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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

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HON. GEO. A. DRUMMOND.

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12th JANUARY, 1889.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICES.

We are glad to announce that we have made arrangements with the well known house of John Haddon & Co., 3 and 4 Bouverie street, Fleet street, E.C., London, England, to be our representatives in Great Britain. They are authorized to receive subscriptions and to make contracts for advertising space. THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED will be kept on file by them, and they will be in a position to answer all enquiries relative to the publication.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.

We are forming a joint stock company to own and publish this journal. Its success as a commercial enterprise is now beyond doubt. The reception given the paper by the Press and the Public has been enthusiastic. The subscription lists keep swelling day by day. The advertising is steadily improving and the outlook generally is excellent. We started the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED with limited means, and have, single-handed, brought it to a period when the employment of additional capital is not only justified by the work done, the results achieved, and the certainty of success, but is required for the improvement, permanency and economic production of the paper. The proposed capital of the company is \$50,000, in shares of \$100, a notable portion of which is already subscribed by good business men, whose names we are at liberty to communicate to intending investors. The limited time we can spare from the arduous labours connected with the publication does not allow us to call on, nor even to write to, the many friends and well-wishers of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, who may be both able and willing to assist in the enterprise. We therefore take this means of reaching them and asking them, as a particular favour, to send us their names, so that we may mail to them a detailed statement and prospectus. We would like to have shareholders all over the Dominion, and will be pleased to have applications for one share, five shares, or ten, from any of our friends. They will find it an investment that will be highly profitable and can only increase in value year by year. For prospectus and form of application, address the publishers.

G. E. DESBARATS & SON,
Montreal.

In answer to "A subscriber," we beg to say that we are having the portrait of the late Hon. Thomas White engraved. It was intended that it should be published at the time of placing the memorial window in St. George's Church, but this event took place earlier than we expected.

PERSONAL.

Hon. Alex. Mackenzie has taken quarters at Ottawa for the session and winter. He will be there early to attend to his Legislative duties.

Hon. J. A. Chapleau, in a private letter to a friend, says his health has greatly improved, and he hoped shortly to be able to return to Canada.

Owing to the continued illness of Lieutenant Governor Angers, His Excellency appointed Judge Bossé Administrator of the Province of Quebec to open the session of the Legislature.

Rev. Dr. O'Meara, Rector of St. John's Church, Port Hope, Ont., who died suddenly, some weeks ago, was a pioneer missionary to Sault Ste. Marie and Manitoulin Island. He learned the Indian tongue there, preached in it, and translated the prayer books and hymns, for which Trinity College, Dublin, gave him, during a vacation in Ireland, the degree of LL.D.



The British Board of Trade emigration returns for the past year just completed show a remarkable steadiness, the total outgo being 280,000, compared with 281,487 in 1887. There is a marked decline in emigration to the States and Australia, the former having decreased 5,566 and the latter 2,961. Emigration to Canada increased 3,000.

The great American people consumed 70,000,000 gallons of whiskey last year and had 93,000,000 gallons left. They also got away with 24,680,219 barrels of beer. This confirms the reports of the chief American papers, in all the great towns, and explains the number and heinousness of the crimes which stain the calendars of the police courts.

In our next number we shall give an editorial article to the system of Experimental Farms in the Dominion, and, to-day, shall begin by informing our readers of what is not generally known, that there are now four of these farms in working order—the Central Farm, at Ottawa, serving the joint purposes of Ontario and Quebec; the Branch at Nappan, N.S. for the Lower Provinces; the Farm at Brandon, for Manitoba; and the Branch at Agassiz, for British Columbia.

The transition is natural from the Experimental to the Industrial Farm. The friends of a well-understood scheme of immigration, that of children, will hear with pleasure of the success achieved by Doctor Barnardo's in his attempt to establish an Industrial Farm in Manitoba. The farm at Russell was established only this season, and the settlement has a kernel of not more than one hundred lads. The value of the work done, from the last report, amounts to \$4,500, including over \$2,000 for produce raised.

On the subject of immigration, there is a move, from another quarter, that of the Abbé Plantin, of Ottawa, who is about to sail for the land of his birth, to open Canada as a field of settlement for the farmers of Cevennes, a cold and hilly country of France, peopled by a hard-working, thrifty and strong race. The Abbé hopes to come back in May, with a good following of first-rate pioneers for the Noming and Temiscaming countries.

The Winnipeg boys are coming down to the Carnival. After Montreal, Winnipeg is perhaps the best sporting town in Canada. The more of them coming down the better we shall be pleased, and they may rely on the hospitality of that most splendid of institutions, the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association. The Winnipeg curlers and snowshoers have arranged with the railroads for a \$25 round trip to the Montreal Carnival, and a \$40 rate to non-members of clubs. It is expected a very large number will attend the Carnival from Manitoba.

Lord Salisbury is acting with the quiet and firm dignity befitting the occasion in waiting for the appointment of a new Minister to Washington until Mr. Cleveland steps down and out. We are already well on in January, and Mr. Cleveland will leave the White House on the 2nd of March. Meantime Lady Salisbury is making things pleasant at home by heading a subscription for a river of pearls to be presented to Mrs. Phelps, the wife

of the able and popular American ambassador to the Court of St. James.

It was publicly stated in London, on the 5th, that Sir George Baden Powell, M.P. for Liverpool, will shortly proceed to Ottawa and Washington as plenipotentiary on behalf of the British Government in the Fisheries Question. Sir George Powell is, no doubt, an authority on the question, having made a careful study of the dispute on the spot in 1882, and published elaborate reports through the *Times*. He possibly intends to renew this study, but in the best informed circles there is no reason to suppose that the British Government will make any move until the new President is installed.

The marriage of the Hon. Edward Stanley is specially interesting, because he is the eldest son of our esteemed Governor-General, and is to take up his dwelling at the Capital as A.D.C. to his father. He was wedded on the 5th inst. to Lady Alice Montague, daughter of the Duke of Manchester, in the Guards' chapel. The Prince of Wales and family, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, and an aristocratic company were present. The Rector of Hatfield, who is a son of the Marquis of Salisbury, officiated. Beautiful presents were received from Queen Victoria, Empress Frederick of Germany, and other royal personages.

The *Gazette* throws out a good hint—and not for the first time—in regard to Dr. Barnardo's Industrial School for boys in the Northwest, to which we refer in another paragraph. "Why should not our cities imitate the good example thus set them by the valiantly humane doctor, and establish like institutions for the benefit of the Canadian boys who are equally destitute, equally exposed to evil influences, equally liable to grow up a burden or a bane to society? We just throw out the hint—and it is not the first time we have ventured to do so—in the hope that some Canadian Barnardo may see, in the vast areas of the Northwest, opportunities for carrying on the work of juvenile reform for the sake and in the interests of our own five millions of inhabitants."

While on this question of philanthropy, it may not be amiss to call the attention of the public to another institution of just the same kind, established at Montfort, in Wentworth Township, Province of Quebec, North, which is not so well known. This is a farm, with vast acres under tillage, where young destitute boys are brought up to make their living from their work in the soil, far from the dangers of the town. This farm is called "The Agricultural Orphanage," and was founded, several years ago, by the Rev. Abbé Rousselot, of St. Sulpice, Montreal.

Le Canadien, of Quebec, cannot believe that the Republican Government will be lasting in the United States, as witness the republics of Greece and Rome, Italian republics of the Middle Ages, and the present makeshift in France, on which the *Kingston News* says that, discussing the question in its own way, the *Canadien* arrives substantially at Carlyle's conclusion, that "America is the most successful case of no-government in the world, and that its success is owing to the absence of difficulties rather than to the merit of its form of government. When there are no longer any vacant lands to receive their surplus population, and when the conditions of life have thus become much more difficult, the Americans

will have the first real test of the merits of republicanism. Before we can be certain that republicanism is a better form of government than monarchy, we must see it rise superior to some real difficulties."

OUR NATIONAL LITERATURE.

As there are a few Canadians who run counter to the institutions and material resources of the country, there are a few others also who not only decry the literary work that has been done in the past, but insist that no field for literature is possible in the Dominion. We have received quite a paper on this subject, with the title given to the present article, which we should have returned to the author, without comment, only that it was submitted to us as editor of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, and for the purpose of publication. We notice it, furthermore, as the writer is a man of ability, whose verses have more than once graced our columns, and whose name often appears in the Toronto journals.

The paper is quite lengthy, and cast in a scornful vein. It lays down three grievances—the discouragement of a would-be author; the competition of English and American writers, and the lack of Canadian appreciation and patronage, but the real burden of the whole article is that literature does not pay in Canada, and that publishers and booksellers are in league against those who want to make a livelihood by writing.

Now, there is where the mistake is made, and where an injustice is done to Canada by invidious comparison with other countries. It is true that, in a young country like Canada, no man can make his living, pure and simple, by devoting himself exclusively to letters. But it is the same thing, in the vast majority of cases, in the United States and England, and, indeed, in all cultivated countries, like France and Germany. In the United States, with very few exceptions, there are none who live by their writings alone. A half dozen that had independent means, such as Helen Hunt and Mrs. Burnett, were able to publish their own books, even if they had not made money by their works of genius. But run through the long range of authors, and it will be found that they almost all had, and have, subsidiary means of existence. Longfellow was rich of himself, but he had a life-long professorship, too. So had Lowell. Holmes had a large profession and a professorship. Hawthorne, the greatest genius of them all, had to live on government official money during his whole life. George William Curtis, and the later authors—such as Aldrich, Stoddart, Ripley, Winter, Howells, Warner, and a dozen more, are all in receipt of large salaries for the hack work of editorial departments in newspapers and magazines.

There has been the same experience in England. The best men in its literature were employed in public offices, from the days of Charles Lamb down to those of Matthew Arnold, taking in a host of names, such as those of Hazlitt, Anthony Trollope, and Edmund Yates. George Augustus Sala, a man of extraordinary parts, will leave no work behind him that is likely to live, because retained for routine toil, of the most ephemeral kind, in the periodical press. The later generation of minor writers, such as Austin Dobson, Edmund Gosse, Andrew Lang, are all dependent on this treadmill work. Literature, pure and simple, does not pay them, and though their other toil is useful, it is hackneyed, takes up all their

time, and does not enter into the domain of real and lasting literature.

In a narrower range, the state of things is the same in Canada. When a man has a clever pen, and can make the stores of a widely-read and scholarly mind interesting to the average readers, who are always eager for information and entertainment, he has a chance of being engaged on the press, where the salaries are generally adequate to his easy livelihood. The result is that we have proportionately as many able writers as there are in the United States and England, and while the field of native reading has, up till lately, been that of a young and struggling people, the change within the past fifteen years—or since the era of Confederation, indeed—has been most marked.

Then, again, as in Montreal, for instance, we could name a dozen young men devoted to letters, in which they have achieved a name, and who either have private means, or make a living out of their professions, as lawyers, notaries and medical practitioners. In Ottawa there are several engaged in the Civil Service, and not a few are professors in our seats of learning.

This subject might be pursued much further, but enough has been said to show that there is such a living, tangible thing as Canadian literature; that the prospects of a yearly improvement, going abreast with the material progress of the country, are clearly to be seen; and that, if a clever and successful writer wants to put forth a book, he ought to have pride and trust enough to do it, at least partially, out of his own pocket, with the chances all in his favour that he shall reap a measure of fame and profit therefrom.

THE RESOURCES OF CANADA.

While some of our own people are so far blinded as to run down their country, and work at the ruin of its institutions, it is a special compensation to find broad-minded and disinterested Americans laying the facts about Canada in their true light, and publishing them to the world with honourable truthfulness. At a late meeting of the Institute of Albany, New York, Professor Ralph W. Thomas read a paper, from which we have nothing else to do but to quote, the matter being altogether statistical and authentic.

The question asked is: "What is Canada?" Geographical Canada has an area of 3,360,000 square miles, of which the Basin of the Hudson's Bay alone is 2,000,000 square miles. Canada is forty times as large as England, Scotland and Wales. It is equal to three British Indias, and fifteen times as large as the German Empire. The excess of its area over that of the United States is greater than that of the whole area included in the thirteen colonies joining in the Declaration of Independence. A country of magnificent areas; unmeasured arable plain and prairie; of mountains rich in minerals; of lacustrine systems dwarfing those of the United States; of majestic rivers, wholly within her own borders, measured on the Missouri-Mississippi scale. This is Canada.

Industrial Canada is great in agriculture and minerals. Ontario raises the finest barley in the world and some of the finest draught horses. The vast Northwest includes 466,000 square miles of the wheat field of the world. From its situation it has two hours more of daylight than other wheat bearing regions on this continent. This means two hours more of forcing power every day. Droughts are never feared. Manitoba

claims 75,000,000 acres of wheat fields. The Canadian wheat crop for the first ten months of 1888 was valued at \$5,000,000. The Northwest regions are capable of supporting a population of many millions, and immigrants are already pouring in. Alberta is the ranch of Canada. Its climate is so mild, on account of the warm currents on the Pacific, that cattle and horses roam over the pastures the year round, and are found in spring to be in good condition for market. The Canadians exported \$10,000,000 worth of cattle during the first ten months of 1887. All these advantages are to be reinforced by transportation. The Canada Pacific Railroad is a fact, and the Hudson's Bay route is promised, by which Winnipeg is brought 783 miles nearer Liverpool than by way of Montreal, and 1,052 miles nearer than by Chicago. By this route Liverpool would be brought 2,136 miles nearer to China and Japan than *via* New York and San Francisco. If this route succeeds, Canada will hold the key to the markets of the world. Coal exists throughout Canada in abundance, the entire coal area covering 97,000 square miles.

The copper deposits are pronounced by Mr. Erastus Wiman to be almost beyond human belief. The Calumet and Hecla vein is twelve feet thick; the Canadian vein is 1,000 feet thick. The Geological Survey has located 557 deposits in the Eastern Townships alone. Gold and silver exist in great plenty, chiefly in Nova Scotia and British Columbia. In the latter province \$50,000,000 have been taken from the ground by unimproved methods, and this seems to point to vast deposits in the mountains.

In Beaver mine, at Port Arthur, discovered in March last, there is in sight, by actual measurement, \$750,000 worth of silver. Like bonanzas have been reported in British Columbia. Such exposures are unprecedented. Iron is found in unlimited quantities and of the best grade. Near Ottawa there is a hill of iron estimated to contain 100,000,000 tons. The railroad up the valley of the Trent runs through a continuous iron belt for 150 miles. Mr. Wiman is authority for the statement that at New Glasgow, in Nova Scotia, within a radius of six miles, there are found hundreds of tons of iron ore, of the best quality, side by side with limestone, chemically pure, coke in seams 30 feet thick, all directly on the line of the Intercolonial Railway and within six miles of the Atlantic ocean. This ore could be put on the wharf in Boston for \$1.50 per ton, which, to-day, costs from \$5 to \$6 per ton. The Ontario Government has recently sold 150,000 acres of land for \$2 an acre, covering an iron belt seventy-five miles across.

Commercial Canada has not as yet acquired that prominence which might be expected when the resources of the country are considered. Yet, in her merchant marine, Canada ranks fourth among the nations of the earth. Commerce is now being fostered by the Government, and in 1881 the American trade with Canada amounted to \$89,000,000. These facts partly answer the question "What is Canada?" and we hold with the Professor that they vindicate the Canadian's claim for the greatness of his country's destiny.

The Pacific coast is already buying 300,000,000 tons of Canadian coal every year, in spite of the duty. American manufacturers are compelled to go to Malta and Spain for iron, when it exists within a few hours' ride of their own borders.



ENCAMPMENT OF BLACKFEET INDIANS.

From a drawing by F. A. Verner.



WORSHIP OF MANITOU, LAKE OF THE WOODS.

From a drawing by F. A. Verner.

The manufacturers of this country are deprived of nickel, which could be used in many ways, were it not for the high price of the metal. It is better than steel for the making of ordnance. But there are only two deposits of consequence in the world. One is within a few miles of Detroit; the other in New Caledonia, half way round the globe. Americans hear much of the high price of lumber and much of the destruction of their forests. Anyone can see that a high tariff on lumber means direct destruction to their own forests. Canadian lumber by the million feet is annually going up in the smoke of forest fires, or rots into the earth. Ten million acres of forest exist in British Columbia alone.

SONNETS.

I.

ISAAC DE RAZILLY.

[Isaac de Razilly was a w (after the settlement of Acadia by the French, in 1692, by the treaty of Saint Germain), appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Nova-Scotia. Arriving at La Havre (La Have?) he was so charmed with the scenery, that he resolved to settle there. He, however, died shortly afterward.—*Campbell's History of Nova Scotia.*]

His eyes were charmed when, fresh from ocean's plain,
Acadia's forelands rose upon his view,
And his bark skirted where the waters blue
Wash her green isles; and all his heart was fain
To linger on enamour'd, and remain
In thy sweet shelter, beautiful La Have!
Yet one more voyage—its earthly port, the grave;
He sees no more his native France again.

So do glad eyes still greet thee—deem thee fair,
O my loved Country! Wanderers from the sea
Returning, to enrich thee with the stores
Of other climes; so glad will I repair
To gaze on scenes I love, to sing for thee,
To find my rest upon thy peaceful shores.

II.

UNDER DEATH.

I was a child; yet darkling one lone hour
All unexpected fell I under death—
Prone in his shadow, trodden, with spent breath,
Until to wrestle with th' dismaying power:
Cowering in his dark cave, I gazed forlorn
On blight and ravin: Then a Voice severe
Said—"Of thy warm companions none are here;
Here silence dwells, and darkness veils the morn."

Then in that midnight vigil did my soul
Exhaust her horror; for I long have wept,
And called on Death, since in his shadowy homes
Bide my companions; and my dream of dole
Is broken where my wounded Conqueror slept:
O shall I fear Him when again He comes?

ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

LITERARY NOTES.

A scholastic periodical, not known, of course, out of the Province of Quebec, but equal in beauty of outfit and literary excellence to any in Canada, is a neat 12mo., entitled *Le Couvent*, published monthly at Joliette.

Jules Verne, in his new romance, has made Canada the scene of the plot and will bring in the events of 1837-8. The book is to be illustrated by Mr. Tret Barquet, who visited Canada with the French excursionists.

The *King's College Record* says that, at the last meeting of the "Haliburton," Mr. Bliss Carman read the first part of a Trilogy on the death of Matthew Arnold, entitled "Death in April." The poem is unfinished, the first part out of three only being complete.

At the same meeting of the society the following well-known literary names were put up for membership and unanimously accepted: Arthur Weir, Watson Griffin and W. D. Lighthall, all of Montreal. The President, C. G. D. Roberts, read selections from Mr. Lighthall's "Young Seigneur," and the meeting closed with a general debate.

A beautiful new volume put forth by Frederick A. Stokes & Bro., New York—which we shall shortly review—is entitled "Songs from Béranger," and consists of versions in the original metres by Craven Langstroth Betts. By a letter received from St. John, N.B., we are of opinion that the translator is Lower Province born.

The McGill University *Gazette* is almost too much of a good thing, having been put forth fortnightly of late. The last number was specially rich in quantity and quality, the contributors being Mrs. S. A. Curzon, Messrs. Weir, George Murray, Talon-Lesperance, and the bright particular charm of the whole being "Flowers from the Greek Anthology," by Mr. Murray.

Our friend, J. Theo. Robinson, is doing well, with his cheap reprints of popular stories. His choice is always wholesome, his workmanship good, paper, type and cover in proper taste. The latest of his publications, just issued, is "John Bodewin's Testimony," a western tale of the Arkansas Valley, full of adventure and interesting situations. The price is the nominal one of 30 cents.



HON. SENATOR DRUMMOND.—We offer our readers to-day a fine likeness of the Hon. Mr. Drummond, who has been raised to the Senate for the Division of Kennebec, in the room of Hon. James Ferrier, deceased. The name of Mr. Drummond is known all over the Dominion, but this is the first time that his features will be seen by readers of this paper in every one of the provinces. Although still in the prime of life, Mr. Drummond is already an old Canadian and citizen of Montreal, having come to Canada from Scotland in 1854. That was when the late Mr. John Redpath established the industry of sugar refining in Canada, for which purpose he called over young Drummond to assume the practical and technical management. For this he was thoroughly equipped, not only by education in all branches of study, but he had an additional scientific training in chemistry. The enterprise was a successful venture from the first, thanks to the concurrent labours of a number of able men, but chiefly through the intelligent and tireless energy of Mr. Drummond. In 1878 the fiscal policy and the tariff changes of the new administration were found to be so unfavourable to the refining of sugar in Canada that the Redpath establishment closed its gates and Mr. Drummond was enabled to spend five years abroad in travel, study and recreation. In 1878, on the establishment of the new policy, the works of the refinery were set up again and the immense machinery burst into active life. A large number of workmen were engaged, and, to this day, a colony of families are supported in ease from the wages at the refinery. The handling of raw material, chosen and brought from the utmost bounds of the earth, required great skill and capacity, while the capital involved was immense. By his successful methods of administration Mr. Drummond came to be known, and was elected Director of the Bank of Montreal in March, 1882, and Vice-President of the Board in 1887, a position which he still holds. Nor did the range of his energies stop there. He is President and chief stockholder in the vast coal and iron mines at Springhill, in Nova Scotia, and whether it be in the development of slate quarries in the Eastern Townships, or the introduction of the Jute industry into Montreal, or in the many other enterprises he is associated with, his practical mind exerts its influence and makes itself felt throughout the country. Although he is one of the pillars of the Conservative party, he has not coveted political honours, and was an unsuccessful candidate for Montreal West, in 1872, against the Hon. John Young, and since then he has steadily refused any such nominations. His natural place is in the Senate, where a wide knowledge of the wants of the country, of its business, and wisdom in providing for an increase of its already marvellous thrift, are required to promote useful and practical legislation. His connection with the Montreal Board of Trade dates back to 1884, when he was elected Vice-President, being re-elected in 1885. In 1886 he was chosen President, and, in 1887, was the first President under the Amended Act of Incorporation providing for the Amalgamation of the Montreal Board of Trade and Corn Exchange. In 1888 he was elected again, and it is mainly due to his intelligent and persistent energy that the port of Montreal, after years of long suffering, was freed from the heavy burden contracted by the deepening of the St. Lawrence channel. Mr. Drummond is not only a business man. His early culture has clung to him, and he has shown himself a constant patron of Literature and the Fine Arts. His gallery of paintings is one of the choicest on this continent, and his liberality has been displayed more than once by the loan of his best canvasses, "The Raising of Jairus' Daughter," by Marx, being the most notable. It is only the other day that he entertained the distinguished French artist, Benjamin Constant, of whom he possesses two masterpieces, "L'Hérodiade" and "Le Lendemain d'une Victoire à l'Alhambra." Mr. Drummond's walls are adorned by other great works of illustrious artists, Corot, Troyon and other masters. He is also fond of music, and successfully addicted to the sports of hunting and fishing, while the true Scotsman asserts himself on the curling rink and at the golf links. We cannot do better than close in these appreciative words of the *Star*:—"Mr. Drummond has been twice married. His first wife was a daughter of the late Mr. John Redpath, by whom he has five sons. He married as a second wife Mrs. Hamilton, a daughter of the late Mr. Archibald Parker, by whom he has one son. In person Mr. Drummond is of middle height, and quick in movement. He is spare and lithe in build, and his hair begins to incline to the senatorial colour. His mind is rapid and intuitive in decision and very practical. When he comes to a wrong conclusion he requires to be convinced of it, and, although open to conviction, he will require reasons. In business his manner is somewhat abrupt, with a disinclination to be bored; in society it is quiet, courteous and retiring. He is, in public matters, an infrequent speaker; but he speaks logically, forcibly and well. He will always command attention, for his information is wide and his mind is cultivated both by reading and observation. He is a man who is an honour to the city in which he dwells, and who will be a guardian of its best interests." It may be added that he will make his influence felt, in the Senate, for the good of the whole country. The *Witness* is equally compli-

mentary. It says: "All appointments to political office in a self-governing country should be in a large degree merely the official recognition of a confidence already shown by the people in the recipient. This is most markedly the case in this appointment." The *Gazette* says: "Mr. Drummond has qualifications which mark him out for public office. The ability, the prudence, the assiduity with which he has discharged the onerous duties of his various commercial avocations are sufficient assurance of his fidelity and zeal in the representative position to which he has been called, and we regard his appointment not only as a well-deserved compliment, but as a distinct gain to the public life of Canada." The *Mail* published a long summary of the *Star's* article, sent to it by telegraph. The *Journal of Fabrics* gives an outline portrait of Mr. Drummond, and likewise republishes the *Star's* discriminating paper.

BLACKFEET ENCAMPMENT.—Mr. Verner, the artist, gives at the foot of this sketch the following note: "Crowfoot watching a gambling party in front of him, before moving the tepees." The sketch was taken some years ago and thus these tepees of buffalo hides are likely the last of the kind, the buffalo being too scarce now to allow of the skin being used. Crowfoot is lying on the ground. The picture is characteristic of Indian lazy life. The drawing of the tent folds, chiefly toward the top, is very fine, the dark portions shining like velvet.

WORSHIP OF MANITOU.—Whoso gazes at this simple sketch will not gain the inborn knowledge and worship of the great First Being rooted in the inmost heart of even the lowliest of the wanderers in the woods? The artist calls it The Worship of Manitou by the Light of Keesas. It is moonlight, with the full orb, in undimmed silver, rising above the edge of the nether world and shedding its white light over hill, valley and stream, while in the ring, where the council are sitting, and two of the Chiefs uttering their flowery prayer, the fire-flame falls upon the copper faces, lighting them with spiritual intelligence. There is the full face of a young squaw to the left, which reminds one of Catharine, over against us at Sault St. Louis.

THE MONTREAL GENERAL HOSPITAL.—The beautiful and comprehensive design which we publish in this number is the perspective Elevation of the Series of Pavilions intended to supplement and gradually to replace the buildings now composing the Montreal General Hospital. This design and the plans which it embodies have been laid out with the view of occupying the convenient site belonging to the Corporation of the Montreal General Hospital, fronting on St. Dominique street, and extending from Dorchester to Lagachetiere street and from St. Dominique to St. Constant street; the whole square with the exception of the north-east corner being now owned by the General Hospital. These plans are the outcome of years of study and consideration, having been begun as far back as 1873, and gradually worked up and perfected by one of the foremost hospital architects of England, with the constant advice and supervision of Mr. Peter Redpath, who was Vice-President of the Montreal General Hospital in 1871 and '72, and President from 1875 to 1882. These plans have been submitted to Miss Nightingale, Sir Douglas Galton, Dr. Sutherland, and other high authorities in England, and their suggestions were taken advantage of. In the Annual Report of 1875 we read the following allusion to these plans:—

"With the view of providing accommodation for the yearly increasing number of sick persons seeking admission, it has been deemed advisable to acquire additional property adjoining that on which this building stands, for the purpose of erecting thereon buildings on the most improved principles of hospital construction; it is proposed to undertake the erection of one pavilion, which will form part of a general plan that can be carried out gradually as circumstances require.

"An effort is being made to procure the necessary plans, and it is hoped the result will be an institution containing all the best features of the most approved modern hospitals, but it will take years to complete the design now contemplated.

"When we reflect that the body of the present hospital was erected 54 years ago, and the Richardson wing 43 years ago, and that it has been chiefly since the Crimean war that very much attention has been paid to the scientific principles upon which hospitals should be constructed, it will be at once evident that the citizens of this large city are bound by the highest considerations, the value of human life, the sanctity of human suffering, to provide for the sick an hospital as free from defects as can be constructed."

It was, however, only in February, 1884, that, by the purchase of the properties fronting on Lagachetiere street, the Governors of the Hospital were placed in a position to consider these plans and the propriety of building. In a letter to the Governors, written in April of the same year, Mr. Andrew Robertson, President, says:—

"The questions which I have to put before you are as follows:—First: Should the plans referred to and so carefully supervised by Mr. Redpath, be adopted, or if not, what steps should be taken in the premises? Second: The desirability of building one or more pavilions at once, or when? Third: Should it be deemed advisable to build, the question of increased income which will be necessary should be considered, and how it is to be obtained?

"To the first question I may mention that the plans referred to are so arranged as to involve the greatest economy in adapting them as required to the land now in our possession, and will cost per pavilion from \$50,000 to \$70,000, according to size and construction. The present main

building and the Morland wing may remain untouched for years to come, or so long as necessary, or may be considered desirable. The plans in their entirety are designed for the accommodation of about 300 beds, and the building will probably cost about \$400,000 when finally completed. In my opinion one pavilion at least should be built without delay, and a second also, provided the means can be found to sustain them. These additions would, I think, fill the requirements for twenty years to come, except for infectious diseases, which might require additional accommodation."

In 1883 Mr. George Stephen (now Sir George) had donated to the General Hospital the munificent sum of fifty thousand dollars to build a Pavilion which should commemorate the name of the late Dr. G. W. Campbell. About the same time forty thousand dollars were bequeathed to the hospital by the late David J. Greenshields, to be used also in the erection of a Pavilion. So that building might have been started at once. But the momentous question arose: How to meet the increased expenditure of \$20,000 or \$30,000 per annum for the maintenance of 70 or 100 additional beds? The ordinary revenue averaged \$35,000 and the ordinary expenditure exceeded \$36,000! In 1883, 136 beds cost nearly \$40,000, or 80 cents per bed per day. It was evident that a large endowment fund must be provided to yield a permanent revenue of at least \$30,000 in addition to the ordinary income; or that the citizens must contribute nearly double their annual subscriptions to justify the Governors in building. Sir George Stephen, on the 3rd of April, 1884, wrote as follows on this subject to Mr. Andrew Robertson:—

MY DEAR ROBERTSON,—Thanks for the perusal of your interesting letter on the Hospital matters, which I return herewith. If I were to offer an opinion, I should say that it is incumbent on those on whom the responsibility of deciding rests, to see a reasonable certainty of being able to provide for the maintenance and efficiency of the Hospital, before committing themselves to any extension. What is done should be well done. "Overhousing," so to speak, ought to be avoided, and rather than fall into that weakness, it would be better to devote attention to securing a capital fund for "running expenses," and only extend slowly as circumstances permit. Always yours,

GEORGE STEPHEN.

Mr. Robertson, who was elected a member of the Committee in 1872, Treasurer in 1873, Vice-President in 1878, and President in 1882, which position he still occupies, had promised Mr. Redpath in 1875 to devote ten years of his life to carrying out this most important work of Hospital extension. In the course of his visits to modern hospitals in Great Britain, he found that St. Bartholomew's, in London, had a yearly income from invested funds of \$450,000; that the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary cost \$1,750,000 to build, and had a large permanent fund to which, in 1883 alone, \$685,000 had been added by legacies. He took occasion to communicate these figures to the Governors of the Montreal General Hospital, and to urge that large additions to the permanent fund of the latter should be called for from citizens in a position to help the institution by donations or legacies. That his appeal was not without some result may be gathered from a glance at last year's report, where we notice that the revenue had increased from \$38,500 in '83, to \$42,500 in '88, notwithstanding the reduction of the Provincial grant from \$4,000 to \$2,800. So that although the average number of indoor patients had increased from 136 to 151, there was a surplus of \$950 in the treasury. We also notice a handsome legacy of \$20,000 bequeathed by the late Hon. John Hamilton.

Meanwhile the city, the country, and the world had been astounded by the announcement that one of the most magnificent gifts ever offered to their fellow men by private citizens had been placed at the disposal of the city of Montreal, and that one million dollars were donated for hospital purposes by those princes of princely benefactors, Sir Donald A. Smith and Sir George Stephen. It was at first supposed and hoped by many that this munificent dowry was for the old, useful and needy General Hospital, and those who had been labouring during so many years for that institution, and were even then praying for the means to build and endow the projected Pavilions, must have felt a pang of regret that the million was intended to build another and distinct hospital. Their hands were now paralysed indeed, and the building plans were once more in abeyance. But the difficulty and delicacy of the position they were placed in must have occurred to the great and good donors of the million. For we read in last year's General Hospital Report:—

"In compliance with a request from the President of the Royal Victoria Hospital, three members of the Board of Management of this Hospital were appointed to meet a committee of the Governing Board of that Institution, to consider the question of amalgamation of the two institutions."

But unfortunately, no definite result was arrived at, for we read further on:—

"With regard to the question of amalgamation of this Institution with the Royal Victoria Hospital, no further steps have been taken since the last quarterly meeting. The difficulties in the way of such an amalgamation remain unchanged; and the committee, while believing that the erection of one centrally situated General Hospital, with perhaps one or two receiving houses, and a branch for convalescent patients, would provide the more effective means of administering to the relief and necessities of the sick poor of the city, have not been able to see their way further to move in this direction at present."

"The other important question, as to the propriety of erecting buildings upon the property belonging to the Hospital, has not been decidedly dealt with by the committee, as they have thought it desirable that ample time should be afforded for the fullest consideration of any reasonable scheme which might be proposed for the fusion of the two Hospital Corporations."

There are comparatively few persons in Montreal acquainted with the History of the Montreal General Hospital. For such we will here consign some of the facts, names, dates and figures that have successively concurred in forming that history.

The Montreal General Hospital was granted a Charter on 9th April, 1822, a portion of which is as follows:—

Dalhousie, Governor,

George the Fourth, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith.

To all to whom these presents shall come, Greeting:

Whereas our loving subjects, John Richardson, William McGillivray, and Samuel Gerrard, Esquires, of our City of Montreal, by their humble Petition presented to our Right Trusty, and Right Well Beloved Cousin, George, Earl of Dalhousie, Our Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief in and over our Province of Lower Canada, and read in Council for the said Province, on the ninth day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-two, did, among other things in substance set forth that there had been a subscription set on foot by them for the purpose of erecting a General Hospital in our said City of Montreal, and that sundry public spirited persons influenced by principles of benevolence have liberally subscribed towards the same that, from the manifest utility of such an Hospital, further contributions and donations may be expected, if there be an assurance of permanency to the Institution and means provided for the management of its concerns, that very considerable progress has been made towards the object in contemplation, by the purchase of a spacious lot of ground in a central situation, in the Saint Lawrence Suburbs of the City, whereon is erecting a large building, for the body or centre part of the said Hospital, and susceptible hereafter of extension by wings upon a regular plan, which building is now in a state of advancement towards completion, &c., &c., &c.

The first Report of the Committee of Management was made on 6th May, 1823, from which we extract the following:—

In laying before the Members of the Corporation the first Annual Report of the proceedings of the Governors, during the twelve months just ended, it may not be improper for the information of some of them, to state, as briefly as possible, the circumstances which led to the erection of the Hospital.

From the increase of the population of Montreal, the Hotel Dieu Nunnery was found to be inadequate to the reception of the indigent sick. This inconvenience was still further augmented by the great influx of emigrants from the United Kingdom, some of them labouring under fevers of a contagious nature, and other diseases, that were not admissible into that Hospital. To remedy this, a subscription was made, in the year 1819, for hiring a house to serve as an Hospital. Though this was only on a small scale, the good, which was effected by it, was, after one year's trial, so evident, that it was deemed an object highly desirable to erect a building which might give permanency to the establishment.

To further this design, the Hon. John Richardson, the Hon. Wm. McGillivray and Samuel Gerrard, Esquire, in the month of August, 1820, purchased on credit, (which by a Notarial Deed executed by them was declared to be in trust for this purpose,) a lot of ground in the St. Lawrence Suburbs, as a site for the intended Hospital, well adapted to the purpose, both from its proximity to the Town and the salubrity of its situation.

A plan of the building to be erected, and an estimate of its probable expense, were ordered to be made, and laid before the Directors for their consideration. The plan submitted consisted of a centre building of 76 feet by 40, capable of containing 72 patients, and on an emergency, 80, and two wings each of 70 feet by 30 to cross the entire building, and to project 15 feet on each side of it, each capable of containing nearly a like number of patients.

1823	
May 1st—To amount of accounts paid as per detailed statement	£4,556 8 0
To cost of the land purchased from Marshal	1,300 0 0
Cost of the Hospital	£5,856 8 0
The number of patients admitted from May 1st, 1822, to May 1st, 1823, with those brought from the Temporary Hospital was	421
The number of patients that have received advice and medicine as out patients for the same period was	397
The total number of patients who have received benefit from the Hospital during the last twelve months was	818
The expenditure for the last twelve months was £832 6 3, or say	\$3,330

It will be seen from the above that the Hospital has now been in existence 68 years. In the report of 1872, the "jubilee" year of the Hospital, we find that the number of patients treated within its walls in the 50 years was 55,948, an average of 1,076 annually, besides 192,948 applications for outdoor relief. To show the enormous strides the Hospital has made, from last year's report we find that 2,144 indoor patients were treated to a conclusion, and of outdoor patients 24,995 were treated in that year alone. The expenses for carrying this on were \$41,485. Over 250 people, between visitors and patients, physicians, nurses and students, visit the Hospital every day, making nearly 100,000 people who go to the Hospital every year.

No better argument can be urged for the necessity of a central and conveniently situated site.

As an evidence of the unsectarian character of the Montreal General Hospital, it may be here mentioned that of 5,920 new patients treated in 1887-8, 3,994 were Roman Catholics, 1,809 Protestants, and 127 of other religions.

The Hon. John Richardson was President of the Governing Body from 1821 to 1831; Hon. John Molson from 1831 to 1835; Samuel Gerrard from 1835 to 1856; the second Hon. John Molson from 1856 to 1859; John Redpath from 1859 to 1869; William Molson from 1869 to 1875; Peter Redpath from 1875 to 1882; Andrew Robertson from 1882 to the present day.

The Richardson Wing was erected in 1832 by means of a fund subscribed in Montreal, Quebec and Upper Canada, as the Richardson Memorial Fund. It cost about \$9,000. The Reid Wing was built entirely by the widow of the Hon. Chief Justice Reid, as a memorial to her lamented husband, and was completed in 1849. The Fever Hospital, built in rear of the Richardson wing in 1868, cost \$10,674, of which Mr. William Molson contributed \$5,000. In 1872

some friends of the late Thomas Morland, in his life time an active and zealous friend of the Hospital, subscribed \$10,000 to build a wing in commemoration of that gentleman.

There are now 302 Life Governors and 12 Elected Governors of the Montreal General Hospital. The office bearers for 1888-9 are:—

Andrew Robertson, President; John Stirling, Vice-President; Thomas Davidson, Treasurer; R. P. Howard, M.D., Secretary.

Committee of Management—Charles Alexander, J. T. Molson, R. W. Shepherd, William Cowie, J. P. Cleghorn, F. Wolferstan Thomas, Robert Craik, M.D., Samuel Finley, Charles Garth, W. M. Ramsay.

The medical staff consists of eight consulting physicians, four House physicians and three assistants, four surgeons and three assistants, three specialists, a medical superintendent, three resident medical officers, and an apothecary as dispenser. These thirty practitioners comprise the elite of the profession. Dr. R. P. Howard, the Secretary, has occupied that position for twenty-five (25) years.

We may be allowed to express, in conclusion, the hope that wisdom, generosity, self-sacrifice, and true Christian charity may so influence the counsels and conferences of the Governing bodies of the Montreal General and Royal Victoria Hospitals, as to bring about a fusion of interests; and that Montrealers may see the beautiful and commodious building erected of which we give our readers the perspective view, taken from the original in the possession of Mr. Andrew Robertson.

CAPE BRETON VIEWS.—It shall not be said that the historical and beautiful old Island of Cape Breton has been overlooked by the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, when "foreigners," like Charles Dudley Warner, have sung and joked about it in "Baddeck and That Sort of Thing." Here we have, on the one page, four lovely views of the neighbourhood of Baddeck—a mountain near it; Whycocamah, Bras d'Or; Salt Mountain, Whycocamah; and a stream, bridge and mountain, high Whycocamah, Bras d'Or again. Whycocamah Basin, a beautiful sheet of water in the Island of Cape Breton, is 16 miles from the head of Mabou Harbour, 10 miles long and 3 broad. The scenery, on the east and west, is very fine, Skye Mountain being 937 feet high, and Salt Mountain 742 feet. Bras d'Or, with the golden name, is a magnificent sea water lake, 50 miles long and 20 broad, with a depth of from 12 to 60 fathoms. The entrance is split into two passages by Boulderie Island; and one of these passages is to be bridged by the Federal Government at the cost of \$500,000, as the wire just informs us from Ottawa. Sea fisheries of every kind, taking in salmon, are carried on in these waters, and in several of its large bays ships are laden with lumber for England. These notes are taken from Lovell's valuable "Gazetteer of B.N.A.," edited by Mr. P. A. Crossby, of Montreal.

THE GYPSY.—This is anybody's girl, and yet no one seems to own her, even the artist not having signed his name. And still he has no reason to be ashamed of his—shall we call her Polly? Yes, Polly is rather dishevelled as to her full black hair and *décolletée* as to her rustic bodice. She is winding a wreath about her locks, and the roguish eyes and the saucy mouth are asquint and awry, as she haply sees a swain coming down the garth full upon her. She is not half as coy as Maud Müller, but every bit as pretty.

DOMINION NEWS.

The want of snow is hindering operations in the Eastern Townships woods.

A bunch of pansies, in full bloom, was picked in the garden of Mrs. M. Burke, Windsor, N.S., on Christmas Day.

Yarmouth imports this year aggregate \$640,000 and exports \$798,500. The town has 111,273 tons of shipping on its registry, a decrease of 5,169 tons.

A company is being formed at Gaspé, with a capital of \$500,000, to carry on the fishery trade of Labrador. They intend to construct special steam vessels for the work.

Captain R. C. Adams, of Montreal, confirms his report of the discovery of gold on property of the Anglo-Canadian Phosphate Company in Wakefield. Though giving a small average to the ton, the immense size of the vein of quartz may make it possible to work it. The vein measures sixty-nine feet in width, and extends into the valley on each side.

It is affirmed that the first newspaper advertisement appeared in 1642, during the civil war in Great Britain.

In England the first printed advertisement was gotten up by Caxton, the celebrated printer, who announced the completion of "The Pyes of Salisbury," a book containing a collection of rules for the guidance of priests in the celebration of Easter.

The first authentic advertisement was published in *The Mercurius Politicus*, of 1652. In the year 1657, a weekly newspaper, devoted to the interests of advertisers, made its appearance in London. It was not until the Eighteenth century that newspaper advertising became the recognized medium between the manufacturer and the buyer.

In the republic of Switzerland the highest official of the government is the president of the Federal Council, who is elected by the Federal assembly, which meets at Berne. He holds the office for the term of one year, and enjoys a salary of \$3,000 per year.



DESIGN FOR THE NEW BUILDING OF THE



F THE MONTREAL GENERAL HOSPITAL.

The Lady in Muslin.

I waited in vain, however; she stood for a few moments leaning against the verandah, and then suddenly with a swift movement entered the house, and I saw her no more. I lingered about the boundary stream all the morning, in hopes of making some further observations, but I was not successful. For about an hour I observed the Indian and an old woman hurry about the place, evidently arranging matters; but the lady was nowhere to be seen; and as the noonday approached, blinds and awnings were drawn down, in true Eastern fashion, bustle and servants disappeared, and perfect quiet reigned in the cottage.

I returned to the house, and in my usual occupations forgot all about our new neighbour, till just before dinner. I happened to go on the verandah, and my morning's curiosity was again recalled, by seeing all the windows and blinds of the cottage thrown wide open, while under the shade of an acacia sat the lady, in a pretty lounging chair with a cushion at her feet, her white muslin dress falling in cool folds down on the freshly-mown lawn, a small table beside her, bearing a coffee cup and a newspaper—the very picture of cool elegance and ease.

The careless, nonchalant attitude—for my lady had extended her limbs in a fashion that suggested much more the idea of luxurious ease than drawing-room decorum—and the soft muslin garments again vividly recalled my railway acquaintance; but in spite of the most studied attention during the whole quarter of an hour I stood on the verandah, I failed in once catching sight of her face. So singularly unsuccessful was I, that I almost fancied she purposely avoided looking my way.

She sat there till the sun set, at least I conclude so; for on my wheeling Gaunt to the verandah after dinner, as usual, I found her still there, in exactly the same attitude; and there she stayed, apparently quite unconscious of our presence overlooking her, till the dusk began to fall. Then, very much after the fashion of a cat rousing itself from slumber, she began to move, to stretch a little, and finally she arose and began sauntering about the lawn and garden, plucking flowers in an idle manner, and after examining them throwing them heedlessly down. As the twilight grew dusky, and we could only distinguish her movements by the glimmer of her white dress, we noticed she came wandering down in our direction, even to the very brink of the boundary stream, and there for some instants she stood. She probably could hear our voices well, possibly distinguish the words we said.

After maintaining her position for about five minutes, she returned slowly up the garden, entered the well-lighted drawing-room, and soon after we heard a soft but rich voice singing in a style that made us quickly reduce the romance of our new neighbour's ways and doings, to the eccentricity of some Italian Opera star.

Day after day, all this was repeated for more than a week. Apparently utterly careless of our overlookings and watchings, our neighbour pursued the even tenor of her life, only showing her regard of our presence by never once giving us the opportunity of seeing her face, or approaching our precincts till protected by the dusk of evening.

All endeavours at acquaintance, which Gaunt amused himself in making after his usual manner, were not only unsuccessful, but apparently unnoticed.

The rose, that one evening Gaunt threw at her feet, as she stood in the twilight just opposite us, remained where it fell; and in the morning he had the satisfaction of seeing it faded and dead, only marking the spot where she had stood.

In vain we sent Cecile wandering and watching, closer than we dared go, in hopes her childish beauty might attract the lady's friendship. Cecile always came back pouting.

In vain we endeavoured to enter into conversation with the Indian, who occasionally came to purchase provisions at the inn; he replied in the

brokenest of English, and in the most unencouraging of tones, to our politest questions. Then Gaunt's stratagem of commencing an acquaintance by one evening, in the midst of the singing, sending the chambermaid, with the gentlemen at the White Horse Inn's compliments, and they would be extremely obliged if the lady would give them the name of the last song she had sung,—was frustrated by her returning a message to the effect that she sang from memory, and could not oblige us.

The lady, whoever she was, seemed quite determined not to make our acquaintance. Of course this piqued us; and just as much as she drew back, we became more anxious and decided in our advances.

I believe most men, after they have once got over the effervescence of their teens, and early ties, require a little pricking to stimulate them to the exertion of love-making.

A little judicious mystery, just enough to stir without fatiguing the curiosity, or a little repulsion, obstinate enough to pique, but not wound the vanity, are weapons, of which, in the delicate handling of a pretty woman, she herself scarcely knows the force.

The child of nature, pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw, is decidedly the father of the civilized man.

I don't know whether our rather eccentric neighbour had studied human nature. As I consider now, at some distance of time, how events unfolded themselves, I more than think she had; and I can now fancy how that peculiar face of hers must have wreathed itself in triumphant smiles, as, behind the Venetian blind, she, in her turn, watched our constant watchings: how that impatient nature of hers must have wrestled with the cool reason that forced her to wait, and bide her time.

That solitary life behind closed shutters; that wearying romance of her twilight walks; how she must have chafed under it!

Had I had my usual occupations, most probably I should have troubled myself very little with my neighbour, or her doings. Even had Gaunt been in his usual health, it would have been different; we should have contrived to find some amusement for our long idle summer days; but as it was, not liking to leave the very impatient sufferer by himself, I was forced to remain lingering about the house and garden; and naturally the doings of our only neighbour assumed an additional piquancy.

When I was out on an occasional expedition, I used to leave Gaunt in the verandah; and naturally he watched and reported to me, on my return, anything that might have occurred. If I went lounging about, fishing in the boundary stream, I, in my turn, played spy; Cecile, too, assisted us. Indeed we vied with each other in collecting information; and it was quite a race between Dick and me as to who should first catch sight of that carefully turned-away face.

VI.

HOW I WON THE RACE.

One morning, to my agreeable surprise, I found a small parcel of what I immediately decided were books and periodicals, lying on the breakfast table, addressed to M. Owenson, Esq., Hazeldean. I was a little puzzled, as I had given no orders for the same, and I was not aware of the existence of any editor, publisher, or friend, who was likely to pay me such a delicate attention. It struck me also as queer, that the address should be Owenson instead of Owen; still, as the initial of my Christian name was correct, and the parcel had come direct to my abode, I opened it without hesitation.

It contained some half-dozen magazines of light literature, a number of the "Fashions" for the month, and two or three of the newest novels; altogether, a selection that added not a little to my surprise at its coming to me.

As I turned over the leaves of the "Fashions,"—very much bewildered as to its use to me, or any one else, indeed, if other minds were as obtuse as mine in comprehending the explanatory

foot-notes attached to the bright engravings of females in all kinds of costumes, and in all stages of dressing—out dropped a note, bearing again the name of M. Owenson, Esq., and so of course, I opened it. Imagine my dismay at reading the the following:—

"London.

"DEAR MARGARET,—I hasten to perform your request. I'm afraid, however, the selection may possibly not suit your taste; you should have said what kind of novels you like. I can quite believe you are almost ennuied to death down in that poking little village. I hope you don't mean to allow more than a month to the pursuit of your wild-goose chase, and that you will rejoin us in time to go and spend the autumn reasonably at some watering-place.

"All Indian news shall be duly forwarded; my eyes are on the alert, and always devotedly at your service.

"When you write, tell me your address. I suppose there is no danger of this not reaching you, yet, under circumstances, I should like to know the address as fully as possible, to avoid mischances.

"Yours in great haste,

"Caroline.

"M. Owenson, Esq.!!!"

"Read that, Richard," I said, in a very frightened tone to Gaunt, "and tell me what I am to do."

Dick did read, and then looked almost as perplexed.

"Mistakes will happen," he said, slowly, "but what the deuce did you go opening a letter addressed to Owenson," he added, angrily; "your name's not Owenson."

"You see, it came here, and there's my initial all right," I said, meekly.

"I don't envy your position, Mark, I tell you candidly," he said presently. "To have to explain to any one that you have opened their letters and read their affairs is confoundedly unpleasant; but to have to front a woman, and tell her that you have by mistake taken a sight of her secrets, is more than my nerves would stand."

I made no reply, but sat down to my breakfast. Without any explanation, we both made no hesitation about M. Owenson being our fair neighbour, and of course the affair assumed greater importance in our eyes.

"With tact," I observed presently to Gaunt, "this accident may be turned into a very fortunate occurrence."

"Tact!" he answered, accompanying the word with one of those deep guffaws of his that always grated so irritably on my keen ear. "Try your tact over there?" he added, pointing in the direction of the villa. "I wish you luck."

I recollected pretty well the lady at the railway station, and I must confess if she and the lady of the cottage were one, as I conjectured, I had not much more faith in the efficacy of my "tact" than Dick had. However, I kept that to myself, and tied up the parcel again, with an assumption of cool indifference.

I am not, generally speaking, a moral coward; but I must acknowledge the going to the lady of the cottage, and explaining my mistake under the present circumstances, made me feel queer, not to say nervous. I remembered so well that steady unabashed gaze round the waiting-room, the calm rudeness with which my polite advances had been received, and I thought of the possible scene that might ensue with such a person, when justly provoked.

I thought of all that while I smoked a cigarette beside Gaunt on the verandah; and the result of such reflections was, that I determined to smoke another, and after that another. It was twelve o'clock when I screwed up my courage to the point of encasing myself in my most unimpeachable garments (our every-day attire being more airy than elegant), and absolutely prepared to go on my expedition.

(To be continued.)

RED AND BLUE PENCIL.

It has been said that "of all the great literary figures who have loomed upon the latter part of the nineteenth century Lord Tennyson has been the most fortunate in his married life." In 1850 he married Miss Emily Sellwood, the daughter of a solicitor. The young couple lived for the first two years at Twickenham. Their first baby died, but in 1853 there was another a year old, "crazy with laughter and babble and earth's new wine."

Cardinal Newman, at 88, dines at one, and is a great believer in the wholesomeness of drinking nothing until meals are over. He is passionately fond of music, and always assists at the quartets and the chamber music performed in the house. The Cardinal always enjoys a good joke hugely, but cannot abide puns. At every musical festival his place is sacred to him, and his entrance is always the signal for an outburst of enthusiasm. It was an impressive sight to see M. Gounod and Mr. Santley publicly kneeling to him for his blessing before the performance of the "Redemption."

That sterling monthly, the *King's College Record*, pursues its series of "Canadian Poets," the second number being written on my old friend and fellow member of the Royal Society, the Gaelic bard, Evan MacColl; and the third, being the work of the keen editor, Goodridge Bliss Roberts, on his kinsman, Bliss Carman. I found the charge of obscurity amusing, as, so far, I see no "Browningism" in Mr. Carman.

From Mr. Roberts' review my readers will learn this of our new poet:—William Bliss Carman was born at Fredericton, N.B., on the 15th April, 1861. His father was a public man in the province, and his mother, Sophia Mary Bliss, is of the same blood as Ralph Waldo Emerson. Mr. Carman studied at Fredericton from 1872 to 1878, and graduated with honours at the University of New Brunswick in 1881, where he took his M.A. in 1884, after three years of study in the Universities of London and Edinburgh. In 1886 he took special courses at Harvard in old English, Philosophy and Economics.

I have received a neat booklet, bound in cream-coloured paper, with title in gold, called "Snowflakes and Sunbeams," written by W. W. Campbell. There is no imprint of date or publishing house, but in a printed slip, fastened to the inner cover, we are told that the author is called "The Poet of the American Lakes," and announcing the publication of "Lake Lyrics." Mr. Campbell has obtained the right of city in several American periodicals. I read through the eighteen little poems, all racy of the soil, and found in nearly every one that pausing, interrogative vein which is the new fashion of studying Nature. The following is an instance:

RODODACTULOS.

The night blows outward in a mist,
And all the world the sun has kissed.

Along the golden rim of the sky,
A thousand snow-piled vapours lie.

And by the wood and mist-clad stream,
The Maiden-Morn stands still to dream.

The whole book is welcome and ought to find its place on the library table.

I am asked about the sonnet—the model one, and who is the best writer of sonnets in Canada? I set the 60th sonnet of Petrarch as the best that I know of:

SONETTO LX.

VOREBBE DARSI A DIO.

Io son sì stanco sotto 'l fascio antico
Delle mie colpe et dell' usanza ria,
Ch' i' temo forte di mancar tra via,
E di cadere in man del nemico mio.
Ben vene a dilivrar mi un grande amico
Per somma ed ineffabil cortesia;
Poi volo fuor della veduta mia,
Si ch' a mirarlo indarno m'affatico.
Ma la sua voce ancor quaggiù rimbomba,
O voi che travagliate, ecco 'l cammino:
Venite a me se 'l passo altri non serra
Qual grazia, qual amore o qual destino.
Mi dara penne in guisa di colomba
Ch' i' mi riposi, e levimi da terra.

As to the second question, there is no need to pause. I published, several years ago, my view

that, now Longfellow is gone, Mr. John Reade, of Montreal, is the first writer of sonnets on this continent. And that opinion was endorsed publicly in several high quarters. A number of these sonnets are contained in Mr. Reade's "Prophecy of Merlin," and there speak for themselves; but since then the author has come out with others, as fitting occasion called, and the breadth, elevation and rich, ringing music, as of harp strings, are ever there.

The sonnet is one of the hardest shapes of rhythmic workmanship. It is a mosaic. The regular fourteen lines must bear, each for itself; never overlapping, and the last two must carry what may be called the epigram or carbuncle in the toad's head. According as the sonnet is sarcastic or otherwise, these last lines are said to be charged with poison or honey, like the tail of the snake or the bee.

In cauda venenum—aut mel.

TALON.

MILITARY GENIUS.

Lord Wolseley is right in saying that, of all great men, the military genius is the highest, because combining elements of mental, moral and physical gifts not found in any other class of mind. These are not the General's words, but our own. They mean the same as his, however.

For this reason we have put together, in short paragraphs, the appreciation of the distinguished British soldier on the great soldiers of history.

THE FIVE GREATEST.—I would instance Cæsar, Hannibal, Marlborough, Napoleon and General Lee as men who possessed what I regard as the highest development of military genius—men who combined with the strategic grasp of Von Moltke and the calm wisdom and just reasoning power of Wellington, all the power of Marshal Bugeand and of Souwaroff to inflame the imagination of their soldiers, and impart to them some of the fiery spirit of reckless daring which burned within their own breasts. The personal magnetism which such great men possess so largely, and can without effort impart to others was, I think, wanting in our "Iron Duke." The marvellous magnetic power of the great generous leader (Napoleon) over his men was certainly undervalued by Wellington.

NAPOLEON FIRST.—As the highest type of military genius, let me take Napoleon. If there be any one rule which may be said to sum up the science of strategy and the tactical art, it is that you should make your plans and carry them out so as to be always superior to your enemy at the point of contact. This rule, carried out with the utmost secret and celerity of moment, may be said to have been the great secret of Napoleon's success. The more one studies that grand campaign of 1815, the more one is unwillingly convinced that had Napoleon been physically the man he was at Rivoli he would have defeated Wellington as he had just defeated Blucher at Ligny. Napoleon failed because at that period of his life he lacked one of those qualities which are essential to military success. He was suffering from such terrible physical ailments that the marvellous energy of the past was at times altogether lacking in him.

CÆSAR SECOND.—Now let me take Cæsar. What few men not soldiers realize is that quality which Cæsar showed when defeated by no fault of his own at Dyrrhachium, or when, after almost all the world had deserted him, because of his apparent failure in Spain, he changed the history of the world by his calm facing of misfortune and his military skill undisturbed by the accidents of fate. It was probably this latter quality that Pompey, himself no mean strategist, lacked, and his want of steadfastness lost him the empire of the world. Unduly elated after Dyrrhachium, he abandoned himself to de-pair after Pharsalia.

MARLBOROUGH.—Let me now take Marlborough. No part of his life more perfectly brings out the varied qualities which went to make up the sum of Marlborough's genius than the campaign of Blenheim and the diplomatic

labours with the States General which preceded it. The large and statesmanlike political grasp of the whole situation is easily appreciated by the careful reader of his life. But what Marlborough was on the field of Blenheim itself, how in the moments of apparent ill success and failure, his presence, by its combined fire and calmness, re-animating the wavering and assured the victory—this may be recorded; but here, as elsewhere, I believe that not one man in a thousand who reads it realizes what it implies.

MOLTKE.—Field Marshal Von Moltke's character is so simple and winning, and his military genius of such a high order, that it is most probable he would have become a great leader of men in the field had any such command ever devolved upon him. At the same time it is quite possible that even Moltke does not possess the qualities which made the Tenth Legion love Cæsar and which made the Roman one of the few great leaders of armies whom the world has ever known.

BLISS CARMAN'S PROVENÇALS.

I.

On resuming the series of Provençal stanzas by Mr. Bliss Carman, of St. John, N.B., we have the pleasure of giving our readers two samples of the Dizain, a sort of shortened or truncated sonnet, consisting, as it shows, of Ten Lines, alternately rhyming.

PRUDENCE.

(DIZAIN.)

Within the sunset west a form appears,
With still grey eyes and hair like shadowed wheat,
Wearing the richest scarlet of the year's
Autumnal robe,—the misty afterheat
Of ripe October lingeringly sweet,—
Erect in guardian dominance, aureoled,
As an unmoving cloud with sunset gold,
Gazing alert across the night's blued bar
Out through the spaces of the hours untold,
Till beams the pure light of the evening star!

II.

As a companion to the former Dizain on "Prudence," we have a second on "Justice," in iambic pentameter, and rhyming alternately, according to the rule of this framework of verse. The treatment shows the philosophic bent of Mr. Carman's mind, and the legend of the last line is so well put as almost to read like new.

JUSTICE.

(DIZAIN.)

Far in the East, in shining silver—grey
And pink spring morning lights that never wane,
But on her forehead, grave and dauntless, play,
Stands one whose waiting shall not be in vain,
While on the just and unjust falls the rain.
At hard misfortune's stroke on stroke dismayed,
Of throttling tyranny art thou afraid?
See those untired eyes that never sleep!
Read but the legend on that bright keen blade:
"What a man soweth that shall he also reap."

III.

Here we have a second case of comparison—the Roundel of Callirhoë beside the Rondel of Leuconoë, given as the first sample, last week. It is hard to choose between them. The Swinburnian spirit is felt just a little, and no more, as is right.

SWINBURNIAN RONDEL.

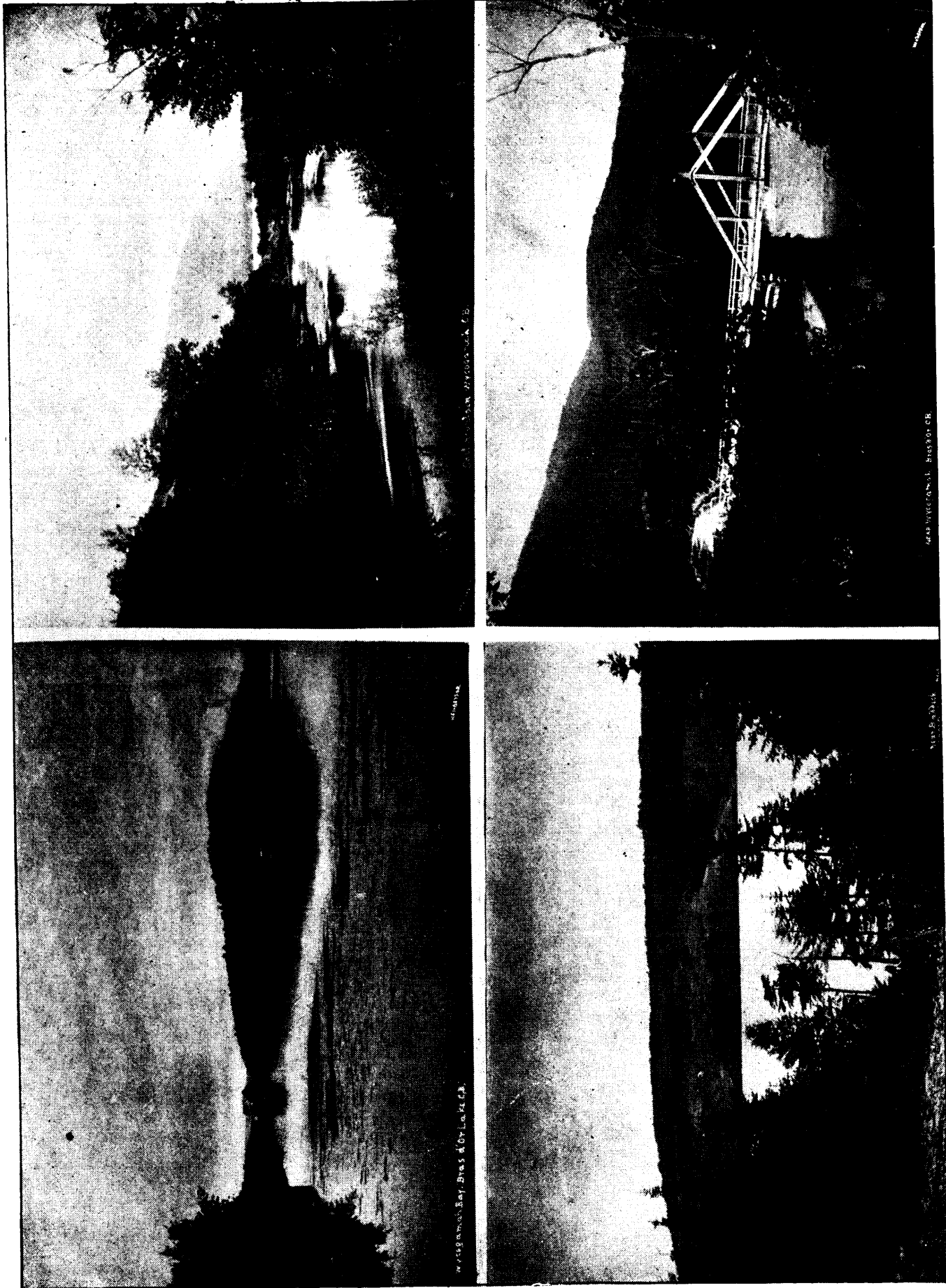
(IN FEBRUARY.)

Callirhoë, what laughing days along
The stream we wandered, through the shadowy
Fresh woods of May, nor wearied all day long,
Callirhoë!

For sweet arbutus, softly blown to lee,
With strange immortal woodnotes low and strong,
Warm summer dreams breathed over us, till we
Forgot the keen impulsive airs that throng
The morning; and we saw our day go free,
Floating far up the sunset, robed with song,
Callirhoë!

After enjoying these six poems, for which our readers are indebted to Messrs. Carman and Roberts, who gave them the firstlings or *primitiae*, and which, through our columns, will be read in every province of the Dominion, the conclusion must be that the author shall no longer delay issuing his book of poems. He owes it to himself. Without going outside of this little series, I pronounce Leuconoë and Callirhoë unsurpassed by anything of the kind so far published in English, even by Austin Dobson.

JOHN TALON-LESPERANCE.



CAPE BRETON SCENERY; NEAR WHYCOCOMAH AND BADDECK, INVERNESS COUNTY, NOVA SCOTIA.

From Photographs by Henderson.



THE YOUNG GYPSY.



We classify for our lady readers Professor Blackie's Matrimonial Maxims:—

HUSBAND'S TEMPER.—In your study to master your husband's temper, do not forget to keep a firm hold of your own.

HUSBAND'S LOVE.—To ensure the continuance of your husband's love, behave so in all points as to command his respect.

CHOOSE YOUR CHANCE.—When you wish to obtain anything from your husband, and have reason to anticipate his refusal, choose with delicate care a favourable moment.

NO OFFICIOUSNESS.—Don't annoy your husband with officious displays of loving attention in small matters when he is busy, and occupied with affairs of serious concern.

WISE OBEDIENCE.—Obey your husband in all reasonable matters. When he becomes imperious about crotchets, take your own way and smile bewitchingly.

KITCHEN AND NURSERY.—Always attend conscientiously to the kitchen and the pantry; also to the wardrobe, and, if you have children, to the nursery. But beware of becoming altogether a mere housekeeper or bringer up of bairns.

DRESS.—Dress well. Good dress is a sort of poetry addressed to the eye, which it is in the power of every well conditioned woman to compose; and a woman who has no taste for decoration is as much out of nature as a bird without wings.

SYMPATHY AND TRAINING.—What are your expectations of the married life? If you expect in it a paradise of delight and a field of clover you are sure to be disappointed. Expect from it only a more sacred sphere of moral sympathy, and the best school of moral training, and it is not in the power even of a bad husband to deprive you altogether of the rich spiritual blessing of the bond.

HUSBAND'S TEMPER.—Men are naturally less amiable and more intractable than women. The first point, therefore, to secure a woman's happiness, after the holidays of the honeymoon are over, is that she should study carefully the peculiarities of her husband's temper. Let no woman foolishly attempt to gain from her husband in a rough way what she can surely achieve by gentleness.

HUSBAND AND LOVER.—It is not in the power of the most sagacious young lady to discern the character of the future husband in that of the present lover. . . . Look, therefore, for a certain change in the character of your present admirer. The best woman in the world would be spoiled and become intolerable if she were allowed to receive such tribute and such service as lovers so lavishly offer on the shrine of their idol.

A FIRM HAND.—If your husband is a weakling, and cannot manage his own establishment properly, you are entitled to assume the reins by the law of the stronger, but in doing so be careful to use this superiority wisely, and to display it as little as possible. . . . No proper woman should wish to exercise any power over her husband, save that which is the natural and quiet result of conjugal love and loyalty, acting in harmony with the graciousness and the tact which are the characteristic excellence of the sex.

MODEST ESTIMATE.—Bear in mind also that your husband, though a very important person in your eyes, may be a very small person in the eyes of the world. Do not, therefore, be eager to bring him forward on all occasions, quoting all his opinions as if he were an oracle, and discussing publicly his small peculiarities, as if the manner

in which he smoked his cigar and shaved his beard were a matter of parliamentary concern. To parade your husband after this fashion is the surest way to make the man appear ridiculous and the wife petty. . . . Whatever his faults, a man naturally expects sympathy from his help-mate in the first place, and not criticism.

HERE AND THERE.

STATUE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—The Prince of Wales and other high personages have at last unveiled Mr. Boehm's new bronze statue of the Duke Wellington, which for days past has stood in swaddling clothes opposite Apsley House. The statue is equestrian, life-size, and life-like, full of energy, movement and ease, and is so treated that neither is art sacrificed to history nor history to art. Four bronze sentries, at the four angles of the red Aberdeen granite pedestal guard the great Duke—privates in four regiments, English, Irish, Scotch and Welsh. The spirit of Mr. Boehm's work is heroic throughout.

MAX MÜLLER ON RELIGION.—Professor Max Müller was, on the 12th ult., entertained at dinner by the Glasgow University Club. In reply to the toast of his health, Professor Max Müller said some who had heard his Giffard lectures in Glasgow were disappointed, because they were under the impression that the object of the lectures was to propound a new religion. This was not the sense in which he interpreted the will of Lord Giffard. Instead of propounding a new religion, Professor Müller thought that the best plan would be to expound the old religion, to show, not so much what religion should be, but what it had been. What was wanted was not a new religion, but a renewed religion, more especially when he considered that Europe was turned into a military camp, and that the best genius was spent in drilling and inventing new machines for killing our fellow-creatures.

VALUABLE ARCHIVES.—As may be supposed, out of the immense number of volumes in the Toronto Free Library, there are many very valuable works, many of which cannot be found elsewhere in the Dominion—thanks to the care and good judgment shown in the selection by the chief librarian. The Canadian department of the reference library is yearly growing more valuable, owing to the works therein that can be obtained but rarely elsewhere, and which are annually growing more scarce. About thirty volumes of manuscript, referring to the early history of Canada, are deposited in the vault, and students from all parts of the Dominion are continually coming to the city for reference to the records, which cannot be found in any other library.

WIGGINS AND SIR JOHN.—An amusing incident occurred in the course of the Governor-General's reception at Ottawa on New Year's Day. After Professor Wiggins had been introduced to His Excellency and was passing the Crown Ministers with a bow, Sir John nimbly stepped forward, and offering his hand, said, aloud: "Why, Wiggins, you go by like a comet!" This created a suppressed laugh, in which His Excellency joined, but the professor was equal to the occasion, for he said: "Comets always go swiftly by the sun." Subsequently he remarked that he was greatly obliged to the Prime Minister for catching him at perihelion.

A GREAT CANADIAN.—Dr. Osler, who is at present filling the chair of clinical medicine in the University of Pennsylvania, came to Montreal last week, where he is so well known from his professorship in McGill Medical School. Whilst he was in town he was a guest of Dr. R. P. Howard, Dean of the Faculty of Medicine, and visited his Alma Mater and his old time *confrères*. Dr. Osler was surprised and pleased at the progress the old school had made during the years of his absence. He returned to the United States, and in March goes to occupy his new chair, that of the practice of medicine in Johns Hopkins University.

YOUNG SOLDIERS IN ACTION.

There is often much confusion in the use of the expressions "veteran" and "young soldier." The former is very commonly used as a synonym for an old man, and the latter to convey the idea of an imperfectly trained recruit not yet strong enough to bear the fatigues of war. This is a misuse of these two military terms.

The veteran is a soldier of from possibly twenty-five to about thirty years of age, inured to all the hardships and dangers of war, but still in the fullest vigour of manhood. When military men say they prefer the young soldier, they mean the fully-developed young man of from twenty-one to say twenty-six years of age, who, although with little or no war experience, is perfectly trained and disciplined.

The word veteran, as it is commonly used, brings before the mind pictures of hoary old fellows fighting to the death in defense of a standard, or of some wounded comrade surrounded by crowds of ferocious enemies. The principal figure in those charming battle pieces of Horace Vernet in those charming battle pieces of Horace Vernet is generally a warrior with a bronzed face and a grizzled head. The portly white moustache of the chasseur à cheval represented in the act of passing his sword through the body of a somewhat theatrically equipped Kabyl is meant to indicate that he is a veteran.

The apparent intention is to convey the idea that he is one to whom such a mode of procedure has been a matter of everyday life during a long period of military service. Had I been the painter, my experience of war would have caused me to represent this fiery sabreur as a very young man.

Miss Thompson—now Lady Butler—is one of the very few artists who has ventured to give a very youthful appearance to the foremost figure in her battle pictures. In her exciting picture of "Quatre Bras," the group forming the corner of the infantry square in the nearest foreground, is composed of beardless youths.

In their faces she has skilfully recorded the fact that the man who in that action drove back the old cavalry of the empire were very young soldiers. The veterans who then charged home with reckless devotion to that greatest and most wicked of men, whom they idolized, were repulsed by stripplings. They are shown in the picture with a dazed look of astonishment on their faces, more from excitement than any well understood feeling of triumph.

The officer well accustomed to the sharp "ping" of the passing bullets, and to the wild clash of the near bursting shrapnel shell, watches with keen interest the conduct of those about him who listen for the first time to this death concert. Its effect upon the uninitiated varies with the character of the man.

It is more the buzzing of the mosquito and the tension of nerves, occasioned by the anticipation of expected attack, than his actual bite itself, that hinders sleep. So in battle, it is more the wild whizz of the bullet, as it tears by you with lightning speed, always apparently close to your very ear, that startles and terrifies more than the sight of men falling dead or wounded around you.

I have come to this conclusion from watching the unmoved calmness of the deaf man when under fire. The swift, near-flying bullet is unheeded because unheard; it imparts no inclination to "bob" or "duck" to avoid its blow, because its proximity is unknown. The awe of sudden death, the dread of horrible wounds, only reach the deaf man's understanding through the eye, while those not so afflicted receive the impression through the sense of hearing as well as of sight.

The first time under fire is a memorable event in every young soldier's life. Some long for it as a new experience; all are curious to ascertain how it will affect them. A young comrade once described to me very fully what his feelings were in his first action.

The day had been one of rather feeble skirmishes, while the enemy kept falling back before us to a strong position he had prepared behind a broad, unfordable river, before which we halted toward evening.

The first man killed near my young friend gave him a little shock; it was a nasty sight, but did not strike him as much more horrible than the noise made by the butcher's poleax the first time he had seen a bullock slaughtered for food. This surprised him beyond measure, for he thought he had a very tender heart; he did not appreciate, however, the force of the excitement which fighting for the first time with his life in his hand arouses even in the man who does not know what nerves are.

To-morrow it would be the turn of another regiment to be in front, and the operations might be ended without having an opportunity of testing his nerve. He felt that nothing could make him run away, but could it be possible that he was by nature a coward?

Soon after the forces had halted for the night, the opportunity he longed for presented itself, and he sneaked away from his comrades unobserved to avail himself of it. As soon as the carts carrying the bridge equipment came up, the engineers began to construct rafts for use next morning. The enemy soon found this out, and opened a brisk fire upon the spot. There my young friend went to test the fibre of his nerve, and he realized the sensation of being shot at.

He rejoined his comrades after a short absence, furious with himself and with the soldiers he had found there. This was the cause. He had established himself in the zone of the enemy's fire, and was so absorbed in his own sensations whilst he thus, as it were, felt his own pulse, that he failed to notice some rocket tubes which the artillery brought into position close to where he stood. His mind was engrossed with stories he had heard and read of what men feel under similar circumstances, when he was suddenly roused from his self-examination in a very undignified fashion.

Whizz! bang! went a rocket rushing from its tube with all that horrible spluttering, fizzing, hissing noise which is one of its special and peculiar terrors. Its long, screeching roar spread panic among a large number of waggon bullocks standing close by, who, with heads down and tails up, charged straight down for where my friend stood.

He was just able to escape by rushing behind some waggons where there happened to be a guard mostly composed of old soldiers. One of these bronzed and decorated warriors seeing a stripling bolt in among them, and ignorant of the cause, said, in a comforting, fatherly tone, "Never mind, sir; don't be afraid. You'll soon become accustomed to it."

The young officer, furious, pointed to the passing bullocks, and, I am afraid, used strong language to little purpose. He rejoined his bivouac abashed, possibly a wiser but certainly a more irritable man than he had quitted it. For days he brooded over the horrible thought that any private soldier should conceive he feared anybody or anything. Nor was it until about a fortnight afterward, when he took part in the two storming parties in one day, that he again felt quite satisfied with himself, or could forgive the old soldier, whose kindly meant words made him wince as if tortured by the thumb-screw.

When, shortly afterward, as I sat beside him, I saw his natural strength and his youth fight, as it were, with death for his wounded body, he told me that of all the earthly delights he could imagine, all seemed tame in comparison with the ecstasy of charging at the head of a storming party.

Almost all those who composed the storming party which took the enemy's last position, were, like himself, undrilled, untrained recruits. He had forgotten his adventure with the bullocks, for he said with pride that some of the regiment who had so offended him upon that occasion had just been to ask about his wound.

One of the very pluckiest private soldiers I ever knew was my young servant in the Crimea. The day before Sebastopol fell, he came to my bedside in the hospital, where I was at the time, to ask leave to join his battalion. He had heard it was to be one of the two to lead the assault, and he said he could never in after life look any soldier in the face if he stayed in the rear. My heart went out to him as I told him to do as he wished.

Two years afterward we were again hard at work in the field, fighting our way into Lucknow against great odds. Whenever there was any difficult or dangerous duty to be performed, young Andrews—his name deserves to be recorded—was always the first to spring forward. The example he set of daring courage was invaluable in a company composed of very young soldiers. In all trying moments he was close behind his captain.

In the final assault that opened out communication with our besieged garrison, he was very severely wounded. Anxious to show the way to some men coming up with tools to break into the palace, he ran into a street swept by canister and by musketry fire.

He was at once shot down, and while in the arms of an officer who was taking him under cover, a second bullet, fired from a neighbouring loophole, went through poor Andrew's body.

He lived for many years, always in more or less pain from this last wound, which never healed completely, and which eventually killed him. He was a cockney, with the most amiable disposition.

His was a lion's heart, and he possessed in a curious degree all the fighting instincts of the bull dog. He was many times offered promotion, but, like many I have known, he preferred the freedom and irresponsibility of the simple sentinel. Peace to his ashes! If such heroes—the nobility of nature—have some splendid heaven of their own, he will there hold high rank, for no braver private soldier ever wore the Queen's uniform.

To illustrate the conduct of young men in action, I venture to pursue for a little longer the events which occurred after Andrews fell.

On that day every sort and condition of soldier fought as though he had been born an English gentleman. All knew well for what they were fighting; that within Lucknow a handful of gallant comrades, hard pressed for food, and by crowds of relentless enemies, were struggling with might and main to protect the lives of the many British families besieged there.

Sir Colin Campbell intended the companies that had stormed the "Mess House" to remain there for further orders. But the men were firmly impressed with the idea that this arrangement was made to favour a battalion of Highlanders that followed us. It was believed he desired his own countrymen to have the honour of actually opening out communication with the garrison fields.

The jealousy of Highland regiments was great wherever old Colin Campbell himself commanded, but at Lucknow the young soldiers who took the "Mess House" were determined, come what may, that no Highlander should that day get in front of them. Hence much of the haste and of the determined energy—brooking no delay and bearing down all obstacles—that was displayed by our leading companies. Refusing to stop, they pushed forward, resolved to be the first to join hands with their besieged comrades.

A rush was made for the great gate of the palace that seemed to separate us from our object.

Horror of horrors! It was built up with a great brick wall, and from the loopholes the enemy greeted us with a volley of musketry.

What was to be done? To get over a wall fifteen to eighteen feet high was impossible. We had no ladders, nor had we any powder-bags to blow it down. To remain in front of the gate was to be shot from within. Fortunately there was no ditch, so we could reach the loopholes.

Who were to hold them? The sepoys inside or the British soldiers outside? We decided the question in our own favour, but many fell before that decision was given effect to.

A rattling fire was kept up through the loopholes to clear the gateway inside, while our men worked like demons to break a hole through the wall. The captain in command went forward to search for an entrance he had been told of, but soon returned, having found it also built up.

I have heard him describe what he saw on re-joining his men. Every loophole double manned, and a heavy fire kept up through them, whilst crowbar and picks were plied by the strongest to widen the hole already made through the wall.

My friend said that what first attracted his notice as he hurried up were the soles of his young subaltern's boots as he struggled through the hole head foremost. "That," said he, "was the most daring act I have ever seen man do."

The enemy swarmed inside, and it has always been inexplicable to me how this young soldier did not have his head cut off the moment he pushed it inside the wall.

The hole was soon wide enough for others to follow, and so the palace and its spacious courtyards were quickly cleared of the enemy, a certain number of whom escaped by swimming the river under a heavy fire. It was not long before we joined hands with our besieged comrades, who made a sortie to meet us. While a desultory fire was maintained round the position, the memorable meeting between the two Generals, Lord Clyde and Sir Henry Havelock, took place in the courtyard of the palace that was taken as I have endeavoured to describe.—[GENERAL VISCOUNT WOLSELEY.]



It requires but little faith for a man to believe he is made of the dust after he had asked for credit and found that his name is mud.

A newspaper story is called: "The Head of Bacchus." Bacchus is responsible for many big heads and this may be one of them.

This was the answer given by Foote to a dissipated duke who asked him in what new character he should go to a masquerade; "Go sober."

A boy's description of having a tooth pulled expresses it about as near as anything we have seen: "Just before it killed me the tooth came out."

She (examining illustrations in Milton's "Paradise Lost"): "His satanic majesty looks thin. What do you suppose he lives on?" He, (grimly): "Fried soles."

It is said that a Minneapolis man who attempted to commit suicide the other day by taking poison, was saved by the active and indefatigable exertions of four directory canvassers.

Old benevolent gentleman (to little boy whom he has met on the beach): "What will you do, my little man, if I give you my blessing and a kiss?" Little boy: "I'll smash you in the snoot."

Jenkins, writing to thank his aunt for a large goose she had sent him for his Xmas dinner, says: "You could not have sent me a more acceptable present, or one that would have reminded me of you more pleasantly."

When on his death-bed in Bermuda, a caller said: "What a nice place for rest and change?" "Y-y-es," said Travers, "th-the waiters g-g-get the ch-change and the h-h-hotel k-k-k-keepers g-g-get the r-r-rest."

A tourist, who said to an idle Skyman: "Why do you lie there all day with your hands in your pockets," must have been taken back by the cool reply; "Cause she hasna been far enough south to learn to put them in other peoples."

A man about town said to a young lady: "No, I am not exactly engaged, but I have the refusal of two or three girls." He undoubtedly deserved the crushing rejoinder: "I suppose you mean you have asked them and they have said 'No.'"

An enviable quickness of repartee was shown by a French actor when the head of a goose was thrown upon the stage. Advancing to the footlights, he said, "Gentlemen, if any one among you has lost his head, I shall be glad to restore it at the conclusion of the piece."

Blood will tell: Lady (as a blood-curdling war-whoop is heard from the kitchen): "What is happening, Walters?" Maid: "That is Dinah. She always yells that way, ma'am, when she succeeds in turning the omelette without letting it drop on the floor. She's the daughter of a Zulu chief."

Mrs. Guzzler (who holds the purse-strings): "Do you mean to tell me you were not drunk last night, Guzzler?" Major Guzzler: "Well, perhaps I was loaded, my dear." Mrs. Guzzler: "I should say so. Now remember, Guzzler, the next time you come home loaded you are going to be fired."

A little dot of a girl asked her mother the meaning of transatlantic, and was told: "Across the Atlantic." "Does trans always mean cross, mama?" she then asked. "Yes," replied the mother, "but don't bother me any more." "Then I guess transparent means a cross parent," was the conclusion the unconscious little humourist came to as she lapsed into silence.

The man who finds fault when his newspaper is damp is equally dissatisfied when it is dry.

It makes a very stout man feel his stoutness more than ever to yield his seat in a street-car to a lady, and then have three of them plump into it and have plenty of room.

Mrs. Blifkins (time midnight): "Horrors! Husband! husband! I hear some one burrowing through the wall!" Mr. Blifkins: "Well, well! It must be that book agent. I knew we'd all be in bed by eleven o'clock, and I told him to call at half-past."

"I say, Bromley," said Dumley, "do you believe there is such a person in existence as the fool killer?" "Let me see, Dumley," replied Bromley. "About how old are you?" "I'm gettin' on toward 50." "No," replied Bromley, "I don't believe there is."

Mr. Seabury: Why that smile sweetheart? Mrs. Seabury: I was just thinking of mamma's last admonition to be careful of alligators after we got here. Mr. Seabury: Nonsense! We haven't seen one since we left her. (And the suspicion of an accent on the "her" marred what would have been a very pleasant afternoon.)

A cat sat on the old back fence, his comrades all had fled, And as a natural consequence things flew about his head; Bootjacks, bottles, stools and bricks the neighbours wild did fire,

But he his chops did calmly lick and loudly yelled "Ma-ri-a!"

The glass of fashion: "Ah!" said Mr. Scourplate grimly, as he adjusted his necktie, "We 'ave to put hup with the airs of these society people hall day; but when evenink comes, me boy, they show wot the truly genteel is by put-tink on the dress that we wear all day!" "That's so," replied Mr. Crumbeloth, with a grave nod. "You 'ave a great 'ead, Tummis; we waiters be the real leaders of fashion."

YANKEE DOODLE.

Yankee Doodle comes to town,
Possessed of many a "pony;"
Bringing his lovely daughter with
A view to Ma tri-mo-ny.
Yankee doodle-doodle-doo!
The dollars come in handy,
Even to Dooks who have too few
But know the *Ars Amandi*.
Yankee Doodle rails at rank,
That is for home consumption;
But at swell relatives the Yank
Don't kick—he's too much gumption.
Yankee doodle-doodle-doo!
Love is sweet as candy,
His daughters "reckon" blood that's blue
Scarce spoils the British dandy.



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