

"fizz" makes baby-King laugh. The King of the Belgians is a notorious gourmand, and it is well known that the old King of Holland is kept out of the grave by the attentive cooking of the Queen herself. The King of Greece has Danish—his Queen, Russian—dishes, plus French cookery for the guests. A wing of a chicken, fruit, and a glass of claret, comprise the *menu* of His Holiness. King Humbert is a poor eater, the opposite of his father; but Queen Marguerite is the sole delicate gourmande that the royal fair sex can boast of. The Emperor of Germany does not remain longer at table than twenty-seven minutes; it may surprise many to learn that he only drinks water, like the King of Italy and the Sultan. As he can only use his right hand, his chop-stick unites on one side a fork, on the other a knife.

The new Chamber of Deputies has finished its first session, but has produced neither a man nor an idea. It has been incoherence itself. After the holidays will commence the game of ministerial skittles. Z.

MONTREAL LETTER.

FEW more curious and instructive documents are placed before the citizens of Montreal than the annual report, drawn up for the Sheriff, by the officials in charge of our gaol. It contains the statistics of our moral health and ought to supply to our moral advisers the data for a moral diagnosis of the community. Although ignorant of the object for which it is prepared, and of the practical value which our worthy Sheriff may set upon it, one cannot go over its *omnium gatherum* of figures without endeavouring to get at some underlying principle which might suggest more effectual remedies, either in cure or in prevention. Out of all the grand total of breakers of the law in Montreal 2,799 have been captured and punished, or at least put into gaol. In view of the fact that one of these was actually sent in 120 times we may ask, Are our police superlatively vigilant and efficient? Are our criminals stupid as well as wicked? Or, is prison-life less of a punishment than it is supposed to be? Of the whole number 732 were women and 1,067 men. Remembering the superabundance of women everywhere is the moral standard higher among them than among men? The proportion of unmarried men is shockingly greater than of married; whilst among the fair (?) sex it is the opposite. Is wedded felicity a more unqualified blessing to men than to women? A very much larger number of boys than girls were captured in wrong-doing; was not the Sunday-school boy, who would not be born again for fear he might be turned out a girl, all astray in his calculations? The report gives the religion of the women but is silent on that matter regarding the men. Had the men none? Or was it only not worth noting? Of Catholic women there were 472 and of Protestant 82. If there are three times more Catholics than Protestants in Montreal, is there anything in the one faith more than in the other to account for six times the number of criminals? Of those who were consigned to the Penitentiary ninety-seven were men and two women, a fact which seems to suggest that men in general not only swell the ranks of criminals more, but stoop to lower depths; but as the report states that two women and eleven men died in prison, may we not infer that for one woman there are three men who suffer from remorse?

From what may be called the Canadian nation comes, unfortunately, the largest crowd of the list, although in questions of more attractive interest there is said to be no such thing. Ireland, with its crime as ready as its wit, stands next. Then follows England with its inspected and approved emigration, the United States, Scotland, France and Germany. Is there anything in the trade of shoemaking to excuse its being at the head of occupations in the unenviable classification, with 132 out of the total? Or in that of the carter, to come next? Or in that of the carpenter, machinist, painter, moulder, tailor, mason, blacksmith, baker, engineer or barber, that they should follow in the order in which I have selected them? Or in the professions of chemist, broker, lawyer, merchant, student, schoolmaster, artist or musician, that we should find their members among the motley crowd?

We turn from shade to sunshine when we pass from this rogues' gallery to a portrait of His Lordship Bishop Bond, which has just been presented to the Diocesan Episcopal College by Mr. A. Frederick Gault, the occasion being made an opportunity for the friends of the College to congregate at the residence of the Principal. The portrait is executed by Mr. Robert Harris, R.C.A., and adds another to his list of masterpieces. In making the presentation, Mr. Gault spoke affectionately of the Bishop's deep piety and devotion to duty, and Dean Carmichael, in accepting the gift on behalf of the College, traced the fostering care which the institution had received at all times from His Lordship, and ascribed its wonderful success and development to his fatherly interest. Principal Henderson sketched the career of the Bishop and drew from it a lesson of guidance and encouragement to all young clergymen. The Bishop replied in his own modest, unassuming, and patriarchal style, thereby endearing himself more than ever to his friends and admirers, and to the community at large who may not have the opportunity of knowing him so well.

The Provincial Hospital for the Protestant Insane has appointed its first Medical Superintendent, Dr. Burgess, an Upper Canada College boy and a graduate in medicine of Toronto. Dr. Burgess comes from the Assistant Superintendentship under Dr. Russell of Hamilton, with speci-

ally high and reliable recommendation, and we look for a *régime* which will not be merely an asylum but a hospital for that portion of our population which always commands our most sacred sympathy.

La Grippe is proving itself a veritable scourge among us. Our Mayor, aldermen, police and Fire Brigade forces are *hors de combat*. Schools are vacant. Teachers are invisible. Lawyers, doctors, and ministers are on the list. A very cold snap has laid the last straw; the streets are deserted. The butcher and baker hold uncontested possession. Business is impeded. We can hardly get our letters or send our telegrams. Grown people rather than children; men more than women; the strongest are laid lowest, and our prominent citizens are the first to disappear. A few cases, aggravated by indiscretion, have proved fatal, and we have lost one of our ex-aldermen who, in his Christmas benevolence, was entrapped by the deadly enemy.

From statistics recently supplied we gather that the value of real estate in Montreal has increased by over two million dollars during the past year, a fact which we may be excused for cherishing, not in unfriendly rivalry, but in patriotic satisfaction.

A new map of the city has been prepared by the Municipal Surveyor, indicating proposals for street improvements on quite a cosmopolitan scale. Altogether 130 streets are to be made presentable in wood-block on concrete, in wood-block on plank foundation, in block-stone, or in asphalt.

The Hon. Mr. Mercier is going to give us a larger representation in the Provincial Parliament. It is believed that we are entitled to twelve or sixteen. We are to have six. Better half a loaf than no bread, but the usual balance of half English and half French is most likely to be rigorously maintained, all other things being unequal and of no consequence.

A youth from an office went into one of our banks last week to deposit a sum of money. As he pulled his pocket book out, a stranger stepped forward to make a polite enquiry, while answering which the youth was off his guard, and the stranger snatched the money and vanished. Meantime the Sheriff's list of the captured does not contain his name. Better luck next time, we hope.

The School of Cookery established this winter is proceeding to incorporation. VILLE MARIE.

DEATH.

BUT now he praised my beauty, gazing down
On this fair body, which is all his own,
More fair for being his,—each look and tone
Still linger with me. Yet may Death-sounds drown
All music, and this beauteous body, grown
Unbending, pale, and cold as chiselled stone,
Left for a few short hours perchance, while flown
From earth the soul is, shall endure his frown.

This flesh he loves become a thing abhorred
And hateful to him? Shall it e'er be so?
Revolting thought, I will not bear the woe
Of thy dread presence. See the strength and fire
In this proud flame, these limbs that never tire.
Let the weak die! Here love alone is Lord!

SOPHIE M. ALMON.

GEORGE MUCKENHUBER

(Concluded).

CHAPTER III.

GEORGE gripped hold of the Council and the Council of George; but the Council had in itself been bitter over George. There existed two parties which disputed among each other so that the cause of the dispute over the dispute was quite forgotten. The one wished, as already mentioned above, to hang George for a murderer. The other because he had not murdered. Only the Town Clerk—but secretly and to himself alone—formed a third peaceable party. He would let George go, "because," so he said to himself, "had one immediately on the first day tortured the culprit, then had indeed the truth come to light; now it is too late; but if we wait until the parties have agreed for which reason to hang Muckenhuber, he will, in the meantime, die in the tower of sheer old age. But the city had the damage which had so long to board and lodge the vagabond free. And then," concluded the Town Clerk, with his knowledge of human nature, "George, after so many weeks of the turnkey's scanty cookery, might long for a change." So, thought he, the best solution will be to accidentally leave the door open and let him escape. With the object of the dispute the dispute would disappear; yet everyone would wonder how anyone could bother their head so long about such a ragamuffin; the honour of justice would be saved; and to defend the negligence of the turnkey he would take the deed upon himself.

So he arranged that the bolt of George's cell door should often be forgotten. George noticed it, but quietly remained where he was; he would be hanged on Nordlingen ground. But one day he told his neighbour of the growing negligence of the turnkey, which gave the matter another turn. With the bare thought of the open door (even though it were not hers) awoke in Frau Hollin the whole mighty love of freedom. "If I could get out," said she, "—not that I would fly—I would go away that I might come back again; that I could tell my friends at

Ulm all the ignominy I have suffered; that I might come again with the witnesses and proofs of my innocence. I do not want my liberty at all; I wish only to save my honour and reputation." She did not finish, but George understood her. He had long since begun to work at breaking through the thin partition between the two cells. He had up to this time made but little progress, armed as he was only with a little bit of iron. But after this outcry of Hollin he worked with a giant's strength day and night; and on the third night he could attempt to creep through the hole he had made in the darkest corner.

There was no time to lose. George's door stood open again that night. There was only time for a short farewell. Frau Hollin crept into her neighbour's cell. George, his whole body trembling, embraced the old woman's knees, and cried—as if he would in this single word pour out the whole fulness of his obedience and thanks—"Mother!" And she, feeling over his face with her hand, in the black darkness felt his features and cried, "My poor, unfortunate son!" Then the two friends parted, who had never seen one another although they stood so near together. The childless widow had in this hour for the first time, with the full feeling of a mother, pronounced a child's name; and the tramp, who had never known a mother, for the first time pronounced the name of mother with deepest, childish veneration.

The same night Frau Hollin was concealed with true friends that she might get to Ulm the next day. But George slipped over into the empty witch's chamber, and as the turnkey came to the door in the morning and shoved the meagre meal through the sliding window, he crouched in the farthest corner and covered himself with the cloak the old woman had left; and as the man passed on to the door of his own prison he slipped quickly through the hole in the wall and took as George Muckenhuber the other portion.

Thus matters went on for a week, and he quietly enjoyed it, when the pain of losing his friend did not kill his pleasure. But one day, not the sliding window but the whole door opened, and in stepped the Town Clerk with the turnkey, and ordered Hollin to rise and follow him into the judgment room. George played his role as far as it would go, cowered as with the greatest anxiety into the dark corner and motioned the approaching figures back. But as the Town Clerk said encouragingly, "Woman, follow us and be comforted. I lead you no more to the torture, but to freedom!"—at that, Muckenhuber, entirely forgetting his mask, threw the mantle away, sprang proudly forward, and answered the frightened Town Clerk, his fists planted on his hips, "Make an end of that. I will be hanged on Nordlingen ground!"

The Town Clerk tore his hair with rage and disappointment as he saw that the witch had flown and the tramp remained. He was indeed about to conduct Hollin to freedom, but freedom under weighty conditions; and now she had disappeared entirely without conditions. George, in exchange, who without conditions should have disappeared, was now again on the hands of the Council. "Fellow, you are not to be killed!" shrieked the Town Clerk, foaming with rage, to Muckenhuber, who answered coldly, "That is my complaint—that you will not even try."

At this time the trial of Hollin stood in the following condition. In Regensburg they urged and threatened so forcibly that the greater part of the Council were non-plussed, and began to make a stand against the three companions who had brought about the whole witch-tragedy and had for five years conducted a veritable reign of terror. The always stormy complaints of the people increased, as they encouraged one another, madly as in a fever dream, and the witch-finders saw only too clearly that their career had reached its end, and that they must look to their own security. They wished therefore to set Hollin free under the condition that she should sign and swear to a document containing the following: She received her freedom as grace instead of right, and would never elsewhere lodge a complaint against her judges nor revenge herself personally upon them; she was to leave the city within twenty-four hours, and promise during the entire course of the trial to hold her peace.

From a frightened old woman who saw behind her the torture and before her the faggot-heap, one would expect easily to obtain the oath and signature to such cheap conditions. Great was the fright, therefore, when they heard of the flight of Hollin; but now she could from without lodge complaints and stir up the people as much as she wished.

The Town Clerk stood like a wet poodle before his official brethren, as he brought George Muckenhuber, instead of the old woman, into the justice chambers. The gentlemen of the council cast at each other the bitterest reproaches, first low, then louder; at last the storm grew, and all shrieked together, as in a Jews' school. Then the Town Clerk with his deep bass pitched above the general whirr caused a sudden quiet, and brought to peace the strident councillors. He cried, "George Muckenhuber is the cause of this trouble. Hang him up, if he does not instantly deny his former confession!" George answered: "I recall nothing!" And when the Town Clerk demanded for the second time, reiterated "Now for certain will I not recant!" And for the third time—there stands, as if sprung out of the earth, Frau Hollin herself in the room, conducted by two of the most influential burghers of Nordlingen and Ulm. She looked Muckenhuber sharply in the eye and said in a firm tone, "George, thou wilt deny thy false confession!"