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A SUMMER SHOWER.

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NOTICE.

In order to prevent any delay in the delivery of the NEWS, or loss of numbers, those of our subscribers who change their place of residence will kindly advise us of the fact.

TEMPERATURE,

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

THE WEEK ENDING

June 19th, 1880.			Corresponding week, 1879.		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 72°	61°	66° 5	Mon.. 74°	64°	54°
Tues.. 71°	61°	66°	Tues.. 79°	55°	67°
Wed.. 75°	61°	68°	Wed.. 60°	53°	56° 5
Thur.. 77°	64°	70° 5	Thur.. 67°	51°	59°
Fri.. 79°	63°	71°	Fri.. 62°	49°	55° 5
Sat... 85°	64°	74° 5	Sat... 68°	50°	59°
Sun... 86°	65°	75° 5	Sun.. 71°	49°	60°

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, June 26th, 1880.

THE PASSION PLAY.

We present our readers to-day with a number of sketches illustrative of this remarkable dramatic performance which takes place decennially at Ober-Ammergau, in the Bavarian Alps. The theatre is a temporary structure of wood, 168 ft. long by 118 ft., and capable of holding six thousand persons. A third part only is under cover; so that the greater number of spectators sit practically in the open air, scented with the perfumes of wild flowers, of mountain heather, and fresh grass, but are also exposed to a burning sun or a drenching rain, as the case may be. The seats are arranged amphitheatrically, and every spectator, even on the remotest bench, easily commands the whole scene before him. The stage offers five distinct places for action; the front stage, a kind of neutral ground, on which not only the chorus, but also the actors, perform alternately; the two small houses with balconies, representing the residences of Pilate and Annas the high priest, and by the side of them two open arches, which afford a view into two streets of Jerusalem. Beyond the theatre the landscape background presents a beautiful view. To the right gentle hills, with green slopes and dark woods, rise behind the frontispiece of the middle stage. To the left rolling meadows expand, with here and there a shed, and cows grazing at a distance; the bright scenery framed in by the dark pine forests of the hills rising up majestically on all sides. Particularly striking in this enchanting picture is the contrast between the deep repose of the Bavarian Alps and the bustle on the stage. The Passion Play itself is divided into a prologue, three principal acts, and the final gathering, each division comprising a number of tableaux vivants, with explanatory chants by the chorus. The prologue verses are descriptive of the fall of man through the sin of Adam, and the redemption of the world

by the death of our Lord. The first act, embracing seven scenes, opens with Christ's entry into Jerusalem, and ends in his betrayal by Judas. Seven scenes are also given in the second act, which closes with the condemnation of Jesus. The third act comprises Christ's sufferings, emblematically represented in three principal tableaux—the journey to Golgotha, the crucifixion, and the resurrection.

The last scene of the play, and the most imposing in conception and execution, is intended to show the triumph of Christ over sin, death and hell, and the victory of Christianity over Paganism and Judaism. The entire space of the stage is occupied by believers in Christ, rejoicing and bearing branches of the palm tree. Christ, surrounded with a glory, stands, a majestic figure, in the midst of the worshipping people. Paganism and Judaism, Pilate and soldiers, priests and Jews, and all those that took part in the crucifixion, lie prostrate on the ground, overpowered by the light emanating from Christ. During this masterly representation the chorus raise their voices for the last time. The drama is performed about twenty times, extending over the months of May and September. It commences at eight in the morning and lasts until five, there being an hour's interval between twelve and one. At nine o'clock in the evening a signal of retreat calls all the people that have to take part in the drama next day home to rest. Soon after three o'clock on the next morning, reports of guns arouse the sleepers, and about four o'clock church service commences. At six o'clock mass is celebrated for the people engaged in the play, and at seven o'clock the theatre is open for admission. To prevent crowding in the theatre, tickets for such numbers only are issued, at each performance, as the space will conveniently hold; the prices for admission varying from 8d. to 8s. If a sufficient number of visitors cannot be accommodated with seats, the play is repeated on the day following. No tickets are issued to any save direct from the burgomaster's office, or on the application of one of the villagers who is authorized to let lodgings. Visitors, of course, expect the usual discomforts arising from overcrowding if they want to take up their abode at Ober-Ammergau; but accommodation can be found in the villages on the road thither.

The Passion Play is enacted at Ober-Ammergau, in commemoration of its delivery from the plague which raged most destructively amongst the inhabitants in 1633. Fidelity to this vow was the plea which led to a special exemption being made in favour of Ober-Ammergau by the Prince-Archbishop of Salzburg, when he prohibited Miracle Plays a hundred years ago, on the ground that they tended to bring sacred subjects into contempt. Since then clergymen of various creeds and nationalities have testified to the reverent manner in which the Bavarian peasants of Ober-Ammergau represent the solemn scenes in the play. The Rev. Dr. Bickau, for instance, expressed the following opinion of the play in a recent lecture given in Dresden on the subject. "Though," he said, "many of the Protestants who went to Ammergau did so with some misgivings, on a supposition that it would be impossible to represent the sacred persons worthily on the stage, still almost all returned enraptured with the grandeur, beauty, and truthfulness of the representation, and fully persuaded that no objection whatever can be raised against it. The representation, they said, was in every respect in keeping with the sublimity of the subject, and in some scenes produced an effect of grasping and irresistible power—an effect for which the spectator can never be prepared, and which completely overthrows his preconceived opinions and prejudices." The local committee also strongly repudiates every intention to bring their performance into the glare and publicity of fashionable sensationalism. From an artist's point of view, Edward Devrient's—the great German actor's—opinion may be quoted, who says: "There can never

be enough said and written about this highly remarkable popular drama, to direct universal attention towards it, and to spread a thorough knowledge and just appreciation of its beauty and sublimity." A special correspondent, too, who was present at the first representation of the Passion Play in May, states that, as for the acting of the drama itself, no one can question the earnestness of the actors or the purity of their intentions. Once upon the stage, their heart is in their work, and not the slightest trace of levity mars the excellence of their endeavours. In chronicling these opinions of the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau, we have no intention to influence the special views of any of our readers on the subject. But, as the play is sure to attract crowds of tourists to the Bavarian Highlands, a summary description of it may be acceptable to many.

HISTORICAL ACCURACY.

It is not surprising that there should be a good deal of scepticism regarding the statements of historians on the subject of events which have occurred a century or two ago when we find so much prevalent misconception regarding those that have taken place within the memory of persons now living, and the truth or falsehood of which could be established by reference to documents easily accessible to the public. There has never been a Canadian history published that has not had many errors, but the events connected with the rebellion of 1837 have been particularly fruitful in them. By way of illustration reference may be made to the account very generally given by Canadian historians of the mission of Messrs. ROBERT BALDWIN and ROLPH to the insurgents on the 5th December, 1837, under a flag of truce. Tuttle, one of our latest historians, has given an account of this mission at complete variance with Mr. BALDWIN's own statement in his place in Parliament, which is given in the sketch of his life by Mr. FENNINGS TAYLOR in the "Portraits of British Americans," with the observation that "it set the question for ever at rest."

In a leading article in a Toronto evening journal, published within the last few days, there is a statement made regarding the late MARSHAL SPRING BIDWELL, which is altogether erroneous and which is that SIR FRANCIS HEAD, when in New York, after his recall sent for Mr. BIDWELL "and confessed that his refusal to obey the mandate of the Imperial Government to elevate Mr. BIDWELL to the Bench was the cause of his being recalled from the Government of Upper Canada." This statement is given without the citation of any authority, and is certainly entirely without foundation in truth, as can be ascertained by reference to the published despatches of SECRETARY LORD GLENELG and SIR FRANCIS HEAD. SIR FRANCIS HEAD tendered his resignation on the occasion of his positive refusal to reinstate Mr. GEORGE RIDOUT as Judge of the Niagara District Court, he having previously refused to acquaint Mr. RIDOUT with the cause of his dismissal. The circumstances are substantially as follows: SIR FRANCIS HEAD dismissed Mr. RIDOUT from his office as Judge, the only ground assigned being, that he appeared to be a member of a society called the Alliance Society, whereas Mr. RIDOUT furnished evidence to prove that he had never been a member of that society. Mr. RIDOUT appealed to the Secretary of State, who according to SIR FRANCIS HEAD's own theory was responsible for all the acts of the Upper Canada Government. There was a correspondence on the subject ending with an instruction from LORD GLENELG to SIR FRANCIS HEAD to reinstate Mr. GEORGE RIDOUT in the office from which he had removed him, and the latter accompanied his positive refusal to obey his official superior with a tender of his resignation, which was accepted. It is not pretended that the foregoing statement is strictly accurate in its details, but the main fact is susceptible of easy proof. That fact

is that SIR FRANCIS HEAD's resignation was caused by his refusal to obey the Secretary of State's instructions with reference to the case of Mr. GEORGE RIDOUT, Judge of the Niagara District Court, and not with regard to Mr. BIDWELL.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

THE Duke of Argyll is said to be considerably annoyed at the slur cast upon his importance by the attack made upon the office of Privy Seal, and it is probable no long period will elapse before some post of more apparent importance, if not of more exalted dignity, will be found for him.

If every seat upon the floor of the House were filled only 306 members could be accommodated, leaving some 350 members to take their chance of getting into the galleries or to wander about in the lobbies. In no other country in the world would it be tolerated that more than one-half of the Legislature should be excluded by physical restrictions from the opportunity of taking part in the debates.

DURING the Empress Eugenie's stay at Natal she was presented with a memento. Shortly after the funeral service held over the body of the Prince Imperial, at Pietermaritzburg, a small piece of lead was detached from the coffin, and this has since been worked up into the shape of a cross and mounted in Transvaal gold. On her Majesty being informed of the nature of the presentation she was much affected.

THE French plays are in full swing at the Gaiety, but they are causing by no means so great a sensation as when Sarah Bernhardt and her colleagues were over here last year. The pedestrian in the Strand, about eleven o'clock, misses the long line of carriages and the powdered "Jeameses." But for all that, the business is excellent, and that shrewdest of managers, Mr. Hollingshead, is pretty sure to make a handsome profit out of his enterprise. Very little interest seems to attach to the forthcoming visit of the troupe of Dutch players to the Imperial Theatre.

LORD BEACONSFIELD intended, if he had remained in office, to submit a great many names to the Queen for recognition in the Birthday Gazette; but nearly all of them were withdrawn at the last moment, except the names of the Colonial Governors and statesmen who were marked out for the Order of St. Michael and St. George, and the hand of Lord Beaconsfield is seen in the distribution of this Order by the way in which the value of the Order itself has been raised by placing the name of Prince Leopold at the head of the list. Practically, the Order was extinct till Lord Beaconsfield took it in hand, and it is now one of the most distinguished of the series by which the Queen rewards the services of public men.

AMONG the distinguished visitors to the House of Lords recently was Madam Sarah Bernhardt. She was introduced by Mr. Evelyn Ashley (son of the Earl of Shaftesbury), member for the Isle of Wight, and one of the new Under Secretaries of State. Sarah was greatly pleased with the attention paid her and with Mr. Ashley's conversation, carried on as it was in excellent French. She was subsequently introduced to Baron de Worms, the new member for Greenwich. On leaving the House she observed in her best English, to a friend who accompanied her—"I like Mr. Evelyn Ashley, he is one very agreeable shentleman; and for Baron de Worms I have seldom met shentlemans like him so agreeable before!" Sarah is evidently getting on with our language.

THE Queen never loses an opportunity to be gracious to Americans. A current incident, by way of example, has been mentioned recently. Mrs. Osgood has received the royal command to sing at the next State concert. Now this lady has a delicate organ, and she never runs the risk of appearing in a low-necked dress. It was therefore, to her, a matter of much personal anxiety when she was requested to sing at the Royal concert. But in the midst of her many engagements the chance of taking cold impelled her to have her case mentioned to the Queen, about whose insistence upon strict court dress a good deal has been written of late. The Queen returned the answer one might have expected from so genuine a woman and so great a Queen: "Let Mrs. Osgood come in the dress that will be most agreeable to her."

We present to-day the portrait of Mr. L. H. FRÉCHETTE, a French Canadian poet, who has the exceptional honour of having been crowned by the French Academy. The portrait is surrounded by a number of sketches of two dramatic pieces which Mr. Fréchet produced with great success in this city last week. But for that circumstance we should have delayed the portrait till next week to accompany a review of the poet's works which we are preparing but could not finish in time from lack of necessary material.

AN ARTIST'S FIRST TRIUMPH.

EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF OLE BULL.

Behind the Alps is the land of miracles, the world of adventure. We do not believe in miracles; adventure, on the contrary, is very dear to us—we listen to it with willingness, and such a one as only happens to genius took place at Bologna in the year 1834. The poor Norwegian, Ole Bull, whom at that time no one knew, had wandered thus far southward. In his fatherland some persons certainly thought that there was something in him; but most people, as is generally the case, predicted that Ole Bull would amount to nothing. He himself felt that he must go out into the world in order to cherish the spark into a flame, or else to quench it entirely. Everything seemed at first to indicate that the latter would be the case. He had arrived at Bologna, but his money was spent, and there was no place where there was any prospect of getting more—no friend, not a countryman, held forth a helping hand toward him; he sat alone in a poor attic in one of the small streets.

It was already the second day that he had been here, and he had scarcely tasted food. The water-jug and the violin were the only two things that cheered the young and suffering artist. He began to doubt whether he really were in possession of that talent with which God had endowed him, and in his despondency breathed into the violin those tones which now seize our hearts in so wonderful a manner—those tones which tell us how deeply he has suffered and felt. The same evening a great concert was to be given in the principal theatre. The house was filled to overflowing; the Grand Duke of Tuscany was in the royal box; Madame Malibran and Monsieur de Beriot were to lend their able assistance in the performance of several pieces. The concert was to commence, but matters looked inauspicious—the manager's star was not in the ascendant—Monsieur de Beriot had taken umbrage and refused to play. All was trouble and confusion on the stage, when, in this dilemma, the wife of Rossini, the composer, entered, and in the midst of the manager's distress related that on the previous evening, as she passed through one of the narrow streets, she had suddenly stopped on hearing the strange tones of an instrument, which certainly resembled those of a violin, but yet seemed to be different. She had asked the landlord of the house who it was that lived in the attic whence the sounds proceeded, and he had replied that it was a young man from the north of Europe, and that the instrument he played was certainly a lyre, but she felt assured that it could not be so; it must either be a new sort of an instrument or an artist who knew how to treat his instrument in an unusual manner. At the same time she said that they ought to send for him, and he might, perhaps, supply the place of Monsieur de Beriot by playing the pieces that must otherwise be wanting in the evening's entertainment. This advice was acted upon, and a messenger was dispatched to the street where Ole Bull sat in his attic. To him it was a message from heaven. Now or never, thought he, and, though ill and exhausted, he took his violin under his arm and accompanied the messenger to the theatre. Two minutes after his arrival the manager informed the assembled audience that a young Norwegian, consequently a "young savage," would give a specimen of his skill on the violin instead of Monsieur de Beriot.

Ole Bull appeared. The theatre was brilliantly illuminated. He perceived the scrutinizing looks of the ladies nearest to him; one of them, who watched him very closely through her opera glass, smilingly whispered to her neighbour, with a mocking mien, about the diffident manners of the artist. He looked at his clothes, and in the strong blaze of light they looked rather the worse for wear. The lady made her remarks about them, and her smile pierced his very heart. He had taken no notes with him which he could give to the orchestra; he was consequently obliged to play without accompaniment. But what should he play? "I will give them the fantasies which at this moment cross my mind!" And he played improvisatory remembrances of his own life—melodies from his soul. It was as if every thought, every feeling, passed through the violin and revealed itself to the audience. The most astounding acclamations resounded through the house. Ole Bull was called forth again and again. They still desired a new improvisation. He then addressed himself to that lady whose mocking smile had met him on his appearance, and asked for a theme to vary. She gave him one from "Norma." He then asked two other ladies who chose one from "Othello" and one from "Moses." Now, thought he, if I take all three, unite them with each other, and form one piece, I shall then flatter each of the ladies, and perhaps the composition will produce an effect. He did so. Powerfully as the rod of the magician the bow glided across the strings, while cold drops of perspiration trickled down his forehead. There was fever in his blood; it was as if the mind would free itself from the body; as fire shot from his eyes; he felt himself almost swooning; yet a few bold strokes—they were his last bodily powers.

Flowers and wreaths from the charmed multitude fluttered about him, who, exhausted by mental conflict and hunger, was nearly fainting. He went to his home accompanied by music. Before the house sounded the serenade for the hero of the evening, who meanwhile crept up the dark and narrow staircase, higher and higher,

into his poor garret, where he clutched the water-jug to refresh himself. When all was silent the landlord came to him, brought him food and drink, and gave him a better room. The next day he was informed that the theatre was at his service, and that a concert was to be arranged for him. An invitation from the Duke of Tuscany next followed, and from that moment name and fame were found for Ole Bull.

'END OF A ROMANTIC CAREER.

The Manitoulin *Expositor* says: "News has just been received of the death of Arthur Cole Hill, who died at Serpent River on April 8th. The deceased came from England, was about 35 years of age, and possessed a good college education. He entered the service of the Hudson Bay Company for three years, and upon the expiration of his time signed for two years more. After putting in about one year of the latter term he made the acquaintance of a squaw and wanted to get married, but, as he could not do so until he left the company, he wrote to headquarters for his discharge and his salary up to time. Mr. Mackenzie, who was in charge of the post at that time, also wrote explaining matters, which resulted in the discharge not being granted. Hill was then sent up to Lake Superior to another post, where it was thought he would give up the idea of marrying a squaw, but he did not stop there long; he deserted and got married. According to some rules of the company, a man who does not serve his time out loses all back money, and such was the case with Hill. However, he heard from his brother, Henry Hill, who, we are informed, holds some office in the Bank of England, that there was \$500 to his credit there, and he intended to sue the Hudson Bay Company for back pay, which is about \$600. After he got married he made his home among the Indians at Serpent River, following their life, fishing, hunting, etc., and received a small amount for looking after Murray's mill at that place. Last November he took sick, and as there was no medical attendance at hand he lingered on till his death. Frank Miller who has been trading on the North Shore all winter, was at Serpent River on April 7th and went to see Hill at the sugar bush about fifteen miles from there; upon asking him what was the matter he replied that he had been sick, but felt better then. Miller stopped in the wigwam that night, and next morning Hill took worse and told him he was dying. He told Miller that if anything happened and if his money could be obtained his wife was to have it. He was silent for a while. Suddenly a gun was fired, followed by two more reports, then turning on his side he said, 'Frank, do you know what that means?' On being told that he did not, he said, 'that means there's a death in the camp, but I ain't a gone coon yet.' After lying quiet a few moments he asked Miller to teach his little boy to pray, and that was his last request; he died at 2 p.m. It was a hard scene, Miller being the only white man with him; the deceased's wife and child, her mother and four Indians, comprised the funeral. The body was rolled in a blanket and drawn out of camp on a dog-sleigh, followed by the little procession in single file, and placing a few arrows in the grave they buried him. Deceased was well liked both by the Indians and white men, and his sad death is deeply felt by all those who knew him."

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY, June 14.—Trickett sails from Sydney for England to-day, and will row Hanlan in November. —England won the international rifle challenge trophy match at Edinburgh yesterday. —A Dublin despatch says evictions riots have occurred in Mayo and Roscommon counties. —The rise in the Chippewa River has caused a loss of \$1,000,000 at Auclair, Wisconsin. —The list of saved from the Narragansett disaster now numbers 361, and the dead and missing 48. —Mr. Gladstone's Government has accepted France's proposals relative to the Turko-Greek frontier line.

TUESDAY, June 15.—The Chilians captured Arica on the 7th instant, made the garrison prisoners, and sank a Peruvian corvette. —Despatches from Calcutta relating to trade matters state that fears of an approaching disastrous crisis are entertained there. Business is suspended in Leadville, Colorado, on account of the miners' strike. The county has been placed under martial law. —A Durban despatch says the ex-Empress Eugenie was returning to that place from the place where the Prince Imperial was killed. —Renewed rumours of revolutionary troubles in Buenos Ayres caused a fall in Argentine Bonds on the London Stock Exchange yesterday.

WEDNESDAY, June 16.—Minister Maynard has declared Murzan to be guilty of murder, and sentenced him to be hanged on the 1st of October. —The Anchor Line steamer *Anchora* collided with the steamer *Queen*, of the National Line, on Sunday, some 300 miles off Sandy Hook. —An anti-eviction disturbance occurred at Drunashene, County Leitrim, yesterday, in which one of the attacking party of peasants was shot by a landlord. —An interpellation in the French Chamber of Deputies yesterday on the Anglo-French commercial treaty, called forth a unanimous vote of confidence in the Government. —The Porte announces that it will not be bound by any decision of the Berlin Conference, the parties interested in the treaty not having been asked to the Conference. —The possible secession of Buenos Ayres from the Argentine Confederation is reported. —The ports of Buenos Ayres and Usania, on the river Plate, have been closed.

THURSDAY, June 16.—M. DeFreynein is to bring in a bill for plenary amnesty. —Cattle plague is reported to be very prevalent in Derbyshire. —Unpropitious weather for Henley International Regatta yesterday. —Three thousand colliers have struck in Leicester against a 10 per cent. reduction. —A Bombay despatch says the Burmese pretender, Nyungoke, has assembled his adherents. Destructive disease among cattle has broken out in Manitoba and surrounding territory. —General Terry telegraphs that 265 Sioux have surrendered to the U.S. authorities at Fort Keogh. —Despatches

from Constantinople indicate that Turkey is quietly preparing for possible war with Greece. —The result of the professional race at the Providence regatta was a surprise. Hanlan was nowhere, Wallace Ross winning the race. Laing rowed third for the amateur race.

FRIDAY, June 18.—Ismail Pasha's harem have arrived at Constantinople, and will be permitted to reside in Turkey. —A motion will be made in the House of Commons on Monday to the effect that Bradlaugh be not permitted either to take the oath or affirm. —The Berlin Conference had under discussion yesterday the subject of the boundary lines between Bulgaria and Roumania. —The Leander Rowing Club won the grand challenge cup at Henley International Regatta yesterday. —The eldest son of the Prince of Wales is to receive an active commission in the army as soon as he has qualified. —The House of Commons last night adopted Sir Wilfrid Lawson's local option resolution by a vote of 229 to 303. —The Provisional Government of the Argentine Republic have abolished the import duties.

SATURDAY, June 19.—The rising against the Russians in Central Asia is receiving fresh impetus. —It is said that the Turkish Cabinet intend publishing a new programme of reforms in Asia Minor. —The Bordeaux Chamber of Commerce have memorialized against Mr. Gladstone's new wine duties. —Municipal elections in Rome resulted in a victory for the Clericals. General Garibaldi was among the defeated. —Paris has voted 200,000 francs for the 14th of July *fete*, on condition of the Government contributing another 500,000 francs. —A petition is to be presented in the Commons from Mr. Bradlaugh's constituents asking that he be not allowed to take his seat.

VARITIES.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Boulevard*, writing from London, says:—"How different it is talking to Lord Beaconsfield! He seems to converse in epigrams. One feels in his presence that he is immeasurably your superior in his grasp of every question he speaks about. I fancy he does not talk of things he does not understand. Now Gladstone does; he will discuss anything and everything you chose to 'lead up to.' But it is truly 'a mask' that face of Beaconsfield's. *Punch* never hit the mark straighter than when it drew Beaconsfield as the Sphinx. 'Everything has arrived at a crisis,' Gladstone said to me the other night; 'events natural and political have been developing to this point.' I don't quite know what he meant; but his eyes sparkled and he seemed to look beyond the present."

CHILDREN'S HATS.—Now that the sun is again regularly visible, it may be worth while, writes a medical authority, to remind parents that the use of a child's hat is to cover its head, and the use of the brim is to shade the eyes. It is painful to see infants and little folk of tender years with half-closed eyelids, corrugated brows, and faces screwed up and distorted by the glare of the sunshine, from which they ought to be protected. Fashion is the Juggernaut of life all the world over, and children are tortured, with the kindest intentions, in the worship of the hideous monster; but it is needless to inflict petty sorrows and annoyances which do not actually form part of the orthodox sacrifice to folly. While children are beneficently allowed to wear hats with brims, these useful appendages should be turned down so as to shade the eyes. This simple precaution will save considerable pain, spare some trouble with the eyes, and produce a more pleasing expression. Children who are perpetually struggling to keep the sun out of their eyes do not either feel amiable or look happy, as a walk in one of the parks any fine morning must convince the attentive observer.

SCRAPS.

DISCOVERIES AT POMPEII.—An almost perfect house has been lately disinterred at Pompeii. It is probably the best preserved of all the Roman dwellings hitherto discovered. There are two atria and a very spacious peristyle, in the middle of which there is an ornamental fountain. There is also a complete bath, which must assist in clearing up some of the doubtful points concerning the arrangements of Roman baths. The paintings in the interior of the house seem to have been executed with considerable taste, and they are in good preservation. Those on the first floor, representing for the most part marine animals, are especially interesting. The frescoes also which are contained in the wings of the building are excellent representations of scenes from animal life. They are so admirably preserved that they cannot fail to shed much light on the condition of painting among the Romans at the time, although they also give evidence of the influence of Greek Art.

EXPERIMENTS IN MAGNETISM.—An interesting experiment in magnetism has been described to the French Academy by M. Obalski. Two magnetic needles are suspended by fine threads attached to unlike poles, over water in a vessel. Their distance from each other is a little greater than the sum of their radii of mutual attraction, and their poles are opposite each other. The water is gradually brought up over them by means of the tube of caoutchouc, connected with the vessel and wound on a drum. When immersion commences, the needles approach each other by their immersed parts, and when the immersion has reached the third or fourth of the needle's length, they go together. The explanation seems to be, that when hindered the approximation of the needles was their own weight; and the force of gravity being weakened by the immersion, the magnetic forces become manifest. A corresponding though opposite phenomenon is witnessed, when the needles are suspended by their poles of the same name.

REST AND REPAIR.—It may be safely assumed that those have been mistaken who supposed

that physiological rest consists in inaction, and that repair goes on during quiescence. Nutrition—and, therefore, repair—is the concomitant of exercise. Appetite is one thing, the power to digest food another. A man may feel ravenous, and consume large quantities of material containing the elements of nutriment, but be unable to appropriate the supply furnished, or, in other words, to nourish himself. It is so with rest. Mere inaction may be secured without rest, and idleness without the restoration of energy. The faculty of recovery and recuperation after exercise is in direct proportion to the vitality of the organ rested. This faculty is not to be called into action by inactivity! It follows that relief and recovery from the effects of what is improperly called "over-work" cannot be obtained by simply "going away for change" or by indulgence in idleness. A new form of exercise is necessary, and the mode of action must be one that supplies moderate exercise to the very part of the system which it is required to "rest" and restore! Health-seekers often err in trying to recover their powers by simple diversion of energy. It is a popular error to suppose that when the brain is over-worked the muscular system should be exercised by way of counter-action. The part itself must be worked so as to stimulate the faculty of nutrition; but it should be set to fresh work, which will incite the same powers to act in a new direction.

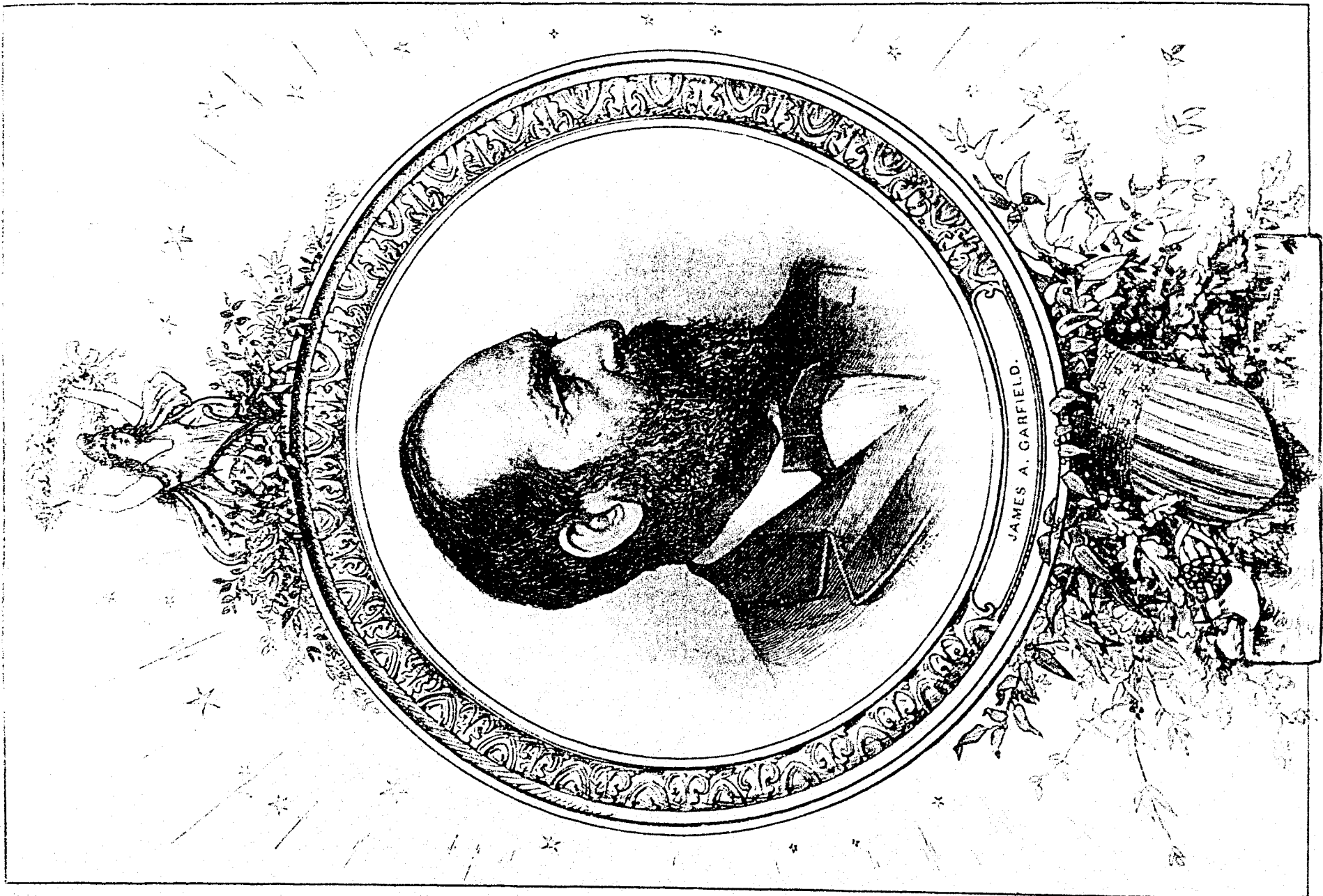
THE HEART'S-EASE.—The specific name of the heart's-ease, *tricolor*, needs no comment. The name pansy is derived from the French word *pensée*. Our minds at once turn to the passage in Shakespeare where Ophelia says, "There's pansies, that's for thoughts." That the thoughts the plant is supposed to suggest are altogether right and pleasant ones may be gathered from its other names, heart's-ease and herb-constancy. It is also sometimes by old writers dedicated to the Trinity, because it has in each flower three colours—like many of the old monkish ideas, a somewhat strained and fanciful one. The plant is in many old herbals called the *Herba Trinitatis*. The heart's-ease was formerly in great repute as a remedy in asthma, epilepsy, pleurisy, and many other ailments. As the plant was also considered a cordial, and efficacious in diseases of the heart, it has been by some writers supposed that its name, heart's-ease, really owes its origin to no such poetical association of ideas as is ordinarily imagined, but that it is simply a testimony to the plant's curative powers. The balance of evidence, however, in the writings of our poets goes far to outweigh this idea. Numerous passages from Spenser, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, and the writings of lesser men, might easily be brought forward did space permit, and it would then readily, we think, be felt that the poetical associations very considerably outweighed the medical—that the heart's-ease was no mere absence of bodily pain, but a considerably more subtle presence and possession, altogether beyond the power of pill or potion to produce or to destroy.

THE HORRORS OF MUSIC.—We mark our disapprobation of the noise-loving qualities of Frenchmen by calling them "our lively neighbours," but if we apply these words to "the people next door" it is with a ghastly facetiousness that masks a world of concentrated spite and hoarded venom appalling in these days of civilisation. We are shocked at the immodesty that causes them to give publicity to their abortive efforts. We cannot understand their want of consideration for the feelings and comfort of others; we fail to imagine how they can derive enjoyment from such ill-assorted harmony (!); we are at a loss to comprehend why their common sense does not step in and put a check upon them. Our dilemma is excusable, and the horns of it are wide apart and grievously pointed. My facetious friend T. H. says that every man, when he is under an arch, thinks he can sing; echo is the cause of many a self-admiration. Now there are people who are born, who spend their existences, under an arch—a moral arch, I mean. To them, if their bent be musical, crescendos and diminuendos are fantastic adornments, time an unnecessary restriction, semitones needless refinements. They thump, they bang, they bellow, they roar, they shout, they scream, they squeal. But to them the meanest, the most erratic, sound they make is better than heaven's sweetest music. It is trying to listen to the facile, well-connected amateur who dashes off a *pot-pourri* of the popular airs of the day. It is trying to detect the laboured efforts of the humble, untiring, untalented student, who is ever striving, ever failing, to attain the correct rendering of a well-known classical composition. But, reader, have you ever lived next door to a family of orthodox ladies who every afternoon sing a selection of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, artfully so contrived that there is at least one note in each tune half a tone beyond the compass of the performer's voice? Why is it—I submit it to you—why is it that all musicians, good as well as bad, are prouder of their extreme notes than of any other portion of their voice? Why should the bass be ever struggling to perform feats natural to the tenor? why should the soprano be constantly endeavouring to commit larceny on the property of the contralto?

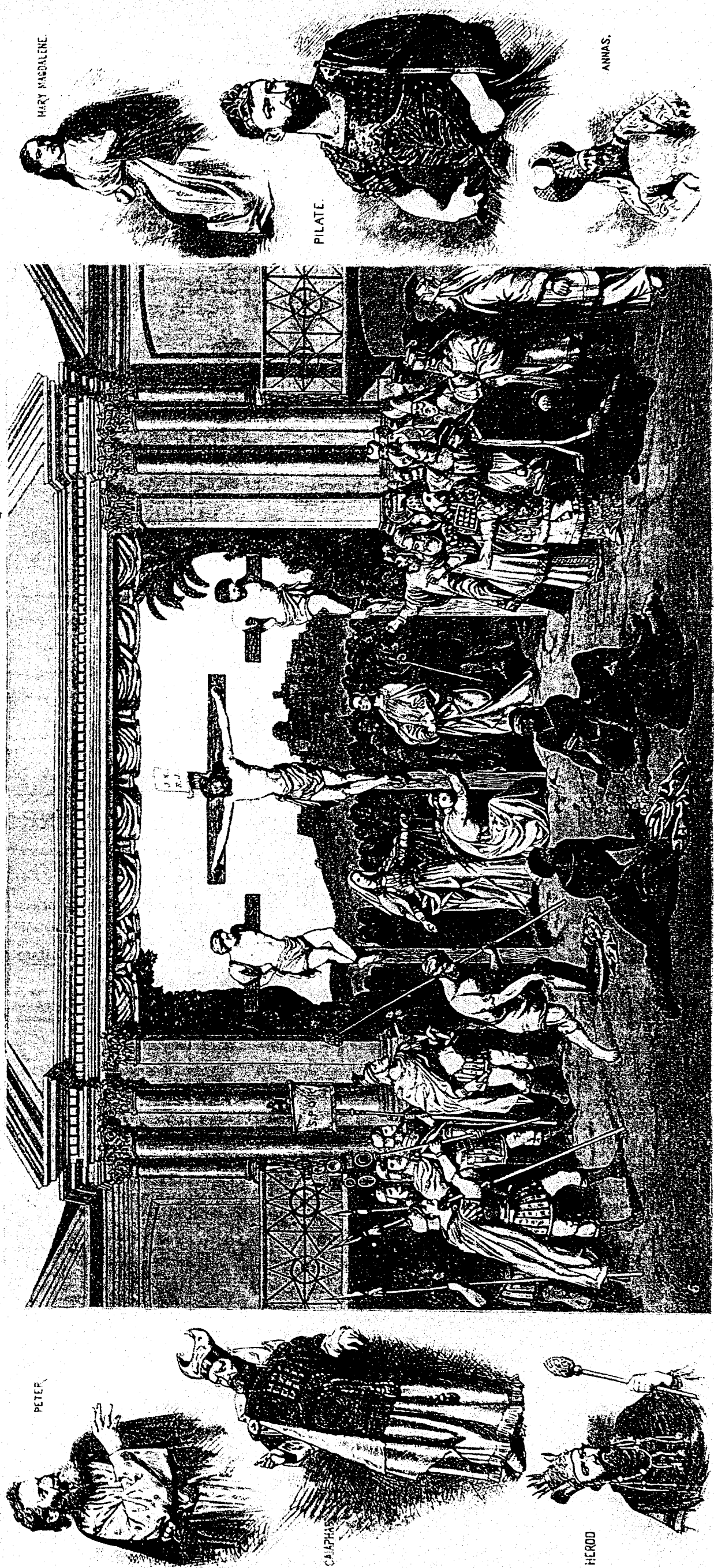
A LITTLE boy being at a children's evening party, his papa was told that he chose the biggest girl to dance with, so he asked him, "How old was she?" He said, "I would not be so rude as to ask her."



THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR THE AMERICAN VICE-PRESIDENCY.

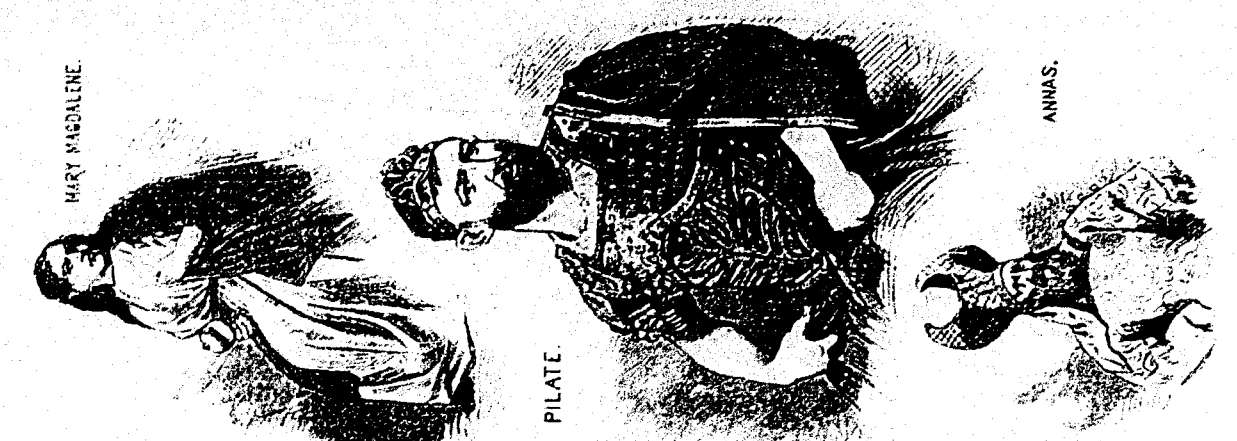


THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR THE AMERICAN PRESIDENCY.



1. "PETER" GROUP ERECTED BY THE KING OF SAVOY. 2. "CHRIST." 3. VIEW OF THE VILLAGE OF OBERAMERGAU. 4. "MARY." 5. THE MONASTERY AT PLEN. 6. THE WITNESS AS REPRESENTED ON THE STAGE OF THE THEATRE.

THE GREAT PASSION PLAY PERFORMED AT OBERAMERGAU, BAVARIA.



ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF OLIVIA.

The wind is breathing soft and low,
The dew-besprinkled earth is cold,
The distant hills and mountains glow,
With tints of purple and of gold.

The river glideth swiftly by,
Its wavelets sparkle in the light:
They seem to tremble, faint and die,
And dying pass away from sight.

I hear the minstrels of the grove
Sing out a clear melodious strain—
A song the very soul of love,
And joy that's unallied to pain.

An influence o'er my spirit steals—
A breath like the sweet air of morn—
A voice that hidden life reveals,
And says, "Rejoice that thou wert born."

Rejoice! but ah, can I forget
The light and love of other years?
No—even now my eyes are wet,
For Memory breaks the fount of tears.

I touch the lyre, the sounding string
Breathes out a melancholy strain;
And sadness runs through all I sing
For her I ne'er shall see again.

Alas! before the violets came,
Before the winter's snows were fled,
From trembling lips I heard her name,
And some one whispered, "She is dead!"

Yes, she was dead! for the red flush
Had faded from that silent face,
Which oft in life had worn the blush
Of modesty and tender grace.

Closed were those eyes, whose wonted fire
Bespoke the kind and generous heart;
Their glance no more could hope inspire,
Nor light, nor joy, nor thought impart.

And that sweet voice was silent now,
Whose tones were music to the last,
While on that white imperial brow
Death's ghastly dew was gathering fast.

O bitter thought! it wrings the heart
To think that she, in youth's full bloom,
Should sink 'neath the Destroyer's dart
Into the cold and darksome tomb.

Oh! why does beauty fade and die
And friends depart and be forgot?
Is there no realm of cloudless sky,
Where friendship lives and death is not?

Olivia! in what deathless sphere
Does thy immortal spirit shine?
Canst thou no distant murmur hear
Of him who weeps at thy pale shrine?

Paris, Ont.

H. M. STRAMBERG.

JERRY'S GRANDMOTHER.

A STORY OF GRAND ISLAND, NIAGARA RIVER.

BY JENNY MARSH PARKER.

I.

"There is this about it, Peggy," said father, "I don't see where the money is comin' from. If I could catch some of these smugglin' fellows that are runnin' brandy into Buffalo Barracks right under the noses of the officers, there'd be some sense in your talkin' about going off to school. But it isn't my luck, Peggy, to be lucky. It never was; and since she died, I don't see why Grand Island isn't just as good as any other place for you and me."

Father swung his axe on his shoulder as if it was heavier than usual that morning, and walked slowly away to his work. I tried to say good-bye or something, but I felt just as I would had I known the island was slipping down the river to the falls, nothing on earth to stop it, and talking wouldn't help. No, I wasn't filling up to cry. I was thinking I would never cry again for anything. I would give up everything mother taught me to hope and work for; I would just fold my hands and sit down and be contented to live on as I was living. I would never expect anything better; every day in the year might be like every other day. I would feed the pigs and the chickens, get the breakfast, dinner and supper of pork, potatoes and bread for only father and me; wash and iron and patch; never have anything pretty and nice; never know any young people, nor have books and newspapers, and pretty worsted for fancy work, nor even shoes in the summer time, until our debts were paid. Just live—that was all, and I was only 17 years old. I stamped my bare feet at the thought of it, and it was well I did, for the hens were on the breakfast table, and making a pretty mess of things.

That was in July. Mother died in the spring. But I can't tell you about mother. If I begin all that the rest of my story will go down stream, just as the arrows did I used to shoot far out into the Niagara river, and then guess how long they would be in reaching the falls. We lived on the west side of Grand Island, not more than half a mile north of the Falconwood grounds. The club gave a great deal of work to father; about all we had to live on. They were clearing their grounds, you see, and it was wonderful how they changed swamp lands into Eden. But it didn't help me to be contented when the handsemlly-dressed young ladies would come right up to the door of our shanty, like the butterflies—only the butterflies didn't make me so uncomfortable. One day, when I was weeding the onion bed, a party from the club house came up to the well for water, and I never looked out from under my sun bonnet, nor pretended to know they were there.

"I should think she would be afraid it would make her feet big to go barefooted," one of the girls said, not meaning that I should hear her. They all laughed. I don't know what made me think of mother just then, but thinking of her saved me from speaking my mind. Perhaps it was the sweet voice of that pretty girl. I looked after them as they went away. She had blue ribbons at her throat and on her hair, and the prettiest boots on her little feet. A young gentleman carried her parasol. He cut a bouquet of my cinnamon roses without asking, and she trimmed her hat with them. It was hard weeding the onions that morning. I could hear them laughing and singing as they rambled in the woods. The wish that I might not always be shut out from everything got the upper hand of me. Father saw something was wrong after I had moped for three or four days, and on the morning I am telling you of he asked me what was the matter. I told him what I was wishing for, and that was his answer—he didn't know where the money was coming from.

There was nothing like a good row on the river when I was down-hearted.

Well, that morning I went down to my boat and pushed off without knowing or caring where I went. I floated awhile with the stream, hardly lifting my oars. I remember sitting motionless out there on the river, and looking back to our cabin—you could hardly see it for the trees—and wondering why, when the world was so big, I must live just there and die there and never wear blue ribbons nor have cinnamon roses stuck in my hat. I was close to Navy Island, the resort of the smugglers.

After a little hard rowing I had fastened my boat and had climbed up the bank into the thick wood. It was a little harbour, a very bower of trees and vines. I looked at the island and thought of what mother used to say: "One must get out of this life and look at it as somebody else's to see the blessings it holds." Well, if Grand Island was like my life, if my life—but I must have been half asleep, or perhaps I should have thought out something worth telling, before I was startled at hearing voices, men's voices, on the other side of the thicket behind me, and a sound like breaking the hard-baked earth with pickaxes.

"I tell you, Hank," said a wheezy voice, "if we don't get this haul into barracks before the week's out we may as well sink it in the river." Then followed something about "the point," and "Jerry," and "dear old grandmother," with much cursing and laughter. There were three men at least, and I soon heard enough to learn that they had been on the island since the middle of the night before. Thoroughly frightened and hardly able to move for a minute, I knew I must escape from the place as soon as possible. They were laughing at something about a coffin when I slipped noiselessly down the bank and into my boat. I kept in the hiding of the trees until I could safely put out from the shore. I had a hard struggle with the swift current, but mastered it and got home in time to have father's dinner ready when he came in. He had finished his dinner and was filling his pipe, when I asked:

"What was it you said about branded smugglers this morning?"

"There's too many of 'em for Cap'n Bedell for onc't, Peggy. Them barracks is just afloat with Canada brandy. How the soldiers gets it nobody can tell."

"Who lives in that little house out on the point?"

The "point" was a desolate sandy bluff on the lake shore, not far from the river; a bleak spot, the last place in the world, one would think, for building a house, but then we can't all choose where we live, you know."

"Oh, that's Jerry Clark's. He runs a hack at the falls. Makes lots of money, they say. Supposin' I run a hack, Peggy. Supposin' now—"

"Does he live there on the point? How can he do business at the falls?"

"Oh, Jerry lives at the falls. You wouldn't mind stayin' here, would you, Peggy, if I could do handsome drivin' a hack somewhere else?"

"But who lives on the point, father? Is there anybody in that lonesome house?"

"Jerry Clark's grandmother lives on that point. She is a bit crazy, he says, and thinks she can't sleep anywhere else. Her husband went down in the—the—that 42 steamboat—or was it 43? But of course you don't know, Peggy."

"Who takes care of his grandmother?"

"Jerry is dreadful kind to her, says she can't live much longer at the most. There is a big bouncin' girl over there—bigger than what you are, Peggy; she was rowin' out here on the river the other day. Capt. Bedell happened down just then, and she hailed him and asked where she could get a good doctor for the old woman. She was took worse, she said. Then she asked the captain if he knew of a good boy to help 'em over there. They are wonderfully put to it for a boy. The captain sent her to Brown's, but she didn't get one, for I see her goin' back without any."

There! I have forgotten to tell you about Pont. The story without Pont in it would have to be told by somebody besides Peggy Herrick. Pont was my dog, a big brown water spaniel. He could talk with his eyes, dear old Pont, and after mother died, not right away, but after a while, he loved me just as he had loved her.

That night, when father sat smoking his pipe under the cherry tree, I picked up heart to say:

"Father, I am thinking about going away to look for work."

II.

I had nothing to do beside cry when I shut myself into my little bedroom. First, I tried on father's best pantaloons. He had never worn them since mother's funeral and had forgotten he had anything but his old velveteens. They were a pretty good fit, and so were his boots. I would have to make a blouse of an old flannel dress of mother's, a blue plaid, and hating to cut into that, and wondering what she would say about my venture, hindered me a good while. Well, it was 2 o'clock in the morning when I dressed in my new suit and tried to see myself in my bit of a looking-glass. I started back half frightened, such a big boy I looked to be. I had cut off my hair. That was a dreadfully hard thing to do, but if I had stopped at that I would have had to give up going. If you will believe it, father never noticed my red eyes in the morning, nor my short hair, but then I kept on my sun bonnet.

It was a tough long pull on a hot day from our house to "The Point," but I made it before noon. I put into a narrow ravine about a half mile on the river side from Jerry Clark's grandmother's, and ate my bread and cold flapjacks sitting in my boat. There I hid Dancing Polly well under the flags; nobody would have dreamed the boat was there. I cut a stick and swung my little bundle over my shoulder, showered myself with road dust and struck off down the road with a long, swinging gait. My greatest fear was that I should forget to be as deaf and stupid as I had decided to be, so, if you will believe it, I scratched the back of my right hand with a thorn—no little scratch either—to tell me of my fears.

A few rods from the lonely cabin a log lay by the foot-path. There I sat down, knowing that somebody would be watching me. I pretended to fall into a doze, but through the meshes of my hat I saw the big, bouncing girl come to the door several times and watch me close. She tried sawing wood, but the saw got fast. Then she began picking up chips, watching me all the time.

The big girl came out, when I got up and went away. She had two water buckets, and she halted at the top of the path down the bank.

I jogged on, as if not seeing her. "Hey, there!" she called after me, but I was too deaf to hear. "Hey, there! Say! Are you looking for work?"

I was half a mind to give up the deafness and hear her, but I slowly trudged on.

"Hey, there!" she shouted again, with no girl's voice, sending a stone after me which struck my hat. I turned round and stood stock still in the path. As she came up to me I motioned that I was hard of hearing. So she shouted in a loud voice close to my ear:

"Are you looking for work?"

I said I was, ducking my head for a bow, and that for all I was hard of hearing, I could do as good work as anybody. I had been cook for lumbermen, and was hoping to get better wages up in Saginaw.

"Saginaw!" with an oath. It is good to be deaf sometimes. Such an odd-looking creature she was, but not much, if any, taller than Peggy Herrick. She had short bristling hair, very much oiled, but still it would not stay parted in the middle; a rough, blotched skin, laughing brown eyes, that made me less afraid of her than I would have been—eyes you can trust, somehow. Her chin was square and heavy—well enough for a man—and when she walked her skirts seemed to trouble her a good deal.

She told me just what I knew she would. Her grandmother was very sick, nigh unto death. She must have somebody to help her—somebody who could be useful in every way. She would rather have a man-servant—for she sometimes had to send by skiff across the river or over to Buffalo. Could I row? Then I was just the help she wanted, and she offered me good wages, and pay in advance.

"I'll do my best to please you ma'am, and in a little while you won't mind my being so deaf."

I followed her back to the shanty, my heart beating fast enough. She made me understand that the old lady would be distressed to see the face of a stranger. I must keep in the little kitchen. I began work at once by taking the two buckets and going down to the lake for water. There was a strange silence in the cabin, and somebody was smoking cigars.

III.

"Miss Nancy" was the name of my mistress, and she called me Trumps.

I got a wonderfully big supper that night considering nobody was supposed to want any but Miss Nancy and me. There was a bean soup, a broiled steak, black coffee, the leavings of a game pie and bananas. The old lady had her "death hunger," Miss Nancy said, but I was so deaf she gave up trying to make me understand all about it. When she had shut the door behind her, and slipped the bolt, I heard her say:

"That's the biggest piece of luck we poor devils ever had. Zounds! if we don't save ourselves to-night we may as well give up."

"I must die to-night, sure!"—the same wheezing voice I heard on Navy Island.

"Say, Hank, why not send this dolt over with my coffin?"

"That's just what we will do, boys. What lucky dogs we are, after all. Catching him will be another thing from catching one of us."

"It's running a great risk," said somebody, hardly above a whisper; a cold disagreeable voice. "If this thing goes up we are ruined. Capt. Bedell is on our track. Jerry heard some of his passengers talking about it to-day. They think we make the run from Grand Island to Touawanda—that we have a canal boat or a lumber sloop in the business. The captain doesn't suspect Jerry. Asked him about his grandmother the other day. It seems there is a good deal of interest in the old lady."

I was called shortly after to bring hot water, and had stumbled through the door quite into the grandmother's presence before Miss Nancy could check me. I only saw a coffin standing upon a table near an untidy bed—not a large coffin, but it was empty and open, and the sight shocked me so I gave a little scream, and so lost seeing anything more. Miss Nancy laughed when she had followed me out into the kitchen, and said the old lady was very queer; she had had that coffin by her bed for more than a fortnight. Then she went on to say that a message had come from Jerry. He was sick at Black Rock. If his grandmother should die that night they were to send her remains directly to him. Somebody would be waiting for them not far from the house where he was. She was glad I was a boatman. I would have to take the body over before morning, no doubt. She would follow in another boat with Father O'Leary, if he could be made to go at all.

"Why not wait for the daylight?" I asked.

"Then we might miss Jerry. He gives the orders. We must do as he says."

I went up to my loft where my bed was, but with no idea of going to sleep. I did not undress. I threw myself down on the bed, and that was all I knew until I was awakened by Miss Nancy about midnight. The grandmother was dead, she said, and in her coffin. She would have to stay at home, and I must make the trip alone.

I moved about as in a horrible dream, talking to myself in my thoughts, and then only saying something like: "Stick to it, Peggy. Don't give up. You are almost through. Nothing will hurt you; and by to-morrow—only to-morrow—you will be a very rich girl, Peggy; well paid for this night's work. Keep up, Peggy, keep up."

That was a very heavy coffin Miss Nancy and I carried down the bank in the black night, considering the size of it and the weight of most old women. But I said nothing—only to Peggy Herrick. The boat sank almost to the water's level when I got in. My orders were to steer for Buffalo light until I was half a mile or more from port. Then I was to put in to a light that I would see in a high building to the north about a half mile—between a poplar tree and a church steeple. The light would be in the third story, and Jerry or somebody else at the dock. My oars were muffled—I knew that at the first stroke—and silent as death my boat pushed out, Buffalo light gleaming faintly over the black waters.

"Now, Peggy, cut for home," I said aloud, when I was well out from the point, and looking over my shoulder for the necessary bearings. I knew every tree-top dimly outlined in the distance against the sky. In two hours at most I would be home, for the current would help me. Should they follow, we would have a race with our oars, that was all. But how could they see my course in that darkness? The clouds were breaking; but it would take better eyes than mine even to see such a black shape as my boat and its cargo pushing through the dark.

I was perhaps a mile from home. A strange joy had given place to my fears. I was thinking how surprised mother would be, and how many dollars the poor old grandmother would be worth, when my right oar creaked horribly under my excited pull. Another stroke, and it broke at the oarlock. Good heavens! and I was not dreaming! It was not all a nightmare! My oar was broken! I had no other! My boat was gliding into the main current of the river, the Niagara River, and the falls not fifteen miles below!

What did I do? What could I do but sit frozen in terror, helpless and dumb? On, on, on I was steadily floating. The night shutting me in; nobody to hear, nobody to help; the distance between me and the bank of the Grand Island growing wider and wider; that black, cruel current, the very gulf of death. No, I did not pray, unless the wild, shrill cry I gave when I saw the roof of our house against the sky was a prayer. I had thrown off my wrappings to make the desperate plunge that would only bring death the sooner, and save me from that hurrying dash through the rapids ahead, when I gave a loud, despairing cry—a shriek so terrible that I could not have repeated it but for the quick answer it brought. Old Pont answered me.

Out from the darkness and across the dreadful river came his loud wolf-like bay—a furious cry for help. Yes, it was more than that—it promised to save me; it told me to be brave.

I answered him; called him by name. Louder and louder did he bark and howl as he threw himself against the door and tore at it with his paws. If the door of heaven ever opens to me the light will be like what I saw when father's candle flickered over old Pont's head. He caught my cry; my boat had passed the house, and waiting for nothing he ran down the bank. I could hear the clanking of the anchor, and Pont struggling to get into the boat.

"Row for the shore, Peggy!" Father was at last fairly awake, as he said afterward. "For God's sake, why don't you row?"

Never a word he spoke when I shouted why I did not. He said he tried to speak—tried to say—"Don't be afraid, Peggy, I can save you;" but it was like shouting in a nightmare. He knew Pont was swimming after him, and he drove him back with his oar, wondering after he did so how he dared take the second's time. Then he says he remembers nothing more distinctly until we were nearly ashore, my boat in tow of his, and I in a dead faint upon my cargo.

"Peggy! Peggy!" he was calling when I came on the beach: and Pont could not be made to understand by blows why I was not to be torn and tossed and kissed and barked over. "Peggy! What tempted you to go body-liftin'?" What graveyard did ye take it from?"

That made me laugh, if you can believe it, even then, in spite of everything. I kissed father and the dear old dog, and pulled at the grass as I sat there on the bank to make sure I was on dry ground again. Father was dreadfully bewildered, and kept talking about having forgotten to feed Pont and to call him in that night, just as if that was anything to be sorry for; for, if the dog had been comfortable in his bed, and not shivering hungry out of doors, he would never have heard me cry, and then?—I suppose God sends suffering to us all sometimes to make us help somebody else.

"But, father," said I, when my chattering teeth and Pont would let me speak, "you must break into Parson Doty's barn as soon as ever you can and take his best horse and ride over to Capt. Bedell's for me. No, no, get the horse and I'll go myself."

"Are you crazy, Peggy? Is it body-liftin' and horse-stealin' both at once?"

"It's smuggled brandy, father—that's what's in that coffin—enough to make our fortune. Don't wait for talk now; be quick as you ever was in your life. I'll hide the boat in the flags while you get the horse. They may be after me—the smugglers—you know."

I was galloping across the island at a break-neck pace in no time, for the captain lived on the eastern shore. Father had taken no notice of my costume, but Capt. Bedell did at once, or rather he was slow to discover Peggy Herrick in the rough-looking man rapping with a whip-handle on his bedroom window just before day-break.

The captain didn't need many directions when he was on the trail of smuggled brandy. He sent Vin Smith back with me to guard the booty—each of us carried a revolver—and he started for the poplar tree and the church steeple. Before night he had the gang in Buffalo jail—Miss Nancy, the departed grandmother and Jerry Clark, for as soon as I had pushed off with the coffin the three started out to follow at a safe distance with a cask of brandy in their boat, and the captain, who had Jerry before their arrival, had little trouble in catching them.

The captain was a good friend of mine, and he saw that I had not only the handsome reward, but perhaps more praise than I deserved. He interested himself in selling our place and in getting me into a good boarding-school in Batavia. Col. Allen, who owns nearly all the island, gave father a good situation on his dairy farm, and a member of the Falconwood club presented Pont with a silver-plated collar, with Latin on it, which was all well enough, for Pont can read Latin just as well as he can English, and I think he would rather not have everybody know what he has done in the world.

There, that is all there is to it. It is not just as the newspapers had it, you see. My hair did not turn white out on the river, and I have not worn men's clothes ever since. The truth is, I am tired of telling this story over and over, and I thought when Capt. Bedell's visitors asked me after this to come up on the piazza and tell that "smuggling story," while they watch the Niagara river gliding along under the moonlight, I would just give it to them in print—that is, if I can find anybody to print it for me.

MORNING ON ROTTEN ROW.

There's an hour between breakfast and luncheon that's known as "the beauties' hour," and on this particular morning the hour is a very pleasant one. The sun is shining brightly, the leaves are fresh and green, and society is sauntering up and down preparatory to that meal which is said by—was it Brillat-Savarin, to be an insult to one's breakfast and an injury to one's dinner. At first the sight is almost dazzled by the brilliancy of the complexions and the costumes. Till lately such bright tints were reserved for evening wear. Here, for instance, is a flash of yellow gleaming under a red parasol—yellow gown, yellow gloves, yellow bonnet, and such pink cheeks! The eye is grateful for the cool grays in the dress of a lady who walks directly behind, but it is almost immediately startled again by the sight of two sisters dressed alike in a crude shade of loud-toned violet, edged and frilled with what the wearers probably call lace! But what heresy is this? Looking at the faces of the violet-clad one, I find that they are two of the beauties of the day. As I have mentioned no names, I may, perhaps, be allowed to remark that they would be ever so much prettier if they looked a little more good-humored.

Who is this tall and lovely woman, whose graceful figure is arrayed in black draperies, and on whose arm a gray-haired man leans heavily? It is Lady Dudley and the earl, her husband.

Sombre as are her garments, her stately gait, accommodated as it is to the lingering footsteps of her companion, attracts every eye, and all too soon does she disappear in the crowd.

What lovely hair! It is brown, with a rich dash of yellow-red in it. Surmounted by a garland of red berries, it forms an exquisite frame for the face of the beautiful Miss Pulleyn. Immediately after come the four Misses Cross, and half-a-dozen other pretty faces. But why do they not look happier? Young, lovely, bepraised, photographed, paragrafed—why those sullen looks? Is there too much competition in the running for the Apple of Paris? Perhaps it is that since Paris took to business as a photographer he has become more *difficile*, and has had his commercial instincts so well developed as rather to interfere with his critical acumen. Ah! this is better. A slight figure, all in brown, with a new and uncommon arrangement of braid upon the front of her dress, a most graceful gait, a happy face, the most expressive eyes in England—Mrs. Langtry! Her dress is, as usual, simple and quiet, subdued in coloring, and follows the outline of the figure with accuracy. That she is superior to the petty jealousy from which a less beautiful woman might suffer is proved by the fact that she is accompanied by a very pretty girl, and as the two smile and chatter to each other and to those with them, the place seems the brighter for the presence of such beauty and mirth.

But, ah me! How that bright light puts out the lesser luminaries! How the other women suffer from the propinquity! Long noses seem to grow longer—sharp ones sharper; complexions fade; eyes that seemed bright enough a moment ago are nowhere now. And how terrible, after those harmonious brown folds, is that costume with alternate rows of red and black, making the wearer look as though she had been marked out in doses like a medicine bottle.

A waist in red velvet! Such a waist! A wasp would be ashamed to own it. The whole costume is red velvet and red silk; but, small as the waist is, it obtrudes itself upon the notice, and the eyes fail to get so far as the face. Shade of Hyeia and the Venus de Milo! can such waists be, and not overcome us like a summer's cloud? It measures about sixteen inches in circumference!

And now another beauty appears on the scene quite a head over every woman there, of regal carriage and queenly air, all in black, with a knot of crimson in her small, close bonnet. Lady Lonsdale moves past with the unconscious air of one who breathes the atmosphere of admiration wherever she goes. The row of eligibles and detrimentials, who lean against the rails in various attitudes expressive of exhaustion and tight boots, becomes slightly animated as the beautiful countess goes by, and one or two among them, especially the small men, look as though they had at last found a moment's rest from their chronic enemy—*ennui*.

And here a figure well-known in the Row passes our chair. A man in the prime of life, in clothes of rough texture, a strange contrast to the *jeunesse dorée* of the shining hats, neat umbrellas, broadcloth coats and pointed boots; he looks earnestly and intently into every woman's face, with a wistful gaze in which hope and despair are curiously mingled. There he is, day after day, the tragedy in his eyes jostling the comedy that surrounds him. Poor fellow! He lost his wife some years ago. Better not ask how. If she had simply *died* he would have grieved for her and got over it. But now he is mad; harmless, of course, and with only that eager agony of watching in his eyes to distinguish him from others of his class.

But, hark! The sound of music—military music—that every woman loves, from the duchess to the dairymaid. It is a pretty sight, when all the riders congregate at the points of junction, of the ride and the drive, to see a detachment of the Horse Guards ride past on their beautiful black horses. The band, mounted on their grays, are playing an inspiring march, their instruments glittering in the sun. Full of life, movement, and color is the scene. A four-in-hand is drawn up at the corner with a team of splendid grays, a lady with a red parasol on the roof.

And now the riders scatter again. Of all becoming garments, surely a riding-habit is the most telling. Perfectly plain and simply made, as they are worn now, with a strip of snowy collar round the white throat, and two rows of buttons fastening them up the front, they set off the figure to perfection. They make the best of a good figure and the worst of a bad one—witness this fat little woman coming ambling along with a shower of small corkscrew ringlets falling at the back of her neck.

There goes a girl with such a splendid seat on her beautiful dark brown mare, that it is a pleasure to watch her. As a rule, the girls in the Row do not ride particularly well. They manage to look at their ease on horseback while at a walk; but though they probably feel perfectly at home in a canter or at a trot, they shake and tumble about in a style that would be the despair of any riding-master. A tall Irish horse, that looks a good goer, every inch of him, carries a tiny little lady, whose glossy chestnut hair shines in the sun. She is one of the few who manage to make the present very short habit—excellent for hunting—look graceful. Occasionally, a glimpse of the neatest possible little riding boot appears from under its folds, but there are certain tokens of design about the movement which prove how thoroughly this very small lady is mistress of the situation and of her horse.

The crowd begins to thin. Those splendid Arabs that have stood waiting so long and so impatiently at the corner, at last receive their light freight and spin through the gate. The brown, braided beauty disappears through the same gate in the direction of luncheon, and at half-past two the Park is a desert.

THE FAME OF BYRON.

A STATUE TO THE POET RAISED IN LONDON.

Byron has at last received the honour, such as it is, of a statue in London. His effigy will henceforth take its place among the miscellaneous collection of royal, military and high political personages who have managed to climb upon pedestals in our streets. He will certainly find few congenial neighbours. The various members of the Hanoverian dynasty will be apt to look askance at the author of the "Vision of Judgment." The Duke of Wellington, upon his absurd perch, would turn up with high disdain his nose if his brain of bronze could remember certain passages in "Don Juan," and know that he is to be the neighbour of the poet who could find no more complimentary title for him than "the best of cut-throats." When we were engaged in discussing Cromwell's claims to a statue it was felt that he would be an awkward pendant to Charles I. It may be doubted whether Byron is not as incongruous an addition to "the ordinary idols of a nation's gratitude. Nobody ever said harder words about the true value of that kind of fame which generally entitles a man to such posthumous homage. We may be glad that literary animosities, however keen they may be for the moment, seem to die out more rapidly than those which gather round the heroes of active life. There would still be a difficulty in paying such a tribute to the memory of any political rebel, however freely we might recognize the purity of its motives. But we can all join in showing respect to one who belonged primarily to the literary class, though half a century ago his name was the symbol to all good Tories of the diabolical element in the general arrangement of the universe.

Indeed, we may hope that we are far enough removed from the passions of Byron's time to come as nearly to an understanding of his intrinsic value as we are ever likely to come. His fame has gone through the usual oscillations. He had his period of excessive popularity; it was followed by a reaction, in which people took the trouble to demonstrate that many inferior ingredients entered into his poetry, and tried to demolish his reputation to make room for his rivals and successors. The day has perhaps come at which these vexatious controversies may be dropped. It is rather a childish amusement to classify poets in order of merit, as though they were candidates in a competitive examination. We need not try to decide by how many marks Byron was superior or inferior to Shelley or Wordsworth. It is, of course, clear that if a poet is to be judged by what may roughly be called his purely artistic qualities, by the exquisite polish and delicacy of his language, by the subtlety with which he can interpret the finer emotions, by his command of the more elaborate harmonies of musical verse, Byron must descend to a comparatively low place. He cannot rise to the ethereal heights where Shelley was at home, nor emulate the mystical sublimity of Wordsworth, nor attain a great many other excellences characteristic of many other poets. The tissue of his verse is comparatively coarse and slipshod; he descends to common-place, to rant, to conscious affectation, and addresses the vulgar many instead of the select few. If one chooses to express these undeniable truths by saying that he was no poet, the case may be fully made out by simply adopting a corresponding definition of poetry. Byron, let us agree, was no poet. The question remains, what, then, was he? And the answer, whatever it may be, will certainly have to include the fact that he was the man who, of all Englishmen in his generation, made the deepest mark upon the world at large. If Shelley had been drowned at Oxford; if Keats had spent his short life in compounding pills instead of writing poetry; if Wordsworth had drunk himself to death at Cambridge, English literature would have suffered cruel losses; but nothing would have been lost which greatly impressed the Continental races. Byron shares with Scott alone among the English writers of the age the glory of a cosmopolitan reputation, and it is a great achievement to have produced a visible impression upon the mind of the world at large, whatever name we may give to the means by which it was produced.

THE "TIMES."

The daily newspaper which stands unmistakably at the head of its kind, and has a reputation commensurate with the spread of the English language throughout the world, first saw the light in 1785, when it was started by Mr. John Walter, grandfather of the present proprietor, under the title of the *Daily Universal Register*—a title which it retained until January 1, 1788, when it appeared under its present designation. At this period, as it had been for some time previously, and as it was for some time after, the *Times* was "set up" on the logographic principle, that is to say, the type consisted of whole words or portions of words, instead of single or double letters as at present.

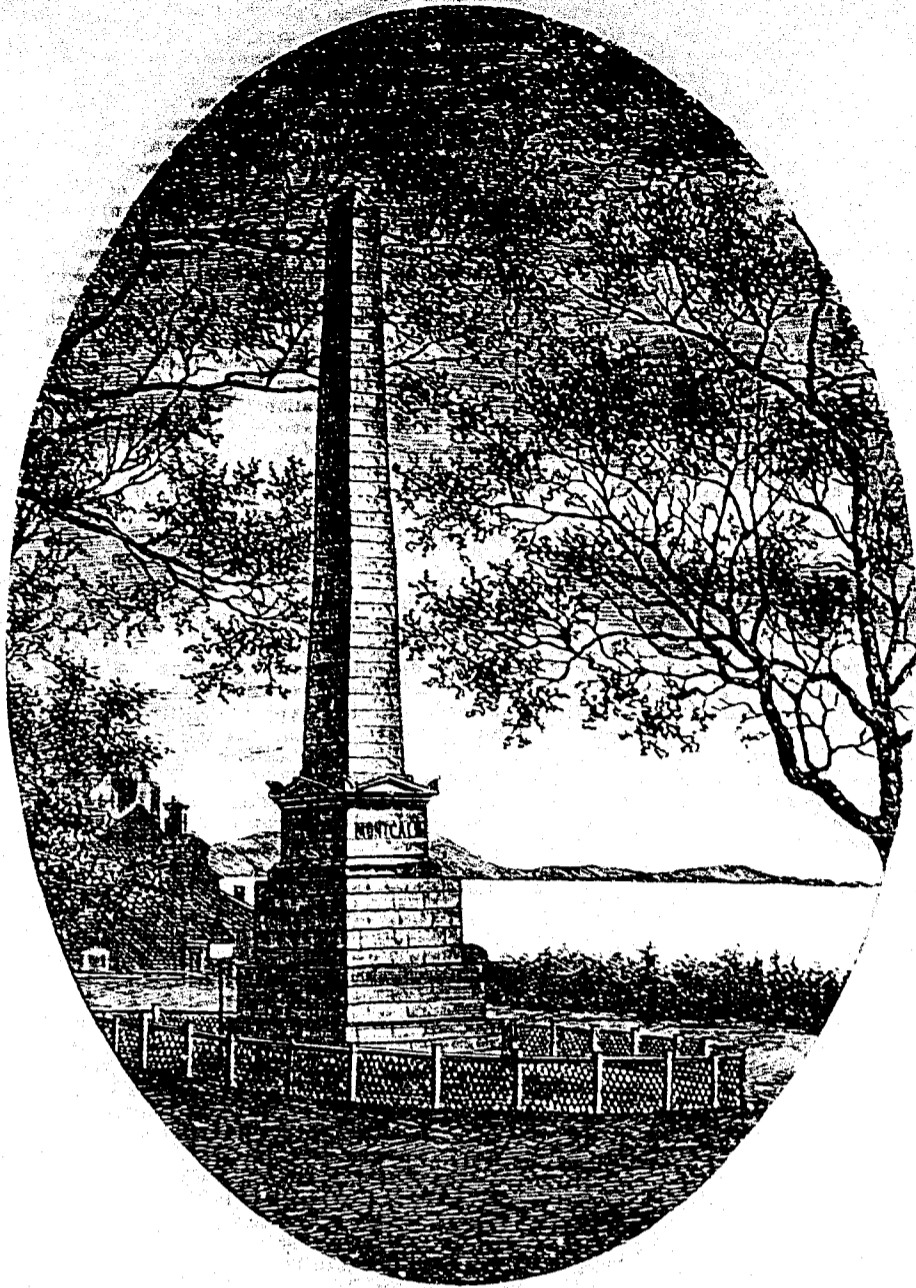
The price of the paper was, as now, threepence, and there was no leading articles or reviews, though there were dramatic criticisms, and though the intelligence was fairly well arranged. The number of advertisements in the first number of the *Times* was fifty-seven; the small beginning of an advertising connection such as no other journal has ever equalled or approached. In 1803 John Walter the younger succeeded his father in the management, and in or about 1812 appointed Dr. (afterwards Sir John) Stoddart to the editorship—a post which he retained only till 1816, when he was dismissed on account of the rabidity of his attacks on Napoleon I., and, in revenge, started a paper in opposition to the *Times*, called the *New Times*, which expired after an existence of ten or eleven years. The next editor was Thomas Barnes, under whom the paper largely increased in influence and circulation. Before his appointment, however, a change had taken place in the mode of production of the *Times*, which was destined to have the most notable effect upon the future, not only of that journal itself, but on the whole newspaper press. Up to November 28, 1814, the paper had been printed by hand-presses, which turned out at the most 450 copies an hour. The issue for the 29th of the same month was brought out by means of the König printing-machine, and was the first ever produced by the agency of steam. Even then the production did not exceed 1,100 copies an hour; but the König press was soon superseded by that of Applegarth and Cowper; the latter eventually gave way to Hoe's; and the Walter press now turns out impressions at the remarkable rate of 12,000 an hour. Eight of these machines being employed in the printing of the *Times*, it is now produced at the rate of 96,000 copies an hour. . . . It was 1834 or thereabouts that the *Times* began its system of special express for the collection of intelligence in this country—an arrangement which was supplemented by the appointment of special correspondents in every capital. This was before the days of telegraphs and railways. . . .

One great feature of the *Times*—that in which it is quite unrivalled—is the number and value of its advertisements, which on one day in 1861 amounted to over 4,000, whilst in 1871 the revenue from them was as much, it is said, as £5,000 weekly. What it is now it would be impossible to say, but the sum total for the year must be something almost incredible. The circulation of the *Times* so far back as 1843 was only 10,000 copies; this rose in 1854 to over 50,000, and in 1860 to over 60,000. On single occasions it has been enormous. At the opening of the Exhibition in 1862 it was 88,000; on the arrival of the Princess Alexandra in London it was 98,000; at her marriage it was 110,000. But these numbers were of course phenomenal. Thomas Barnes was succeeded in the editorship of the *Times* by John Thaddeus Delane in 1841, who in 1878 (the year previous to his death) was succeeded by Professor Thomas Chenerly. The literary contributors are, it is well known, drawn from the leading writers of the day.

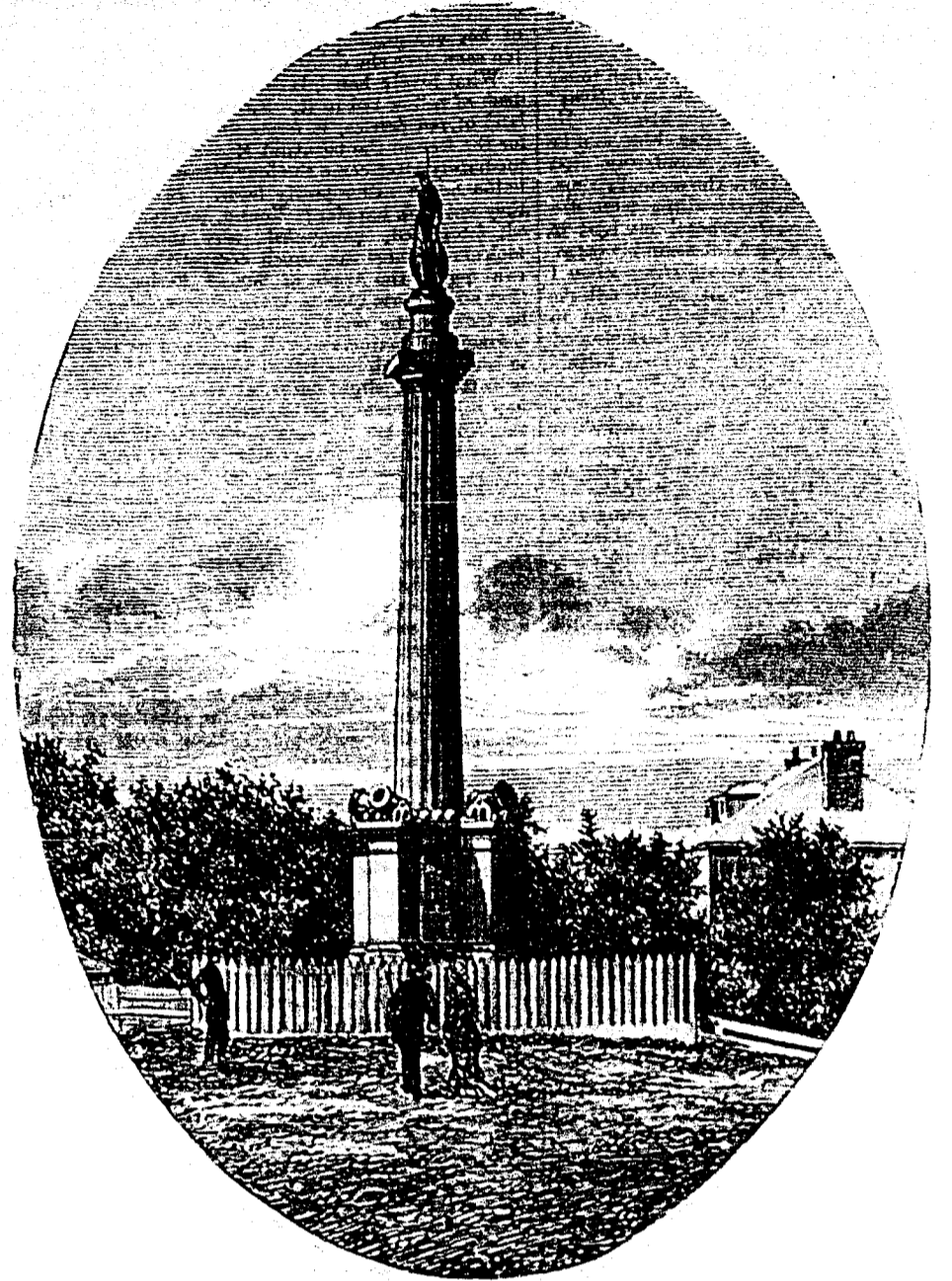
Now.—Nearly all the mental troubles that do not directly spring from organic disease are distinctly traceable to the effects of morbid imagining, and nearly all the disorderly mental processes of this class consist in unwisely "looking forward" or "looking back." Hope feeds on the future, and despair is poisoned by the dread of it. The misery of regret and disappointment is a creature of the past. The secret of health of mind and moral integrity consists in taking so firm a footing in the present that the mental equilibrium may not be easily disturbed. There is no need to ignore the lessons of the past, or to disregard the objects and obligations of the future; but it should not be forgotten that human life, with its opportunities, its duties, and its responsibilities, is an affair of now.

HUMOROUS.

FORCED politeness—Bowling to necessity.
 WHEN a man draws an inference he should draw it mild.
 AN apple threw the first man. Since then it has sorter let the business out to the banana.
 THE Arab who invented alcohol died 900 years ago, but his spirit still lives.
 BREVITY may be the soul of wit, but it is very far from being the soul of truth.
 PASSIONS are likened best to floods and streams. The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb.
 "GIVE credit to whom credit is due." This is an old saying, but as for us we prefer the cash.
 OF course croquet is a gambling game. Don't you know you can't play it without putting up stakes?
 AN exchange wishes to know if sugar is extracted from dead beats. No, sir; dead beats have no "sugar."
 THE Spanish army has 589 generals in active service, and can call in about 1,000 who are on half pay at fifteen days' notice.
 It is said that one glass of plain soda water costs one tenth of a cent, and yet it makes as much splutter and noise as a glass of champagne.
 A TALKATIVE barber, about to cut a gentleman's hair, asked how he would have it done. "If possible, in silence," said the gentleman.
 A KNOWLEDGE of cooking is not essential to the happiness of a bride and groom, but it is a handy thing to fall back on after the honeymoon.
 WHAT the world is in need of is fewer men of an inquisitive turn of mind—men who are contented with looking at a buzz saw without a desire to feel of it with their fingers.



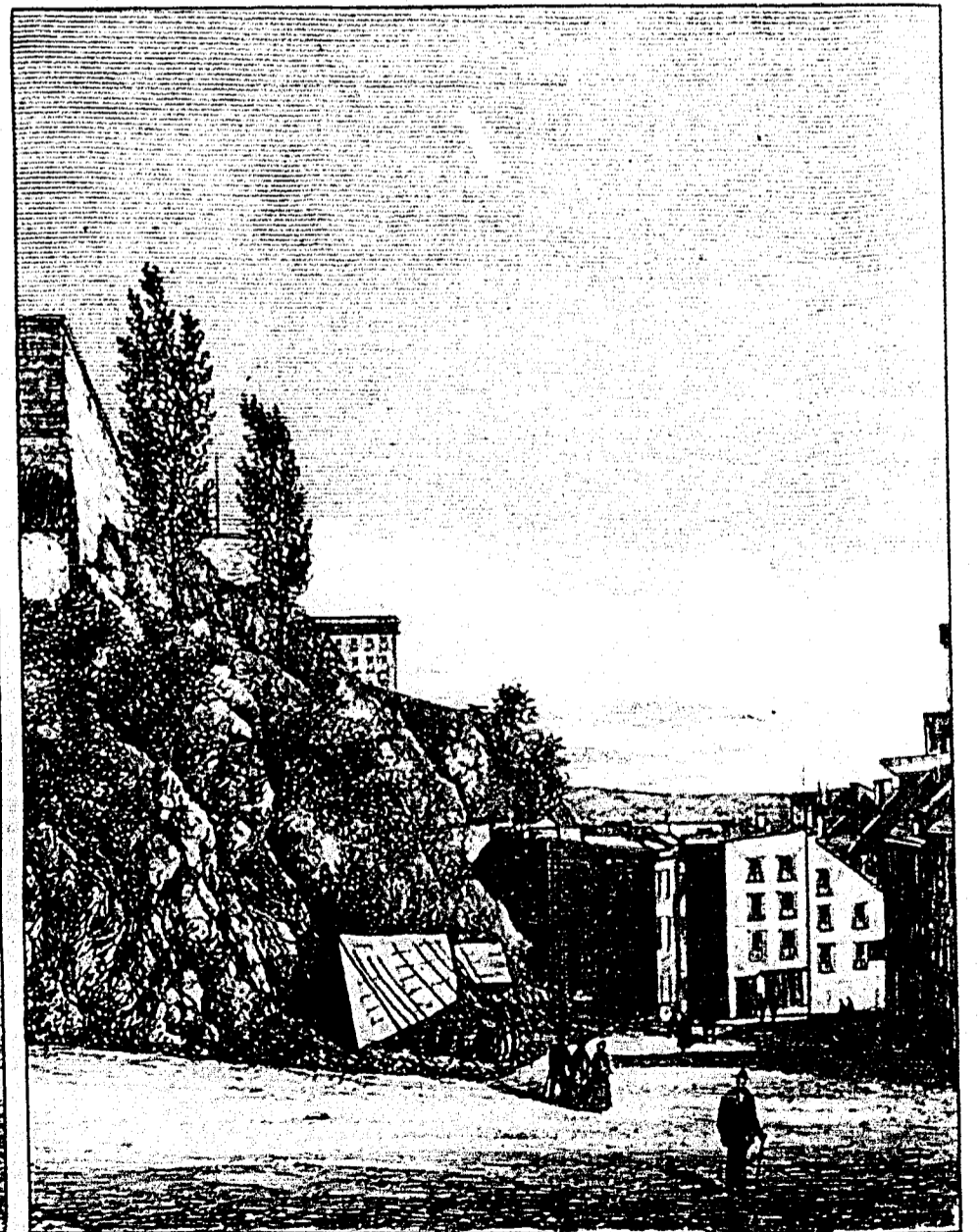
MONUMENT TO WOLFE AND MONTCALM, QUEBEC.



MONUMENT TO THE FRENCH BRAVES ON THE BATTLE FIELD OF ST. FOYE, NEAR QUEBEC.



MOUNTAIN HILL, QUEBEC.



COTE ABRAHAM, QUEBEC.

QUEBEC SKETCHES.



L. H. FRÉCHETTE,—LAUREATE OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

DOMINION DAY.

Hail the day of happy sign,—
Canada's own holiday.—
When her peoples, scattered wide,
Celebrate their cause allied,
Cast their jealousies away,
And their loves combine.

Honoured be the statesmen bold,—
Write their names with patriot hands—
Who, lamenting Discord's blight,
Hoped in Union's healing might,
Linked these far-divided lands
Firmly than with gold.

Let each race our country wards
Cast old hatreds to the sea
That 'twixt them and homeland yawns.
Till in this new world there dawns
National pride and sympathy.—
These are Union's guards.

HID IN A TURF-RICK.

AN IRISH EPISODE.

BY T. PRESTON BATTERSBY, LIEUTENANT ROYAL
ARTILLERY.

"The Irish are a fine race!"
"That's your opinion, is it?"

The speakers were myself and Ellerslie, Captain in the Royal Engineers, or the "Sappers," as we called them in popular phraseology. Place, the smoking-room of the R.A. mess at Woolwich. Time, anywhere in the small hours. When I say that of the above sentences the first was spoken by me, I shall be in position to plunge at once in *medias res*.

After uttering the above oracular answer, Ellerslie puffed away silently at his long havannah for a while. I did not interrupt him, for I saw a twinkle in his eye, and knew that there was something coming presently. He was one of those men whose thoughts it is not well to hurry, for fear of losing their thread altogether.

At last it came, as I anticipated.

"I don't think I ever told you, did I, of my adventures in that lovely country? In fact, the story is so much against myself, that I thought it just as well to keep it dark. However, if you will swear solemnly to be 'silent as the grave,' I don't mind telling you now. At all events, it is not a bad joke as it turned out, though it might have been a serious one."

Of course I promised inviolable secrecy, however good the story might be, and having fortified myself with a brandy-and-soda, Ellerslie began:

"I daresay you know that in the spring of 187— I was sent to Ireland on special service to see about building new barracks in two or three places where they were needed, especially at Longford, where the Government had at that time an idea of quartering a whole cavalry regiment, though now I believe they have come down to one troop of Scots Greys. I was rather pleased with the commission, for I had never been to the Emerald Isle before, and saw my way to a pleasant little excursion at Government expense. Of course as all my disbursements *en route* were to be paid for me by the liberality of my country, I chose the most convenient way of getting to my destination, and travelled *via* Euston and Holyhead, by the night-mail, the Wild Irishman, I believe they call it.

"We left Euston at 8.25 p. m. I didn't feel much inclined to sleep, and you know I am a great smoker, so I turned into a compartment sacred to the consumption of the soothing weed. There was only one other occupant besides myself, a man of about forty, well dressed, but not to my mind a gentleman. Indeed, at first sight I put him down to be what he was, a well-to-do Irish farmer returning from a business trip to town, and indulging himself in the unwonted luxury of a first-class carriage.

"Whatever other faults the Irish have, they are certainly a most friendly race. By the time we got to Rugby I had told my fellow-traveller all about my projected plans for seeing his native country, and found that he rejoiced in the name of Cormack, and lived in the County Westmeath, not far from the Longford boundary. Before we reached Chester we were sworn friends, and by the time we arrived at Holyhead I had promised to pay him a visit during my stay in his part of the country. This visit it was which gave me such a taste of Irish customs as I could very well have dispensed with.

Not to delay too long, I shall pass over all the incidents of my first fortnight or so in the Emerald Isle, they being no doubt exactly what any one else would have experienced under like circumstances. At length I reached Longford, got through my work there, and determined to call on my new-made friend, for which purpose I took train to a little station called Edgeworthstown, and there obtained an outside car with a lean horse and a very ragged driver, who undertook for the sum of eighteenpence per double mile (Irish) to convey me to my destination. As to the name of the said destination, I dare not venture on it. It began with the usual "Bally," ended, I think, with a "y," and had I fancy about four syllables, of a nature utterly unpronounceable to English lips. Suffice to say that we got there at length, and pulled up at the door of a very respectable slated farmhouse, with thatched outbuildings and a well-kept grass-field, on which two or three colts were feeding, of a slimmness of limb and beauty of make that proclaimed their owner a racing man.

"The said owner met me at the door with an effusive welcome, and asked me into a well-furnished parlour, the taste of whose ornaments contrasted favourably with what I should have expected in the house of an English farmer of the same rank. Presently the mistress of the house and a pretty fresh-looking daughter entered and shook hands with me with native politeness. I expressed a wish to see the farm, and Cormack readily offered to show it to me, first, however, saying a few words in a low tone to his wife who went out of the room. A moment after I heard wheels driving away outside.

"Only the car, yer honour," said Cormack, in answer to my look of inquiry, "I made free to send it away for ye; it's with us ye'll be stopping now, please God."

"It was true enough. My faithless Jehu having been paid in advance by me had been only too ready to depart, and, unless I chose to walk back to Edgeworthstown, which I did not feel inclined to do, I was to all intents and purposes a fixture. At first I was inclined to be annoyed, but the exquisite naiveness of the whole proceeding amused me, and I was really flattered by the solicitude of my would-be host; so, after a few half remonstrances, I was induced to write a telegram for my baggage, which Cormack confided to a young imp who appeared to be doing odd jobs about the place, bidding him 'run over and give it to Mister Moran himself, and tell him it's immediate.'

"I stayed some little time at the Cormacks' seeing the country in company with my host, and forming my ideas of Irish political economy as it is, and as it should be, which being rather a hobby of mine I won't now trouble you with. There was a gentleman's family living in the neighbourhood, which I soon made the acquaintance of, as in that out-of-the-way locality the arrival of a stranger was as great an event as that of a foreign potentate in London. Several afternoons I spent pleasantly at 'the big house,' playing lawn-tennis with the young ladies of the place, whom I found to be far more proficient in the art than their English sisters, probably from the solitude of their country life having obliged them to concentrate their energies on that particular form of amusement.

"One day that I had been spending in the above manner, and on which I had accepted a kind invitation to dinner *en famille*, I noticed that Mr. M— seemed more absent than usual, and a trifle quick-tempered, as though he had been annoyed by something or somebody. When the ladies had left us, and we were sitting over the usual post-prandial bottle of wine, he took a letter from his pocket and showed it to me.

"That's the kind of thing we have to put up with here, Mr. Ellerslie," said he. "You mustn't go away with your ideas of the country too much *couleur de rose*."

"That was in truth a strange production. It was written, or rather laboriously printed, on a sheet of coarse paper, headed by a rough but spirited drawing of coffins and bell-mouthed blunderbusses. Below was the following composition, of which I made a copy out of curiosity:

"M.M. DONT. GO. TO. MOATE. OR. I. WL. B. YOOR. END. PET. IT. B. RIT. OR. WRONG. PET. PVT. HIGGINS. STAY. AT. OMEAN."

"I looked at my host for an explanation.

"It is a threatening letter," said he, "and not the first either that I have received. The printing is easy enough to read on the phonographic principle, with the caution that most of the A's and L's are upside down. The meaning is, that one of my tenants having against my express orders ploughed up a grass field, I have given him notice to quit, and went into Moate yesterday to consult my attorney as to what compensation I was obliged to pay under the Irish Land Act. I got this the day before. I am not personally much afraid of the fellows, but it is very annoying; and I am always on thorns lest one of those letters should reach my wife; it would almost frighten her to death, I fancy."

"You met with no interruption going into Moate, I suppose?" said I.

"No; but I took my precautions. I got a policeman on my car and drove in by a round-about route. It isn't a pleasant way of doing things, is it?"

"I quite agreed with Mr. M, that that was not, and expressed my surprise that the author of the letter could not be brought to justice.

"You don't know the facts, Mr. Ellerslie; there is not a soul about here who would not swear black was white rather than be the means of convicting a neighbour. You know yourself how completely the police system failed over so daring an offence as the murder of the late Lord Leitrim. With such people as witnesses and jury, what is to be done? For my own part I have no doubt that Mr. Pat Higgins himself wrote that letter, but hunting up any evidence would be hopeless."

"A sudden thought struck me. I had seen that the last few words of the document were lighter in colour, as if they had been blotted. If so, would there not remain an impression on the blotting-paper?"

"I don't know what evil spirit took possession of me at this juncture, unless—I own it with contrition—it were that of inordinate self-conceit. Should I be able to get enough evidence to con-

* Translation: "M— M—, don't go to Moate, or I will be your end. Let it be right or wrong, let Pat Higgins stay at home." The above is an exact copy of a threatening letter in the author's possession.

vict Pat Higgins myself, I should certainly derive much credit for my sagacity, and have an excellent story for my friends in England on my return. With this end in view I said nothing of my happy thought, determined to work it out myself.

"Next morning, having found out the locality of Higgin's cottage from Cormack, I went to make a call there. The sole occupant of the tenement when I arrived there was a wrinkled old woman sitting on a three-legged stool and smoking a black clay-pipe. She looked at me suspiciously, but her native hospitality forbade her to refuse me a seat. For the first time I felt some qualms of conscience at the character of my errand, but these were speedily dissipated by the sight, in a corner of the large open hearth, of the very thing I was seeking, a piece of dirty blotting-paper crumpled up into a ball. To be sure the floor had not been swept for years, judging from its appearance, and there was no telling how long the paper might have lain there, still I felt a conviction that it was the object of my search.

"The devices to which I resorted to get possession of that mute piece of evidence were worthy of a detective policeman. I manoeuvred my chair closer to it under pretence of feeling a draught, though with the unpleasant consciousness that the old woman did not believe me. Fortune, however, favoured me at last in the shape of a fierce contest between an old sow and a dog just outside the door, which made the crone hobble out briskly to separate the combatants. She was not gone long, but I had plenty of time during her absence to secrete the paper. As soon as I decently could afterwards I took my leave.

"The moment I was out of sight of the door I opened my prize and found it to be what I hope, a fairly good inverted copy of the threatening letter. Of course the last words were the most distinct, but on the whole it was a very pretty piece of *prima facie* evidence against Mr. Pat Higgins. I presented the paper to Mr. M., who praised my sagacity and thanked me warmly for my exertions on his behalf. That same evening I made a deposition before a magistrate who lived near by, and, much to his surprise, Higgins was arrested.

"Now I come to the unlucky portion of my story. How my share in the foregoing proceedings got about I don't know; but a day or two after this I found a great change in Cormack's manner towards me. Hitherto he had been hospitable to myself; now he seemed anxious to get me to leave his house, though he was as studiously polite in hiding his wishes as the most finished gentleman could have been. Of course, however, I could not stay longer with a man who was tired of me, and I signified to him accordingly my intention of leaving him. He appeared to me somewhat relieved by the news.

"I dined at Mr. M.'s the night before my departure, after a farewell game of tennis with the ladies, and did not leave the house till nearly dusk. As I was walking back to Cormack's I noticed footsteps behind me, and, looking round, saw that I was followed by a small body of men all armed with sticks. Not wishing them to come up with me I quickened my pace a little. They did the same, and closed on me somewhat.

"I had time to pass a sharp turn in the road. Just as I neared the hedge, and for the moment lost sight of my followers, I saw a woman on the other side close to me. Leaning forward, she said eagerly, 'run for yer life, sir; it's you they're after.' Before I could reply she had sunk down behind the hedge again as my pursuers came in sight.

"I hope if ever there be any chance of holding my own that I shall not be found ready to run away; but when followed by a dozen men with sticks it is about the only thing that can be done, so I trust I may be pardoned for taking to my heels.

"The men instantly followed at full speed, and for a time the pace was hot. But, having still my tennis-shoes on, and being naturally swift of foot, I soon distanced them, and they were a good half mile behind when I reached Co. Mack's door.

"Cormack himself was standing on the threshold. At one glance he took in the situation, having probably had some previous information as to what was going to happen. With a muttered oath he seized me by the arm and hurried me through the house and into the yard at the back. There was a rick of turf there which had that day been opened, leaving a small aperture in the smooth continuity of its rows.

"Get in there, sir," said Cormack, "and you, Pat" (addressing his son who was working in the yard when we entered) "build up the clump again while I go and lock the door. An' if ye tell the boys where the gentleman is ye're no son of mine."

The case was not one which admitted of parleying. I got into the rick, and Pat built up the outside turf with marvellous celerity. There was room enough for air and sound to enter through the interstices between the sods, but the dust nearly choked me. However, I was glad enough of even that refuge when I heard the storm of curses that broke from my pursuers, as, having at length burst open the door, they poured into the yard.

"So help me God! I could hear Cormack saying, 'I let him out at the back-door, boys. Was I to let the gentleman be murdered in my own house an' he staying there?'"

"Curiously enough, as I thought, the angry men admitted the plea, but all now turned upon Pat, to know which way I had gone. He gave them most minute directions as to the route I

had taken, and, after a hurried search of the house and yard, they started off in pursuit.

"When they were out of sight Pat unpacked me. By this time I was almost fainting from the suffocating dust and smell of the turf, and I was glad to sit down in the kitchen and have a draught of buttermilk. Meanwhile Cormack had saddled one of his horses and brought it round to the door.

"Get up on that horse, sir," said he, "and ride as hard as ye can to the police-station at Bally—; it's the only place ye'll be safe in after this. I'll send on yer luggage there for ye. I've saved ye this day because ye were stopping in me own house, but only for that I wouldn't have put out a finger to help ye for an English informer as ye are. So there's no thanks due to me."

"I attempted a few words of explanation and gratitude, but I confess to feeling decidedly 'small' as I rode away, and inwardly took a vow never to interfere with other people's business again.

"I sent my late host a cheque afterwards for what I considered a fair sum for my fortnight's board and lodgings, with a letter expressing my sense of obligation to him and my wish to have made him a present to remember me by did I not fear to offend him. The cheque was returned without a word.

"I was obliged to attend at the trial of Pat Higgins, who, rather to my satisfaction, was triumphantly acquitted by a jury of his compatriots, so that all my trouble and danger had been incurred for nothing. After that you won't wonder that I am not very proud of the story, and don't want it to go beyond you."

"Who was the woman who warned you?" asked I; "did you ever find out?"

"She was Cormack's daughter, and was engaged to Pat Higgins as I found out afterwards," answered Ellerslie. "After that I think you will agree with me that the Irish are a peculiar race."

"Shall I tell you what I think was the most characteristic thing in the whole story?" said I.

"Well?"

"Sending back your cheque!"

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

THE Boston youth who was accused of not knowing a pretty girl when he saw her wanted to be introduced.

THE Latin taught in the schools of New York is so interspersed with tight-lacing, banged hair and love ballads that it cannot be said to be of any value to pupils.

GRACE: "I am going to see Clara to-day. Have you any message?" CHARLOTTE: "I wonder how you can visit that dreadful girl. Give her my love."

A NEW YORK paper thus hits it: A Broadway engraver recently made this mistake: "Mr. and Mrs. — respectfully request your presents at the marriage of their daughter."

THE young Englishman just over read to his wife the heading of a medicine advertisement: "Gained eight pounds in ten days, and remarked: 'Hexcellent wages, that, Mary.'"

A CALIFORNIA Diana is Mrs. Ari Hopper of Ventura, who, while hunting with her husband a few days ago, came upon a large grizzly bear, and performed the rare feat of killing him at the first shot. She also last summer killed a large buck, which was used in a Fourth of July barbecue.

THE members of a young ladies' debating society in Troy have decided in favour of long courtship. Level-headed girls. Observation has taught them that there is wonderful falling off of confections, balls, carriage-rides and opera when courtship ends and the stern realities of married life begin.

THE Rev. W. A. Gross is a Marion (Ohio) clergyman who consented to go into a circus ring at the conclusion of the performance, but while the audience was still present, and perform a marriage ceremony for a couple who were connected with the show. The clown gave away the bride, and kissed her, in his most elaborately comical manner.

A HOPEFUL CASE—Patient: "Then, according to you, doctor, in order to live at all I must give up all that makes life worth living?" Doctor: "I'm afraid so—at least for a few years." Patient: "Perhaps you'd recommend me to marry?" Doctor (a confirmed bachelor): "Come, my dear fellow, it's not quite so bad as that, you know."

MRS. VALERIA G. STONE, in presenting \$100,000 to Wellesley (Mass.) College, says that she has "often and sadly observed the pitiable worthlessness, both to themselves and others, of the lives of women when given up to selfish frivolity or wasted in the pursuit of mere personal enjoyment," and she desires to aid in "training women of learning too generous for sceptical conceit, and refinement too thorough for fastidious selfishness."

FEELS YOUNG AGAIN.

"My mother was afflicted a long time with neuralgia and a dull, heavy, inactive condition of the whole system; headache, nervous prostration, and was almost helpless. No physicians or medicines did her any good. Three months ago she began to use Hop Bitters, with such good effect that she seems and feels young again, although over 70 years old. We think there is no other medicine fit to use in the family."—A lady, in Providence, R. I.

CHORUS FROM "ORION."

O God-begotten,
And dear to all the Gods!
For their quick-dropping tears
Make heavy our eyes and hot.
Be he of Gods forgotten
That smote thee, their gifts as rods
To scourge him all his years,
Sparing him not.

For thee the long-heaving
Ocean, fruitful of foam,
Groaned in his depths and was sore
Troubled, grieving for thee.
Grew clothed with her weaving;
And the fury of storms that come
Out of the wilderness hoar
Went pitying thee.

For thee the all-bearing
Mother, the bountiful earth,
Who hath borne no fairer son
In her kindly bosom and broad,
Will not be comforted, wearing
Thy pain like her labour of birth,
And hath veiled her in vapours as one
Stricken down, over-awed.

For thee the all-covering
Night, the comforting mother,
Wept round thee pitifully
Nor withheld her compassionate hands;
And sleep from her wings low-hoivering
Fell kindly and sweet to no other
Between the unharvested sky
And the harvested lands.

We all are made heavy of heart, we weep with thee,
Sore with thy sorrow,—
The sea to its uttermost part, the night from the dusk to
the morrow,
The unplumbed spaces of air, the unharnessed might of
the wind,
The sun that outshaketh his hair before his incoming,
behind
His outgoing, and laughs, seeing all that is, or hath
been, or shall be,
The unflagging waters that fall from their well-heads
soon to the sea,
The high rocks barren at even, at morning clothed with
the rime,
The strong hills propping up Heaven, made fast in their
place for all time;
Withal the abiding earth, the fruitful mother and kindly,
Who apportions plenty and dearth, nor withhold from
the least thing blindly,
With such like pity would hide thy reverent eyes
indeed
Wherewith the twin Aoides fain she would hide at
their need;
But they withstood not Apollo, they broke through to
Hades, o'erthrown;
But thee the high Gods follow with favour, kind to their
own.
For of thee they have lacked not vows, nor yellow honey,
nor oil,
Nor the first fruit red on the boughs, nor white meal
sifted with toil,
Nor gladdening wine, nor savour of thighs with the fat
burned pure,—
Therefore now of their favour this ill thing shall not
endure.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS, B.A.
Chatham, N.B.

rear of the Convention. He wore the white badge of an Ohio delegate on his coat, and held his massive head steadily immovable. But for an appearance of extra resoluteness on his face, as that of a man who was repressing internal excitement, he might have been supposed to have as little interest in the proceedings as any other delegate on the floor of the Convention. There has been no such dramatic incident in politics, for a great many years at least, except possibly the nomination of Horatio Seymour in 1868. Entirely apart from all political considerations, it was an extraordinary and impressive incident to see this quiet man suddenly wheeled by a popular sentiment into the position of standard-bearer to the Republican party, and possibly into the Presidency itself, with its great power and world-wide fame. All this while the crowd had been cheering, and the elements of the Convention were dissolving and crystallizing in an instant of time.

When Wisconsin gave her vote for Garfield, a tornado swept over the Convention. Delegates ran up the aisles with the banners of the States and Territories, and grouped themselves around Garfield. He sat beneath a forest of waving guidons, and received the congratulations of his friends. A uniformed sergeant of United States Artillery climbed out of a window from the gallery back of the platform, and the roar of artillery added to the great uproar. Men tied their handkerchiefs to their canes, and waved them over the heads of the excited delegates. The band struck up "Hail to the Chief," and the booming of cannon swelled the chorus. A Japanese flag floated from the northern gallery. The notes of "Yankee Doodle" were tooted on the cornets, and were followed by the music of "Rally Round the Flag." All joined in the chorus of

"Freedom for ever, hurrah, boys! hurrah!
Down with the traitors, up with the Stars,
And we'll rally round the flag, boys, rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom."

The bannerets danced time to music, and the effect was electric. It was a second edition of the Boston Jubilee. Garfield's friends swarmed about him, and nearly pulled his shoulder from its socket. For twenty minutes the uproar continued. Then the State guidons were again planted along the aisle, and the monotonous calling of the roll was resumed. The ballot resulted as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Candidate Name, Votes. Includes Blaine, Sherman, Washburne, Garfield.

Upon the announcement of the result, congratulatory speeches were made by Messrs. Conkling, Logan, Beaver, Hale, Pleasants and others, and the nomination was made unanimous. After a brief adjournment the Convention re-assembled, and nominations were made for Vice-President, the name of Chester A. Arthur being presented by General Woodford. One ballot was taken, resulting as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Candidate Name, Votes. Includes Washburne, Jewell, Maynard, Arthur, Bruce.

The nomination was made unanimous. At 7.25 p.m. the Convention adjourned sine die.

General Garfield was officially informed of his nomination on the night following the adjournment of the Convention, and the next morning, with a number of friends, left for his home in Ohio. Crowds, with flags, cannon and bands of music, greeted him at several towns. At Toledo Junction and Cleveland the public receptions were on a large scale. At his home at Mentor his reception was peculiarly enthusiastic and gratifying.

THE CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT.

James Abraham Garfield was born November 19th, 1831, in the town of Orange, Cuyahoga County, Ohio. His father, who came from New York, was of New England stock. James was the youngest of four children, who were left fatherless when he was but two years of age. Mrs. Garfield was a woman of remarkable business qualities, and, with the aid of her three older boys, she managed to support herself and the family on the little farm left by her husband. James, from his earliest years, was obliged to aid to the extent of his ability in the general work about his home in the summer, while during winter he worked at a carpenter's bench, using such opportunities for study as he could command. In his seventeenth year, wishing to earn larger wages, he determined to become a canal-man, and secured a position as driver of one of the boats on the Ohio Canal. His care and attention to his humble business attracted the attention of his superiors, and he was soon promoted to the more dignified post of holding the tiller of the boat. He continued in this business, saving what little of his earnings he could, for about eighteen months, when he entered the Geauga Seminary. His mother had some small savings, which she gave him, together with a few cooking utensils and a stock of provisions. He hired a small room and cooked his own food, to make expenses as light as possible. By working at the carpenter's bench mornings and evenings and at vacation times, and teaching country scholars in winter, he managed to go through the academy, and saved some funds with which to make his way through

college. He entered Williams College in 1854, and graduated in 1856, bearing off the metaphysical honour of his class, which is esteemed at Williams as among the highest within the gift of the institution to the graduating members.

Before going to college, he had joined the sect of the "Disciples," better known as "Campbellites," from their founder, Alexander Campbell. This sect had a numerous membership in Ohio, and all the Garfield family were connected with it. The "Eclectic Institute," in Hiram, was the college of this sect, and here Mr. Garfield became professor of Latin and Greek. During his professorship he married Miss Lucretia Rudolph. Two years later his political life began. His sermons had attracted attention to him, and in 1859 he was brought forward by the anti-slavery people of Portage and Summit Counties as their candidate for State Senator. He was elected by a large majority, and, young as he was, he at once took high rank in the Ohio Legislature, as a man unusually well informed on the subjects of legislation, and effective and powerful in debate. He seemed always prepared to speak, and always spoke fluently and well. When the secession of the Southern States began, Mr. Garfield's course was manly and outspoken, and he was among the foremost to maintain the right of the National Government to coerce seceded States. Early in the summer of 1861, he was appointed colonel of the Forty-second Ohio Volunteers, and took the field in Eastern Kentucky, and was soon placed in command of a brigade, and, by making one of the hardest marches ever made by recruits, surprised and routed the rebel forces, under Humphrey Marshall, at Piketon. He took part in all the operations of the army in the Southwest, his last conspicuous military service being at the battle of Chicamauga. For his services there he was made a major-general. It is said that he wrote all the orders given to the army that day, and submitted them all to General Rosecrantz, save one. The one he did not write was the fatal order to General Wood, which was so worded as not to correctly convey the meaning of the commanding general, which caused the destruction of the right wing of the army.

The Congressional District in which Garfield lived was the one long made famous by Joshua R. Giddings. While Garfield was in the field in 1862 he was nominated for congress in that district. He accepted the nomination, believing that the war would end before he entered Congress, but continued his military service until 1863. He first served on the Committee on Military Affairs, where, by his activity, industry and familiarity with the wants of the army, he did as signal service as he could have done in the field. He soon became known as a powerful speaker, remarkably ready, and always effective in debate, while in the committees he proved himself an invaluable worker. His party re-nominated him by acclamation on the expiration of his term, and on his return to the House he was given a leading place on its leading committee—on Ways and Means. Here he soon rose to great influence. He studied the whole range of financial questions with the assiduity of his college days, so that he is looked upon to-day as one of the ablest of our national financiers. He stood by his party and his party stood by him, re-electing him successively to the Thirty-ninth, Fortieth, Forty-first, Forty-second, Forty-third, Forty-fourth, Forty-fifth, and Forty-sixth Congresses. During these several terms he has served as the Chairman on the Committee of Military Affairs, of the Committee on Banking and Currency, and of the Appropriations Committee. This last chairmanship he held until 1875, when the Democrats came into power. Two years later, when James G. Blaine went to the Senate, General Garfield became by common consent the Republican leader in the House, a position which he has maintained ever since. In January last he was elected to the Senate to fill the seat of Allen G. Thurman, who retires on the 4th of next March. He received the unanimous vote of the Republican caucus for this position, an honour never conferred before on any man by any party in the State of Ohio.

In appearance, General Garfield is very commanding and impressive. He stands six feet high, and is broad-shouldered and strongly built. His head is unusually large, and his forehead remarkably high. He wears light brown hair and beard, and has light blue eyes, a prominent nose and full cheeks. He usually wears a slouch hat, and always dresses plainly. He is temperate in all things except brain work, and is devoted to his wife and children, of whom he has five living, two having died in infancy. The two older boys, Harry and James, are attending school in New Hampshire; while the two younger, Irwin and Abram, live with their parents. His only daughter, Mary, is a handsome, rosy-cheeked girl of about twelve. His mother is still living, and forms one of his family. General Garfield has a house in Washington, where he spends his winters, and a farm in Mentor, Lake County, Ohio, where he spends all his time when not engaged at the capital. His farm comprises 125 acres of land, which is highly cultivated, and here the General finds a recreation of which he never tires, in directing the field work and making improvements in the buildings, fences, and orchards.

THE VICE-PRESIDENTIAL NOMINEE.

Chester A. Arthur, the candidate for Vice-President, is a native of Franklin, Vt., and is in the fiftieth year of his age. He received his education in Union College, Schenectady, being graduated when eighteen years of age in the

Class of '48. Immediately after graduating he came to New York City to live, and prepared himself for the Bar. After being admitted to the Bar, he practised both alone and with others as members of a law firm.

In 1852, Jonathan and Juliet Lemmon, Virginian slaveholders, intending to emigrate to Texas, came to this city to await the sailing of a steamer, bringing eight slaves with them. A writ of habeas corpus was obtained from Judge Paine to test the question whether the provisions of the Fugitive Slave Law were in force in this State. Judge Paine rendered a decision holding that they were not, and ordering the Lemmon slaves to be liberated. Henry L. Clinton was one of the counsel for the slaveholders. A howl of rage went up from the South, and the Virginia Legislature authorized the Attorney-General of that State to assist in taking an appeal. William M. Evarts and Chester A. Arthur were employed to represent the people, and they won their case, which then went to the Supreme Court of the United States. Charles O'Connor here espoused the cause of the slaveholders; but he, too, was beaten by Messrs. Evarts and Arthur, and a long step was taken toward the emancipation of the black race. Another great service was rendered by General Arthur in the same cause in 1856. Lizzie Jennings, a respectable colored woman, was put off a Fourth Avenue car with violence, after she had paid her fare. General Arthur sued on her behalf, and secured a verdict of \$500 damages. The next day the company issued an order to permit coloured persons to ride on their cars, and the other car companies quickly followed their example. Before that the Sixth Avenue company ran a few special cars for coloured persons, and the other lines refused to let them ride at all.

On January 1st, 1861, General Arthur was appointed Engineer-in-Chief by Governor Morgan of N. Y. State. In this office he did very valuable service in the equipment of the volunteers of this State for the war, and on January 27th, 1862, in honour of these services, he was appointed Quartermaster-General on Governor Morgan's staff. Here he again worked with great energy to forward troops to the seat of war. He took great interest in politics, and gradually became one of the leaders of the Republican Party in N.Y. State. Upon November 20th, 1871, he was appointed Collector of the Port by President Grant to succeed Thomas Murphy. Upon the expiration of his four years' term, so acceptably had he filled the post, that he was reappointed in December, 1870. The nomination this time was unanimously confirmed by the Senate without reference to a committee as usual. This was a high compliment, usually reserved for ex-Senators. On July 21st, 1878, he was removed by President Hayes, and was succeeded by Collector Merritt.

Upon September, 18th, 1870, he was elected Chairman of the Republican State Committee. It was largely due to his skillful management that the campaign was such a successful one—all the Republican candidates for State officers being elected.

OLIVE LOGAN says: "Paris is the wickedest city on the face of the earth." Directly after that she says: "It is a lovely place to visit, either for a week or a twelvemonth."

CORNERS.—Corners have always been popular. The chimney-corner, for instance, is endeared to the heart from the earliest to the latest hour of existence. The corner cupboard! What stores of sweet things has it contained for us in youth—with what luxuries its shelves have groaned in manhood!—A snug corner in a will! Who ever objected to such a thing? A corner in a woman's heart! Once get there, and you may soon command the entire domain. A corner in the Temple of Fame! Arrive at that, and you become immortal.

Of the kind of "nobility" that exists only in name, France, like Poland and Italy, seems to have a supply sufficient to meet the demands, for years to come, of American girls ambitious to support some impecunious count, and to live in titled unhappiness. Here is a sample advertisement from a Paris paper: "An honourable English lady married to a French nobleman, is well acquainted with three dukes, four marquises and five counts belonging to the highest French nobility, who are desirous to marry English or American ladies having enough income to keep up a high rank in the St. Germain society of Paris. The titled persons in question are from thirty to sixty years old. They do not require titled ladies, but honourable ones. The same English lady can procure the title of a marquis and the title of a count to gentlemen of fortune, aged from thirty to thirty-two or thirty-five, if they consent to marry the young ladies who, by contract, can give that title to themselves and to their descendants. The greatest discretion is promised and will be observed. Apply, during a fortnight, to Poste Restante, etc."

POVERTY AND SUFFERING.

"I was dragged down with debt, poverty and suffering for years, caused by a sick family and large bills for doctoring, which did them no good. I was completely discouraged, until one year ago, by the advice of my pastor, I procured Hop Bitters and commenced its use, and in one month we were all well, and none of us have seen a sick day since, and I want to say to all poor men, you can keep your families well a year with Hop Bitters for less than one doctor's visit will cost, I know it. A Workingman."

THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

JAMES A. GARFIELD FOR PRESIDENT—CHESTER A. ARTHUR FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.

The National Republican Convention concluded its six days' session on June 8th by the nomination of General James A. Garfield, of Ohio, for President, and the Hon. Chester A. Arthur, of New York, for Vice-President. The contest over the Presidential nomination was marked by unusual interest and intensity, the partisans of General Grant especially displaying an obstinacy of purpose and an audacious confidence which has rarely been matched. The supporters of Mr. Blaine apparently addressed their efforts to the one object of defeating Grant if they could not nominate their favourite, and, in the end, victory was to this extent theirs. In the initial ballot on June 7th, the vote for the several candidates was as follows: Grant, 304; Blaine, 284; Sherman, 93; Edmunds, 34; Washburne, 30; Windom, 10. The balloting continued during the day and evening without any material changes, closing at 10 p.m. (on the 28th ballot) with 307 for Grant, 279 for Blaine, 91 for Sherman, 31 for Edmunds, 35 for Washburne, 10 for Windom, and 2 for Garfield. At that hour the Convention adjourned until the morning of the 8th, when it re-assembled at 10.30, a conference having been meanwhile held by the friends of Mr. Blaine and Secretary Sherman. Balloting was promptly resumed. The first ballot (the 29th) of the Convention showed that each candidate had substantially the same strength as when the voting ended, the night before. Grant had 305 votes and Blaine 278. Sherman, however, had 116. The contest then went forward without the change of more than a dozen votes, until the thirty-fourth ballot was reached. On the thirty-fourth ballot Garfield, who had had one vote, suddenly received 17. On the next he received 50.

When the roll was called for the thirty-sixth ballot, the Blaine and Sherman States began to cast their votes for General Garfield from the beginning of the call. When Wisconsin was reached he had 361 votes. Three hundred and seventy-nine were necessary to a choice, and Wisconsin's 20 would send him before the country. The excitement was intense. Half the Convention rose to its feet, and the occupants of the galleries seemed wild with enthusiasm.

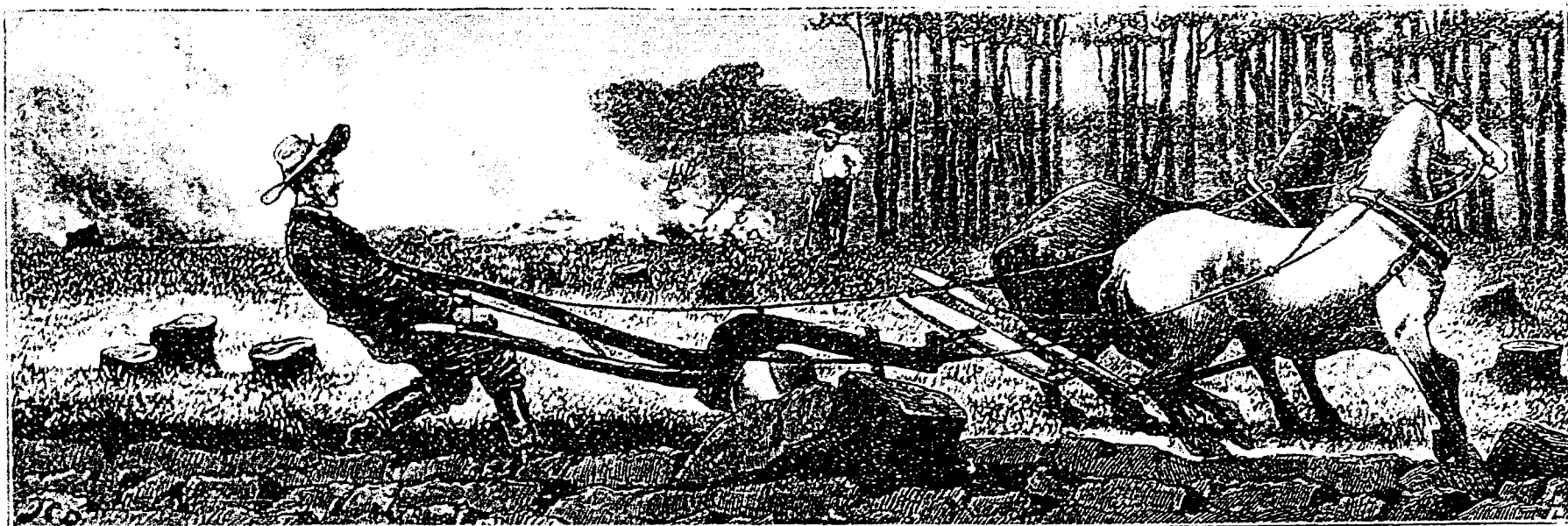
Leaders of all factions ran hurriedly hither and thither through the Convention; and, while the building was resounding with loud cheers for Garfield, there was a cluster of excited delegates about the General himself, who sat quiet and cool in his ordinary place at the end of one of the rows of seats in the Ohio delegation, having his own seat in the middle aisle near the very



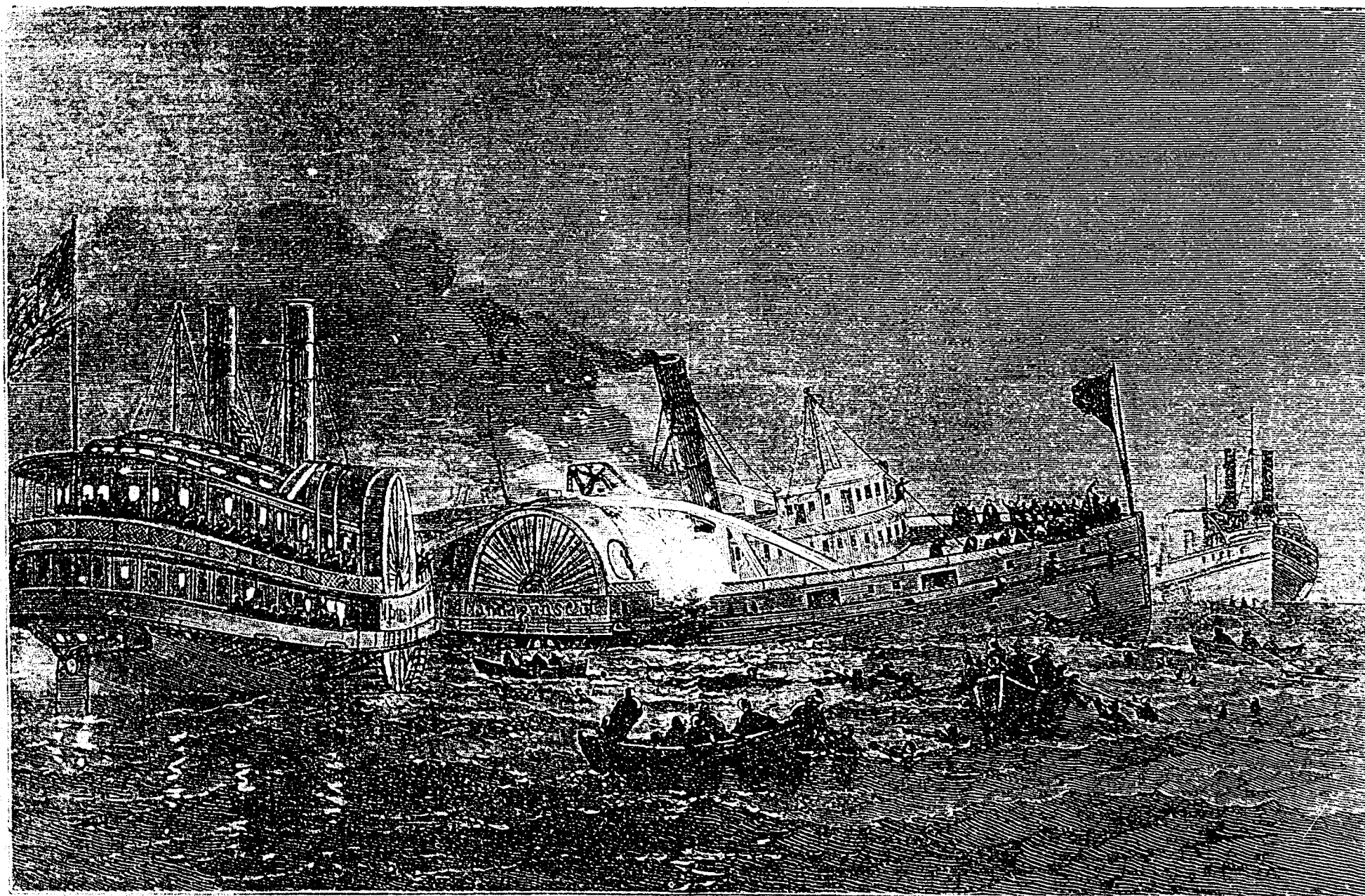
IN MAY.—FROM A PAINTING BY EMIL SCHMID.



CATTLE GRAZING IN NEWLY CLEARED PASTURE.



BREAKING UP NEW GROUND.
FARM LIFE IN CANADA.



COLLISION OF THE STONINGTON AND NARRAGANSETT, OFF LONG ISLAND, N. Y.

MY LITTLE DICKIE.

My little Dickie in his cage,
Doth oft my care and grief assuage;
I love to listen to his song,
He warbles on the whole day long.

I give him water, seed and sand,
And oftentimes a reprimand;
For when his little crop he fills,
He volleys out such lively trills.

With many little modulations,
And merry little variations,
He makes such noise, the little elf,
That I can hardly hear myself.

When I have any friends about
To make them hear—I have to shout
With all my might—and hardly then
Can hear one sentence out of ten.

I wish at times that he were dead,
I feel like pulling off his head;
But no—I know that pretty Dick
Is worthy of a better trick.

The little fellow knows no sorrow,
He worries not about to-morrow,
He dreads not want—he craves not riches,
And thus a noble lesson teaches.

So little Dickie in his cage,
Doth teach the simpleton and sage,
He teaches me—now does he not?
To be contented with my lot.

Chatham, Ont.

A. MACFIE.

"SEVEN."

Considered in the light of its peculiar mathematical properties the number nine has from time to time attracted much attention. Students of the curious have devoted both labor and leisure to demonstrating how persistently the highest single character of our numeration repeats itself in calculations into which it has once been allowed to enter. Its quality of self-reproduction, if one may be allowed the term, is simply astonishing, and as a potent factor in the first four rules of arithmetic it plays a very remarkable role. The number three has also peculiar mathematical properties, though in a lesser degree than its square. There is a number, however, which, while not so peculiar in processes of calculation, is possessed of a strange interest, because of the attributes with which time-honored institutions have invested it, and put in forms and dogmas which we are accustomed to consider sacred—to say nothing of its uncanny attributes. It would be impossible in the limited space of a newspaper article to give all that is curious concerning the number seven, but after gaining information from a variety of sources we put the eclectic faculty to work, and from an abundance of notes, select the following for presentation to the readers of the NEWS. Want of space too, precludes any investigation into the origin of the opinions and forms which may seem to be governed by this numeral; but what the writer presents in brief, the reader may find it a grateful study to pursue in extenso.

A SACRED NUMBER.

To begin with, the number seven was by the Jews of old looked upon as being in a measure a sacred number. The seventh day was the Sabbath, and that of course was venerated as the day of rest; but besides that there was the week or period of seven years, during the last of which the earth was unworked, left in a state of repose. Then, too, there was the time of seven weeks of seven years or forty-nine years, at the expiration of which came the great year of Jubilee. When visited by those wonderful visions which are incorporated in the Apocalypse, the exile of Patmos could not failed to have noticed, as we do now, the singular repetition of the number seven in the various phases of the Revelation. There were the seven churches to which messages were sent, the seven golden candlesticks with their seven branches, the seven ever-burning lamps, while in the figurative description of the last day, St. John is reported to have heard seven trumpets sounded, to have seen the seven vials of wrath poured out, the seven stars falling from heaven, to have watched the breaking of the seven seals, and to have flown in spirit with the seven executing angels. In the days when holocausts were looked upon as a pertinent form of religion, the number seven was not overlooked. Thus Job's friends offered a sacrifice of seven calves and seven heifers. David at the time of the translation of the ark of the covenant immolated the same number of victims; and Abraham offered a sacrifice of seven sheep when making an alliance with Prince Abimelech, and similar instances might be multiplied without end. By-the-by, the chief Israelitish feasts of Passover and Pentecost are separated by an interval of seven weeks.

SEVEN IN THE NEW LAW.

When the slaying of animals was no longer considered essential and a gentler doctrine was being preached, the number seven was not discarded. It will be remembered that St. Peter asked the Great Master if he must forgive an offence seven times committed, and the answer was that pardon should be extended seventy times seven. In the ceremonies that belong to the Christian religion the number seven still holds its place. The Roman Catholics and Greeks have seven sacraments—Baptism, eucharist, confirmation, penance, holy-orders, matrimony and extreme-unction. Again there are seven deadly sins—murder, lust, covetousness, gluttony, pride, envy and idleness. The devotional character of the number is still further increased by there being seven penitential

psalms and the seven dolours of the Virgin Mary, the first being the particular expression of David's contrition and the latter being a festival of the Roman Catholic church instituted by Pope Benedict XIII. in 1725 and celebrated on the Friday preceding Palm Sunday. The seven dolours are (1) the prediction of Simeon, Luke ii, 34; (2) the flight into Egypt; (3) the loss of Jesus in Jerusalem; (4) the spectacle of Jesus bearing the cross towards Calvary; (5) the sight of Jesus upon the cross; (6) the piercing of his side with a spear; (7) his burial. Before leaving the sacred character of the number it will be well to add that the first Greek copy of the Old Testament is said to be a translation from the Hebrew made by the order of Ptolemy by several interpreters about 270 B. C.; that the Sanhedrim, the great council of the Jews, consisted of seventy members; that the priests circled the walls of devoted Jericho seven times; that a seven-fold vengeance was threatened to the slayer of Cain; and that it was seven days before the flood when Noah filled his ark

"With every beast, and bird and insect small,
In sevens and pairs."

THE REALM OF FANCY.

In the pages of fancy, seven occupies an important place. There were (and may still be) seven heavens through which Mahomet passed, while other romancers (including, strange as it may seem, Victorien Sardou among their number) have located a seventh heaven in Saturn. Who, too, has not heard of the Seven Champions of Christendom—St. George of England, St. Denis of France, St. James of Spain, St. Anthony of Italy, St. Andrew of Scotland, St. Patrick of Ireland, and St. David of Wales? "Noise enough to awaken the Seven Sleepers," is an expression often made use of in reference to a great tumult, but the remark is more common than a knowledge of its origin. Very briefly the story is this: It is a Christian legend originating in the Orient, brought to Europe by Gregory of Tours and often reproduced by the middle age writers. When Decius was king of Ephesus and persecuting the Christians, seven young men of that city, to escape the murderous king, took refuge in a cave, and being discovered, they were, by order of the tyrant, walled in and left to perish of hunger. Their names were Melchus, Maximian, Denys, John, Serapion, Constantine and Martiuan. Three hundred and seventy-two years afterwards, when the good Theodosius was emperor, an Ephesian started in to make a stable out of the cave, and to do this first tore down the wall. The noise of the workmen aroused the youths, who had been all this time miraculously kept asleep, and one of their number was sent into the city to purchase bread. He found the cross exhibited in public where but yesterday its private possession had meant death. He recognized no place nor person, and on presenting his coin, an *obolus* of a date obsolete for centuries, he was looked upon with suspicion, and finally taken before the authorities. They did not believe his story, but being conducted to the other six young men were found alive and freshly awakened from their long sleep. The details bear many points of resemblance to Washington Irving's story of "Rip Van Winkle."

THE SEVEN SLEEPERS.

The Koran relates the story of the Seven Sleepers; the Persians annually celebrate their feast; the spot is still shown at Ephesus where the fabled miracle took place, and we believe the Roman Catholic church has consecrated a day to their memory. Scarcely less mythical, perhaps, are the Seven Sages, who figure in an old English metrical work under the title of the "Seven Wise Masters," and written of in Arabic, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, German and Spanish. The story is probably of Indian, that is, of Hindoo origin, as it is founded on the truly Oriental idea of Seven Sages telling an emperor a new story every night in order to distract his attention from a contemplated execution of his son. These Seven Sages are not to be confounded with the Seven Wise Men of Greece, who lived about 548 B. C., and who devoted themselves to the cultivation of practical wisdom. They were Colon, Thales, Pittacus, Bias, Chilon, Cleobulus and Perlander of Corinth. They were the authors of the celebrated mottoes inscribed in the Delphian temple, which, as the crystallization of seven lives' experience, are worth repeating, if not remembering. The motto of Solon was, "Know thyself"; that of Thales, "Suretyship is the precursor of ruin"; that of Pittacus was "Know thy opportunity"; of Bias, "Most men are bad"; of Chilon, "Consider the end"; of Cleobulus, "Avoid excess"; and of Perlander, "Nothing is impossible to industry." Yet, another remarkable septet was that composed of the Seven Chiefs of War who, according to the Greek playwrights, lived in the thirteenth century before our era—and who were named Polynice, Adrasta, Tyde, Capaneus, Amphiarus, Hippomedon and Parthenone. Six of these owners of high-sounding names were Argian princes, who, under the leadership of Polynice, laid siege to the city of Thebes where one Etocles had taken refuge. Aeschylus wrote a tragedy on the famous siege, which he entitled "The Seven Chiefs Before Thebes," played in Athens 462 B. C., and which was extremely martial in style that at its conclusion the people rushed out of the theatre clamoring for war. In the more reliable annals of comparatively modern campaigns the number seven also takes its place. There was, for instance, the seven years' war, carried on in Germany from

1756 to 1763, in which the contending party were Prussia, with England as its ally, against Austria, Russia, France and Sweden. The war was a most disastrous one, devastated Germany, cost Europe blood and gold without end, and closed without yielding material advantages to any party except Prussia, which annexed Silesia and thenceforward took rank as one of the five great European powers. Even in the few blood-stained pages of American history a ruddy seven is seen. The time was short, but in those seven days' battles which were fought near the Chickahominy from June 25 to July 1, 1862, Joe Hooker and Stonewall Jackson forced the fighting, there fell no less than 20,000 Union soldiers.

THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

This collection of curious facts relating to seven would be looked upon as curiously incomplete without reference to the Seven Wonders of the World. These very remarkable objects, some of which still remain, have been variously enumerated, but the following classification is the one most generally received: (1) The Pyramids of Egypt, (2) The Pharos of Alexandria, (3) The walls and hanging gardens of Babylon, (4) The Temple of Diana at Ephesus, (5) The statue of the Olympian Jupiter, (6) The Mausoleum of Artemisia, (7) The Colossus at Rhodes. Geography furnishes its quota to this compilation, with Rome, the city of the Seven Hills, though several of the eminences have long disappeared; the Seven Capes of Algeria; the Seven Brothers, as many mountains in the north of Africa; the Seven Islands constituting the Ionic Republic; the other Seven Islands a small group in the English Channel; the Seven lakes, a remarkable plateau in the department of L'Isere, France; the Seven seas, the old name for the embouchure of the River Po; the Seven mountains, a strange basaltic group on the Rhine, which the tourist may see between Bonn and Remagen, whilst at home we have the Seven fountains of Virginia, the seven islands in Georgia, the seven leagues in Texas, the seven stars in Pennsylvania and the seven valleys of Tennessee. Nor should we forget the now almost forgotten tradition of the island of the seven cities, which was the subject of a popular tradition in the time of Columbus. The mysterious island lies somewhere in mid-ocean, abounds in gold and is crowned with seven magnificent cities, founded long since by seven Spanish bishops, driven from their sees to make the seas by the Paynim. The island has been visited at different times by chance navigators, none of whom have, however, been permitted to leave the shore, for the seven-cities island came to be part of that country from whose bourne no traveller returns. Apropos of Seven stars: There is a group that belongs to a less prosaic region than that of the Pennsylvania town. When the seven daughters of Atlas, pursued by Orion, were, in accordance with the maidens' prayer to Jupiter, changed into doves, the transformation did not end there. On their death they were changed into stars and fixed in the constellation of Taurus, where they twinkle each night as the Pleiades. To be sure, one of them is not visible to human eyes, but the lost Pleiad in furnishing a subject for artists and poets, has made the fable all the more poetic and tender. One of the best realizations of the mythical nymph errant is the statue in Mrs. Shillaber's possession which was exhibited in public a short time ago.

THE PLEIADES.

There are also two other Pleiades—the word meaning a group or reunion of seven celebrated persons—the pleiad of Alexandria instituted by Ptolemy Philadelphus and composed of the seven contemporary poets, Callimachus, Apollonius, Aratus, Homer the younger, Lycophron, Nicander and Theocritus; the second, the literary pleiad of Charlemagne, composed of Alquin, Augilbert, Adelard, Riculfe, Varnefrid, Charlemagne himself, and one other whose name has been forgotten. Other celebrated groups of seven are the seven electors or seven princes who formerly elected the emperor of Germany, and the Septemvir, a society of seven Romish priests charged with the ordering of the banquets to the gods or at the public festivals.

In literature the number seven has left its mark. There are, for example, Tasso's poem called "The Seven Days;" two plays produced on the French stage one after the other entitled "The Seven Castles of the Devil," and "The Seven Daughters of Satan," (the last, by the way, presented in California last Christmas under the title of "The Seven Sisters"); a well-known drama by Mallefille, called "The Seven Children of Lara," and Wordsworth's poem "We Are Seven."

STRAY FACTS ABOUT SEVEN.

As a last paragraph of odd information connected with this remarkable number, we will group together the stray facts which cannot be placed under any particular head. In South America there is what is known as the seven-day sickness, an epileptic disease which attacks children the seventh day after they are born. Among the religionists of North America are the Seventh-day Baptists, a sect of sabbatarians numbering about 7,000. One of the principal feasts of ancient Greece was the Septeria, given at Delphos every seven years. It was to the discovery of the accord of the seventh in the fourteenth century that we owe the fulness of modern harmony, and which marks the difference between ours and ancient music. The French have cause to remember the old-time Seventh month, for it was in September, 1792, that the

massacres of the first revolution took place, while by a sort of historical balance it was in September, 1870, that the French empire foundered. An event in Spanish history was the issuance by Alphonso the Wise in 1266 of Las Siete Partidas, a most curious compilation of instruction for judges. Juvenile readers will call to mind the Seven League Boots, although they may not so readily remember the Seven Sciences—grammar, logic, rhetoric, arithmetic, geometry, astronomy and music. Finally, our bodies are supposed to undergo a complete change of tissue every seven years and we have seventy years to live.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON ON SEVEN.

In a copy of the curious *Almanach Prophetique* for the year 1866, which has been placed in our hands, we find a paragraph which some patient Frenchman has constructed to show the truly remarkable influence which the number seven had upon the life of President Johnson. His name, says the writer in the *Almanach*, has seven letters; at fourteen years of age (or twice seven) he was apprenticed to a tailor, and worked with the needle for seven years, being twenty-one (three times seven) when he gave up his trade. In 1828 (four times seven) he was named alderman of the town of Greenville; in 1835 (five times seven) he was appointed a member of the legislative house of Tennessee; in 1842 (six times seven) and at the age of 35 (five times seven) he was sent to congress, entering the senate at the age of 49 (seven times seven). On the seventh of March, 1862, he was elected military governor of Tennessee, and in 1864, being then 56 (eight times seven) he was nominated President of the United States.

HEARTH AND HOME.

RIGHTEOUSNESS.—Plato had so great and true an idea of perfect righteousness, and was so thoroughly acquainted with the corruption of mankind, that he makes it appear that if a man, perfectly righteous, should come upon earth, he would find so much opposition in the world, that he would be imprisoned, reviled, scourged, and in fine crucified by such, who, though they were extremely wicked, would yet pass for righteous men.

DUTY.—Duty cannot be confined to certain times or certain places, and shut out from others. It is as present in our business as in our homes, as potent in our lightest amusements as in our gravest endeavours. Let us not cramp its power or limit its range, still less exclude it from any intellectual region, but rather strive to trace it through all that comes to us, and search for its lessons in everything we learn. Just as the sun reveals afresh to us each morning the work that is waiting for our hands, so the light of new truth will ever reveal to the faithful seeker the new responsibilities and duties with which he is charged.

FRIENDSHIP.—If friendship be delightful; if it be, above all, delightful to enjoy the continued friendship of those who are endeared to us by the intimacy of many years, who can discourse with us of the frolics of the school, of the adventures and studies of the college, of the years when we first ranked ourselves with men in the free society of the world; how delightful must be the friendship of those who, accompanying us through all this long period, with a closer union than any casual friend, can go still farther back, from the school to the very nursery which witnessed our common pastimes; who had an interest in every event that has related to us, and in every person that has excited our love or our hatred; who have honoured with us those to whom we have paid every filial honour in life, and wept with us over those whose death has been to us the most lasting sorrow of our heart! Such, in its wide, unbroken sympathy, is the friendship of brothers, considered even as friendship only; and how many circumstances of additional interest does this union receive from the common relationship to those whom we owe an acceptable service, in extending our affection to those whom they love! Every dissension of man with man excites in us a feeling of painful incongruity. But we feel a peculiar melancholy in the discord of those whom one roof has continued to shelter during life, and whose dust is afterwards to be mingled under a single stone.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers, &c., to hand. Many thanks.
Student, Montreal.—Solution received of Problem No. 279. Correct.
E. D. W., Sherbrooke, P. Q.—Solutions received of Problem No. 279. Correct.
E. H., Montreal.—The position is incorrect.

We have received the June number of the *Chessplayer's Chronicle*, and we find it, as usual, replete with chess news from all parts of the world where chess amateurs abound—London, Eng., Italy, Austria, Scandinavia, America, Australia, &c. The true lover of the checkered board will be gratified to find that the pursuit from which he derives so much gratification is spreading in every direction, and this will lead to the anticipation that ultimately it will become the favourite pastime of all classes of society. No one will deny that a great change in this respect has taken place within the last twenty-five years. The present number, also, contains a useful selection of games, among which are two from the match between Zukertort and Rosenthal, besides a goodly number of

new problems, one of which, we notice, is a three mover by W. Atkinson, of Montreal.

The match between Max Judd and the St. Louis Amateurs, which grew out of a challenge offered by the latter through the columns of the Times, is about ended in favour of Mr. Judd. There were only three games more to play, and the score stood: Judd, 7 1/2; Amateurs, 5 1/2. Judd gave the odds of a Knight to each competitor. There is no doubt that he will come out victorious. The Globe-Democrat says: The Amateurs were very confident that Judd could not successfully give them the big odds of a Knight, but this second test will be apt to convince them that they have a giant among them.—Hartford Times.

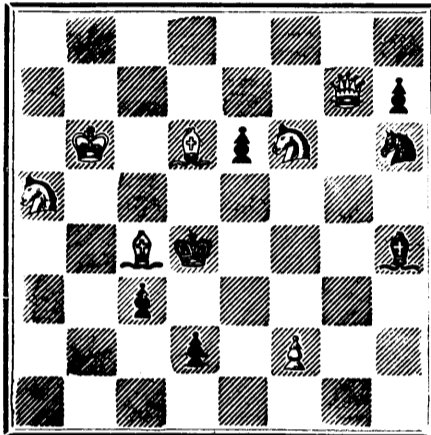
We have already announced that an international tournament will be held at Wiesbaden during the month of July. Among the players of note who have signified their intention of competing for the prizes (1,000, 500, and 200 marks respectively), are Messrs. J. H. Blackburne, and James Mason, of London; Louis Paulsen, of Blomberg; Dr. Schewede (editor of the Leipzig Schachzeitung); and M. Fährdrich, of Pesth. A specimen of whose skill appeared in our last issue.—The Illustrated London News.

The latest news from England gives the following score in the match between Zukertort and Rosenthal: Zukertort, 4; Rosenthal, 1, Drawn, 8.

In the International Correspondence Tourney, the British team have lately gained two games. The following, therefore, is the present score: Great Britain, 28; America, 29, and 13 drawn.

PROBLEM No. 282.

By W. A. Shinkman, Grand Rapids, Mich. BLACK.



WHITE White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 411TH. CHESS IN LONDON.

Being the tenth in the match between Messrs. Rosenthal and Zukertort. Played May 27, 1880. (Ruy Lopez.)

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

NOTES—(Much Condensed.)

- (a) An extraordinary blunder to make at such an early stage. He loses now a clear P, and must, besides, submit to the exchange of queens. Of course, he ought to have taken the Q P first with the K P. (b) An excellent move. Black must take, or else, after the exchange of Pawns, his K Kt P will become untenable. (c) The best move to avoid subsequent molestation. Wherever else the B went, the adverse R could either harass the K with checks, or attack the B. (d) It was altogether hopeless now, and quite irrelevant what he did. Turf, Field and Farm.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 280

- White. Black. 1. P to Q B 7 1. Any move 2. Mates acc.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 278. In this Problem there should be a W P at White's K 3. WHITE. BLACK. 1. R to Q Kt 7 1. P moves 2. Kt to K 6 2. P moves 3. B mates

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 279.

White. Black. K at K sq K at K B 6 Bat K 6 Pawn at K R 4 B at Q 8 Kt at K B 5 Kt at K R 3 Pawns at K R 2 and 4 and Q 3.

White to play and mate in two moves.



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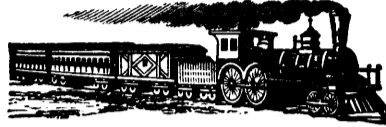


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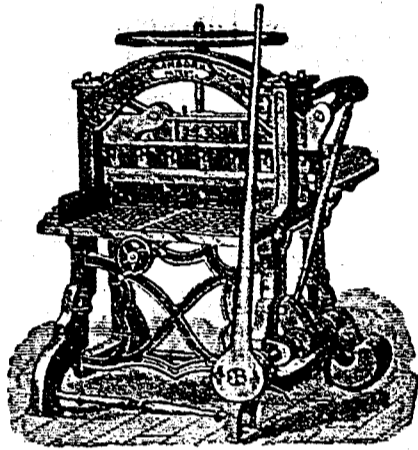
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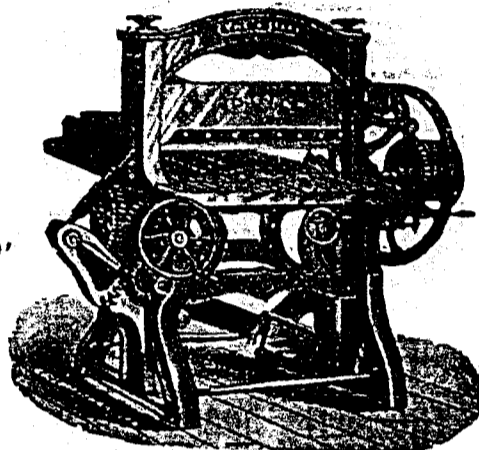
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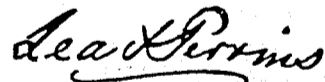
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