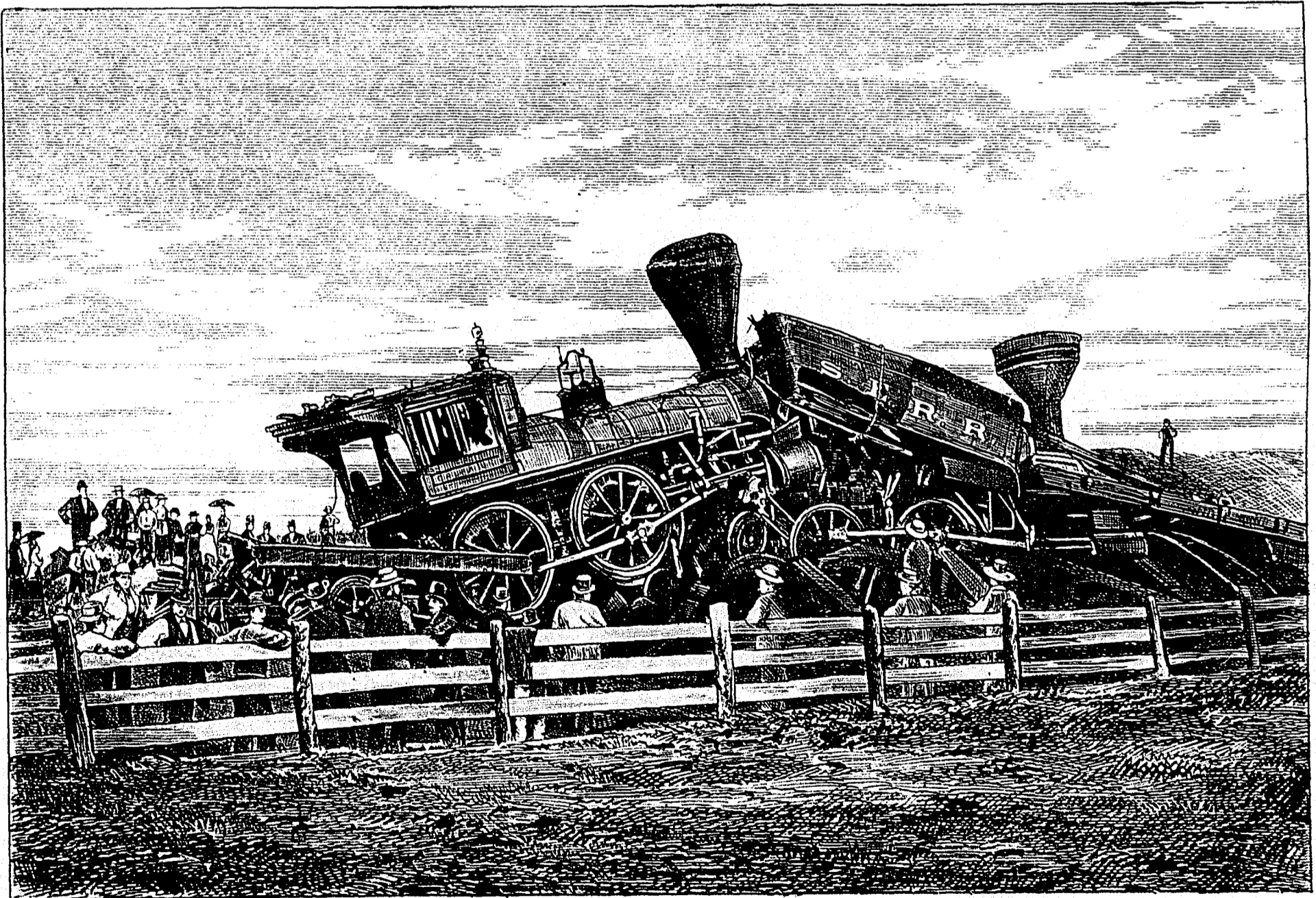
OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY,
No. 311.



HON. J. A. MACDONALD, SPEAKER P.E.I. ASSEMBLY.

RUSSIAN CRUELTY.—Among the most extraordinary of the tyrannical regulations of the Russian police is one which strictly forbids any one to touch a dead or a dying man without the direct sanction of the police. In consequence of this arbitrary enactment it is no uncommon thing to see a man lying bleeding and helpless from a severe fall in the streets of Moscow or St. Petersburg without any one daring to assist him. To what extent this curious tyranny is carried may be judged from a single instance. An English gentleman residing at Peterhof, a coast town about sixteen miles from St. Petersburg, one morning found his Russian groom hanging by the neck in the stable, and cut him down at once, just in time to save his life. The next day he received a visit from the local inspector of police, who, far from commending his prompt humanity, vehemently abused him for daring to transgress the law. The Englishman heard him to the end without a word, and then said quietly, "Well, Mr. Inspector, I'm extremely sorry to have done anything, but I'll make all the amends in my power. If I can find you hanging anywhere, I pledge you my honour I won't cut you down."

THE MILK OF THE COW-TREE.—Alexander Humboldt remarks that among the many very wonderful natural phenomena which he had, during his extensive travels, witnessed, none impressed him in a more remarkable degree than the sight of a tree yielding an abundant supply of milk, the properties of which seemed to be the same as that of a cow. The tree itself attains a height of from forty-five to sixty feet, has long alternate leaves, and was described by Linden as *Brosimum galactodendron*. The milk which flows from any wound made in the trunk is white and somewhat viscid; the flavour is very agreeable. M. Boussingault has given a detailed analysis, the samples analysed having been some of those sent to the Paris Exhibition, and concludes by stating that this vegetable milk most certainly approaches in its composition to the milk of the cow; it contains not only fatty matter, but also sugar, caseine, and phosphates. But the relative proportion of these substances is greatly in favour of the vegetable milk, and brings it up to the richness of cream, the amount of butter in cream being in about the same proportion as the peculiar waxy material found in the vegetable milk, a fact that will readily account for its great nutritive power.



WATERLOO, P.Q.—ACCIDENT ON THE SOUTH EASTERN RAILWAY.

THE DELUGE.

QVOD-METAMORPHOSES. BOOK I. VAS. 244-312.

Some, by their shouts, the words of Jove approve. And urging on, the God to frenzy move; Others again, less eager, are content To play their part by giving mere assent. But yet it is a source of grief to all To think the human race must quickly fall. The Earth's condition henceforth they inquire, Bewild'ring mortals by the God's full ire. Who now will incense to the altars bear? Will he permit the Earth to be the lair Of savage beasts, to scourge and devastate Its fertile fields, the home of man but late? As they inquire thus, in dread appear, The Mighty Monarch bids them cease to fear; The future his especial care will be; He promises they shall in future see Spring from a strange, unthought-of origin A new created race of mortal men. Peopling the fruitful earth, unlike as far Those first destroyed, as gods to mortals are. Long since his fatal lightnings to prepare He had begun to clear the lowering air And smite the earth; but still he had a dread Lest kindled by his bolts the flames should spread; Lest the light airy envelope might turn Into a fiery mass and quickly burn. He calls to mind the changeless Fate's Decree That in the future there a day shall be. When sea and earth and heaven's extended plain Should burn, and men be filled with terror vain. The Cyclops forged bolts he lays aside; Another fate he chooses shall betide Earth's doomed race whelmed deep beneath the wave. Each wretch shall quickly find a watery grave. The clouds from heaven he orders to descend; He hastens to Aeolus' cave to send The struggling north wind there in chains to stay, Accompanied by every blast that may The dark collected rain-clouds put to flight; The west wind sends it forth in all its might. Raised on its dripping wings it quickly flies; A horrid darkness on its visage lies; Heavy with showers its beard, and from its hair All hoary, falls the water through the air. Mists sit upon his brow, his pinions drip. And when he seizes in his giant grip The lowering clouds, a dreadful crash is heard And torrents fall destroying. At his word The messenger of Juno clothed in seven Bright colours raises to the darkening heaven New mists and rain and to the clouds affords Floods to replenish their exhausted hoards. Men stand and silent see with blank dismay Their levelled crops and dwellings swept away Ruined and lost before their gaze appear The fruitless labors of a toilsome year. To be within its own dominions spent, The wrath of angry Jove is not content. Dark-colored Neptune from the ocean springs And helping waters to his brother brings. Together with sonorous voice he calls The river-gods. When they their master's halls Have entered, thus he speaks: "There is no need Of exhortation long, but do ye speed To pour forth all your strength; this must be done; Give loose rein to your waters, let them run With all their power, their barriers strong removed. Thus did he order; they obedient proved. Quickly returning they, as ordered, open Their fountains' mouths and give them ample scope. Thus in their headlong course are swiftly whirled, And o'er their sloping banks destructive hurled. He with his trident smote the startled earth. It quaked and quaked and at the stroke gave birth To channels new to hold the gurgling rain. The water-unrestrained rush o'er the plain, And rushing swift through many a peaceful glen Dwellings o'erturn and swallow herds and men. Surines with their sacred boards are swept away. Perchance some dwelling may a moment stay Erect, resisting such a dreadful flood; Yet soon it falls and where it proudly stood But late, a wave yet higher than its towers Rolls onward o'er its top with fatal power. Turbets o'erthrown beneath the whirlpool lie. No grateful contrast meets the wearied eye. 'Tis at sea and land; 'tis ocean everywhere. Boundless it rolls, its only shore the air. Here stands one on a hill, and far remote Another tosses in his hollow boat And plies his oars where shortly since he ploughed; Raised where but yesterday was nought but cloud Above his sunken crops and houses he calls. O'er ruined homes and desolated vales Here in the summit of a lofty oak A fish he catches. There with ruthless stroke Of its sharp fuke the curved anchor tears The meadow's tender sward, though yet it wears Its robe of green. The leafy vineyards feel As it grates o'er their tops the heaving keel. Where late men saw the graceful she-goat graze; The clumsy seal its shapeless body lays. The sea-nymphs wonder as in troops they rove 'Mid many a buried town and sunken grove. Dolphins rears the woods and sportive hold High carnival among the branches old. Among the leafy bowers they swim on high And strike the quivering oaks while hurrying by. The dreadful lion swims among the sheep. Tigers and wolves combat the roaring deep. The wild boar 'gainst the waters fails to fight Whose strength once rivalled the fell lightning's might; Nor does the stag's oft-boasted swiftness prove Sufficient him from danger to remove. Long seeking land where it may find repose, The lonely bird its airy journey goes, 'Til when its wings its weight no longer bear, It flustering tumbles through the limpid air. And now o'ertripping far the earth beneath To every living creature bringing death; The furious sea on rolls all unconfined. Save where urged onward by the southern wind. The new-raised waves against some mountain peak With giant strength may rush and fiercely break. The greater part of men beneath the wave Are whelmed, and those whom Jove has deigned to save Long fastings harrass, and they silent brood Upon their dreadful fate deprived of food. Montreal. STUDDENT.

FROM THE ANCIENT CAPITAL.

The event of the session has been the twenty-five hours' sitting of Friday and Saturday last. When the House met on Friday afternoon it was generally supposed that a vote would be taken that night; but the unforeseen arrival of Mr. Lafontaine, the newly-elected member for Chambly, caused a question of privilege to be raised after dinner, the discussion of which occupied the time of the House till past midnight, when it having been signified to the Government that two or three members of the Opposition desired to address the House before a vote was taken, an adjournment till 11 o'clock on Saturday morning was asked for with a pledge that the debate should end and a vote be taken at 3 p.m. This was a fair enough proposition,

especially as one of the speakers, Mr. Wurtel, had been referred to by Mr. Joly as able to give important information in regard to the Gale Farm transaction and had even been called on by that gentleman to substantiate the account he (Mr. Joly) had given of the matter. Mr. Taillon too had been directly referred to by several members, and as both members for Montreal West and Centre had spoken, and as the terms of arrangement with Montreal had been one of the most important points discussed in the debate, and moreover as Montreal East, represented by Mr. Taillon, is the division the most interested in those arrangements, it was but fair that those gentlemen should have an opportunity to express their views, and that those views should be reported in the papers, which latter event could not have been carried out at that hour of the morning. On the other hand the Government, so it is said, were anxious that the Address should be voted that night, in order that a copy might be sent to England by the Saturday morning's English mail steamer. Whatever the cause may have been, the Government refused to adjourn, and insisted in the most positive manner that the debate should continue. At one time it appeared as though Mr. Joly was willing to accept the arrangement, but he was shouted down by a small clique of his own supporters whose behaviour in the House has more than once been the cause of a great deal of acrimony during debates in this and the previous session. Three times did Mr. Joly leave his seat and appeal to his turbulent supporters to desist from their provoking shouts and sneers, but they set aside his authority and treated him with contempt, till at last Mr. Joly left the Chamber in disgust and the ire of the Opposition being raised they determined that the House should sit till 3 p.m. on Saturday, and they succeeded.

The scene in the House was somewhat similar to that already described in your columns in times past, shouts, cries, laughter, banging of desks, frequent points of order raised, disorder amid interruptions and then withdrawn; and so the night wore away, the galleries gradually thinning out and the reporters leaving their seats for refreshment or repose, till about 8 o'clock in the morning, when a count out was attempted. Observing that only about sixteen members occupied the Treasury benches, word was passed around and one by one the Opposition disappeared till only the leader and the one addressing the House were left on that side, whereupon Mr. Chapleau called upon the Speaker to count the House. As he did so Mr. Champagne, who was then speaking, quietly fitted out of a side door which he held ajar and so watched the proceedings. The Speaker called on the Clerk to count the House, and the alarm being given, in rushed half a dozen sleepy members from the Speaker's room and the "count out" was foiled. Mr. Champagne then resumed his seat and after an effort had been made to prevent his further speaking, he was ruled in order and continued his remarks. A second attempt to count out the House at a later hour resulted in another failure and the debate continued on through the morning. The gas was turned off. On daylight once more gaining the ascendancy, another speaker took the floor and so it continued till 2 p.m., when the members were called in and a vote taken resulting in the Government being sustained by a majority of 3. The orders of the day being called were proceeded with and the real business of the session was commenced by the passage of a number of motions for papers, and by the introduction of several Bills. At 4 o'clock the House adjourned till yesterday (Wednesday) for a second holiday, which has caused an independent paper of the city to bestow on it the title of "The House which adjourns."

Yesterday a few more motions for papers were passed, a few more Bills were introduced and the House was about to adjourn when Mr. Joly read to the House an editorial in the Toronto Mail of Tuesday last, which charges the House with sitting on Sunday. He took occasion in the course of the discussion which ensued on the Government being charged by the Opposition with having expressed their intention of sitting on Sunday if necessary, to state that the Government had never consulted together on the subject; that he should never have permitted such a thing; that he had not expressed such an intention and knew nothing of the Solicitor-General having done so till he saw it in the papers.

THE NEW CURE FOR INTERPERANCE.

Some of our readers may remember that about two months ago, an article appeared in our columns narrating the extraordinary success which attended the efforts of a Chicago physician to cure drunkards of their craving for spirituous liquors, by the use of a medicine prepared from the red Peruvian bark. Among the persons whose attention was attracted by the story were several gentlemen of influence in Aberdeen, to whom it occurred to give the supposed remedy a practical trial. These gentlemen brought the matter under the notice of Dr. Stewart, of the Heathcot Hydropathic Establishment, at the same time making the proposal which had suggested itself to their minds, namely, that a patient such as would make the case, so to speak, a test one, should be put through a course of treatment at Heathcot. They were gratified to find Dr. Stewart quite as much interested in the matter as they themselves

were, and ready to bear a share in the expense of the experiment, for such it was. Without loss of time the work was commenced, and little difficulty was experienced in finding a suitable patient to operate upon. A man possessed of no mean share of accomplishments, and yet in the prime of life, who for years had been the slave of habits that were surely dragging him to ruin, who, indeed, four months ago, presented the appearance of a physical and mental wreck, was, if any could be, a fitting subject; in point of fact it was specially with a view to the reformation of one whose deplorable condition made him a subject of pity to all that saw him wandering about the street, that the proposal first took form. The inebriate was conveyed to Heathcot about four months ago, and at once put under the treatment, which may be here described. The remedy is said to have been discovered by a Dr. D'Unger, of Chicago, and the sole ingredient used in its preparation is the red Peruvian bark (Cinchona rubra), known among druggists as "quill bark," from the fact that it is obtained from twigs about the size of a quill. The bark is reduced to powder, and soaked in diluted alcohol, after which its bulk is lessened by one-half being strained or evaporated off. On the first and second days the medicine which, in its prepared state, bears the technical name of *Extractum Cinchonae Rubrae Liquidum*, is administered to the patient in the proportion of a teaspoonful every three hours, the tongue being occasionally moistened in the intervals between the doses. On the third day the dose is reduced to a half-teaspoonful, a quarter-teaspoonful and subsequently to fifteen, ten, and five drops. The treatment is continued, on an average, for eight days—in extreme cases, for thirty days. Like the well known preparation derived from the same source—quinine—the *Extractum Cinchonae* is a powerful tonic, but it possesses the quality which quinine lacks of inspiring those that partake of it with a thorough, and for the time, unconquerable aversion to spirituous liquors. At Heathcot, the treatment was, in effect, as we have indicated, and almost from its commencement it developed the most extraordinary results. After the first few doses the intense craving for drink became less and gradually disappeared; while in place of it, there was manifested a no less marked aversion to the alcohol which shortly grew into positive disgust. The treatment was continued for three months, after the lapse of which period the patient returned to Aberdeen, with a color in his cheeks that for years had been absent, and such health and vigour in his movements as could not fail to carry conviction regarding the result of the work. The once decrepit and maudlin drunkard has been furnished with employment; physically the man has been retrieved from utter ruin.

Emboldened by the success which attended their efforts in this instance, Dr. Stewart and his friends had another patient subjected to the effects of the medicine at Heathcot. In this case it was a commercial man, whose deplorable desire for spirituous liquors was fast ruining him and destroying the happiness of his family. The case was not so hopelessly bad as the previous one, yet it called for remedy if ever one did. The man was brought to Heathcot one day, dead drunk, and when the first fierce craving had passed, the same aversion to spirits as was displayed in the other case resulted. His wife, in a letter, while expressing in the most earnest manner the hope that the efforts for her husband's reformation should be rewarded with success, despaired of the result, knowing from experience, as she said, that the unhappy man would find some means of furnishing himself with stimulants of some shape, whether whisky, chloral, opium, or chloroform. In a month, however, the patient was allowed to visit the city daily for the purpose of attending to his duties, returning to Heathcot at night. He is now an altered man, has no longing for strong drink, and hates the very sight of it. Yet another case. A young man, whose habits threatened to involve him in the moral and physical destruction which in the preceding cases was all but reached, was sent up Deeside, and after undergoing a fortnight's treatment at the hands of Dr. Stewart, returned to the town freed from the incubus which had been ruining him. These are the instances which up to the present time have been noted by Dr. Stewart, and in all, it will be observed, the result has been success—complete and unmistakable success.

It would be rash, however, to view the cures as complete yet. Time will have to show whether the effects of the medicine are lasting, and meanwhile the cases must be regarded as evidencing only a temporary cure. Viewed in the latter light, however, the results are, we think, sufficiently interesting to warrant our giving publicity to them.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

"GEMINI!" shrieked the father when nurse told him it was twins.

"My dear sir, I adore your daughter, and I wish to ask for her hand." "But I have two; which one will you have?" "Either."

If there is one thing more than another that Spriggins regrets, it is that he didn't so marry that his golden wedding should come when gold was away up.

The man who, wanting a servant, advertised for a "middle-aged single woman" doesn't understand why he has received no applications for the position.

WHAT a feeling of relief comes over a woman as she enters a church and discovers that her neighbour's wife has the same feather on her spring hat that she wore last season.

WHEN a boy scrapes a little skin off his knuckles while sawing wood for his mother, he makes more ado about it than when he knocks his big toe-nail off in running to a fire. This is reliable.

"WOMEN," quoth Jones, "are the salad of life, at once a boon and a blessing." "In one way they're salad, indeed," replied Brown; "they take so much time in their dressing."

A MICHIGAN lady writes, with rare truth: "Under great sorrow or any great trial we can be calm and brave, but it is the thousand and one little vexations of daily life that start the fret, and we fret, fret until we hardly realize or measure how much."

Mrs. LOUIS AGASSIZ and Miss Alice Longfellow are among the ladies who have been the most actively interested in the movement to obtain the admission of women to Harvard college. There are 355 senior candidates and 375 junior ones now undergoing local examinations.

We all know there have been mercenary men. One of this sort had the good fortune to be accepted by an heiress. At the wedding, when he got to this part of the ceremony, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," "There goes his valise," said one of the bride's relations, spitefully.

MINNIE C. BALLARD, in a tender lyric just published, inquires of whom it may concern:

Would you love me as well, true-heart,
Had I a face less fair?

We dislike to say unpleasant things, Minnie, but the chances are that he wouldn't. Plain words are best, and so sometimes are women, but we repeat that the chances are that he wouldn't.

LITERARY.

ZOLA'S "L'Assommoir" has reached in Paris its fifty-fifth edition.

THE Life and Letters of Charles Matthew, the comedian, by Charles Dickens, is announced.

MR. SWINBURNE is giving much of his time to studies of the Elizabethan drama and Shakespearean literature.

THE late William Hewitt, it is stated, left an autobiography which is almost sufficiently advanced for publication.

MR. THOMAS HUGHES has consented to his "Tom Brown" being published in embossed letters for the use of scholars at the Blind College, Worcester.

FOR his poem, "The Defence of Lucknow," and its prelude, addressed to the memory of the Princess Alice, making altogether 127 lines, Mr. Alfred Tennyson, poet laureate, received £200.

AT Moscow a curious little *hoshara* has appeared, under the title of "Tables of Speed," which gives the speed of almost everything that can be imagined.

THE society for the preservation of the Irish language has published a map of Ireland, which is described as being printed in the Irish language and character.

EMILE ZOLA, who is just now the rage in fiction, is thirty-nine years old. His father was a contracting canal builder, and he, Emile, went into a printing house. He wrote for a long time before he received public recognition.

MR. GEORGE BANCOFF, the historian, has been forced to leave Washington on account of the heat, and is at his cottage in Newport, where he is only able to write by sitting up in bed and occasionally dictating to his secretary.

THE sum paid to Moore for the "Irish Melodies" by the Powers, publishers in London, was sixty-seven thousand five hundred dollars, being at the rate of twenty-five dollars a line—a price without parallel in the history of literature.

MR. JAMES COOK, of Paisley, is compiling a Bibliography of Dickens, which will contain a mass of curious information about his works. Mr. Joseph Irving, of Renton, Dumbartonside, is collecting material for a "Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotchmen."

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW, the poet, has five children. Onlow, the eldest, is married and a man of business in Boston; Ernest is a rising young painter studying abroad; Alice, the eldest of the girls, is a pleasing writer, unmarried; Edith is a golden-haired young lady of twenty-five, who has just married the third son of Richard H. Dana, Jr., and Anna is decidedly literary in her inclinations.

MISS MAY MORRIS, the seventeen-years-old daughter of the poet, artist and upholsterer, is said to have been the charming model from whom Mr. Burne-Jones drew the head of his Galatea in the series of pictures now exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery, London. Miss Morris has inherited much of her mother's wonderful beauty, and has already served Rossetti for several lovely portrait heads.

THE London "penny-a-liner" is not the poor devil he is popularly supposed to be, but the most thoroughly independent man upon the press. His profession is not only honourable and well defined, but very lucrative. He has no fixed engagement, but his business relations with half a dozen papers at once. Some of the best men on the London newspaper staff are penny-a-liners.

MR. TOM TAYLOR, editor of *Punch*, and dramatist, has a house which is simply stuffed with pictures. There is hardly a square inch of wall uncovered. In one apartment, used as a summer-room for reading, working, or painting, the walls are covered entirely with prints of Sir Joshua Reynolds's paintings; and opening from this is a chamber dedicated to sculpture, where an owl perches familiarly on a bust of Minerva. Chivy, as this bird is called, is a great favourite in the family, and very friendly with his master, though shy with strangers. In the dining-room, where Lambert's *Science* and Venetian glass abound, the very implements for use on the table are works of art; and the bonjour of Mrs. Taylor is a veritable cabinet of curiosities.

AD FRATREM.

"Come what sorrow can, It cannot countervail the exchange of joy." *Romeo and Juliet.*

I. Dear as the hopes showed in the days no more, Dearer than friendship when its smile was mine, Or when sweet thought on Fancy's wings did soar, To gloss my dreams and make them seem divine!

II. For every hope was edged with constancy, And every dream was touched with sacred fire, When thy companionship gave sympathy To feed the glow which made me once aspire;

III. Thy nature is so high above my own, That I can't stoop to praise, when praise is vain, Upon life's rocks dark woods of care have grown, And yet, in sunny nooks, without a stain,

IV. I tread men's sordid ways; amid a stir Of restless progress and remorseless trade, An aimless, solitary worshipper Of loveliness that never seems to fade.

V. Those luminous hours I seem to grasp again Which thy companionship did render bright, Whose beauty still invades my home's domain, The ocean's boundless surge—times maddening night—

THE ASIATIC CHRIST.

In the *News* of June 28th, there is an article with the above heading, which begins as follows: "What difference would it make if it were proven that Jesus was not, in reality, a Jew by extraction? This is a question which we are altogether unprepared to answer."

For my part, I can answer it without a moment's hesitation. Thousands, myriads would give the same answer that I now give, which is this: "If Jesus were not in reality a Jew by extraction, the Bible is a lie and He is Himself a liar." It was fore-told that the Messiah should be an Israelite according to His human nature. The Lord said to Abraham: "In thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed" (*Genesis XXII, 18*). The term "seed" in this promise, the Apostle PAUL expressly applies to Christ (*See Galatians III, 16*). The same apostle says: "Of whom" (that is the Israelites) "as concerning the flesh Christ came." (*Romans IX, 5*). Christ said to the Samaritan woman: "Salvation is of the Jews" (*John IV, 22*). I could quote many other passages to the same effect, but let these suffice.

You refer to ERNEST VON BUNSEN's proofs that Jesus was not "a Jew by extraction." These are of the weakest kind possible. Let us look at them. The first is: "The descent of DAVID from CALEB, the Kenezite, and thus from non-Hebrews." This, BUNSEN says, "points to a connection of JESUS with 'the strangers in Israel.'" It has to be proved that DAVID was descended from CALEB. But, admitting that, CALEB was not a foreigner. When JOSHUA sent twelve spies to view the promised land, CALEB was the one who represented the tribe of Judah—the royal one. He would not have been so honoured, had he been a "stranger in Israel."

The second is: "The four female ancestors of Jesus mentioned in the genealogies of MATTHEW" (there is only one genealogy in MATTHEW) "are all non-Hebrews." BUNSEN admits that the descent of TAMAR is not specified in the Bible. His only authority for calling her a "stranger" is the statement of PHILLO. RAHAB and RUTH, I admit, were gentiles. BATH-SHEBAH, BUNSEN says, was born where the Kenezites dwelt. I have just shown that CALEB, a Kenezite, was also a Hebrew. Admitting, however, that all these four female ancestors of JESUS were gentiles, that no more affects His right to be classed among the Jews, than the roughness in the skin of an orange affects its shape. Take the case of a person born in England, and of English parents. Would BUNSEN say that he is not an Englishman, because his great-great-great-grandmother was a French woman? Some of the first English families are descended from ancestors who came over with WILLIAM the Conqueror. According to BUNSEN's reasoning, PRINCESS LOUISE has no right to be called an English lady.

The third is: "One of the sons of ABRAHAM and his concubine, KETURAH, was called SHUA, which name, with the divine prefix, formed JESHO-SHUA, JOSHUA or JESUS." Evidence of this kind would not justify a person in killing a dog charged with sheep-worrying.

You say that BUNSEN is an earnest believer in CHRIST and the redemption, and has no intention of lowering the prestige of the Saviour of the world. "But he also believes in the superhuman claims of BUDDHA." It is, therefore, utterly impossible for him to be "an earnest believer in CHRIST and the redemption." BUNSEN calls BUDDHA, "the Asiatic Christ," and says that he "taught and acted in ways that have for ages been the cherished ways of devout Hindoos.

He taught, for example, the doctrine of non-resistance, while the Western Christians teach the need and justifiability of war." This extract is a piece of confusion. Professing Christians do not always act as Christ commands. When BUNSEN proposes to compare BUDDHA and CHRIST, he has no right to take BUDDHA and professing Christians. But "Western Christians" do not teach "the need" and justifiability of war." They only say that war in self-defence is allowable. The teachings of CHRIST do not forbid it. BUNSEN says that "the doctrines taught by CHRIST—especially in the matter of getting and keeping the goods of the world—resemble very closely the doctrines of BUDDHA." The impression which he here means to produce in the minds of his readers is that CHRIST copied his doctrines from BUDDHA.

According to these views one may be "an earnest believer in CHRIST and the redemption," and yet a believer also in "the superhuman claims" of MAHOMET or JOE SMITH.

"Devout" Hindoos have for ages acted in a very different manner from the teachings and example of CHRIST.

The term "CHRIST" which BUNSEN applies to BUDDHA is a blasphemous one. There is only one Christ. I suppose BUNSEN would call JOE SMITH "the American CHRIST."

A FIFTH GOSPEL.

Such is the term applied to the Gospel according to the Hebrews, referred to in an editorial in the *News* of June 28th. On that editorial I would make a remark or two. It is there said that the appearance of JESUS to JAMES (His brother, alluded to by PAUL in I. Corinth. XV. has been lost out of the Gospels in the century which followed him. According to this a great many facts in the life of Christ, have been lost out of one or other of the Gospels. For example, MATTHEW is the only one who speaks of the wise men from the east coming to Jerusalem. LUKE is the only one who speaks of the appearance of the angel Gabriel to Mary, and of the angels to the shepherds. JOHN is the only one who speaks of the miracle at the marriage at Cana of Galilee. PAUL is the only one who speaks of Christ's appearing to above five hundred brethren at once. Have all these facts been "lost out of" the Gospels in which they are not mentioned?

It is said in the editorial referred to, that "this recovered Gospel says that JESUS asked all His disciples to handle Him, and see that He was out an 'incorporeal demon' (daimonion), and not THOMAS alone. Any one who knows anything of the Scriptures, knows that LUKE tells us that when CHRIST showed Himself to His disciples in the evening of the day in which He arose from the dead, He bade them all handle Him (*Luke XXIV, 39, 40*).

Mention is made of "baptismal redemption." This is a new term. According to the so-called "Fifth Gospel," CHRIST was advised by His mother and His brothers to go with them and be baptized by JOHN. He however saw no need of His doing so. He is represented as saying, "Wherein have I sinned that I should go and be baptized by him; except perchance that this very thing that I have said is ignorance." MATTHEW represents CHRIST as coming to JOHN to be baptized by him in order "to fulfil all righteousness."

The Gospel according to the Hebrews will do no harm whatever to those by MATTHEW, MARK, LUKE and JOHN.

VARIETIES.

A FAMOUS WINE.—The most famous Madeira ever known was the "1814 pipe." It was fished up from the bottom of the Scheldt, above Flushing, in 1814, having remained there since 1778 in the timbers of a ship which had been wrecked at the mouth of the river in that year. It was sold by auction at Antwerp, the greater portion being secured for Louis XVIII., who despatched an agent with instructions to secure it regardless of expense. The King (or the agent) presented the French consul at Antwerp with several dozens, which he sold to the Duc de Raguse. In 1858, after the death of the Duchesse de Raguse, four dozens remained in her cellars, and they were sold for something over their weight in gold to Baron Rothschild. On the occasion when the Duchesse entertained Tagliani at dinner several bottles were produced, the hostess rightly considering that to be thought worthy of the precious liquor was the greatest honour that could be paid to anybody.

ISCOE.—During Napoleon I.'s reign, royal visits to Paris were frequent; but the Emperor, who loved state, would not hear of privacy, even where his own brothers were concerned. For having disobeyed him in this particular, Jerome, King of Westphalia, once got into a scrape. His Majesty had gone to dine quietly at a restaurant at the Palais-Royal with Pigault-Lebrun, the novelist, and when the bill was brought up the two discovered that they had no money. Jerome, without saying who he was, tendered his watch in pledge; but the landlord, perceiving the imperial arms on the article, took his customers for a pair of thieves, and sent for the police. The affair reached Napoleon's ears, and he ordered Jerome to Westphalia, just as he would have packed off a subaltern to his garrison, and at the same time he refused him leave to take Pigault-Lebrun with him as his Librarian.

ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.—Ladies—caged birds of beautiful plumage, but sickly looks—

pale pets of the parlour, who vegetate in unhealthy atmosphere, like the potato germinating in a dark cellar, why do you not go into the open air and warm sunshine and add lustre to your eyes, bloom to your cheeks, elasticity to your steps and vigor to your frames? Take exercise; run up the hill on a wage, and down again for fun; roam the fields, climb the fences, leap the ditches, wade the brooks, and after a day of exhilarating exercise and unrestrained liberty, go home with an appetite acquired by healthy enjoyment. The beautiful and blooming young lady—rosy-cheeked and bright-eyed—who can darn a stocking, mend her own frock, command a regiment of pots and kettles, and be a lady when required, is a girl that young men are in quest of for a wife. But you pining, screwed-up, wasp-waisted, doll-dressed, consumption-mortgaged, music-murdering, novel-devouring daughters of fashion and idleness, you are no more fit for matrimony than a pullet is to look after a brood of fourteen chickens. The truth is, my dear girls, you want less fashionable restraint and more liberty of action; more kitchen and less parlour, more leg exercise and less sofa; more frankness and less mock modesty. Loosen your waist-strings, and breathe pure atmosphere, and become something as good and beautiful as nature designed.

WILLING TO OBLIGE.—A very prepossessing young lady, canvassing for a popular book, stepped into the office of a broker, and, finding him apparently at leisure, asked him to look at her book. The gentleman informed her that it would be only a waste of time, as he could not purchase it. "Oh, never mind that, even if you don't buy it, I should like to have you read some portions of it, and see what it is." The accommodating broker took the volume, and, glancing at the title-page, commenced a perusal of the introduction. This finished, he began at the first chapter, and read carefully and leisurely along. It was about nine o'clock when he commenced, and an hour passed silently away, when the book agent began to show signs of nervousness, which were apparently unnoticed by the broker for he never took his eyes from the volume, but read on steadily. Eleven o'clock came, and the lady began to walk smartly round the room, glancing occasionally out of the windows. At noon the broker was still reading, and the agent went a decidedly troubled countenance. A few moments before one o'clock the broker, laid the book down, leisurely donned his overcoat and hat, and remarked, "That is a very good book. I am sorry I cannot read more of it, but I am obliged to go to luncheon. If you call this afternoon, I will continue reading it."

DANIEL WEBSTER'S FIRST PLEA.—When Daniel Webster and his brother Ezekiel were boys on their father's farm in New Hampshire, they were greatly annoyed one year by the ravages of the squirrels, and traps were set to catch them. Ezekiel brought the first capture to the house in triumph, and was, boy-like, eager to kill him at once, as a punishment for his misdeeds, or to make him a prisoner for life in a cage; but Daniel would consent to neither sentence—he wanted to set the poor frightened little creature free. The dispute waxed warm, and the boys appealed to their father. He proposed to hold a court, and have the squirrel tried, Ezekiel appearing for the prosecution, Daniel for the defence. This was a grand idea. The court was organised in the family sitting-room, with the father on the bench. Ezekiel did his very best. He enlarged upon the iniquities of the squirrel, and the necessity for punishment, and supposed he had covered the whole ground. But Daniel rose, his young face lighted with enthusiasm, and his young heart full of pity for the helpless creature whose life he was to plead for. Boy as he was, he poured out such a flood of eloquent speech on the beauty and worth of life, even to a squirrel, on the great wrong of imprisonment for an unconscious offence, and on the charm of free-dom, that when he sat down his hearers wiped the tears from their eyes. The prosecutor was the first to deliver the little prisoner, and Daniel and Ezekiel set no more traps.

THE NEW PRINCE OF BULGARIA.—Prince Alexander, who is but twenty-two years of age, was unanimously elected to the new Bulgarian throne, about the end of last April, by the Bulgarian Assembly of Deputies at Tirnova, with the approval of the Delegates of the European Powers. He is a son of Prince Alexander of Hesse, brother of the Empress of Russia. He is a nephew, by her marriage, of the late lamented Princess Alice. His mother, born Countess von Hauke, was the daughter of a former Polish Minister of War, and was raised to the rank of Princess on her morganatic marriage with the Prince of Hesse. The Prince-Elect of Bulgaria is a second son of this union, an elder brother, Prince Louis of Battenberg, serving in the British navy. Prince Alexander knows the country and its inhabitants which he has been called upon to rule, having, it will be remembered, served with the Russian army during the late war. Part of the time he rode in the ranks of the 8th Regiment of Uhlans, whose honorary Colonel his father is, and he was also attached to the staff of Prince Charles of Roumania, as well as to the Russian headquarters. He was present with Prince Charles at the siege of Plevna, and crossed the Balkans with General Gourko. Soon after returning to Germany from the Russo-Turkish campaign he was transferred from the Hessian regiment of Dragoons, to which he had belonged, to the Prussian Life Guards, and has since done garrison duty in Potsdam.

ROUND THE DOMINION.

STRAWBERRY festivals are all the rage in Ontario. REPORTS of fisheries at the Magdalen Islands and Newfoundland are very favourable.

THE new departmental buildings at Quebec will probably be completed and delivered to the Government next spring.

THE vice-regal party have returned to Quebec, and will spend three weeks there before going to New Brunswick.

BARNUM's giant came to grief at St. John, N.B. His wife has run away from him, and has taken his trussed goat and \$10,000 in bonds.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I., is exercised as to who is to be the next Governor of the Island. The present Governor's time expired on the 1st inst.

A STURDY old farmer of Pont Rouge, Quebec, 92 years of age, recently trapped for a wager from his home to Quebec in one day, a distance of 27 miles.

A CANADIAN officer, Major H. G. Elliot, who hails from Lambton County, Ont., has gone out to the Cape as one of Sir Garnet Wolseley's right-hand men.

MR. BALCH, of the Boston Herald, who succeeded in having the murderer of Mrs. Hull arrested, is a native of Montreal, and son of the late Dean Balch.

THE Montreal Orangemen celebrate the forthcoming anniversary with their brethren in Ottawa, who, on the 24th July, receive delegates from Great Britain, Australia, and the United States.

THE value of the produce of the Canadian fisheries last year was \$13,215,000, as compared with \$12,030,000 in 1878. The increase is principally in the cod, mackerel, salmon, and lobster fisheries. The value of the fish exported last year was \$11,775,000 the United States markets absorbing about one-half of the total exports.

HALIFAX, N.S., was founded one hundred and thirty years ago by the Hon. Edward Cornwallis, a relative of the General Cornwallis who figured so prominently in the Revolutionary War. The colony which he brought with him consisted of two thousand five hundred persons, many of them disbanded officers, soldiers, and sailors. Halifax received its name out of compliment to the Lord then at the head of the Board of Trade.

HUMOROUS.

PERSPIRATION is about the only honest thing that emanates from a mean man.

FOURTH of July orators and lemonade are made out of the same material.

A LADY, describing an ill-natured man, says he never smiles but he feels ashamed of it.

THE schoolboy imagines to be more perfect in "recess" than any other exercise of the school.

WHEN a boy reaches the age of 10 years, he confdescendingly begins to talk about "the children."

A CHILD without legs has just been born. "Thank heaven!" said the weeping father, "this will not be a champion pedestrian."

A LONDON philosopher says there is something inexpressibly sad about the music of a church organ—while the collection is being made.

THE incognito business is being run into the ground, John Smith, of Detroit, is travelling in Germany under the name of De Bologna.

Down in North Carolina a man has been sued for selling the false teeth of his first wife's estate to get money to buy clothes for his second wedding.

AN old miser having listened to a powerful discourse on charity, said: "That sermon so strongly proves the necessity of alms giving that I've almost a mind to beg."

THE man who walks for twenty-four hours on a stretch is considered a hero, but no one seems to have a kind word for the baby who yells straight ahead for seventeen hours.

AN editor has one advantage over a king. When an editor goes out riding in his open barouche, drawn by four milk-white steeds, he is never shot at by a Socialist. You have probably remarked this yourself.

A YOUNG man may do a great many foolish things, but he will never wear a pair of white pantaloons to a picnic, but once. He will never forget the large amount of fun he didn't have on the first occasion.

"Isn't my poetry of a high order?" asked a spring poet, indignantly, when it didn't appear in the paper. "It is, it is," replied the editor, recollecting that he saw his wife papering the garret with a lot of it.

PROFESSOR: What is monarchy? Freshman: A people governed by a king. Professor: Who would reign if the king should die? Freshman: The queen. Professor: And if the queen should die? Freshman: The Jack.

A LITTLE dog in a front yard will make more noise than a whole menagerie, particularly when a fellow is trying to slip out of the front door without making any noise and the old folks happen to sleep right over the front stoop.

A MISSISSIPPI man puts it thus: "At the earnest solicitation of those whom I owe money, I have consented to become a candidate for county treasurer."

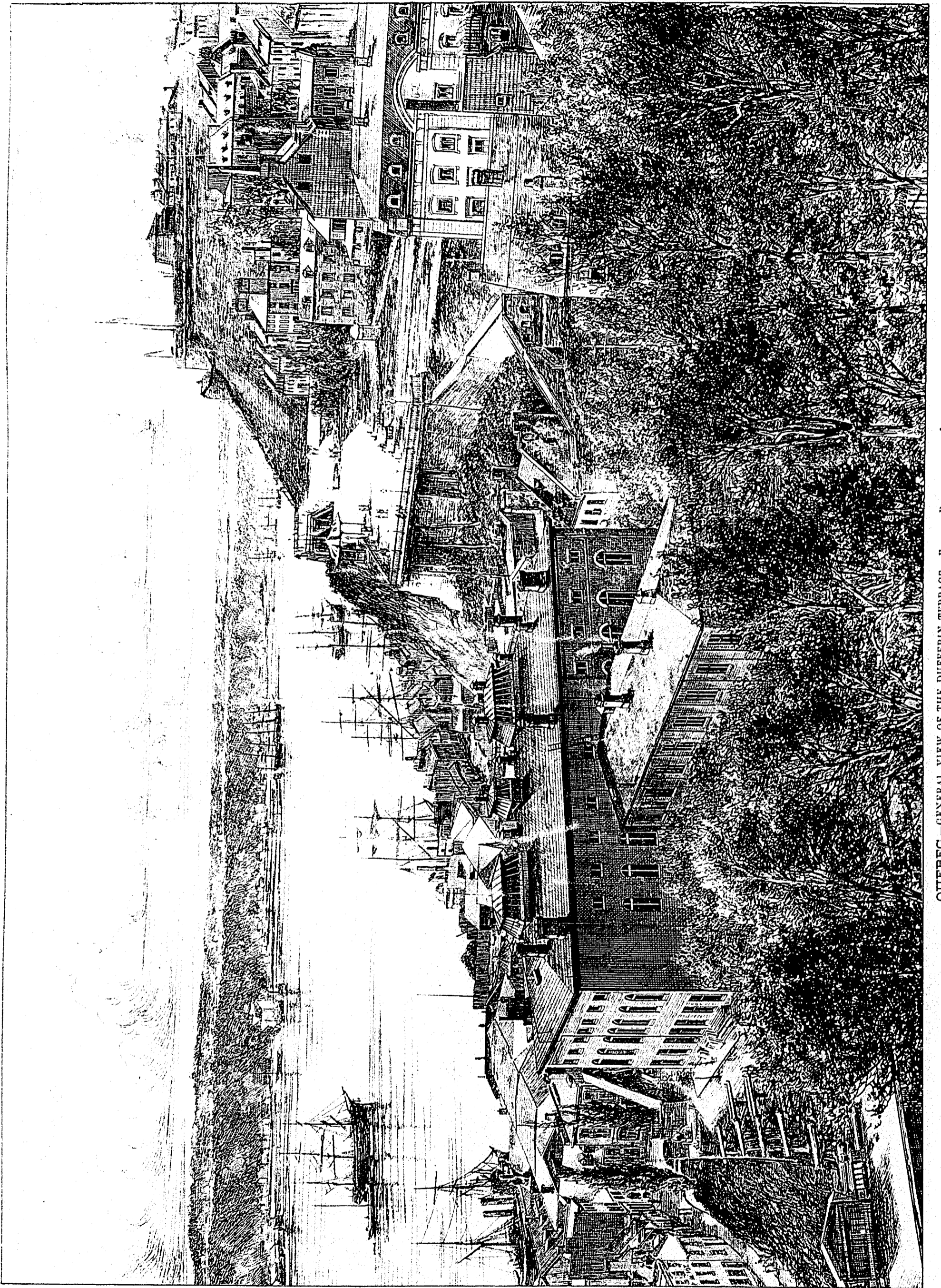
Rain is real, rain is earnest; We would not stop it if we could; Dust thou art, to dust returnest, Was surely written of the mud.

It was a German orator who, warming with his subject, exclaimed: "There is no man or child in this vast assembly who has arrived at the age of fifty years that has not felt the truth of this mighty subject thundering through his mind for centuries!"

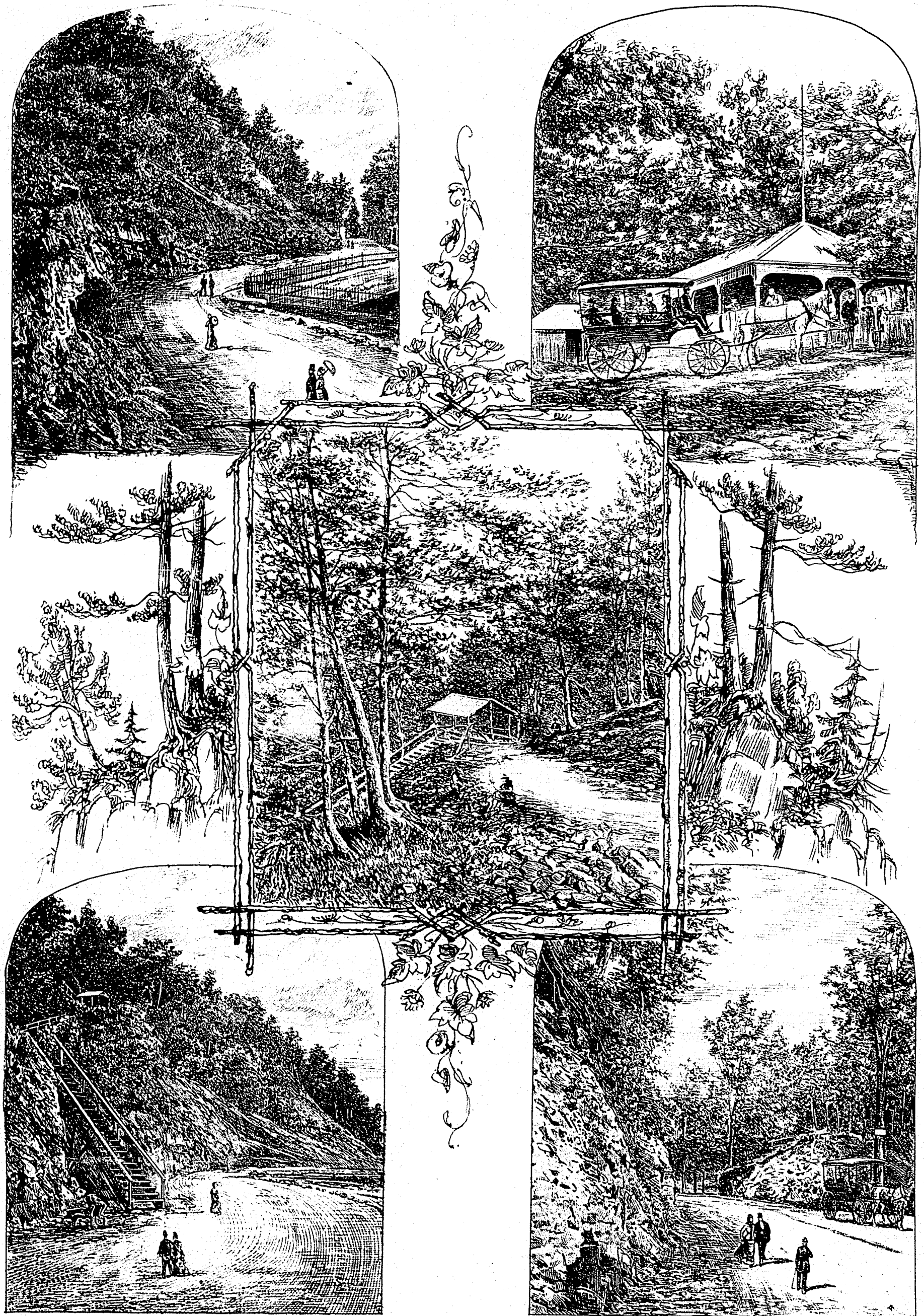
June with a rose in her hair; Sweet as her breath is sweet; Her lips quiver with song, With a ripple of soft warm air Stirred by her love-urged feet, Is booming right along.

A CARD.

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



QUEBEC.—GENERAL VIEW OF THE DUFFERIN TERRACE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LIVERNOIS.



1. ROAD SCENE, MOUNT ROYAL PARK. 2. SUMMIT HOUSE, MOUNT ROYAL PARK. 3. TOP OF STAIRS, MOUNT ROYAL PARK. 4. STAIRS, MOUNT ROYAL PARK. 5. ROCKY PASS, MOUNT ROYAL PARK.
VIEWS OF MOUNT ROYAL PARK.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY G. C. ARLESS.

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MY CREOLES:

A MEMOIR OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

By JOHN LESPÉRANCE,

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

Book I.

AT THE QUARRIES.

I.

SOLITAIRE.

I never knew my mother. She died when I was an infant. There is not the faintest clue in my memory by which I can recall her. I have often tried to picture her to myself till my head ached, but always in vain. What others, who knew her, have since told me afforded no indication. They have all assured me that she was uncommonly beautiful. An old man—a great admirer of the sex—used to say that she belonged to a type quite exceptional in America, and to be found only in the cultivated circles of Europe. Another said that he had known her a girl, and every morning on going down to his shop, passed along a certain street, where she resided, purposely to admire her beauty. A nephew of my mother wrote out, at my request, his reminiscences of her, and among them is that of her death-bed, where, he avows, her loveliness shone with almost a divine splendour.

It was, and is, a consolation to know these things; but, alas! they do not help me to trace her features, and therefore my mother has been doubly dead to me. I asked not an oil painting, but the faintest daguerrotype, the rudest pencil sketch. By some unaccountable neglect no such precaution against oblivion was ever taken.

There was more. I grew to manhood without the slightest article which had belonged to my mother. It was only a few years ago that, among the scanty effects of a venerable centenarian, who had been the connecting link between the first Creole generation of St. Louis and the sixth, was found a little parcel of yellow paper about a quarter of an inch square, with this superscription in a faint, old-fashioned writing: *Cheruse a Rita*. I was immediately thought of, and the parcel was handed to me at the old lady's funeral. I cannot say what I felt on seeing the paper and touching the dear hair. I laid it on my heart. I pressed it to my lips. A loved girl, who will figure in future pages of this story, took the treasure from me, and had it enclosed in a little golden locket on which are engraved the simple words: "My Mother." I have worn this around my neck, day and night, ever since.

Later, Djim, another character who will soon appear in my work, procured for me the fragment of a letter written by my mother to his sister, a little before her death. The paper is yellow, the ink faint, the writing large, but plain. It contained a few faults of orthography, whether the result of ignorance or negligence I know not, and I do not care. My mother's heart was in this letter when she wrote it. There is her name signed by her own hand. That is enough for me. She speaks only of her child. I count fifteen lines on the paper, and fourteen are consecrated to me. Oh, how she loved me! Why should mothers die? Or, dying, why should their infants survive them?

There are thousands and thousands who read every day in the papers that such or such a woman has died, leaving infant orphans. They think little or nothing of it. It is one death more, one more dereliction in the world. That is all. Such persons will not understand what I have written. For me, whenever I read of such a case I take down a book, which I keep for the purpose in my study, and transcribe the particulars, name, date, locality and all. This is my black list. Practically, it will result in nothing, but I take a sad complacency in this roll of kindred misfortune. I may never see these orphans, never hear of them again, but they are the only brothers and sisters I can claim. My father died when I was very young, but I have some remembrance of him. This recollection is full of melancholy. I can recall that my father had struggled hard with life; had had his hours of success and was once on the highway to fortune; had suddenly failed and ever after was reduced to make a living in the employ of others. The man who had ruined himself by indorsing the notes of his friends was forsaken by his friends in the day of his own distress. Naturally, my father was cheerful and even gay; but I oftenest remember his sad smiles and the tears which I saw him shed. He loved me to adoration. I was the light of his eyes, the only aim and object of his life.

I was my mother's first and only child. Thus, when my father died, I was alone in the world. Strange that I have never felt the want of a brother. But to this day I have not become reconciled to the want of a sister. It has always seemed to me that a sister would have filled a portion of that vacuum which has been the standing misfortune of my life. She would have given food to that great hunger of love whose insatiety has ever gnawed me. In a measure, she

would have replaced my mother. From my own experience I can safely assert that next to the child who has lost his mother the most incomplete being is he who has never had a sister. My mother, the youngest child of a large family, had been a special favourite with all her relations. Her premature death—at the age of twenty—proved the occasion of universal mourning. Every one was anxious to testify his esteem for her. It was with this feeling that her second sister, though already married and burdened with three children, offered my mother, on her deathbed, to adopt her orphan child. The solemn promise was given that I would be regarded as a child of the family, treated in every respect like my little cousins, and reared to do honour to my name. It need not be added how eagerly my mother accepted the proposition.

"I shall die tranquil now," said she. "My dear child will not be left among strangers. His father will have a help which will relieve him of a great responsibility. God be praised."

I need not say more of my aunt Teresa than that she fulfilled her promise to the letter. She was to me truly a mother. She always called me "my son;" I called her "mamma." She kissed me whenever I went away from home, and again when I returned. She wept with me when I was in pain. These were the dearest proofs of love. I was nearly of an age with her only son, and we were as brothers. We dressed alike, played together, went to school together. Ben was sweeter-tempered than I, better-behaved and far less troublesome. The only thing that compensated a little for my inordinate mischief was the fact that on Saturdays I always returned from school with a lot of pictures and improvement marks. This pleased my aunt very much.

At the age of eight Ben met with an accident which, after some months of ailment, resulted in his death. It seemed then that I was adopted more closely into the family. There remaining only two daughters, younger than myself, I was taken in as their brother.

If things had remained so I should probably have been happy, but they did not so remain. Perhaps it was not in nature that my case should be exceptional. My father died about this time and other changes took place. Strange influences, part of which my dear mamma ignored, and part of which she could not control, were introduced to bear upon my fate. No one else appeared to notice these, but I did.

A great displacement finally occurred. At the tender age of nine I was sent to college as a boarder. It was the transplanting of a young sapling from the nursery into hard, ungenial earth. As some trees will survive any ill-usage and flourish, so did I get on in my new sphere, spite of all the loneliness, the sense of abandonment, the harshness of college discipline, to which my young spirits could never take kindly. Year after year was spent in that dreary prison, but I never really got used to it. A natural love of study would sometimes induce long spells of forgetfulness, during which I lived in an ideal land with the dear old poets, historians and orators, whose works were my only companions; but when I returned to real life again I experienced a disappointment, a discouragement, a disgust proportioned to the pleasure I had enjoyed. I dare say no man ever learned earlier than I did the natural law of mental equilibrium, the inexorable law of moral compensation.

During these years two facts were impressed upon me, burned into me as with hot irons. By look, by word, by action, by suggestive silence, I was made to understand two things—that I was an orphan, and that I was poor.

Poverty in the future was a hard fact to deal with. There could be no illusion about that. I had just means enough to pay the expenses of my education, and when they were gone I remained with nothing to begin life. What made the prospect more painful was that there was wealth in all the branches of our family, and that I felt I would be looked down upon by my more fortunate relatives. The habit of riches had spoiled them and me. Poverty was regarded as a disgrace.

Yet youth is hopeful, and I did not allow myself to be too much cast down.

Meantime, I had still one stay. However others felt, I knew that my mamma's love was unchanged, and that her daughters loved me as sisters.

II.

IN MEMORIAM.

She was called away to her reward after my destiny had drifted me far from my native city, and I had to leave to others the pious duty of writing her epitaph. But now that her name has come up for the first time in these memoirs, what can I do less than consecrate a page to her remembrance? And as a specimen of that Creole type which it is the aim of this work to commemorate, there is none higher or purer than my foster-mother.

She was a life-long valetudinarian. As I recall her easiest, it was with a white band around her forehead. She was a martyr to nervous headache. Her hair was white at thirty. In the first years of the malady, when I was a little child, I often spent hours extracting these unwelcome monitors with her silver pincers. She loved me for what she called my patience in this good office, and used to say that the pressure of my small hands on her head was a relief. Her dark eyes had early faded to a light brown through these constant aches. There were lines on her broad white forehead. Her face was lengthened and emaciated from the same cause. Her cheeks were always pale. Her lips never lost their smile, but the corners might be often seen quivering from pain.

She led a life of solitude. For nearly twenty years her husband's occupation kept him away from home during the greater part of the twelve months. She thus remained alone in her large house, with no other company than her children, and no other protection than the faithful servants. She loved this peaceable, domestic existence. It suited her simple tastes. It was the school in which she had learned that unalterable patience, that sweetness of temper which were the most charming traits of her character.

I remember the long winter evenings in the children's room, when seated around the table, or ensconced under the pink and white coverlets of our little cribs, we heard her sing, one after another, the beautiful *Cantiques de St. Sulpice*. Often, too, on awakening during the night, we saw her kneeling before the large engraving of Raffaele's *Madonna della Seddia* which hung on the southern wall. What passed in that patient, struggling soul during those midnight vigils none will ever know.

And who shall recount her charities? She was one of those to whom giving is a necessity. She had an instinct for finding out the wants of the needy. Her way of administering help might be called the science of delicacy. Having survived all her brothers and sisters, it so happened that many of their children required her assistance, and they received it. Her eldest sister left two sons, who were the special objects of her care during their childhood and school life. Her youngest brother died prematurely in one of the southern counties of the State, leaving a large family. She caused the two eldest daughters to come up to the city, kept them in her house as her own children, and helped them on in their education. The daughter of a near relative—a girl of surpassing beauty—in a season of uncommon distress and danger, found a refuge under her roof until such time as she could go forth without risk. An aged aunt of hers, after many years of absence, wandered back to the city in such destitution that she was ashamed to present herself before her relatives. The day following her arrival she received from the porter of one of the principal mercers two large parcels containing a thorough outfit. After the first moments of surprise, the old lady fell on her knees in thanksgiving. She knew who it must be that had thought of her.

To my mamma's house how many came to tell their sorrows—to demand advice! How many came to be nursed in their sickness! How many came to die! One little maiden, especially, I remember, who came miles from her place of banishment to pass her last weeks of consumptive fever under the protection of her who was a mother to so many of us.

If I have singled out these few traits from so many which I could rehearse, it is because the persons to whom they refer are nearly all living, and should they ever come across these pages, will unite with me in blessing the memory of our benefactress.

Yes, a blessing on her name! Mother of the orphan, friend of the poor, comfort of the sorrowful, may a benediction, for her sake, rest on her children and on the children of her children!

III.

THE WHITE FIGURE.

The early consciousness of my dependence and poverty had an useful influence on my character. It helped, along with other circumstances, to make me apply very earnestly to my studies and set up for myself a fixed purpose. Thus, during the year which, as stated in the introduction, still remained to be gone through, I made as honest employment of my time as I could possibly do, being convinced that there was my golden opportunity to amass material for the future and complete my panoply for the great warfare of life.

I formed one of a special class of surveying. There was something attractive to me in the science itself (can anybody tell me how it is that while I disliked geometry, I was very fond of trigonometry?) and I hoped to make practical use of it afterward, as in our Western country professional surveyors and civil engineers were and are still in great demand.

A particular feature of the course were the field days. We had "chained" the college grounds till we knew their dimensions to the infinitesimal part of a square inch. We had determined the altitude of the chapel tower over and over again. We knew to the shade of a second the dip of the gambrel that roofed the observatory. We had ascertained the "lay" of every prominent object within sight of our classroom window. It was therefore necessary to extend the sphere of our observations. Our professor delighted in a tramp, and of course he

found eager companions in all his pupils. Those sunny, flowery afternoons of April and May, out in the fields, were full of enjoyment. We did a great deal of walking, of sighting, of setting, of dragging. The note-books were covered with figures. We were allowed to smoke openly. A rare privilege. We were not allowed to drink anything stronger than water, even in secret, but I am afraid that the little black bottles hidden at intervals behind the bushes were landmarks of something else besides our goddesic devotion. All of us came back to college very tired. There was a set who knew nothing of what was going on, grouped around the theodolite with their hands in their pockets, listening with forced attention to the professor's explanations and looking very wise. Another set knew as little, but made no pretensions to knowledge, lounging on the grass, smoking, gadding and watching any adventure that might present itself. A class is a little image of the world. The majority are either unable or unwilling to comprehend. It is only a handful that follow the teaching throughout.

One day we wandered much farther than usual. This happened through a trick of our leaders. The professor appointed, as usual, two of the oldest students, acquainted with the city, to guide the party. These fellows, bent on a lark, led us to the southern outskirts, through a region where there were plenty of beer-stalls, fruit-stands and tobacco-booths. On the way they gathered the pocket money of the rest of us, made notes of the articles which each one required, and these they were to distribute when we reached the surveying ground. It took us a long time to get there, and we were so tired when we arrived that the first thing we did was to sit down on the grass, under some trees, to eat our wormy apples and smoke Cuba-sixes. Civil, as well as military engineers, have an eye for reconnoitering. From my seat I took in the features of the "field" at once. Before us, within a stone's cast, flowed the Mississippi, muddy on our side, but crystal clear along the Illinois shore, whose tall forest trees it mirrored with wonderful distinctness. Behind stretched fields and gardens, irregularly fenced and only partially cultivated. Their owners probably resided in the city, which accounted for this neglect and for the absence of habitations. To our right were pastures whose bright green was relieved here and there by the white horns and the red and yellow coats of the grazing cows. To our left was an open space, which was to be the ground of our survey. Beyond, still further to the left, three circular hedges of dwarf shrubbery indicated as many stone-quarries, now abandoned.

Our siesta would have been prolonged through the afternoon but for our professor, who roused us with the cry: "To work!" At once, by the few who knew how to use them, theodolite, sextant, quadrant, plumb and level were set; while the vulgar herd, the *ignobile vulgus*, got ready to slip the chains from their reels. In an unusually short time, the open area was measured, each one working out the problem in his note-book, as he best knew how. It was the same old routine. Two or three struck off a ready and correct answer; two or three more went half right and half wrong and forged the answer; a half dozen copied the whole calculation from their neighbours' books without any ceremony and handed it up as their own. Of the remainder, some never took the trouble to put pencil to paper and others swore that the problem was impossible of solution.

For myself, I must confess to my confusion that I was found wanting on this occasion.

"Your figures are all wrong, Carey," said the professor.

"I was afraid they would turn out so, sir," was my reply.

"How? The problem is not half so difficult as others that you have solved."

"I have found it harder at any rate, sir. I suppose I must be out of sorts."

"Tut, tut," said the professor, who thought a great deal of me, "a mathematician's mind should always be as true as that spirit level."

"When it is set, sir," I exclaimed, laughing. The professor never relished a joke. He turned on his heel and left me.

I profited by the movement to slip off the ground.

This is what had happened. While the surveying was going on, I had been stationed to make an observation, near the very edge of the field. It was within only a few feet of the stunted shrubs mentioned above. Curiosity led me to look over into the clasms. The first which I saw was small and presented nothing peculiar. The second was much larger, but partially filled up with shapeless masses of stone. Either a subterranean mine had exploded, or a portion of the wall had fallen in. In either case, it seemed to have been the scene of a catastrophe. The third quarry displayed an immense diameter and was fully two hundred feet deep. I had no time, at this first sight, to examine what it contained, but it impressed me with doubt and awe. The only thing I noticed particularly was a rugged descent, on the side opposite me. This extended from the brink to the bottom, in the shape of a rude flight of steps. About half-way along these stairs, to the right as you went down, there was an immense ledge of flat rock which seemed destined to serve as a platform.

Opening on this rock was a recess in the wall of the quarry, which looked to me like a cavern. The oblong black shadow which I took to be the mouth of the cavern was festooned with wild flowers and a profusion of green-

ery. I saw all these things at a glance, and what impressed them on my mind was that I fancied I spied something white fluttering behind the thick foliage of the bower. Who might it be? What form of life could have taken refuge amid all this silence and desolation? These were the questions I was putting myself, when I heard the voice of the professor summoning all the fielders around him. Conscious of having neglected my work, and fearful of reproach, I snatched my instrument and ran back to my companions. I tried hard to make up my lost time by borrowing the data of the problem from a companion which I manipulated with all the attention I could command. But it was useless. Curiosity got the better of me: my mind was elsewhere than on my paper. So that the moment I got rid of the professor, as related above, I was back again to the brink of the quarry.

I plunged my eye into the cavern. At first all was darkness, but a moment after I saw the same white flutter. Of course I became quite excited, and this time I was resolved that, cost what it might, I would find out the nature of my discovery. I had always prized the goodwill of my professor, but now I was prepared to brave him, if he came in my way, as professors always will come in the way, when the poor school-boy is in the height of a pleasing adventure. But I was spared the exercise of such heroic perverseness. While I was setting my teeth and looking down with peering eyes, I beheld a very singular vision. From behind the trailing flowers of the bower there appeared on the table-rock a young girl dressed in white. As she stood on the platform, she seemed detached from the wall of the quarry behind her, while the gloomy depth beneath and the clear, blue spaces above made her appear as if she were upheld without support in mid air. This illusion gave her the prestige of a phantom to my eyes. The strangeness of her surroundings, and the awful silence which reigned all through these cavernous quarries added to the surprise of the apparition. She stood one moment motionless. Then I noticed that she held out her right hand and that there was something in it. One by one, slowly and at measured intervals, rose-leaves dropped from it into the depths below. She watched their fall with attention, at times bending forward and looking sheer over the precipice. There was no railing to the platform; she might lose her balance, or her foot might slip. And yet she seemed so indifferent, so absorbed! This calm in the midst of such wildness; this unconsciousness of danger; this toying with roses on the verge of the abyss thrilled me with excitement. I felt my heart beat; my forehead and hands became cold as ice. I thought of Sappho, standing barefoot on the cliff of Leucadia; of Amina pausing on the height of the water-wheel. One reflection, however, reassured me a little. The Lesbian sang her last love song before leaping, and the somnambulist girl, in the most critical moment of her peril, warbled the sweetest plaint that modern music has created. The girl before me was voiceless. So long as she remained silent I thought there was less fear for her. I stood perfectly still myself. I would not for the world have uttered or made a motion that would have startled her.

When the last rose-leaf, upborne for a while by the undercurrents of the quarry, had noiselessly settled at the bottom, the white figure raised her eyes. She turned to the river, visible through the opening in the walls of rock all aglow with the golden flush of the setting sun. She then looked upward on a level with the trees afar in front of her. Her movement was slow and deliberate. I was too distant to distinguish her features, but from her whole manner I gathered that she was pondering on something, and, as it were, nerving herself to some resolution. I should probably have returned to my first fears, but that I saw her suddenly retreat from the platform a foot or two, then look in my direction, retreat again and look a second time more steadily than before, and finally disappear behind her framework of flowers. What had happened? I had made no sound; I had not stirred the bush; I thought I was invisible in my hiding place. But she saw me, I have no doubt, and my presence there had frightened her back into the cavern.

"This is mysterious," said I to myself. "But there is one comfort—she has got out of danger."

As I mused thus, I felt a hand on my shoulder. It was the professor, on his way home, who had found me out.

"Well, Carey, sounding the depths, are you? Looking out for a new field of operations?"

"A very deep quarry, sir," said I, recovering from my bewilderment as only school-boys know how.

"We will gauge it to-morrow," answered the professor, continuing on his route.

I followed, blessing the happy inspiration.

IV.

EMBARGO.

We returned, indeed, the next day. I contrived to be leader of the party and reached the ground far ahead of my companions. I went directly to the station I occupied on the eve and shot a keen glance into the depths. Everything was as I had left it. The pile of rocks, the star, the platform, the flowers were there. But the white apparition was not visible. Somehow I felt at once that the cavern was un-

tenanted to-day. There was a look of deadness about it, so different from yesterday, when the leaves of the bower seemed to palpitate with the young life that breathed behind it.

I was disappointed, of course, but not surprised. I was already old enough to know that scenes of happiness are not continuous, and that the best way to preserve a quiet enjoyment is to foresee occasional breaks in the series of the emotional. Accordingly, without allowing myself to be absorbed in vague conjectures, I took to examining more minutely the features of the rugged landscape. I was busy at this when the rest of the party arrived in successive squads to the surveying grounds.

While the boys were taking their seats on the grass, the professor came up to me.

"This belt of bushes will be in our way if we want to get to the brink," said he.

"Yes," I replied; "and when we do get to the brink, I don't see how we shall go down."

"Are there no natural stairs?"

"None on this side, sir."

"And opposite?"

"What you see yonder."

"Then we can go down that way."

"I fear not; it is private property."

"How do you know?"

"Don't you see that Usage hedge here, and that other there, both running down to the verge of the quarry? They are enclosures of the property which opens on the steps beyond."

"That will hardly be an objection. There is no one living here."

"I don't know. The trees are so thick in the enclosure that we can't see a house if there is one."

"Well, we cannot come down this far for nothing and lose our afternoon. You will go forward and look about a little, while I wake up the boys."

I did not require to be told twice. Following the circular direction of the shrubbery, I came to the first hedge. I saw at one glance that it reached from far in the interior down to the quarry. I crossed it, and after taking my bearings, struck diagonally for the other hedge parallel to it. I had gone only a few yards through the trees when a slight clearing gave me a glimpse of a house. I was right, therefore. The place was private property, and, what was more, it was inhabited. I stopped short for a moment to reflect. Should I return forthwith to the professor and report progress, or should I walk up to the house to negotiate on my own responsibility for the passage of our party through the grounds? My decision was soon made. A few steps brought me out of the grove to the gate of a magnificent garden. The season was mid-May, and the plants were in full blossom. The heat of the afternoon and the dazzling colors of the flowers made a kind of roseate-orange vapor through which the house before me seemed to float. This, with the surcharge of perfume, the buzz of golden insects and a certain undefined feeling of softness in my heart, intoxicated me for a moment, and I felt almost faint. When I recovered I found I was not alone at the gate. A singular old man stood on the other side of it, looking at me with a mingled expression of surprise and severity. He had on a superb cashmere dressing-gown of a bright yellow ground with figures in the shape of croziers and half-moons. This was thrown open, owing to the heat, and revealed a spotless linen shirt. He wore a smoking-cap of scarlet silk, with a silver tassel hanging almost to his shoulder. In his right hand he held a book, the forefinger being inserted between the folded pages. I have said he was old. That is, I knew instinctively he was advanced in years, though his clean-shaven, scarce-wrinkled face gave him the appearance of only middle age. His nose was long, sharp and aggressive. It was this feature which imparted character to the whole countenance.

There was quite a pause before he spoke. Evidently the old man expected me to explain my presence at his garden gate, but as I was not aware of the enormity of my trespass, it did not occur to me to make any apology. At length the old man broke out:

"What are you doing here, young man?"

It was not the directness of the question that disconcerted me. I was too much accustomed to such at college to be even taken by surprise, but it was the harsh, peremptory tone. I answered as well as I could that I had called to see the master of the house.

"But how did you get in here?"

"I crossed the hedge, sir."

"Crossed the hedge? Don't you know that that is a trespass?"

"I hardly reflected on it. Had I known I was acting wrong I should not have done it. And the person who sent me would not have consented to my coming."

"Ah! You were sent here, were you? By whom?"

I explained in a few respectful words the object of my mission, insisting especially on the fact that we were moved by no idle curiosity, but by a love for science.

The old man's face, while I spoke, was a picture. It was first a perfect blank, then it was seamed with wrinkles, next each wrinkle became animate and wriggled with passion. His lips curled disdainfully and his eye was on fire.

"White beard of Adamastor!" he burst forth, striking his book against the palisade, "of all the pieces of impudence which have been practised upon me, this is the most diabolical. What! Jump over my hedge, explore my grove, break into my garden, and all that, at the instigation of a long-faced hypocritical

priest. And then this trumpery! To invade an old man's privacy under the ridiculous pretext of a survey. Young man, I don't know what keeps me from setting my dogs after you. Clear out of here as fast as your legs can carry you, and never look back once. Woe to you if I find you within my enclosure in five minutes from now. And tell your professor that if I spy him prying around my premises, I'll cut his ears off or fling him head foremost into the quarry yonder. He will thus be able to tell us how deep it is. Ah! the vile brood of serpents, how I could crush them all under my heel. Go now, I tell you. Be off."

I stood quite still. Nay more, I laughed. If the old fellow had brandished a cleaver over my head, I could not have kept from laughing, so absurd was his vociferous wrath, so utterly out of keeping, as it seemed to me, with the innocent cause of offence.

My hilarity must have brought the old gentleman to his senses, for I saw the flame vanish from his grey eyes, and his countenance became gradually placid. I seized the opportunity to address him.

"I will retire at once, sir, since you order it; but must repeat that had no idea I was giving such offence as you state. Accept my apology and that of my—"

"Don't mention him!" exclaimed the old man, warming up again. "I hate their very names."

I then touched my cap and turned to go. The old gentleman threw open the garden gate and called me back.

"Say, my boy, I want to know your name."

If I had had fears of being denounced to the police, I should have refused to comply, but the speaker's face was serene now, and I thought I detected a kindly smile at each corner of his lips.

"Carey Gilbert, sir, is my name."

"Gilbert? Gilbert? Born here?"

"Yes, sir; in St. Louis."

"Son of Maurice Gilbert?"

"The same, sir."

"And of Rita Florival?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, now. Well now. See what my miserable temper would have made me do—drive out of my grounds the child of one of the best friends I ever had in the world. Come, stand up. Look me in the face. Yes, there are your mother's eyes; her Creole eyes. You have your father's mouth and broad shoulders. Carey—did you say? Well, Carey come into the house. I live quite solitary here, or I should have heard of you before. Come into the house a moment."

I had not feared the old man's anger; I was disconcerted by his kindness. I hardly knew whether I should accept his invitation or not. Curiosity prompted me to it, but I remembered that I had been long away; that my companions must be waiting for me, and I feared that if any of them took it into his head to come in search of me, and the old gentleman should observe it, there might be a renewal of the ridiculous scene. So I expressed my thanks and apologies as well as I could. My host accepted them, but made me promise that at the earliest opportunity I should call on him.

When I got almost out of sight of the gate, I heard a female voice singing, in the direction of the house. A thrill of joy passed through me. I stopped and turned to listen.

"Hush!" exclaimed the old man impatiently, waving his right hand at the singer.

I resumed my walk and some minutes afterward had joined my companions. The recital of my story created much merriment, the professor himself heartily joining in it.

"But we have lost the afternoon," said he.

I walked back to the college, thinking that the afternoon was by no means lost to me.

(To be continued.)

HEARTH AND HOME.

CHILDREN.—Children hunger after new things and new ideas. They will learn with pleasure from the lips of parents what they deem drudgery to learn from books, and even if they have the misfortune to be deprived of many educational advantages they will grow up intelligent if they enjoy in childhood the privilege of listening to the conversation of intelligent people. Let them have many opportunities of learning in this way. Be kind to them, and don't think it beneath you to answer their little questions, for they proceed from an implanted faculty which every true man and woman should take delight in gratifying.

MARRIAGE.—It is not a pleasant thing to go through the world without sympathy, and to meet only those who have no interest in us except to make us contributors to their welfare and their selfish ends. In marriage, as it should be, there can be no selfishness. Each member works for the other's good; each contributes to the other's welfare. In the outside world it is different; each seeks to use the other for selfish purpose, and this makes life a contest, a battle. If such a state of things were to prevail in the home and married relation, then marriage would so far be an evil, and not a good.

TRUTH.—Truth will never die; the stars will grow dim, the sun will pale his glory, but truth will be ever young. Integrity, uprightness, honesty, love, goodness, these are all imperishable. No grave can ever entomb these immortal principles. They have been in prison, but they

have been freer than before; those who enshrined them in their hearts have been burned at the stake, but out of their ashes other witnesses have arisen. No sea can drown; no storm can wreck; no abyss can swallow up the everlasting truth. You cannot kill goodness and integrity; the way that is consistent with these must be a way everlasting.

FAILURE OF BRAIN-POWER.—The best possible thing for a man to do, when he feels too weak to carry anything through, is to go to bed and sleep as long as he can. This is the only recuperation of the brain-power, the only actual recuperation of brain-force, because, during sleep, the brain is in a sort of rest, in a condition to receive appropriate particles of nutriment from the blood, which take the place of those which have been consumed by previous labour, since the very act of thinking burns up solid particles, as every turn of the wheel or screw of the steamer is the result of consumption by fire of the fuel in the furnace.

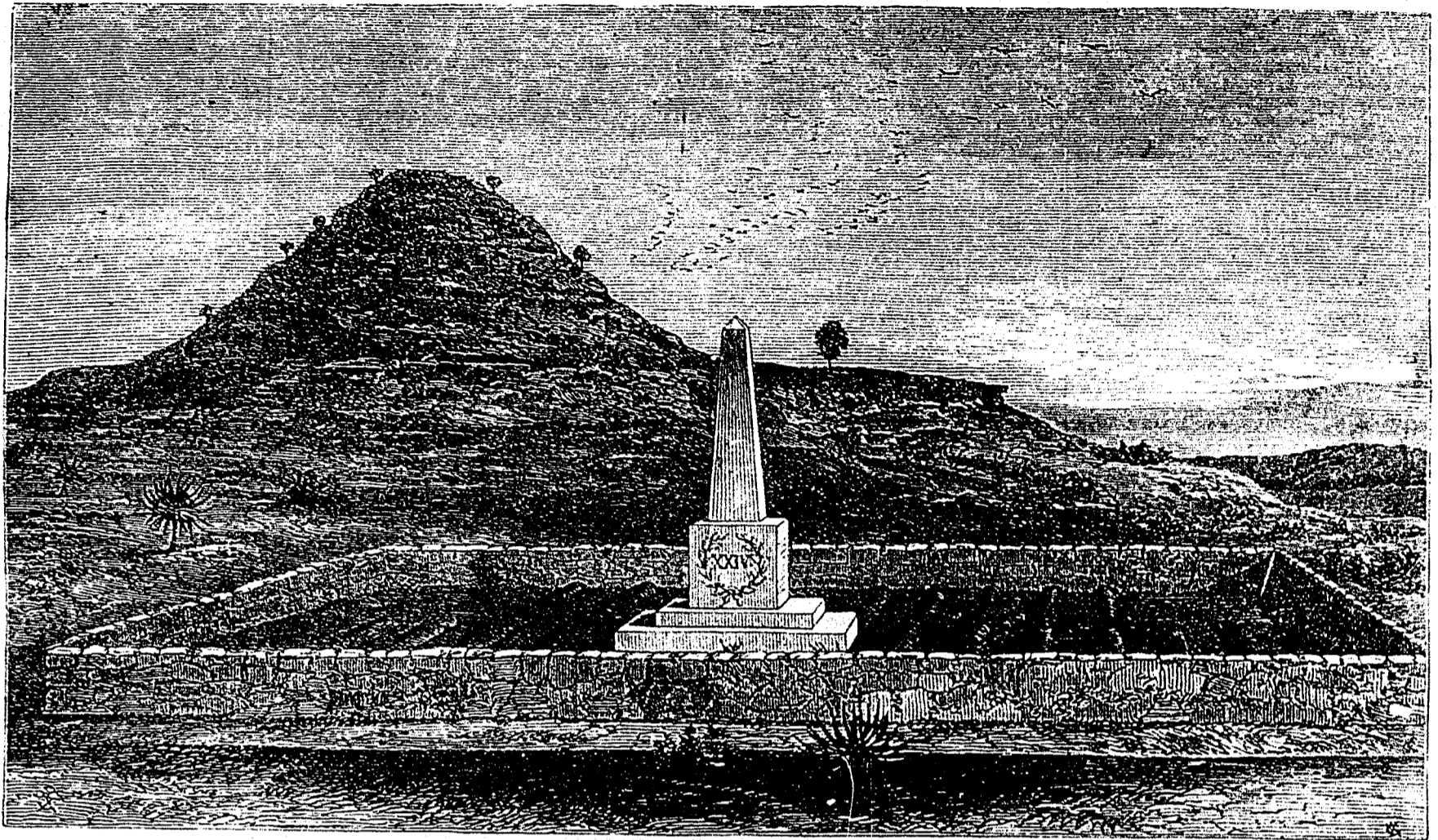
KNOWLEDGE OF ONESELF.—Always remember no one can debase you but yourself. Slander, satire, falsehood, injustice—these can never rob you of your manhood. Men may lie about you, they may denounce you, they may cherish suspicious manifold, they may make your failings the target of their wit or cruelty—never be alarmed, never swerve an inch from the line your judgment and conscience have marked out for you. They cannot, by all their efforts, take away your knowledge of yourself, the purity of your motives, the integrity of your character and the generosity of your nature. While these are left, you are in point of fact unharmed.

FLOWERS.—There is nothing better for wives and daughters, physically, than to have the care of a garden; a flower-pot, if nothing more. What is pleasanter than to spend a portion of every day in working among plants, watching their growth, and observing the opening of their flowers, from week to week, as the season advances? Then how much it adds to the enjoyment to know that your own hands have planted them and have pruned and trained them—this a pleasure that requires neither great riches nor profound knowledge. The advantages which woman personally derives from stirring the soil and sniffing the morning air are freshness and beauty of cheek and brightness of eye, cheerfulness of temper, vigour of mind, and purity of heart.

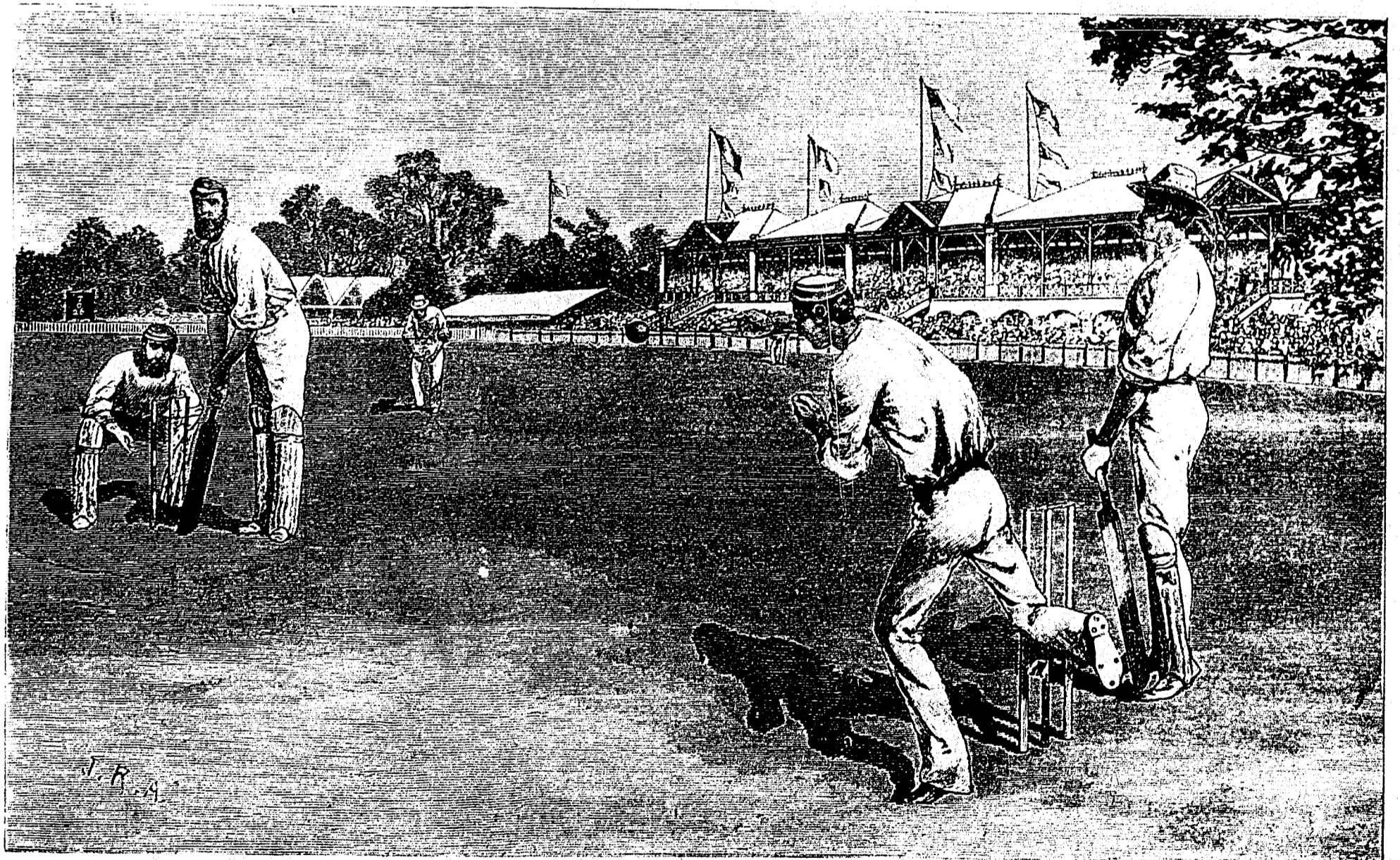
A PLAIN TRUTH.—How strange it is that men, and women too, are oftentimes ashamed of what is best in them, and are ignobly contented with the world's approval, or understand silence in regard to things discreditable to their humanity! One starts sometimes with horror to see the beautiful and the true recklessly thrust into the background that deformity may be decked and paraded in its place. Only by long continuance in wronging our better nature can the soul's protesting voice thus be silenced. Only by long chosen association with those who have themselves succeeded in doing it does it grow fainter and fainter, to be heard never again till the soul rouses itself horror-struck and despairing at the foolish, mispent past and the black hopeless future. Too often our good angel covers his face and retires that a mocking fiend may clap us approvingly on the back.

LOVERS.—Marriage is so often the result of circumstances which throw two people together—of a consideration of the fitness of things—of momentary impulse, or of cool deliberation—that that which should be the happiest state of things is often the unhappiest. And people speak of a wedding as they would a lottery, where there are more blanks than prizes. The only true matches are made by love, and when two people have really loved—really loved from the depths of their hearts—nothing can ever quite part them again. We do not say this of those who have only been called, or called themselves, lovers. A couple may be engaged, or, it may be, even married, and yet that wonderful tie of great love may never have existed between them. When it does exist, all the waters cannot quench it, nor the seas cover it. For ever and for ever—at least, in the for ever of life—those two are more than any two who have not loved can be. Sometimes happy fate actually unites two who love thus, and they live a long, happy life together.

SYSTEM.—Whatever you do, have system about it. It is the greatest labour-saving machine in the world, and the cheapest, but it is not the easiest governed. It requires reason and management to control and exercise it. Yet, wherever it has been introduced, this great labour-saving machine has been a success, demonstrating to the world that it has saved its operator unnecessary manual labour, a multitude of perplexities, kept his work-shop in order, and enabled him to perform correctly more by far than in its absence would have been possible. It has many a time kept its possessor from exasperating entanglements; it has saved him time and trouble; it has kept his business rectified while others have been confused. System! It has ever been a victor in war, it is the powerful sceptre that the true statesman and the political economist sway in government, and it has been, and still is, the commonest stepping-stone to individual fortune. Have system in your management, and you will find eventually it will outweigh the physical forces of energy without it.



THE CEMETERY AT RORKE'S DRIFT.



THE MATCH BETWEEN THE AUSTRALIAN ELEVEN AND LORD HARRIS' TEAM ON THE MELBOURNE CRICKET GROUND.



CRAZY JOAN.—FROM A PAINTING BY PADRILLA.

A WORD FOR MEN'S RIGHTS.

The notions which rule inside of man's head, and the phrases in vogue to represent them, are hardly less liable to fluctuation than is the fashion of outward adornment, whether by hats, caps, bonnets, periwigs or powder. Sixty to eighty years ago scarcely anything was so much talked of as the rights of man. Where this phrase originated we cannot tell. It is not met with in any writer of prior date to the middle of the last century. James Otis used it in his famous tract on the "Rights of the American Colonies," nor are we aware of its appearance in any earlier print. Sudden, however, and obscure as its first appearance was, it "took," and soon became one of the most fashionable of phrases. It played a great part in the American Revolution. It found its way into the Declaration of Independence, and into the fundamental laws of most of the States. It played a still greater part in the French Revolution. Ten or fifteen French constitutions, more or less, were founded upon it. Tom Paine wrote his world-wide known book with this title. For awhile nothing was so much talked of as the rights of man—talked of, we say—for, as it happened in the case of the thirsty Indian, so with respect to these rights, it was pretty much all talk, with very little cider.

In seventy years, however, fashions have changed. The rights of man—once in everybody's mouth, are seldom heard of now-a-days, or if mentioned at all, in Congress and other respectable places, these rights, once the hope of humanity, are referred to only to be sneered at as a flourish of rhetoric—a chimera of the imagination.

Still we hope that we are not to be left speechless and hopeless. Hope still remains at the bottom of the box, with a fine sounding phrase to back it. Let the men go to the deuce. What of that? Does not lovely woman still remain to us? To-day the fashionable phrase is—woman's rights.

The women have discovered, or think they have, that they are, and long have been tyrannized over, in the most brutal manner, by society, the laws and their husbands. Women's rights is now the watchword for social reform, and even for political revolution—the women among other trifles, claiming their right to vote.

It must be confessed that such general outcries are not commonly raised without some reason. They are the natural expressions of pain and unsatisfied desire. It was not without reason that Europe and America, towards the close of the last century, raised the cry of the rights of man; and so, we dare say, it is not without reason that the rights of women are now dinged into our ears. Nor is this cry without marked effect, not merely upon society, but also upon laws. Almost all the State legislatures have been at work, with more or less diligence and enthusiasm, modifying their statute books, under the influence of this new zeal. To that we do not object. We are for reform. We are for progress. We are for woman's rights; but also for man's rights—for everybody's rights; and in that spirit we are going to offer a few hints to that portion of the public, whose vaulting zeal, on behalf of the ladies, seems a little in danger of overleaping itself, and jolting on the other side. It is well to stand straight, but not well to tumble over backward in attempting to do so.

Those who desire to modify our existing laws as to the relation of husband and wife, will do well to reflect that the old English common law on this subject, if it be a rude and barbarous system, little suited to our advanced and refined state of society, which we do not deny, is also a consistent and logical system of which the different parts mutually rest upon and sustain each other. In the repair and modification of such a system it is material that every part of it should be taken into account. Changes in one part will involve and require changes in other parts; otherwise, alterations made with a view only to relieve the wife from tyranny and oppression, may work a corresponding injustice to the husband. Nor are the changes already made in the laws, partly by legislation and partly by usage, free from glaring instances of this sort.

The English common law makes the husband the guardian and master of the wife who stands to him in the relation of a child and a servant. In virtue of this relation the husband is legally responsible for the acts of the wife. If she slanders or assaults her neighbours he is joined with the wife in the action to recover damages, and he alone is legally responsible for the amount of damages recovered, even to the extent of being sent to jail in default of payment. He is likewise responsible for debts contracted by the wife. Even in criminal proceedings it is he who must pay, or go to jail for not paying the fines imposed on the wife; and there are many cases, even cases of felony, in which the wife, acting in concert with the husband, is excused from all punishment on the presumption that she acts by his compulsion, though in fact she may, as in the case of Macbeth's wife, have been the instigator. Public opinion goes even further than the law, and holds the husband accountable, to a certain extent, for all misbehaviours and indiscretions on the part of the wife. Not only is he to watch that she does not steal, he is to watch that she does not flirt, and every species of infidelity, or even levity on her part, inflicts no less disgrace upon him than upon her.

The law and public opinion having anciently imposed all these heavy obligations on the hus-

band, very logically and reasonably proceeded to invest him with corresponding powers and authority. Standing to the wife, as he was made to stand, in the relation of father and master, the law very reasonably invested him with all the authority of a father and master. How indeed was he to exercise the authority and fulfill the obligations which the law and public opinion imposed upon him of regulating the conduct of his wife, unless invested at the same time with means both of awe and coercion? Accordingly the law and usage of England authorized the husband to chastise the wife—in a moderate manner—employing for that purpose a rod not thicker than his finger. The husband was also entitled to the personal custody of his wife, and was authorized in proper cases to lock her up, and if need were, to keep her on bread and water.

Now these, it must be confessed, were extensive powers—harsh and barbarous, if you please; but however harsh and extensive the powers of the husband may be, we appeal even to our lady friends to say, how in the name of common sense, is the husband to keep the wife in order to the extent that the law and public opinion demand of him, except by the exercise of these powers, or at least by the awe which the known possession and possible exercise of them is fitted to inspire? If the fractious child is neither to be spanked or otherwise corrected, how is domestic discipline to be preserved?

And so of another great topic of complaint on the part of the advocates of woman's rights—the power which the husband has by common law over the wife's property. He being responsible for her debts, and her acts, and being bound to provide for the support of the children, should have as a corollary thereto, the custody of, and disposition of the wife's property, if she chances to inherit or acquire any.

Such are the relative rights and duties of the husband under the old English common law. Under this law a husband is not a mere chimera, a snail and impossible quantity. There is a logical consistency about him. He is as Horace says of the stoic philosopher, "*terris atque rotundus*"—round and whole, armed at all points, provided with power adequate to the duties expected of him.

In America we have no such husbands. Long before the cry of woman's rights was openly raised, the powers and prerogatives of the American husband had been gradually undermined. Usage superseded law, and trampled it under foot. Sentiment put logical consistency at defiance, and the American husband has thus become a legal monster, a logical impossibility required to fly without wings, and to run without feet.

Women care nothing for logic, but they have a strong sense of justice, and tender hearts, and to these we appeal.

Who can wonder that the men are shy in taking upon them the responsibilities of married life?—and such feeling is proven by actual statistics to be gaining ground. Those responsibilities all remain exactly as in old times, while the means of actually meeting them are either entirely taken away—or in a fair way to be so.

The nominal custody of the wife, which the law still, in some sections, affects to bestow upon the husband, is a mere illusion. If he attempts to lock her up, she can sue out her *Habeas Corpus*, and oblige him to pay the expenses of it; and if she wishes to quit her husband's house and go elsewhere, he has no means of compelling her return. He may sue those with whom she takes refuge for harbouring her, but if he obtains damages at all they will be only nominal. In most of the States, laws have been enacted giving the wife exclusive control of her own property, acquired before and after marriage. While the wife is thus rendered to a great extent independent of her husband, he, by a strange inconsistency, is still held, both by law and public opinion, just as responsible for her as before. The old and reasonable maxim, "that he who dances must pay the piper," does not apply to wives; they dance, and the husband pays. To such an extent is this carried, that if the wife beats her husband, and he having no authority to punish her in kind, applies to the criminal court for redress, she will be fined for assault and battery, which fine she must pay, even though she has plenty of money of her own, or, in default of paying, go to jail! Such cases are by no means of unprecedented occurrence in our criminal courts.

Now, what sense or reason is there in making the husband responsible for the license of the wife's tongue, after he has lost all power to control it? If the wife is to hold her property separately ought she not to be sued separately, both for debts and damages? If her property ought not to go to pay her husband's debts, why should his go to pay hers? If the husband has lost the power to control the goings in and runnings out of the wife, why ought public opinion to hold him any longer responsible therefor?

We have no objection to an amendment of the laws in relation to husband and wife. Public opinion demands it; the progress of society requires it. But the new wine ought not to be put into old bottles, nor the old garment to be patched with new pieces, lest, as the proverb says, "the rent be made worse than before."

But there is yet another innovation of the law, liable to still more serious objections. Not content with placing the unfortunate husband in an absurd and anomalous condition, not content with still demanding of him certain duties and obligations, at the same time that he is deprived of the powers essential to their fulfilment, reducing him in fact to a position hardly less

ridiculous and not less embarrassing than that of a short-tailed bull in fly time—the law seeks to entrap us into matrimony against our inclinations, by holding, as it does, that any man who shows signs of having been impressed by a woman, becomes, if she is single, her lawful prize, and is bound to marry her if she insists upon it, or else—stand a suit for breach of promise.

It is often said that no woman of any delicacy or self-respect ever would or ever does bring a suit for breach of promise of marriage. That may be so. Still nothing prevents a great many women who would be unwilling to confess to any deficiency of delicacy or self-respect, from taking advantage of the law, or, more properly speaking, of the public sentiment out of which the law grows and which sustains it, to force their once lovers, but lovers no longer, into a reluctant and repugnant marriage ceremony.

Whose private experience does not enable him to recount instances in which men of sensibility and honour have suffered themselves to be thus forced into unsuitable matches, of which the unfortunate result has corresponded with the inauspicious beginning? Contrary to every principle of common sense, as well as to every instinct of sentiment, as are suits for breach of promise of marriage, yet undoubtedly they are fully sustained by the prevailing public sentiment. Otherwise it would be impossible to explain the extravagant lengths to which courts have gone in inferring a promise of marriage from the most trivial circumstances—waiting on a lady home from church; going to her house on friendly visits; asking her to accompany you to places of amusement; corresponding with her, though nothing has been said about love or marriage, &c., &c. There is, indeed, no circumstance, however light or trivial, upon which the busy tongues of a country parish get up a rumour of an engagement, which is not held amply sufficient for our courts of law to establish the fact of a promise of marriage, and to lay the foundation of a suit for damages.

It is not, however, upon these extreme cases that we rest our opposition. We object to the proceedings in any case, no matter how solemn or formal the promise, nor how often renewed. We object to the whole idea of obligation in such a case, and, of course, to the enforcement of such supposed obligation by law.

The whole thing is a gross abuse, to speak plainly, a scandalous abomination. The very idea of marriage, according to any but the grossest and lowest conception of it, implies the full and free consent of both the parties to it. It implies more, not a mere tacit consent, but a forward, active, joyous consent. A great deal of sympathy has been expended over women forced by the tyranny of parents to give their hands without their hearts. A miserable case, truly, but not more so than the man, drawn by a false sense of honor and a ridiculous public opinion, to speak a public lie, and in the face of God and man to pledge himself as a husband, when he knows that he cannot be one. A promise to marry carries with it the implied reservation that he who promises shall continue to love. The promise is not, and is not understood to be, either by him who makes, or her who receives it, a promise merely to assume the legal responsibility of marriage; it is a promise to assume the moral and sentimental responsibilities also, and if by change of circumstances and change of mind, it has become impossible to fulfil one part of the promise, the whole necessarily falls to the ground. What is the object and intent of that intimacy called an engagement of marriage, unless to enable the parties to live together in that freedom of intercourse which the mutual anticipation of marriage inspires, for the very purpose of giving them an insight they would not otherwise have into each other's character, and an opportunity of repentance and retraction before taking the irrevocable step? And if this be the object of an engagement, how absurd to hold a man bound to marry by the very process of seeking to discover whether it will be judicious for him to marry or not.

Of all miserable things in this world of misery, a miserable marriage is the most miserable. Yet at a time when our courts are besieged by wives and husbands struggling to get rid of unloving partners, when the laws on the subject of divorce are loudly complained of in so many quarters, failing to afford that relief which they ought, one measure, it would seem, might suit equally well both the friends and the enemies of the freedom of divorce. An ounce of prevention is worth many pounds of cure.

It may be necessary to allow those married persons to separate, who have become not merely tiresome, but hateful to each other; but how much better to avoid the blunder, as far as possible, of bringing such people together? Divorce at the pleasure of either party after the marriage has been consummated, and especially after children are born, is limited to some very weighty objections; but what can be the objection to allowing the freedom of separation in cases where no marriage has taken place? If, indeed, to seek the intimacy of a lady with a view to discover if she is suitable to be your wife, is to carry with it the obligation to make her so, at all events we are worse off than the Chinese. He, if not suited with one wife, can take another, and so on until he is suited. We when once married are—done for. Under these circumstances we ought at least to have the privilege of making a choice with our eyes open, and not to be held by the very act of pre-consideration to have precluded ourselves from declining to accept an article, which, however, taking it might seem at first sight, proves on

being more closely looked at, not what we wanted.

And so, whilst conceding to the fair sex all their due rights and privileges, &c., we must most strenuously urge upon them to consider the "Rights of Man."

July 1st, 1879.

C. W.

THE GLEANER.

ALREADY more than £1,000 have been contributed to the Butt testimonial fund in Dublin.

EVERY loaf of bread sold in Cincinnati must have its weight stamped upon it.

THE Grecian ladies counted their age from their marriage, not from their birth.

THE crops in all parts of France have been injured by rains. The beet root vines suffered heavily.

NEARLY 9000 prizes in the Paris Exhibition lottery remain unclaimed, and are to be sold by auction.

THE eruption of Mount Etna has ceased, but smoke continues to issue from the mountain.

THERE is every probability that the Gotthard tunnel will be completed by the end of November.

THE Emperor of Japan has resolved to devote 2,000,000 (of francs) to a first-class Italian operatic company.

THE Swiss Council of States have resolved to re-establish capital punishment in Switzerland.

THE oil of the dolphin is taken for pulmonary complaints by the sick in Cornwall, and is said to be beneficial.

THE astuteness of a Turk in diplomacy is a proverb through the East. The Arabs say that a Turk will catch a hare with a lame donkey.

MISS THOMPSON (Mrs. Butler) has been requested by Queen Victoria to paint for her two battle scenes—one of them being of the field of Borke's Drift.

A STATUE of the late Prince Consort, which is about to be erected opposite the Royal Hotel, Great Grimsby, is to be unveiled by the Princess of Wales on July 22nd.

THE Emperor and Empress of Germany received upwards of 15,000 congratulatory letters and telegrams on the occasion of their "golden wedding."

REMOUR credits the late Baron Lionel Rothschild with having amassed a fortune of £13,000,000—£7,000,000 more than the personality of Baron Meyer Rothschild, and £7,000,000 less than that of Baron James, who died worth £20,000,000.

LORD BEACONSFIELD has declined the golden wreath purchased with the proceeds of a penny subscription organized by a Mr. Turnerelli. The latter is supposed to be a place-seeker, and a letter from Lord Beaconsfield's private secretary intimates as much.

THE war expenses in South Africa average about £40,000 a day. The sick rate per 1,000, exclusive of natives, is 8 per cent. One hundred and seventy officers are on the sick list. This is a cheerful state of things!

THE Zulus believe in the transmigration of souls after death into the bodies of serpents. Consequently every family has its pet serpent, and, if this reptile goes away or dies, the circumstance is regarded as a presage of ill, and there is weeping and gnashing of teeth.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Paper received. Thanks.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 229.

E. H., Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 227.

We hear that it is very probable that arrangements will be made by the members of the Ottawa Chess Club to have the next Congress of the Canadian Chess Association take place in that city. We believe that this will give much pleasure to a large number of the chessplayers of the Dominion. Ottawa is delightfully situated; it is a place of growing importance, and has just now many attractions connected with it; and although chessplayers will go there to play chess and, if possible, win games, they will have no objection to all the other gratifications which the locality may afford.

We have good reasons for concluding that if the members of the Ottawa Club take the affair in hand, they will carry it out successfully.

The Secretary for the present year is an enthusiastic player, and should be assisted by an earnest managing committee, the next Congress of the Association will infuse such strength into this society of chessplayers that we shall not hear again any mournful anticipations of its coming to an untimely end.

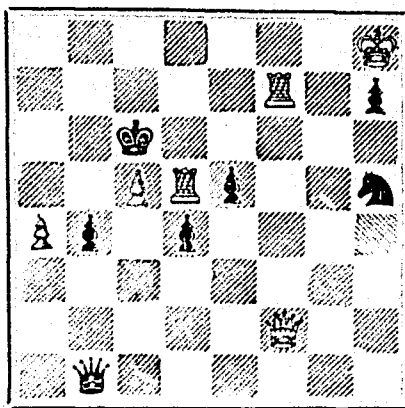
As regards the Tourney which always takes place at the annual meeting, we feel confident that such rules will be made with reference to duration, time limit of moves and other points of importance, that no dissatisfaction will manifest itself after the business has been brought to a conclusion.

It is too late, now, to speak of a gold cup to be subscribed for by our Dominion players, with a view to its becoming an object of annual competition. Such, however, is the plan adopted by the Counties' Chess Association of England, and hitherto it has been a most successful one.

We suppose that it is too late, now (also) for anything to be done in the way of a Problem Tourney. The present officers of the Association, we are sure, would have given these and other things all necessary attention if time had been placed at their disposal. As it is, they have assuredly their work to do.

We have been promised an account of any definite arrangements which may be made, and they shall appear, as soon as possible, in our Column.

PROBLEM No. 232. By Dr. Gold. BLACK.



WHITE White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 371st.

(From the Chessplayer's Chronicle.)

Played, some time ago, between Messrs. Minchin and Wayte, at the St. George's Chess Club.

(Ray Lopez.)

WHITE.—(Mr. Minchin) BLACK.—(Mr. Wayte.)

- 1. P to K 4 2. Kt to Q B 3 3. B to Kt 5 4. B to R 4 5. P to Q 3 6. P to B 3 7. P to K R 3 8. Q to K 2 (a) 9. B to B 2 10. P to K Kt 4 (a) 11. Q Kt to Q 2 12. Kt to B sq 13. P takes P 14. Kt to Kt 3 (a) 15. P takes P 16. B to Q 3 17. B to K 3 18. Castles K R 19. B to Q Kt 5 (c) 20. Q takes R 21. Q takes K P 22. K to Kt 2 23. K to R sq 24. P to Q B 4 25. Q takes Q 26. P to B 5 27. P to R 3 28. P to B 3 29. Kt to B 5 30. K P takes Kt 31. B takes B 32. K R to Q B sq 33. R takes R 34. B to B 4 35. P to Q R 4 36. P to R 5 37. P to R 6 38. P to R 7 39. R takes P (e) 40. R to B 2 41. R to K Kt 2 42. R takes B 43. P takes P 44. R takes P 45. R to R 4 46. K to Kt 2 47. R to R 7 48. R takes Kt (ch) 49. K to B 3 50. K to K 3 51. K to Q 3 (g)

NOTES.

- (a) These manoeuvres are all upon the model of the first game in the match between Steinitz and Blackburne. (b) To deter White from castling on the Queen's side and hoping to get up an attack if he Castle K R after advancing the K Kt P. (c) An oversight of course, but White gets some compensation through his passed Q R P. (d) An act of greediness which deservedly lost the game. The passed P cannot now be stopped, and must cost a piece. (e) White hesitated between this move and R to Kt 4. The latter at once wins the B for the advanced Pawn, but he feared, perhaps unnecessarily, Black's Q B P. (f) Kt to B sq saves the piece for the moment; but by R to B 7 (better than R takes R P) he would still lose two Pawns, with a forlorn game. (g) Black delays resigning till he sees which way the King is going. Had White played to defend the R P, the game would have been drawn, but he now declares his intention of advancing to K 6, which is quite enough.

SOLUTIONS

Solution of Problem No. 30

- WHITE. BLACK. 1. Kt to Q B 4 1. Any move 2. Kt or R mates acc.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 228.

- WHITE. BLACK. 1. Kt to Q B 4 (ch by dis.) 1. K moves. 2. P to K 2 becomes a Kt and mates.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 229.

- WHITE. BLACK. K at Q Kt 6 K at Q 4 Q at K Kt 3 Kt at K B 7 B at Q 7 B at Q Kt 4 Kt at K B 5 Pawns at K Kt 2 and Q B 2 White to play and mate in two moves.



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

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F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 10th June, 1879.

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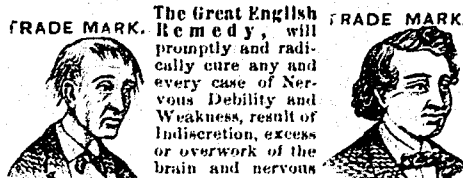
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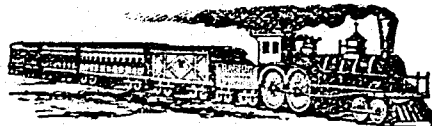
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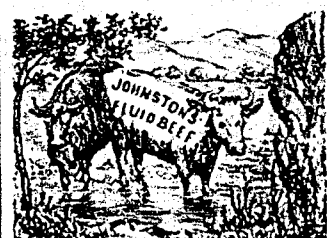
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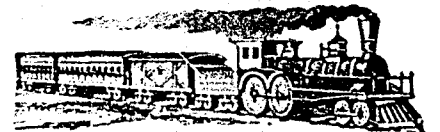
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Arrive Quebec	10 46 p.m.	9 00 a.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Quebec	2 20 p.m.	6 15 p.m.
Arrive Three Rivers	5 10 p.m.	11 30 p.m.
Leave Three Rivers	5 25 p.m.	2 25 p.m.
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